

# CUM 4 MOMMY: A CUM DIET STORY

***silkstockingslover***

*Cum addicted Mommy sucks son's big cock any time, any place.*

Incest/Taboo

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**Summary:** Cum addicted Mommy sucks son's big cock any time, any place.

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Note 1:

*This is the second part of a story of a mother's journey into becoming a full time cum bucket for her son. And, I believe, it stands on its own. That said, if you don't recall part 1 **Cum 4 Mommy: A Cum Bucket Story** then here is a very brief refresher:*

*-Mrs. Jonas is addicted to cum and satisfies her cravings by going to glory holes throughout the city... even though she is widely perceived as prim and proper and is the head of the PTA*

*-her son is a nerd virgin who often uses his mom's stockings to jerk off with while imagining making his mother his Mommy slut*

*-Mrs. Jonas comes home early and catches him in her bed, smelling her soiled panties, jerking off with her nylon thigh highs, and talking nasty... about her... this triggers a possibility that had never occurred to her... a young virile homegrown cock that could satisfy her insatiable hunger for cum*

*-She reads lots of incest erotica, watches some incest porn and decides to seduce her son*

*-Of course, she seduces him: sucking his cock and swallowing his load, allowing him his first taste of forbidden fruit before taking a second load all over her pretty face.*

Now the continuing adventures of Mommy slut and her son....

## **Cum 4 Mommy: A Cum Diet Story**

I was in the washroom cleaning my eye (it wasn't the first time I had gotten cum in my eye), trying to wash it the best that I could... even though I knew the visible rash wouldn't go away for a few hours.

I shook my head at getting cum in my eye... what an amateur mistake.

During dinner, eating with my husband and son, I couldn't help but keep checking out my son, who was incredibly nervous. I probably wasn't a huge help when I moved my silk-stockings-clad foot under the table and rubbed his crotch with it.

But... I wanted his cock again.

My husband Martin even asked, "What happened to your eye?"

I lied, prepared for this question, "Lemon juice, if you can believe it." As I answered, I rubbed my foot up and down on my son's crotch... already really enjoying the convenience of a nearby young man who had lots of loads in his balls, and also the strange thrill of doing something so fucking taboo as incest... or teasing my son's dick with my husband sitting right there, oblivious.

Was I a bad wife... yes!

Was I a great cum slut Mommy... *hell* yes!

Once dinner was done and Martin and Barry were in the living room watching television, I called out, "Barry, can you come and help me for a few minutes?"

Barry came into the kitchen and I asked, "Can you come around the island?"

He did and I dropped to my knees and whispered, "I didn't get any dessert."

"Mom, Dad is just in the next room!" he protested in shock, as I fished his cock out of his jeans.

"He never leaves his chair even for a moment when he's watching Jeopardy," I pointed out, as I stroked his semi-hard cock.

"I guess," he said, looking down at me, worried.

I took his cock in my mouth and sucked slowly, loving the feeling of it growing inside me.

"Oh, God," Barry groaned softly... clearly nervous about being caught.

Once he was hard, which literally took only fifteen seconds, I began bobbing hungrily... wanting my dessert, wanting his cum... knowing time was of the essence. The Jeopardy clock was ticking!

I slobbered, using excess saliva to create extra lubrication, a technique I had learned in college that usually sped up a guy's orgasm. This evening's blow job wasn't about a lengthy lavish blow job, but was about extracting a quick yummy load of cum... which let's be honest, was 99% of the blow jobs I gave... cum being my addiction... what I craved. In my case, it wasn't about the journey, it was the destination. Hurry, hurry, Yum!

Barry groaned, "Holy shit, Mommy, I've never felt anything like this. You're like a wet vac!"

I assumed he hadn't. He was a virgin and I was his first cock sucker... but I had gotten compliments from many men who had experienced many cock sucking sluts, and I was often complimented as the best... because I was.

I continued bobbing as his father called out, "Barry, could you bring me a Coke when you come back in?"

"Okay," Barry called back, his voice squeaking ever so lightly.

I added, tossing off a wicked double entendre, "I just need him to help me with dessert."

"What's for dessert?" Martin called out, luckily too lazy to actually come and check.

"Cream pie," I answered, which we did actually have in the fridge, as I stroked my son's cock for some homemade cream.

"Bring me some of that too, please," he called out.

"Sure," I agreed, before using my hand and mouth to expedite my son's imminent deposit.

"Oh yes," my son groaned quietly. "Here comes your dessert, Mommy."

I bobbed furiously and soon felt the amazing sensations of cum spewing into my mouth, down my throat and warming my belly.

I retrieved every last drop of his warm, homemade cream before allowing his cock to slip out of my mouth, standing up and smiling, "Yummy."

I turned to the fridge and pulled out the pie, while he wrangled his big cock back into his pants.

"Grab a Coke for your father," I instructed, life back to normal.

"Okay," he agreed, as he repositioned his cock inside his pants, which were now zipped up.

As he went to the fridge too, I added, "I may need a bedtime snack."

He agreed, "Well, I always have a bedtime load easily at hand."

"Mmmmmmm," I purred. "Baby Boy, I think I'm in heaven, and you won't need your hand."

He pinched himself. "Mommy-slut, I think you're my heaven."

"Oh, I plan to take you to heaven a few times a day," I promised... the idea of a live-in cum dispenser a dream come true... or is it CUM true?

I asked, "Do you want any pie?"

Surprising me, he said, looking down to my hidden pussy, "Can I have some homemade pie?"

"You bad boy," I teased. The idea of a live-in pussy muncher was also suddenly appealing, especially after how good he had proven himself earlier today... one I could train until he was perfect at it... unlike Martin who didn't take directions well in the driver's seat of either a car or the bedroom... he also couldn't read a map or ask for directions in a car or in the bedroom.

"It's the least I can do," he said, showing sexy confidence after his grand lifetime experience of three entire blow jobs.

"We'll see," I said, even though I knew I was going to be enjoying a sixty-nine with my darling son very soon.

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An hour and a half later I was again craving cum. I couldn't help it, but having a live-in stud with never ending cum in his balls had me horny and hungry. When really necessary I could do without cum when it wasn't available, but since this afternoon's delivery truck had parked on my doorstep, I'd been obsessed!

He was in his room studying and I texted him from the living room, 'Garage 5 minutes!'

He texted back, 'Do you have somewhere to park my Cadillac?'

I almost responded back that I had three places to park, but refrained, since it was one thing to suck your son's cock, it was completely another to take his virginity... although the idea of his big pile driver hammering away inside me was definitely in my mind. I responded, 'You have a permanent heated parking spot reserved whenever you need to park your Cadillac and get it washed.'

He responded back, 'Going to park now!!!'

I chuckled to myself as I told Martin, "Hey, honey, I'm going out for a walk."

"Oh, okay," he nodded, barely listening as he watched some NCIS show... I couldn't tell which one was which. Of course, I wasn't worried he would offer to go with me, he only left his recliner to go piss or get food (when I didn't bring it to him... the food... for pissing he was on his own).

I shook my head at how easy it was going to be to suck his son's cock when my oh so predictable husband was in the house... and although I should have felt guilty, I felt thankful... I finally had a man in the house who understood my desires and my submissive nature.

I quickly went pee before heading out to get my fourth load in a single day from my son's big, hard cock. Bright future ahead!

He was already there, leaning in a corner opposite from where the door was, thus if Martin by some mathematical improbability got off his ass and came into the garage, we would have a quick moment to get decent.

I walked over to him and asked, "Why isn't your luxurious limousine enjoying the evening breeze?"

He laughed, as he pulled down the easy-access sweats he was wearing and revealed he had chosen to go commando.

I smiled, trying to keep it witty and metaphorical, "I see you decided to take the top down."

"What?" he asked.

I shook my head thinking that trying to connect going commando to having a convertible with the top down was a pretty lame metaphor, "Oh nothing. Let's park this Corvette in a warm garage."

I quickly dropped to my knees as he moaned, "I've always thought of myself as more of a Lamborghini type of guy."

I moaned on his thick dick as I again bobbed hungrily.

"Oh yes, suck my dick," he groaned, as he put his hands on my head after a few bobs.

I wanted to make it clear that my mouth was his for the using as I pulled off and said, "Feel free to face fuck me, honey, my mouth is yours to use however you please."

"Good to know," he said, as he slid his cock back in my open mouth and proceeded to do exactly that.

He pumped his cock in and out of my mouth, slowly at first as I became a vessel for my son's pleasure.

Most of the time I liked to be in control of a blow job. I liked to worship a cock the way it deserved to be worshipped. I wanted to bathe it with lust; I wanted to bow at the shrine; I wanted to take my time and tease out great gobs of glory.

But other times I just wanted to be face fucked; to be used as a mouth... a hole... a place to deposit a load... and this was one of those times. I reached around and jerked his ass towards me as a not-so-subtle way of letting him know he didn't have to be gentle.

Thankfully, like the man he was becoming, or perhaps already was, he got on board and began fucking my face faster... although still not shoving all nine inches of his man meat deep into my throat.

When I was face fucked I wanted balls bouncing off my chin... I wanted saliva dripping out of my mouth... I wanted to be used roughly like some cheap whore or porn star.

So after another minute or two of fast, six or seven inches of cock gliding in and out of my mouth, I pulled out and asked politely, "Son, would you please be an angel darling and...", then growling at him, "face fuck your Mommy-slut like a powerhouse until your balls are bouncing off my chin and you unload a shitload of cum in Mommy's tummy?"

"I'll make you gag," he worried, looking down at me, a string of saliva reaching from the head of his cock to my lips keeping us connected.

"Don't worry, my growing boy, Mommy can take all of your big cock," I promised confidently, as I grabbed his ass, leaned forward and in a single lunge took all nine inches in my mouth and then rested there with my nose buried in his pubes, looked upwards into his gaze and winked. I would have grinned at him if I could, but...

"Oh my yes you really can," he groaned, as his hands went back to my head and he began bucking his cock roughly in and out of my mouth just the way I liked it... his balls finally bouncing off my chin and my nose poking into his groin.

I moaned as the roughness enhanced my eagerness to get his load, and also sent a gush of wetness into my panties.

"I'm going to be depositing a lot of loads of cum inside you Mommy," he declared, as he ruthlessly rammed my capable mouth with his massive cock.

I moaned again on his dick, his declaration being one that excited me immensely... after months of risking my marriage and also risking getting a disease from sucking dozens of strangers' dicks... I now had access to one single cock that could do the work of six middle-aged men... the ones that usually were at a glory hole getting the blow job their wives had stopped giving them years ago.

"Oh yes, I'm getting close," he groaned, continuing the rapid, rough ramming with his rigid rod.

I focused on the cum that was coursing its way through the spillway and seconds later it came... erupting in large wads that collided with the back of my throat before gliding down it.

"Oh yes, swallow it all, Mommy cum bucket," he grunted, as rope after rope filled me as I finished my third cum swallowing hat trick of the day (four loads in total but one had splattered all over my face).

Of course I did swallow it all before he let go of my head and pulled out. I looked up as I licked his shaft, "I hope you meant it."

"Meant what?" he asked, his breathing still laboured.

"That you're going to deposit lots of loads in your Mommy," I clarified.

"That is a promise I can back," he nodded.

"Good, because otherwise I'll have to keep going on the hunt for cum," I explained. "I need at least two loads a day."

"I can do that before I leave for school," he bragged with a chortle.

"Another promise I'm expecting you to be able to back," I purred, as I took his cock back in my mouth and lovingly cleaned it off.

He groaned, "The question is whether you can keep up with me."

"Challenge definitely accepted," I smiled, referencing 'How I Met Your Mother'.

"And your 'suit' is stockings," he pointed out.

"So I'm the mommy-slut version of Barney?" I questioned.

"Definitely," he nodded, as he put his cock away.

"Until my bed time snack," I smiled, standing up.

"I'll have a tasty creamy yogurt shake for you nice and warm," he said.

"I can't wait," I smiled, and I couldn't.

We headed back in and of course Martin hadn't budged from his chair.

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At bed time, after Martin fell asleep following a 'making love' session that had lasted an entire three and a half minutes, I snuck out of our bedroom and went to Barry's.

I walked into his room and asked, seeing him on the bed, "Do you still want some homemade pie?"

"I've been craving it all night," he smiled.

"Good, because it's been marinating in the oven for hours," I responded, as I got on his bed and straddled his face. I pulled back the covers to get into a 69, wanting another load of his creamy sweetness in my belly.

His cock was already hard in his boxers as I greeted, "I see you're ready to give Mommy her bedtime snack."

He grabbed my ass as he leaned up and licked my pussy, as I fished his cock through the button fly... a great convenience, I must say.

"Oh yes," I moaned, "lick Mommy's pussy," as I stroked his hard cock and licked the mushroom top.

"So yummy," he said... his confidence growing as the day progressed.

"As is this," I concurred, as I took his cock back in my mouth for the fifth time that day.

He licked tentatively as I sucked slowly.

My husband had slept through an earthquake once, so it was incredibly unlikely he would notice I was gone. It was even less likely that if he did wake up he would look for me, and even less likely still that he would look for me in his son's room.

Time on my side, I allowed the slow burn to grow in both our loins as we shared our very first mother and son sixty-nine.

Our first, I hoped, of many.

"Flatten your tongue and use its whole width to part Mommy's wet pussy lips, baby," I moaned.

"Yes, Mom," he agreed, as he began painting my pussy with his magic paint brush.

"It's *Mommy*," I corrected, finding the term somehow hotter.

"Yes, Mommy," he corrected between licks.

"Ooooooh, that's it son," I moaned, my pussy having been on fire all day since I'd first sucked my son's cock... my one orgasm from his tongue only stirring my loins for more.

I bobbed on his cock, loving the thickness... the length... and this position that was challenging.

His tongue licked randomly, clearly he didn't know what he was doing, but somehow it worked... my feverish pussy on fire. "Yes, baby, lick Mommy's pussy," I moaned, before beginning to bob faster on his hard shaft.

"Oh God," he moaned, as I bobbed like a bimbo cum slut... which I suppose I was... craving cock and cum pretty much all my waking hours.

And for a couple of minutes he licked and I sucked.

Both of us were moaning as our orgasms grew within us.

I'm going to come," he warned, as I devoured his cock whole.

I wanted to say 'me too', my orgasm growing rapidly as well, but I wanted to feel his cum ricochet off the back of my throat again and gliding down. So I continued wordlessly milking his cock until he grunted and I felt the sweet thrill of another load pumping into my mouth.

"Yes, Mommy," he groaned, as I swallowed every drop of his sweet seed.

I kept sucking until every drop of his load was warming my belly before I sat up and began grinding my pussy on his face.

So horny, so exhilarated after a naughty day of 'incest', I really ground on my son's face, desperate to cum.

I felt his tongue probing in and out of my twat and his nose rubbing against my clit as I used him for my own pleasure. I moaned, "Oh yes, Mommy's close, so close, yes, lick Mommy, lick Mommy,

yes, yes, yes!" I moaned louder than I meant to as my most intense orgasm in an eternity ricocheted through me like a pinball bouncing wildly between three bumpers.

I collapsed forward and much to my surprise and great pleasure, Barry leaned forward and kept licking, kept eating my cum just like I'd eaten his.

After a couple of minutes, as my orgasm finally went tilt, I rolled off him and said, "Well, I think you're a natural Mommy muncher, baby."

"Any time," he offered.

"I'll keep you to that," I warned, as I got off his bed, and almost fell as my left leg gave out... partly because I have a wonky knee and partly from a post orgasm spasm.

"I expect my morning wake-up call to be your lips wrapped around my cock," he said.

"You do, do you?" I questioned, surprised again by his growing confidence.

"I think you'll be my personal alarm from now on," he nodded. "It'll be good for you to get a protein shake for breakfast.

"What about the other meals of the day?" I asked.

He laughed, "You really are insatiable."

"Some are addicted to smoking, some to drugs, some to coffee... I'm addicted to cum... yummy, gooey, salty cum," I shrugged.

"Well, I'm here to keep your addiction supplied," he said.

"Good, you'd hate Mommy to go looking for cum," I smiled.

"Yes, I would," he nodded, standing up and moving in front of me. "You're my Mommy cum slut and mine alone. Is that clear?"

His firm tone made me gush slightly. I wanted a man who knew who I really was. Who knew my natural submissiveness and my eager-to-please personality. Who knew what he wanted and took it when and where he pleased.

I nodded, "Yes, son. Mommy is your cum slut."

"Good; now I expect a nice long soothing blow job in the morning," he instructed.

"Yes, son," I nodded, even though I wasn't sure how I was going to do that, my husband usually not out of the house that early.

He leaned in and kissed me with a passion I no longer received from my husband. Again, a gush flowed from my pussy as I melted at his touch.

When he broke the kiss, I would have kissed him forever... but he said, "Now go to bed, my Mommy cock sucker."

I knew I shouldn't have said it, but I was so intoxicated by his strong words and actions, I added, as I reached for his door, "Play your cards right and you can be a Mommy-fucker too."



Before he could respond to my very clear intent, I walked out.

As I closed his door, I leaned against the wall.

Had I really just offered to let him fuck me?

That would mean I'd just offered to take his virginity.

Did I want to be the one to take his virginity?

No.

Yes.

No.

Yes.

Definitely yes... I admitted as I moved my hand to my still burning cunt and began rubbing myself in the empty hallway imagining nine inches pounding me.

Fuck, I really was a Mommy-slut!

THE END of CUM DIET

Coming in 2017 and beyond:

#### **Cum 4 Mommy: A Virginity Lost Story**

After resisting the temptation to fuck her son... thinking it was wrong to be the one to take her son's virginity... she decides 'FUCK IT' literally.

#### **Cum 4 Mommy: An Ass Fucking Story**

Well, you can't allow your son to fuck your face and your cunt and not allow him access to your ass, can you?

#### **Cum 4 Mommy: Backseat Riding Story**

The family goes to pick up their son from college and on the way home Mrs. Jonas has to sit on her son's lap for the drive home. Then... she has to sit on her oldest son's lap too. And....

#### **Cum 4 Mommy: DP Slut For Sons Story**

Mrs. Jonas's college son is now home for the summer and she decides the only thing better than one son to fuck is two.

#### **Cum 4 Mommy: Fucked Airtight Story**

Every summer the family spends the second week of July at the lake to celebrate Mrs. Jonas's birthday... this year all three sons are there and eventually they give Mommy the best present ever: a triple fuck.

#### **Cum 4 Mommy: Pussy Licking Story**

With Mommy now going through empty nest syndrome, and back to gloryholes to satisfy her cum addiction, her son Barry sends his high school girlfriend over to create a new addiction.