

BIG FAT COCK: DOUBLE PENETRATION FUN

silkstockingslover

Nerd DP's mom and paralyzed Asian on same day.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

13.3k words

WARNING: In addition to my usual incest, stockings and other wide-ranging kinks, this story additionally includes paralysis sex. I did a fair amount of research to try and understand the physical and psychological aspects of how paralysis may affect sex, the challenges and the workarounds. Hopefully you'll enjoy and I won't offend anyone.

Summary: Nerd DP's mom and paralyzed Asian on same day.

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 two stories, and isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the third part in an already lengthy saga (around 59,000 words so far) of one nerd's discovery of the power that can come from having a BIG, FAT COCK.

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.

BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy has Kevin claiming his mother's final forbidden hole while having some fun with kinky role play. It also has Kevin learning about his mother's slut past, and it sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in not only her mouth, but now her two other holes (which is the story this latest chapter will tell).

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven who loved the first part and suggested this detour to help tell a unique, 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 created, I believe, a very authentic chapter with hopefully some emotional charge (authentic as incest stories go anyway... LOL).

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

BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun

I woke up the next morning and rolled over to gaze fondly at my mother, who was still asleep; she looked so peaceful in this tranquil state. It was hard to believe she could become such a cock-hungry three-hole cum slut so easily, especially for me, her only child.

How she could transition from caring and supportive mother to my Mommy-Slut.

How she could shift so smoothly and naturally from professional lawyer to an eager cum slut.

How she could go from wise, strong-willed assertive woman to submissive slut.

It really was amazing, and I realized since she was also submissive to Mrs. Grady from across the street; and to Katie, her friend from back in high school and more recently from the sex shop across town; and of course to her ex-husband (my dad); it wasn't only about big, fat cock. No, it was much deeper than that: she was a natural submissive who received the most pleasure from pleasing others and from being obedient. I strangely felt a strong paternal instinct towards her: that even though I was only eighteen and she was forty-two, I was the one who needed to protect her from herself (while, of course, still using her for my own pleasure).

Mom was, I imagine like most women behind their conservative exterior or whatever exterior they wear in public, at core a sexual being. This seemed obvious in retrospect, but before my Dad's revelation to me a couple weeks ago of the power of big, fat cock, I'd always assumed that only the men were the sexual deviants who allowed their lower region to decide their actions.

Yet, I now knew that wasn't completely true. It seems both genders are equally sexual beings, equally controlled by their own inner desires; it's just that women do a better job of concealing their secret sexual side... at least in public.

In addition to experiencing the thrill and pleasure of the past couple of weeks, I was also learning a lot about women, about sex, about psychology. It all fascinated me. I loved to learn, and unlike most of my education which had heretofore been from books, this was the first time I was enjoying *'hands on'* learning. And on such a rewarding subject! Sex beats calculus for fun, hands down!

I gently woke Mom up and whispered, "Mommy-slut, it's time to go give Ms. Chan her first birthday present."

"What time is it?" she asked groggily, without even opening her eyes.

"Time for a morning cream pie for Ms. Chan," I declared.

"You still want to do that?" she asked in a yawn.

"Today is *all* about Ms. Chan," I informed her, as I got out of our bed and stood at the foot of it, just so I could admire her as she got around to opening her eyes.

"I can't believe you want to fuck me in front of our neighbour," she said, waking up.

"You're the one who bought a crazy dildo to strap on her head, not that I'm complaining, so I'm guessing after you finish waking up you'll find yourself back on board with it," I pointed out. I loved to hear Mom say the phrase 'fuck me'. Although I wasn't overly concerned about this next point, there was a small part of me that worried she might experience next morning remorse.

"I bought that when I was horny," she reminded me.

I stepped over to where her head was, pulled out my cock and tapped it against her perfect cock sucking lips. "Do I have to remind you who's in charge here?"

"This damn big fat cock is," she sighed, as she took my cock into her mouth, her resistance, as always, as fragile as an autumn leaf.

I let her suck me to full erection before deciding, "I like the way you think when you're horny, so let's get you into the right state of mind."

I climbed back onto the bed and guided my cock between her legs as she asked, "Are you going to give Mommy a nice morning fuck?"

I slid inside her as I answered, "Not to completion, just enough to wake you up."

"And to get me all horned up and willing," she moaned with a wicked smile, as I filled her to the brim.

"Well of course," I smiled. "I need you to be a compliant, submissive slut this morning."

"I'm always that," she moaned, as she wrapped her legs around me and pulled me deeper inside her. "At least I am for you."

I fucked Mom for a couple of minutes, just enough to get my balls boiling, my morning load on the brink of being extracted, and her moaning, but then I pulled out before I erupted prematurely.

"You fucker," she whined, wanting to continue getting fucked. It amazed me how quickly she could go from sleeping innocent to cock-hungry slut.

"Mother fucker," I corrected.

"Then be one," she demanded.

"I will," I promised, "but first let's go whip up some delicious anticipation in Ms. Chan before presenting her with her birthday pie."

"You really are such a bad boy," she sighed, as she got out of bed.

"And you love it," I smiled, slapping her bare ass not hard, just playfully.

"I hate that I love it," she sighed again, as she went to the bathroom.

"Just put something casual on," I ordered; she was still wearing her thigh highs from last night.

"Fine," she said, as she pulled a pair of jeans on.

I got dressed myself and went downstairs to meet Mom.

"I'm still not sure this is such a good idea," Mom said.

"Yesterday you introduced Katie to our secret," I pointed out.

"I guess," Mom agreed grudgingly, as I leaned in and kissed her.

I added, "Plus, Ms. Chan already knows I'm a mother fucker and that you're a three-hole submissive for big, fat cock."

"I can't believe you told her about that too," she worried.

"I can guarantee she won't tell anyone, just as I believe you when you tell me Katie would never out us," I reassured her, not for the first time, as I grabbed the bag with the head cock in it. "Plus, I'm sure Dad told her all about you a long time ago."

"I bet he didn't with that thing on her mouth," Mom joked, pointing at the bag.

"Probably not. Ready to get fucked for an audience?"

"Do I have a choice?" she asked, as we walked outside.

"Of course," I said. "I'll never force you to do anything you don't want to."

"So if I say no?" she asked.

"Then you can watch and remain horny while Ms. Chan gets my morning load," I shrugged.

"Damn you," she sighed, but playfully. "The things I do for you."

"The things you do for my big, fat cock," I corrected.

As we reached Ms. Chan's door, she agreed more cheerfully, "I'm your sub: let's do this, Master."

"Yes you are and yes we will," I nodded, as I used my key and we walked into the house. I called out, "Ms. Chan! Your birthday present is here."

"Bring it to me in the kitchen," she called back.

"Hungry?" I asked, strolling towards the kitchen holding Mom's hand.

"Starving," she answered, as we entered the kitchen to find Ms. Chan sitting in her wheelchair as usual.

She looked surprised to see my mom, but only slightly. "Good morning, Ms. Walsh."

"Happy birthday, Ms. Chan," Mom greeted with a shy smile, bag in hand.

"I thought I'd give you a tasty treat for breakfast," I said.

"I love tasty treats," Ms. Chan replied, indicating she was ready for whatever I had in mind, while also being noncommittal about what the treat might be, and giving no sign that she knew about my mother's submission to me.

"I was thinking we might enjoy a little change from our usual morning routine," I continued, also not giving anything away: yet.

"You have me curious," Ms. Chan replied, glancing up at my mother rather nervously.

"Ever had a birthday breakfast cream pie?" I asked, now making it crystal clear I wasn't talking about Danishes, and that at the very least, Mom would be a witness to our doing something naughty.

"For breakfast yes, for my birthday, no," Ms. Chan answered with nary a flinch, now studying my very red-faced Mom with great interest.

"I thought we might do this Teppanyaki style and prepare this meal in front of you," I added.

"That would be most interesting to see," Ms. Chan smiled.

"Mom, get undressed," I ordered.

"You're okay with this, Ms. Chan?" Mom asked, still full of trepidation, yet already reaching for her jeans and unfastening them, willing to do immediately whatever I instructed her to do.

"In case it helps you to relax Ms. Walsh, I'd like you to know that when I was young I fucked my dad for several years," Ms. Chan offered with an unusual brand of graciousness, exhibiting no shame at all about revealing her incestuous past.

This admission did indeed appear to relax my mother who joked, "It's only been a couple days for me."

"Fucking your Dad?" Ms. Chan asked playfully.

Mom finished taking off her jeans as she laughed and replied, by now fearlessly, "No, I never fucked my Dad, and I've only been my son's slut for a couple of days: since Halloween."

"I've been Kevin's slut for longer than that," Ms. Chan replied.

"So I hear," Mom said, before adding, "in fact I believe I owe you many thanks for your wise tutelage of my son."

"Happy to help," Ms. Chan responded openly and casually, which only enhanced how hot and yet safe this situation was.

"Ms. Chan was a great help in turning you into a son fucker," I added, loving the dirty talk.

"And you into a mother fucker," Mom agreed with a smile, relaxing, by now surrendering to the situation with obvious pleasure like I knew she would, and totally naked except for her thigh highs, as she dropped to her knees and fished out my cock.

I allowed her to extract it before I offered, "Ms. Chan, would you enjoy preparing me to fuck my Mom?"

"I'll be most happy to," she replied, and opened wide as I walked over to her wheelchair and slid my cock into her expert mouth.

Watching avidly, Mom stood up, came closer and said, "That looks so nice. Get that cock nice and hard so my son can fuck me."

Ms. Chan moaned on my cock, and her focussed expertise had me hard and ready for action in only a few seconds.

"Hop up on the kitchen table, Mommy-Slut," I ordered.

Mom, no longer displaying any reservations at all about having an audience of one while we committed incest, hopped up onto the table, gave me an eager grin and spread her legs.

I pulled out of Ms. Chan's amazing mouth and she turned to admire Mom's spread-open legs. "Ms. Walsh, I have to tell you that's a very yummy looking pie."

"It'll be even more delicious once I add my special cream topping to it," I bragged, as I moved between my mom's legs, grabbed her hips and pulled her right to the edge of the table.

"So you're really going to fuck your Mother while another person watches?" Mom asked coyly, as I rubbed my cock up and down her wet pussy lips.

"That depends. Are you really going to allow your son to fuck you in front of our neighbour?" I returned the question, tapping her clit.

"Just slam that big fat cock in Mommy's dripping pussy," Mom demanded, her legs twitching with each tap of my fat cock head against her swollen clit. Her desire for me, in addition, I think, to our having an audience, already had her in full anything-for-cock mode.

"She's so insatiable," I shrugged, looking at Ms. Chan with a sly smile, as I slid inside my mother, adding a bit of twerking for my mentor's benefit.

"Oh yes, fuck Mommy with your big, fat cock," Mom moaned loudly, now thoroughly enjoying our audience while giving in once again to her natural submissive nature and to my cock.

"Yes, Kevy, give your Mother what she needs," Ms. Chan chimed in.

"What does she need, Ms. Chan?" I asked, even as I pumped my cock in and out of my mother.

"Your slut mother needs to be fucked *so hard* by your big, fat cock," Ms. Chan answered, before adding, "but what she needs more than anything is to demonstrate that she's your complete, submissive, Mommy-Slut cum bucket."

"She's right, I'm your Mommy-Slut," Mom agreed as she wrapped her legs around me to pull me in even deeper.

"And he's also your lover," Ms. Chan added.

This new concept both surprised and intrigued me. Could I be both master and lover to my Mom? The two terms seemed to contradict each other. Yet oddly, that combination described very well how I felt when I was with my Mom. On the one hand I wanted to face fuck her, to pound her and sodomize her; I wanted to eat her cunt, suck on her tits and spew my load all over her and everywhere inside her, all three of her holes. Yet on the other hand, I also wanted to hold her gently in my arms, to sleep beside her, to kiss her tenderly and to fiercely protect her from anyone who might try to take advantage of her weaknesses.

In retrospect, I'd already done all those things except I hadn't yet had the need to protect her, but I'd never labelled them in any way.

My attention now divided, I looked back over my shoulder and asked, struggling with the concept, "Is that even possible, Ms. Chan?"

"Harder, Mother-fucker," Mom demanded, bracing her shoulders against the table, raising her ass and very impressively beginning to buck her hips to meet my thrusts.

Ms. Chan gave me a teasing grin. "Priorities, Kevy: fuck your mother first, and later we can chat."

"Good idea," I nodded, as my mother and I shifted into furious fucking... both of us very soon close to orgasm, almost forgetting we had an audience.

"Oh yes... fuck me son... fill my cunt... with your cum... for your little... Mommy-slut," Mom babbled in short gasps as she met my strokes. That single sentence had taken over half a minute, as her breathing was erratic and almost all of her attention was riveted on her imminent orgasm.

"Come for me now, Mommy-Slut," I ordered, about to spew my load inside her, "Come for your Master."

"Oh yes," Mommy moaned loudly, as she felt my load shoot inside her, which triggered her own orgasm... both of us coming together.

"Give me access to my present," Ms. Chan demanded, sounding lustful herself, even as I continued coming inside my Mom.

"As you wish," I said, pulling out and shooting my final rope of cum onto my Mom's clitoral area before backing completely out of the way.

"I'm so hungry," Ms. Chan groaned, as she rolled her chair between my mother's legs and buried her face in her cunt while she was still coming.

"Oh yes, eat my cunt, you fucking cock sucking slut," Mom moaned, obviously perceptive enough to know that this abuse was exactly what her newest pussy-licker would want, even though she was still distracted by her own orgasm coursing through her.

"Happy birthday, Ms. Chan," I chirped, watching her lap up the creampie as if it were her last meal. I realized we hadn't used the head dildo. Oops... save it for tonight, I guess.

"Suck it all out, you dirty whore," Mom demanded, grabbing the back of Ms. Chan's head and roughly pulling her deep into her cunt while it was still flooding, during her extended orgasm.

I watched for a couple of minutes as the two women enjoyed different aspects of my big, fat cock. Mom was still enjoying her intense orgasm, extrapolated by Ms. Chan's eager and experienced tongue. Ms. Chan was enjoying her morning load, this time wrapped in a pink gift box.

Mom finally let go of Ms. Chan's head and said weakly, "I can't be having orgasms like this just before going to work."

"Can you think of a better way to start your day? I asked.

"God, no," she said, "but trying to focus on work today will be a real bitch."

"Alas, the hardships of a submissive slut," I shrugged, not too worried about her first world problem.

"I know," she said, shaking her head. "My life will never be the same."

"That's the plan," I promised her.

Ms. Chan finally came up for air and crowed, "Best birthday pie ever!"

"Your tongue is amazing," Mom said, sitting up to look down gratefully at the wet-faced Asian.

"And your cunt is heavenly," Ms. Chan complimented back, as I mused at what was passing for neighbourly conversation. A lot more interesting than 'how's the weather!'

"I imagine it's even tastier with my son's big load in it," Mom said.

"Yes, his added ingredient definitely enhances the dessert," Ms. Chan agreed.

"Well, I hate to get fucked, come, get munched and go," Mom quipped, "but I need to shower and head off to work. I have a trial today."

"Big case?" Ms. Chan asked, rolling her chair back.

"It may be," Mom nodded.

"Well, good luck with it," Ms. Chan wished, the conversation back to mundane subjects.

"Thanks for helping Kevin through this confusing time," Mom said, as she closed her legs and climbed down off the table.

"It's been a pleasure," Ms. Chan smiled.

Both Mom and I quipped simultaneously, "Pun intended."

"You two really are a lot alike," Ms. Chan laughed, shaking her head.

"And yet we're completely different," I agreed/disagreed, as Mom pulled her jeans on.

"People's differences are often what brings them together, so they can then share the things that make them the same," Ms. Chan said, sounding a little like a poorly written fortune cookie.

"Love you," Mom said, giving me a very I'm-not-being-your-Mother-right-now kiss.

"Love you, too," I said, as she went over to Ms. Chan, leaned down and kissed her too.

Mom said after breaking the kiss, "And I'll have another present for you tonight to repay you for all you're doing for my son."

"You don't have to do that," Ms. Chan demurred.

"Oh, yes I do," Mom insisted, I'm not sure whether it was because I told her to or because she wanted to... I like to think it was both.

"Well, you know where I'll be," Ms. Chan said, her tone sounding ever so slightly sad, as if she were sick of being trapped in this house. That was something to keep in mind going forward. She may not be my Mom, but she was nevertheless a valuable part of my life and deserved some real happiness. I wondered for a moment whether my Dad had any idea what a gem she was. He hadn't given me any indication that he did when he told me about her; to him she must seem like just another slut.

"Don't be late for school, young man," Mom said to me, shifting rather effortlessly into her mothering role.

"Yes, Mother," I said.

"I've already gotten a couple of calls from your school about tardiness and an unexcused absence," Mom pointed out.

"Sorry, some of that is likely my fault," Ms. Chan apologized.

"My new school is right here," I announced. "I mean I've learned more in this kitchen in a couple of weeks than I have in school all year."

"I imagine that's true," Mom said with a soft laugh. "But you can't allow your grades to drop and to lose scholarships because you're getting laid all the time."

"Yes, Mom," I nodded, knowing she was right, but added, "but for the record, I'm usually the one doing the fucking."

"Of course you are," she smirked before she turned and walked out.

"So back to our conversation before Mom so rudely interrupted us with her desire to be fucked like a horny slut," I quipped.

"I know: the nerve of her," Ms. Chan replied deadpan.

"So how do I be both a dominant master and a caring protector?" I asked.

"First of all, by understanding your own needs," she said.

"How so?" I asked, that reply not at all what I'd expected to hear.

"What do you want from this newfound relationship with your mother?"

"I'm not sure," I answered, this question making me begin to reflect on the question, I guess for the first time.

"Think about it," she encouraged me. "Sure, there was the rush of seduction, the thrill of the conquest and the adrenaline of doing the very thing that almost every son in the world fantasizes about doing at some point."

"Okay," I nodded, all three of those points definitely true.

"But now what?" she asked. Three simple words, yet no apparent answer.

"That's what I'm asking you," I pointed out, getting just the slightest bit annoyed at her questions without answers.

"It's not my question to answer: you need to find your own answer to my original question," my guru of sex deflected, "what do *you* want in this relationship?"

After a long pause as I pondered this simple yet complex question, I offered, not because I thought it was the best answer, but more like brainstorming to get one thought out there in hopes it might pave the way for a better one, "I want to have my cake and fuck it too."

She laughed, "Cute, but that doesn't really answer the question."

"Okay," I said, trying out a more serious approach. "I want her to be my slut, but also to be my mother."

"Both of which I witnessed some of this morning."

"But I also want to protect her from herself."

"Oh? How so?"

"Well, I'm very concerned that her submissive side could get her into trouble at work if she can't control it," I said. "And if she did, I'd feel responsible. Hell, at this point I think I'd even *be* responsible."

"She seems to be doing a pretty good job so far," Ms. Chan pointed out.

"I guess," I said, not sure I was explaining it properly. "But my Dad never shied away from putting her at risk, and she told me she never refused him until she'd finally had enough, and she stood up on her hind legs and insisted on a divorce. During the past two days she's never denied me anything, either."

"Kevy, that tells me you're both responsible for her and not responsible. You're responsible for never going out of your way to put her at risk, but you're not responsible for every decision she makes. But in addition, and this is important, you need to be her base, her foundation, the rock she can cling to for security. Remember when I told you sex was about connection, intimacy and desire? What I meant was that a woman needs all three of those essentials if she's going to be balanced. That's why even after a wild fuck fest... when a woman has been dominated, sodomized and a load of cum is still leaking out of her ass... she still wants to cuddle and maybe to talk," she explained.

"And even though an important part of your role in keeping her happy is ordering her to perform extreme sexual acts, to stretch her boundaries, at the same time she must always feel she can tell you anything at all without being judged. Which, by the way, is a favour you cannot allow her to return to you, at least not fully. Although if it helps, you can always tell *me* anything.

"And your mother is at the pinnacle of your caring and concern; if you aren't going to behave like your Dad and be totally self-centered, the other women you relate to will also need chances to express themselves to you and to benefit from your guidance. Although in their cases (and in my own case since this is definitely present company included), the level of your responsibility will vary as you judge what is best for both you and for them. And you needn't do all of this perfectly, especially as you learn the ropes; you just need to keep your eyes open, learn from your mistakes and do what you can to correct them. I'll be very happy to advise you as you go along, just as I've been doing."

"I see," I said, as a lightbulb went on inside my head. "So what I think you're saying is that one main difference between men and women is the aftermath of sex. For women I don't care about like Mrs. Dieks, I can just dump my load and leave, although even for her not always; but for the women I care more about such as Mrs. Grady, there needs to be a deeper connection."

"Yes, the most basic human need is to be wanted," Ms. Chan continued "And that need applies to everything. Certainly a woman wants to be perceived as sexy and alluring, but she also wants to be needed. Your mother is the rare woman who has the opportunity to get it all from one person... and that person is you. But she can't receive those things if you don't give them to her... and I mean all of them."

"And how do I do that?" I asked, knowing that was exactly what I wanted: to be my mother's everything.

"Well, the sex side is obvious, and it appears you're doing a bang-up job there," she said, smiling at her own playful pun.

"I'll just keep banging away until I've perfected it," I quipped back, going along with her pun.

"I know you will," she nodded with a warm smile. "But she also needs to be needed in her maternal role as a mother. She needs *you* to need *her* in that very different role. She's not just some bimbo slut, no matter how much you both enjoy that role for her; she's also a wise, nurturing, strong woman who's raised you well, so she still needs you to lean on her when that's appropriate. But like I said about her returning the favour, you can't lean on her totally: if you ever fell completely apart in front of her, it might shatter her world. I *think* that last point is true, anyway. She might instead

astound the hell out of us both and be a pillar of strength for her beloved son: who can ever tell for certain about such things?"

"I see," I nodded, most of that making perfect sense to me, especially the first part. Mom needed to balance these two very different, clearly contradictory sides, and I not only needed to allow that, but to go out of my way to help her do it. Which seemed to mean paradoxically that in order to be strong for her, sometimes I needed to be weak and vulnerable; but not *too* much so.

She continued, somehow reading my mind, "Achieving the balance is the tough part, especially when your sexual urges are so strong and virile at your age."

"I'm always horny," I agreed.

She looked down at my hard cock, "That's part of your charm, at least for some of us. But for your mother you'll need to learn to understand her needs, her desires and her own complexities."

"That's what I'm not sure about."

"Remember my telling you about mental sexuality?"

"Kind of," I said, having heard, but not necessarily absorbed, so much thought-provoking information from her.

"The mental part is different for men and women. For men it's a 'let's do it' thing, you're stimulated simply by being. I mean, you'll get hard from a cool breeze," she explained teasingly.

"I will not," I protested.

"Yeah, yeah," she waved at me. "You get turned on by almost anything."

"Okay, I'll give you that: it *is* tough to argue," I agreed after a moment's thought.

"As I mentioned before, for women it's the act itself that excites us. We get pleasure from pleasing others, since our psyche is controlled by the sexual act itself. Sucking cock isn't primarily about the sensations of sucking cock, at its core it's about giving pleasure to someone else, about giving one's self to the act or to the man. It's about fulfilling a natural hierarchy created by the Lord himself to serve as a caregiver for another. This could also apply when it's between two women. The point is that women, by nature, by evolution, by creation, were born to please," she summed up, as if this were just the way it is and has always been.

"All women?"

"Well, I'm grossly overgeneralizing in order to make my point, and there are exceptions to every rule, and at the moment I'm talking more about the inner woman than whether someone has a vagina or not, and everyone has at least some feminine traits on the inside so this applies in varying degrees to everyone. But disclaimers aside, what I'm describing applies pretty much to most women, and it absolutely applies both to your mother and to me," she said, "if that's as clear as mud," as she poured herself another cup of coffee... black coffee... a cue that it was almost time for me to supply her with the homemade cream she liked so much.

"I see."

"Now women are stimulated by visuals too," she continued. "Your big fat cock is an appealing visual for a woman that stirs a fire inside, a fire that we often can't control. Sure, we try. But the truth is that the more we deny our own inner carnal lust, the more miserable we become. The women you find who are the most miserable on the one hand or complete bitches on the other are almost always sexually unsatisfied or repressed, even if they don't realise that's the cause of their unhappiness."

"You should host your own talk show: 'Sex Talk'," I only kind of joked.

"That would be a stimulating job," she deadpanned. God, she was a funny woman.

"On that note, where's your inner carnal lust level right now?" I asked, having pretty much recovered from my recent orgasm and feeling ready to make a second morning deposit.

"On a scale from one to ten: seventeen," she quipped, just before I slid my cock in her mouth.

Ten minutes later I deposited a load into her open mouth, which she then spit into her coffee mug.

"I'm bringing you supper tonight," I said.

"You really don't have to," she said, as she sipped her cum-flavoured coffee.

"What's your favourite food?" I asked.

"Chinese of course," she smiled.

"Not American sausage?" I asked.

"That's more of a snack."

"I've never been more insulted in my life," I faked outrage.

"But a snack I could enjoy a few times a day," she soothed.

"It *is* low on calories," I tossed back to her, as I put my pants on.

"You're going to be late again."

"It's too bad I can't tell my teacher why."

"Is your teacher a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Then why not? Perhaps not in front of the class, but you could try whipping out that one-eyed monster you show to me all the time," she smiled. "I imagine she'd understand immediately."

"Something worth considering," I laughed, wondering if it could really be that easy. I mean up until now it had been, yet my test cases had been a carefully selected few (selected by my Dad), so I still wasn't at all confident about my own ability to seduce anyone from a standing start. Having proud possession of a big, fat cock was only a seductive weapon if the woman knew about it.

"Trust me," she assured me. "She'd be on her knees begging for it."

"That I'd like to see," I said, thinking of Mrs. Camden, a larger Latina woman, with a wide butt and a cute face. The idea of her babbling incoherently in Spanish as I plunged into her ass was kind of hot.

"So would I," she replied.

As it happened, it was Mrs. Camden's class that I was only five minutes late for this time, and then I spent most the hour wondering what her lips would look like wrapped around my cock. Wondering what it would feel like to drill her big backdoor booty. She always dressed in a skirt that showcased her wide ass, but never nylons. That would have to change should she become my slut.

The day was uneventful, although I couldn't help but admire (not in a sexual way this time) Heather, who in English class recited a poem she'd written about gender equality. A few kids snickered, a couple of them whispered lesbian; most weren't even listening, but I saw her as being so brave.

Heather was considered a wallflower by most people in the school. She didn't play sports, she wasn't a cheerleader, she got marks as high as mine. Yet I saw her as far braver than any of them. Even though the poem expressed the fear of coming out in a sexist, shallow world, I didn't think she was a lesbian, although there was no evidence to support the idea either that she wasn't, or that she was straight. Mostly I just hoped probably selfishly, that she was straight.

I couldn't explain it, but I was drawn to her. Partly because she was smart and was in all my advanced classes; partly because she clearly shared my resentment of the jock mentality of our school; partly because she was a sweet girl who seemed to be nice to everyone, even the ones who weren't so nice to her; partly because she stood up for what she believed in; partly just because she was so darn cute. It also didn't hurt that she often wore what looked to be pantyhose to school, a rarity in a school of over a thousand students, where even the teachers seldom wore them.

As I daydreamed about her somewhat, I thought it would be cool to have a partner in crime as I solved injustices by making rich bitches, cheerleaders and stuck-up jocks become cock hungry sluts for my big fat cock. Fat chance of that happening though because so far as I knew, she didn't even date.

The only other particular moment of intrigue that day was when Ms. Watson asked if I would tutor Amber. Amber was the blondest, dumbest cheerleader in the world... the one who could be the poster girl for every blonde joke ever coined. I tried to repel the idea, but Ms. Watson said it would look good on my resumé, and she would owe me a favour (my first thought was *My big fat cock in that pretty pussy-licking mouth of yours*), so I reluctantly agreed... and plans were made for Amber to come to my house the next afternoon, which was a Saturday.

The day ended, I went to the bookstore and purchased the book I'd had them order for Ms. Chan, then I returned home and waited for Mom. I giftwrapped the book, inscribed a gift card ("Happy birthday to my guru of life") and waited for the clock to do its job.

When Mom texted me she was heading home, I ordered Chinese food to be delivered to Ms. Chan's house at 5:30.

I texted back to Mom: **Bring the toy you bought that we forgot to use this morning.**

Mom responded: **Will do. I also got a couple other things.**

I asked: **What?**

Mom responded: **You'll have to wait and see. I have a wicked idea.** I was glad to see this sign that even when we were playing, she didn't *always* feel she had to be submissive.

So I strolled over to Ms. Chan's with the wrapped present a little before 5:30. I walked in and found her watching a soap opera. I joked, "Watching those suds will rot your brain."

"Too late," she smiled, then as I handed her the gift she objected, "you shouldn't have."

"Of course I should have," I responded, as she opened the envelope.

She read the card and said, "Of only life?"

"All sex is a part of life," I pointed out, wondering if my truism sounded Zen enough.

"You're learning, Grasshopper," she smiled.

"Thank you, sex sensei," I responded, placing my hands together and bowing slightly, martial arts *Silat* style.

"And I'm also your cum-craving cock-sucking servant," she countered.

"Of course," I laughed, as she unwrapped the book.

"Are you trying to tell me something?" she asked as she saw the title.

"I'm foreshadowing the rest of your birthday present," I said. The book I'd bought her was "Regain That Feeling: Secrets to Sexual Self-Discovery".

"Really?"

"Sensei, you were born to be a three-hole slut. And you can't fulfil that destiny without trusting someone to help you," I said, sounding helpful and like a pervert both at once.

"Food's here," Mom called out from the front door.

"To be continued," I said.

So we ate dinner chatting festively about inconsequentials, and Ms. Chan blew out candles from the cheesecake Mom had bought.

It was Mom who then announced, "Birthday girl, it's time for the rest of your present."

"I'm not so sure about this," Ms. Chan said nervously and looking unsure, which was both adorable and heartbreaking at once. She was such a strong woman, she was continually giving me such amazingly helpful advice, and yet she was insecure within her own body.

"Tonight, I'm in charge, Yu Yan," I claimed.

"What? How could you know to call me that? No one calls me Yu Yan anymore," she said, surprised.

"Three hours of chasing down Google leads. That *is* your real name, correct?" I asked.

"Yes, it is," she nodded.

"And its meaning is so apt," I assured her.

"What does Yu Yan mean?" Mom asked.

"Woman with a beautiful smile," I revealed.

"Then you're aptly named indeed," Mom agreed.

"You two are so sweet," Yu Yan said, blushing like a schoolgirl.

"As are my cunt and my son's cum," Mom interjected, killing the precious moment.

"Can't argue with that," Ms. Chan laughed.

"Now open your first present," Mom ordered, handing her a wrapped box.

"How many are there?" Yu Yan asked.

"Two," Mom answered.

Yu Yan opened the present and examined the strange head cock contraption. "Believe it or not, I'm not completely sure what this is for."

"It's to fuck me with," Mom answered, before adding, "while my son fucks my asshole."

"Aaaahhh," Ms. Chan nodded, turning it around in her hands and looking at it more closely. "It goes over my mouth doesn't it?"

"It does," Mom nodded, strapping it onto Ms. Chan's face.

"That looks really weird, but so hot," I said.

"Get naked, son," Mom ordered, as she began doing the same.

"I thought I was in charge," I mock objected, as I did as Mom requested.

"Today we tag team our slut," Mom said, her earlier concerns clearly gone.

"Our slut?" I asked, now naked, and Mom wearing only a black garter-belt and stockings.

"We need to begin gathering our own collection of sluts," Mom informed me.

"An additional form of mom and son bonding," I joked.

"Indeed," Mom agreed with a smirk, as she rolled Ms. Chan in her wheelchair into the living room.

"Yu Yan, I suspect you're a switch, am I correct?"

"I can be, although I'm definitely much more a submissive. I assume tonight I am to address you as my Mistress, am I correct, Mistress?"

"For now, yes. Good girl," Mom replied, completing the formalities.

"Mom, I'm still not sure where you're going with this," I said.

"Oh, you'll see," Mom answered evasively, as she rolled our pet's wheelchair to the back of a couch.

I still wasn't sure what Mom was envisioning here, but she ordered me, "Kevin, go stand on the couch. On the cushions."

I did as she instructed, and then watched as she sat herself on the backrest of the couch from the far side straddling the wheelchair, settled her feet on its wide arms and asked, "Son, can you steady me so I don't fall backwards, and pull the plug out of my asshole?"

"The things I do for you," I sighed, as I braced one hand against the small of her back and reached down with the other to pull it out, in awe of the position she was trying for. I looked around for someplace to dispose of the plug, and smirked as I reached over to deposit it in an empty candy dish on a side table next to the couch.

"No Master, the things I do for you," she corrected, as she shifted around until her pussy was lined up with the dildo head cock. Right now I didn't feel at all like her Master but intrigued, I continued following her lead.

"Now fuck my cunt, Slut," Mom ordered Yu Yan.

I had to lean forward and off to the side before I could see Yu Yan leaning forward to position her face cock in mom's cunt, and even then all I could see was the back of her head and the harness strapped around it.

"Fuck me, Yu Yan," Mom ordered, "it's time to make you into more than just a cock sucker and cunt licker."

Mom's new slut obeyed, beginning to move her head forward and back. I could see what Mom was hoping for, and it was definitely awkward.

It got even more awkward when she ordered me, after a couple minutes of fast fucking, "Plug my ass, baby. DP Mommy."

"How? Won't I hurt you?" I asked. The front of the wheelchair, its wheel locks engaged, was pressing against the back of the couch, Mom's cunt was being fucked by a fake cock, and from my vantage point, her anus in clear view, yes, I guessed I might get my cock into it. Maybe.

"Just shove it right in," she demanded. "I used plenty of lube for the plug."

"Okay," I said, thinking we were going for some pretty crazy acrobatics... an act that would normally only be performed in a sex circus, not that there was anything normal about a sex circus.

I made a few attempts: but if I knelt on the couch my cock was too low; if I stood on the couch to fuck her, my knees couldn't reach the back of the couch to brace myself, but if I didn't brace myself on something other than Mom, then in order to get my cock to the same height as Mom's ass, my severely bent legs would be subjected to excessive strain, and my balance would be very precarious. Instead of steadying Mom, I'd be in danger of tumbling us both backwards to the floor. "Mom, this isn't going to work."

"Stand on the wheelchair arms like I am," she said.

"Then we'd both be way off balance, and even if we didn't fall, the wheelchair could break," I pointed out.

"Damn it," Mom cursed, clearly wanting to experience a double penetration, as she climbed back down to the floor next to the wheelchair.

Ms. Chan lifted her head dildo up and suggested, "If you laid me down somewhere on my back, you could ride my face while Kevy fucks your ass. And if you should happen to be enjoying yourself, your tasty juice would drip into my mouth, and I promise not to complain one bit."

"Good idea," Mom nodded.

"Yeah, I don't think my body was made for the acrobatic position you were suggesting," I said.

"It was worth a try, and I like variety," Mom defended herself.

"Good to know," I nodded, as I got safely down off the couch, Ms. Chan unlocked her wheelchair, and I wheeled her into her bedroom; I knew where it was from helping her with a few household fixes over the years.

"Ever imagine you'd be in this room getting ready to DP your slutty Mom?" Ms. Chan asked.

"No," I laughed. "Although there have been quite a few 'never imagines' becoming reality lately."

"I imagine so," Ms. Chan smiled.

I moved the pillows several feet down from the head of the bed. Ms. Chan clasped her hands around my neck and I helped her onto the bed easily, our having done this a few times in the past, although never for such a kinky purpose. One effect of her long-term impairment was that her upper body had become surprisingly strong, so this transport was not at all difficult.

Once she was lying comfortably on her back (with her feet still on the bed because she was so short, in case you were concerned), Yu Yan repositioned the head dildo on her face and Mom lowered herself onto it.

I watched from beside the bed as Mom began riding the dildo, and I loved the rapturous expressions passing across Yu Yan's face. It was incredibly hot.

After a couple of minutes, Mom demanded, "Come plug my ass, son. I haven't been double penetrated in forever."

"We can't have that sad state of affairs remain for a moment longer," I laughed, wondering who else had DP'd her. How many times had Dad shared her? What an asshole... my Dad, I mean. Mom's asshole was amazing.

I climbed onto the bed, maneuvered myself behind Mom and slid into her asshole, which was still nicely gaped from her plug.

"Oh fuck!" Mom screamed as I filled her ass.

"When was your last DP?" I asked.

Danai and Tamara Grady," Mom answered, doing it with this mother-daughter team across the street from us sounding absolutely delicious.

"Next time I get to watch," I asserted, as I began sliding in and out.

"As you wish," she moaned, as she leaned forward and braced herself for better balance.

For a few minutes I fucked Mom's ass until she came from the double pleasure. "Oh fuck, yes!" she screamed as she collapsed forward, both cocks slipping out of her satisfied holes.

I ordered, "Take off the cock, Yu Yan."

She did and joked, "Thank goodness, I thought I might drown!"

"Oh shit, sorry," I apologized, not having considered we might hurt her.

"No, it was great," she bubbled happily, "it's not too often anymore I get to try something new."

"Your birthday night is just getting started," I informed her.

"I get more? Then face fuck me," she demanded.

"I've just been in Mom's ass," I pointed out.

"Obviously," she sighed, shaking her head as if I were an idiot.

"If you wish," I shrugged, actually happy about her willingness to do this, as it solved my next problem. I wanted to give Ms. Chan another tasty cream pie, but I didn't want to go from ass to cunt in my Mom. Although with some of the other sluts like Mrs. Dieks, perhaps I would.

"I do wish," she assured me, so remaining on the bed, I crawled up beside her and slid my cock, somewhat awkwardly, into her mouth.

I started slowly, it was awkward because the left side of my body was crowded against the head of the bed and I was worried I might hurt her, but she gave my right buttock a hearty slap as a clear sign all was well, so I began doing as she requested, face fucking her. At this point in her life she had become a deep throat champ, and at this angle I could really go deep, so in no time at all my balls were bouncing off her chin like a bongo drum.

As I felt my balls boiling I ordered, "Mom, squat down on the other side of Yu Yan's head and spread those legs wide, this load is going up your cunt."

"Yes, baby," she said, as she impressed me by placing her right toes under the top of Yu Yan's head and her left ones under her neck, grasping the head of the bed with her right hand for balance. It was another awkward position but this one was doable, and when I drew out of one of my favourite mouths, we could both rock our hips forward and join together while providing Yu Yan with an extremely close up view.

Which we did like a well-oiled machine as we slammed together at the very last moment so I could spew my load inside her, as the enterprising Yu Yan decided to lift her head and suck on my balls.

Moments after we backed away from each other, Mom spun around to straddle Yu Yan's chest and lowered her cream pie towards her face saying, "Here's your second birthday cream pie, dear slut."

"Delicious," Yu Yan praised, as cum was dripping onto her face even before Mom's cunt touched down on it.

I watched for a couple of minutes before getting off the bed to reach across to unfasten Yu Yan's trousers and pull them down and off.

Her hand slapped at mine, but confined as she was between Mom's knees, her efforts to stop me were completely ineffective and her protests were muted by Mom's cunt.

Ignoring her objections, I also pulled her panties down and off.

Mom raised herself off of Ms. Chan's face and she immediately began protesting, "Please don't, Kevin; you mustn't!"

I backed away from her and asked, "Yu Yan, you know how you've been advising me to become more of a man?"

"Yes," she replied, her face overcome by worry, looking so vulnerable I almost wept for her. Almost. I'd done my research and I had a plan.

"Please relax and trust me: I know what you need," I assured her. "I understand your reservations, but tonight is all about you. Mom and I want you to receive the pleasure that for years you've only allowed yourself to give to others."

"But I'm helpless down there," she said, looking totally scared and feeling useless. "Nobody's wanted to touch me since the accident."

"Your legs don't work," I nodded, "but you told me your pussy still does, yes?"

"Yes, but..." she began to protest.

"No buts," I interrupted, before adding, "unless it's my cock in your butt."

"Or mine," Mom chirped in.

"You're not disgusted by these?" Ms. Chan queried nervously, as she pointed to her legs with their sadly atrophied muscles. It was true they weren't very attractive in the normal sense, they looked like unused sticks. And yet...

"Ms. Chan," I began, gazing into her moist eyes, "*Yu Yan*, I find you beautiful, because you've proven to me time and again that you're a beautiful person. Everyone has physical defects, like for instance I could stand to lose twenty pounds. But you're perfect because you're you."

"Kevy, that's the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me," as the floodgates broke, and tears began to stream from her eyes, down the sides of her face and onto her pillow.

"Well, pretty soon my words won't be quite so sweet," I pointed out, "but they'll be just as caring," as I approached the vee between her legs.

"If I'd known anything like this would be happening I would have shaved down there," she apologized, "I've neglected it for a really long time."

"Not to worry sweet Yu Yan, although I do expect it to be at least trimmed for next time," I said, as I leaned closer to her very hairy pussy.

"There'll be a next time? Yes, sir, I certainly will," Yu Yan agreed with a soft moan as I traced my fingers gently down her pussy lips. "It's been so long since anyone has touched me there."

"Well, you now have a cunt muncher next door anytime you need one," I offered, pointing to my mother.

"Good to know," Yu Yan moaned, as I began tapping her clit.

"Whoring out your mother already?" Mom teased.

"Just ensuring that you get the regular cunt cum diet you crave," I said, as I leaned down to inspect Yu Yan more closely. I wanted to be the first person to give her an orgasm in years, and I wanted to do it this time with my tongue and not my big, fat cock.

"You're so thoughtful," Mom laughed, her tone only slightly sarcastic.

"Always thinking of you," I said, before beginning to lick Yu Yan's pussy. I'd absorbed what she'd said earlier about mental sexuality and the pleasure to be gained from bestowing pleasure on someone else, and I really wanted to do this for her. Besides, this approach could lead to this out of practice and fragile girl named Yu Yan experiencing two or even more orgasms tonight.

"Always the gentleman," Yu Yan moaned gratefully with no inkling of her sensei persona in sight.

"This cunt obviously still works very well," I told her between licks, her pussy already quite wet, and her scent particularly strong since it was captured in her pubic hair.

"Oh yes, particularly the nerve endings, that's *so good, Kevy!*" Yu Yan moaned. I'd previously heard Ms. Chan moaning while sucking my cock or licking someone's pussy, but this Yu Yan was different. Her earlier moans may have been caused by her own self-pleasure in some small subservient or beneficent way, but those were mostly part of the sexual act of pleasing. These moans on the other hand, were all about her own long-denied direct pleasure, even as right now I was learning first-hand how sexually stimulating giving can be too. Hearing her moans, knowing I was the one giving her this pleasure, turned me on immeasurably as my cock hardened.

"Yes, just like that Kevy, suck on my tits," Yu Yan moaned, and I opened my eyes for the first time in a couple of minutes and saw that Mom had gotten her completely naked and was now worshipping her tits.

I resumed my licking, focusing on Yu Yan's pleasure, although taking the odd short break to take a pubic hair out of my mouth.

Yu Yan could tell I was undergoing a bit of a challenge and apologized, "I'm sorry I'm so hairy down there. I just didn't see any purpose in maintaining that area."

"I'll expect a nicely shaved snatch whenever I come to dine," Mom told her, which sounded so surreally hot.

"I may need some help," Ms. Chan pointed out.

"No worries, I'd love to help," Mom replied just as tenderly as I was feeling towards our birthday girl. But this was supposed to be about sex.

"Less talk, more pleasing," I ordered, as I slid an aggressive finger inside Yu Yan.

"Yes, Master," both women replied at once... a term I definitely approved of.

I focused on getting her off. I fingered her. I flicked her clit.

"Oh yes, Kevy," Yu Yan moaned loudly, "Don't ever stop."

I didn't, as I took her swollen clit between my lips and tugged on it.

"Oh fuck!" Yu Yan screamed instantly, as her cum sprayed all over my face like a golden shower, but far more fragrant and tasty.

I tried to catch as much of it as I could as she sprayed everywhere like a broken fire hose.

"So sorry," she apologized even as she kept coming and squirting. "I'd forgotten that I'm such a gusher."

I kept licking and swallowing in silent reassurance.

"So good," she said weakly, as her orgasm kept trembling through her.

I gave her a little time to recover, and then I sat up, scootched up beside her, rolled her onto her side to face me, bent her knees for her so she was stabilized and asked, "That was Act One. Ready to be fucked?"

"I thought I'd never get fucked again," she moaned as she looked at me adoringly.

"Is that a yes?" I asked.

"Am I not your Asian slut?" she asked rhetorically.

"Why yes you are, and apparently a most willing one, I might add." I nodded, as I climbed over to the other side of her and effortlessly slid my cock into her cunt from behind and wrapped my left hand around her to diddle her clit again.

"Oh God!" she moaned, "I'm still coming from my first orgasm."

"It's time to surf the orgasm crests," I proclaimed dramatically, which sounded corny but which I hoped metaphorically what was about to happen.

"Oh yes, fuck me with your big, fat cock," she moaned, as I did just that.

I realized Mom was missing and wondered where she'd gone. I didn't have to wait long to find out, as she returned with a cock strapped onto her hips, and carrying a large, fluffy pillow she must have brought along just in case.

"I see you started without me," Mom said.

"Yu Yan is my slut," I pointed out.

"We're both your sluts," Mom corrected me.

"Fair enough," I agreed, as Mom climbed onto the bed.

"That's pretty big," Yu Yan said, well-informed on the subject and since the long, thick strap-on was poised directly in front of her face in clear view.

"All the better to DP you with, my pretty," Mom semi-quoted from one of the witches from The Wizard of Oz, although I couldn't decide whether Mom intended to be a good witch or a really wicked witch.

"You two have really gone all out," Yu Yan gasped, still in awe of her many surprise gifts, both physical and tactile.

"And now we're going all in," Mom quipped, as she slid the cock into our Yu Yan's mouth.

And for several minutes we were in a rather unique threesome. I fucked her cunt from behind and mom fucked her mouth from the front. Yu Yan took both cocks like the slut she was, until her second orgasm was imminent.

She let the strap-on slip out of her mouth and begged me, "Keep pounding me, Kevy, your slut is so fucking close."

Mom, being a sly, creative slut, and I still couldn't tell whether she was being a Good Witch or a Wicked Witch... perhaps both at once... maneuvered her head down to Yu Yan's pussy, lifted up her leg and began attacking her clit while I accelerated my fucking of her.

"Holy fuck!!" Yu Yan screamed, her cunt now being pleased both inside and out.

My own orgasm was also getting close and I said, "I'm about to come in your cunt, Slut."

"Oh yes... fill... oohhh... my cunt... (gasp)... with... mmm... your cum... Kevin," Yu Yan answered, although it took her over thirty seconds to get it all out between her labored breathing and her helpless moaning.

"Come with me," I demanded, knowing she was so close.

"Oh yes, yes, yes, how perfect, and... right... NOW, Master," she cried out, and I immediately unloaded inside of her. Her own orgasm also exploded the same moment I was erupting in her, and she screamed, "Yes! Oh GOD yes!"

I continued spewing my load inside her as she kept coming.

Once we'd both calmed down somewhat, I pulled out and Mom rolled Yu Yan back onto her back and began loudly slurping down my cream pie.

"Eat my cunt, you dirty fucking incestuous whore," Ms. Chan asserted herself, suddenly full of confidence as she grabbed the back of Mom's head with both hands and held her there. God, her fierce, wicked mouth was so hot at the moment in stark contrast with her sweet, almost timid, Yu Yan demeanor.

"She's your slut whenever you want her to be," I offered.

"Then she'll be eating over here a lot," Ms. Chan smiled up at me, once again in charge.

"She's often very hungry," I smiled back.

"Mmmmmm," Ms. Chan moaned, as she closed her eyes and enjoyed the sweet afterglow of her powerful orgasm.

After a couple more minutes, I said, "So we have one more gift ready for you, if you want it."

"Does it include having my asshole reamed?" Ms. Chan asked with another wicked grin.

"Why yes, it does," I agreed.

"Actually, we've planned a DP for you if you're up for it," Mom offered, finally coming up for air.

"I need to go to the washroom first," Ms. Chan said.

"How can we help?" I asked.

"Just help me into my chair, I can do the rest."

So we did.

Once she was gone, Mom said to me *sotto voce*, looking a bit annoyed, "I hope you don't plan on offering me to all of your sluts."

"No, no, certainly not," I shook my head, realizing I might have crossed some lines. I wanted to push her limits, but also to respect them. "I just thought you would want to be Ms. Chan's pet."

She smiled awkwardly, obviously recalling some past bullshit. This was confirmed by her next words. "Oh, I have no problem with that. Ms. Chan is like a precious gem in all her personas. I just don't want to get shared with all and sundry like your father used to do to me."

"Mom, I'd never do that," I reassured her.

"Never?" she questioned.

"I don't know about never at all: but certainly never with any other guys," I clarified, the idea of sharing my mom (or any of my sluts with another guy unless she was married to him and I had nothing to do with it) wasn't appealing at all. This was my Mommy-Slut, and mine alone.

"Other girls on the other hand, well, I can't make that promise," I added.

"Just be thoughtful about outing us, because when you get me going, I'll always agree to doing anything you say without any thought for consequences," Mom said, reminding me of her wicked ways. "But overall, I don't need to eat every cunt your big, fat cock destroys."

"Fair enough," I agreed.

Mom pushed me onto my back and said, "But we can finish this talk later. Right now, let's make sure this monster is nice and ready for destroying our delicate Yu Yan's asshole."

"You say the sweetest things," I joked as I lay back and allowed Mom to suck my cock.

A couple of minutes later Ms. Chan rolled back in and asked, "Starting without me?"

"Nope. Just getting him ready for you," Mom replied. She got up and grabbed the wide pillow she'd brought along. "We thought this would help."

As I went to help our birthday girl back onto the bed and Yu Yan cooperated submissively, Mom laid the pillow down.

"You two have really thought of everything," Yu Yan said gratefully, as I helped place her in just the right position.

Mom pulled some lube out of nowhere and brandished it, agreeing with a giggle, "Yep, everything."

"What would I do without you two?" Yu Yan laughed girlishly, looking so helpless but happy as her ass was now perched up in the air.

"You wouldn't get all three of your holes fucked, poor baby," I answered consolingly.

"And you wouldn't get double penetrated," Mom added, as she dribbled some lube on Yu Yan's long-neglected back door entrance.

"I haven't had anybody in my ass forever," Yu Yan told us, as Mom slid a slick finger into her and reamed it around.

"That's pretty tight all right," Mom acknowledged.

"I'm not an anal whore like some Mommy-slut I could mention," the Ms. Chan persona emerged and joked mockingly.

"You'll be one in a few seconds," Mom rebutted.

"Kindred ass sluts," I chipped in, as I moved behind her.

"We're ass sluts for you," Mom agreed, although perhaps subtly reminding me of her concerns about other men. She needn't have worried, I'd share her with some of my women if she was comfortable with that, but other men were out of the question: even my Dad, if we could pull that one off.

"Ready, Yu Yan?" I asked, always the gentleman, as I rubbed my cock up and down her ass.

"Give it to me, Kevy," she crooned, looking back at me. "This is so wonderful... I never thought I'd get fucked ever again."

"Happy birthday from two people who care," I wished her, as I pushed my cock into her ass.

"Thank you," she whimpered, as my big, fat cock widened her ass.

"You okay?" I asked, concerned about her whimpers.

"Yes," she reassured me, "just taking a bit to get accustomed to such a big, fat cock in my asshole."

"I love when you talk like that," I said, both Ms. Chan and Yu Yan's nasty mouths (tonight I kind of saw her as two distinct people) somehow way hotter to me than any other's, even my mother's.

"Well then, start fucking my shit box, you big dick," she (Ms. Chan, definitely) demanded. "It ain't going to fuck itself!"

I roared with laughter, as I began slowly moving in and out of the tightest assholes I had yet to fuck during my long history of about two weeks, "You really are one hot enigma."

"Ream my shit hole," she demanded, only adding to her enigma. No one would ever think this sweet, wheelchair-bound woman could be such a filthy slut.

"Pound her hard, son," Mom added.

"No worries about that," I replied, although I was a little worried I would hurt her without getting her ass properly gaped first.

"Don't worry about me, just fuck my asshole as hard as you can," Ms. Chan urged me.

"Okay," I repeated.

And for a couple minutes I really ass fucked her until Mom asked, "Want to get double penetrated, birthday slut?"

"God, yes," she moaned.

"How can we manage that?" I asked, as I kept slamming into whoever she was at the moment.

"First I lie down," Mom instructed, "then you help Yu Yan onto my cock, and then you resume fucking her from behind."

"That could work," I said, pulling out of Yu Yan's butt... impressed by how wide I'd gaped her asshole.

"Just get those damn cocks in me," Ms. Chan growled with lustful impatience, switching back and forth from helpless submissive to aggressive slut with amazing agility.

"I think we may have awakened a monster," I said, as I picked up Yu Yan and cradled her tenderly in my arms while Mom got onto the bed.

"Get *your* monster back in my shit hole," Ms. Chan demanded, as I set her Yu Yan body carefully on her knees between Mom's legs, supporting all her weight as Ms. Chan demanded, "Just drop me on that big cock."

I didn't drop her, but I did lower her as gently as possible onto Mom's fake cock.

"Oh yes," Ms. Chan moaned, as she used her own strong arms to lower herself down onto my mom's breasts. "Now you fuckers, and I call you that in the best, most literal way possible, I want my birthday DP."

"As you wish," I agreed, moving behind her, and this time sliding easily into the gaped hole I'd already achieved.

"Oh yes, you two," she moaned. "Give me the birthday pumps."

I couldn't help but laugh at her play on words as I began slamming into her tight ass. "God, you're one nasty slut."

"Yes, fuck, drill my asshole," she moaned.

"I already am," I pointed out.

"Harder, faster," she demanded, before adding, looking down at my mother with a surprisingly dominant attitude, "And you, bitch, don't just lie there, pump those hips, fuck me."

Wordlessly but with a smile, my Mom obliged and she and I were both soon fucking... fucking I don't know whom, her helpless nether regions were Yu Yan, but her filthy exclamations and the demanding way she was kissing Mom and mauling her tits were all Ms. Chan... I was thrilled that she'd apparently overcome all of her prior timidity at least for now... and Mom and I were fucking both of her like champs.

At first, we were shoving Yu Yan around like a rag doll as Mom and I struggled to get into a coordinated rhythm.

"God, yes," Yu Yan screamed, not at all fussed by the rag doll bouncing.

I paid close attention to Mom's movements and tried to adjust my strokes to hers. It took a dozen more strokes to get it right, but we finally got in sync... pumping in and out as one.

"Oh fucking fuck shit!" Ms. Chan screamed almost incoherently once we got into a perfect rhythm... as Mom and I fucked her as a synchronized team. Wouldn't that be a great sport? Synchronized fucking.

Two, maybe three more minutes of rough, hard, double penetration and Yu Yan was nearing orgasm.

"Oh fuck, don't stop, yes, fuck, fuck, yes!" she finally screamed as her orgasm hit her.

We kept fucking her throughout her spasms, until they'd died away, then Mom pulled out and announced, "My turn, now."

I ordered as I pulled out of Yu Yan, "Okay, now both of you lie on the bed for me. Asses high."

Of course I had to do all the heavy lifting as I helped maneuver a trembling, leaking Yu Yan into position, propping up her hips with the big pillow as Mom claimed a couple of regular pillows for herself and lay down beside her. It wasn't long before I had two inviting asses sticking up in the air and waiting for me.

"This is heavenly," I groaned, as I slid into Mom's ass.

"Agreed," she moaned, as I fucked her.

Ten hard thrusts and I pulled out, sidled over and slid into Yu Yan's compliant ass.

"Oh yes, I can never get enough of this," Yu Yan moaned as I reamed her rear.

Then I kept switching back and forth for several minutes between the two tight, welcoming assholes until I was close to coming.

I pulled out, flipped Mom onto her back, more carefully rolled Yu Yan onto hers, and as they lay there with their arms around each other and their faces cheek to cheek, I knelt on the bed above their heads and frantically jacked off above their faces.

"Come all over us," Mom smiled, looking up at me.

"Yes Kevy, give us that birthday cum," Yu Yan added.

A few more strokes were all it took before my first rope shot out of me and landed squarely on Yu Yan's face.

My second rope hit Mom right between the eyes.

My third landed a bit closer to between them, but it scored on Yu Yan's cheek.

My last rope dripped onto Yu Yan's chin before I slid my cock back into her mouth and slowly face fucked her for a long, full minute. Her active tongue felt *so good* on my oversensitive cock head.

When I pulled out, Mom leaned over and began licking my cum off Yu Yan's face.

Soon they were kissing, embracing and fondling each other endlessly as I watched affectionately. It was like watching two passionate lesbian lovers together, which I suppose is what they were at that moment.

I asked, a good ten minutes later as they finally lay back, their arms still around each other, "Was this a good birthday?"

"The best," Yu Yan replied, looking completely spent.

Mom said, "We have a real birthday cake for you in the kitchen."

"Any cum on it?" Ms. Chan asked, back to her normal self now she'd calmed down.

"There could be," I joked.

"I do hope you've saved one more load for the cake," Ms. Chan said.

"Well... it may take a few minutes to whip it up."

"Then help me up. Let's get somewhat decent and someone can roll me down the hall," she said.

Ten minutes later we were in the kitchen with my girls 'somewhat decent' wearing sexy lingerie, but my naked body wasn't at all decent as Ms. Chan took control.

"Get over here, Kevin," Ms. Chan ordered. "I want to make sure my cake topping is nice and fresh."

I slid my cock into her amazing mouth and she got me back up and hard.

Once hard, Ms. Chan ordered, "Slut, come and eat your son's asshole while I extract my cake frosting."

"Seriously?" Mom asked.

"Now, slut," Ms. Chan ordered, which was hot after the lengthy submissive playtime.

"Okay," she said, as she moved behind me tentatively.

"Dad never made you eat his asshole?" I asked.

"Never," she answered, kneeling behind me.

"Well, it's good for me to have a first over him," I said, before ordering, "now spread my ass cheeks and tongue my asshole."

"And use that tongue like a tiny dick," Ms. Chan ordered, before taking my cock back in her mouth.

I felt my ass cheeks spread and after a brief tentative pause I felt a tongue on my asshole.

"That's it, eat my asshole, slut," I moaned, the pleasure coming from both ends pretty erotic.

She was pretty tentative at first, but once she got past the reality she was eating her son's asshole she got into it.

So for a few amazing minutes Mom ate my asshole and Ms. Chan worked on my cock. Fuck, it was quite the surreal experience to be the middle, pleased, layer of a sex sandwich for once.

As my orgasm began to build, I groaned, "Both you sluts work me over, the cake frosting is almost ready."

Mom really tongued my asshole somehow feeling like she was even penetrating me ever so slightly... which felt shockingly good and not gay at all. This pleasure was enhanced, by Ms. Chan's determined, deep throat, cock sucking.

I knew another load was soon going to erupt.

After another minute of receiving this intense attention I declared, "I'm about to blow."

Ms. Chan leaned back, I stood facing the table jacking myself, Mom slid the cake towards me, and within seconds I was shooting some rather sparse wads of cum all over Ms. Chan's birthday cake.

Ms. Chan resumed sucking me to extract any last remnants of cum before asking, "Who wants cake?"

"I do," Mom said, as she probed my asshole with her tongue once more for a moment, and then stood up.

"I'm good," I said, seeing more cum than I'd care to ingest on the cake.

"More for us," Ms. Chan shrugged, as Mom took charge of the cake and cut two generous slices coated generously with cum.

I watched, as my cock at long last began going down, and as my two women ate the cum cake.

As I savoured the scene, I thought to myself, *I need to try for my own first conquest*. The big question was who?

As I pondered, I picked up my phone and saw a text.

It was from Mrs. Walker: **Any chance you can come over this weekend and tutor Ben? He has an important test on Monday and needs some help.**

Hmmmmmm... I'd always been attracted to Mrs. Walker, we went way back, and maybe she would be my perfect initial conquest. She tended to be a bit formal most of the time, but sometimes when I'd gotten her laughing, any stiffness had just melted away. Once I'd even forgotten myself and quipped something really off-colour but before I could apologize, she was laughing heartily. And she was certainly pretty enough: a tall and slender brunette with a lovely face and black horn-rimmed glasses that gave her an intriguing nerdy look. The cherry topping was that I'd never once seen her when she wasn't wearing some version of nylon legwear, although given the long skirts she favoured, I never knew which version.

Unless she set up road blocks to my advances, the main question would just be how to get her alone.

Then I recalled that the bimbo cheerleader Amber was coming over tomorrow at 2:00. Perhaps she should be my first seduction on my own. She was blonde, bubbly, big-boobed, appeared to be a favourite of the jocks, and was obviously very limber as evidenced by her cheerleading routines. If I wanted to discuss rocket science with her I'd be out of luck, but whenever I was banging my sluts, that wasn't a subject I expected to come up.

Having a cheerleader to fuck would be fun, and perhaps it would lead to other cheerleader sluts. Even better, that route could possibly provide me with opportunities to embarrass some arrogant jocks.

Hmmmmmm... tomorrow I would try to bang Amber.

But tonight I could feel in my soul (okay, not in my soul but in my nuts) that I had one last load to deposit... and the only remaining question was who was going to get it: Mom or Ms. Chan?

THE END OF Big Fat Cock: Double Penetration Fun.

Coming next:

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Blonde Cheerleader

Cheerleader learns the power of BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy

Kevin's aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy

Kevin has a great weekend touring the university.

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 himself and not just for his BIG fat cock.