

CUM 4 MOMMY: A VIRGINITY LOST STORY

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Cum addicted Mom takes her son's virginity.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Cum addicted Mom takes her son's virginity.

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This is the third story of a mother's journey into becoming a full time cum bucket for her son.

If you have not read the first two chapters, which are not necessary for this part, but likely help understand motivation, here is a quick summary:

Part 1: Cum 4 Mommy: A Cum Bucket Story:

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. Once she learns her nerd virgin son uses her stockings to jerk off she imagines getting her cum at home. Eventually she of course 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.

Part 2: Cum for Mommy: A Cum Diet Story

Mrs. Jonas quenches her insatiable hunger for cum by swallowing three more loads that night... one in the kitchen while her husband is asleep, a second in the garage while her husband is watching television and a third load in her son's bedroom while her husband sleeps. As she swallowed her fourth load of the day (a fifth coated her face), and got her pussy pleased with her son's tongue to two great orgasms, the taboo idea of fucking him popped into her head.

Could she take her son's virginity?

Read below and find out... although the title may give a clue to the answer... LOL!

Cum 4 Mommy: A Virginity Lost Story

The next morning, I told Martin I was going for a run, something I would occasionally do in the mornings, and instead snuck into Barry's room where I crawled under the sheets and took his completely flaccid cock into my mouth as he slept.

I loved the feeling of a cock growing in my mouth.

The power!

The sensation of feeling its state alter in my mouth.

It was one of the most awesome things about cock sucking and my favourite, second only to the moment when I received the cum I craved.

Other than my husband, I had never woken someone up with a morning blow job, so this was exciting. Listening to him stirring and making soft whimpers was exhilarating as I imagined how I was changing the dream he was having.

In no time his cock was hard in my mouth. I just kept slowly bobbing as the softest of moans escaped his lips.

After a couple of minutes, instead of incoherent moans he began talking, "Oh yeah, Mom, take my cock. Be my three hole cum slut."

My eyes went big.

Was he still dreaming?

Or was he slyly letting me know he wanted to fuck me? And not just fuck me, but fuck all three of my holes.

I hadn't been ass fucked since college, as back when we were dating, Martin thought it was disgusting when I suggested it ... unlike a few of my previous dominant or wild boyfriends who loved reaming my asshole and coming inside it.

I had really enjoyed being ass fucked... giving myself completely to a guy, to cock, is the ultimate submissive experience... and in many ways the opposite of sucking cock where I was in charge.

As I kept bobbing, he moaned, "Oh yeah, take it all, my Mommy-slut."

Thinking he was awake, and my cunt gushing at being called a 'Mommy-slut', I began bobbing faster.

"Oh, yeah, take it all, Mommy-slut. Show me you're worthy of my cum," he groaned.

I bobbed furiously, indeed wanting to show him I was worthy of his cum and wanting a creamy homemade breakfast.

"Don't stop, you cum hungry Mommy-whore," he ordered, as he was definitely awake and proved it by grabbing my head and shoving my mouth all the way down to his base. As he held me there I realized he was making it impossible to obey his order. Instead, I focused on breathing through my nose as I held his nine inches deep in my throat.

It had been years since I'd been used like this... sure I was frequently face fucked in glory holes, but the wall stopped this kind of forceful domination. I had loved being used in college, loved being dominated, and finally after almost two decades of being denied maybe I'd at last found a dominant man to use me... right here in my own home.

He let go and I instantly resumed bobbing, as he moaned, "Now get me off, Mom."

I pulled his cock out of my mouth and wheedled, looking up at him, "Am I not your Mommy-slut?"

"Do you want to be?" he asked, his confidence of seconds ago seemingly gone.

"Twenty-four seven," I smiled, as I took his cock back in my mouth and furiously bobbed, wanting to show him my oral expertise and my willingness to be a cum hungry Mommy-whore.

"Oh yes, Mom, suck my big cock, be my Mommy whore, swallow my load," he babbled, clearly less confident awake than when he was dreaming, as each of his exhortations sounded forced.

I kept bobbing and a few seconds later I retrieved my breakfast. I eagerly swallowed the entire load, as it exploded into my mouth, slid down my throat and warmed my belly.

"I'm sorry, Mom," Brandon said, reverting back to his normal shy self.

"Honey, don't be sorry," I smiled, stroking his cock slowly. "I love that aggressive side of you."

"You do?" he asked, looking so adorably innocent.

"Mommy likes to be treated like a slut," I admitted.

"You do?" he asked again, clearly bewildered.

I nodded, "Mommy-slut really does." I then asked, "Do you really fantasize about Mommy as your three-hole fuck slut?"

"Yes," he whispered, seemingly ashamed to admit it.

"Brandon," I said softly, as I moved up to him, my eyes meeting his, as I asked sincerely, yet wickedly, "Do you want Mommy to be your Mommy-slut?"

"Yes," he trembled.

I was considering just straddling my son's cock and riding him right there and then, but I was brought back to reality when there was a knock on the door.

"Get up, Brandon, I'm out of here and your mother is out for a run," Martin said.

"Okay," Brandon squeaked, his eyes going as big as saucers, as catlike, I quickly and silently rolled off the bed.

"Have a good day," Martin said, opening the door.

I remained lying on the other side of the bed... terrified of getting caught.

"You too," Brandon said.

Martin laughed at his son's visible erection, "You probably need to do something with that."

Brandon replied awkwardly, "It has a mind of its own."

"They all do," Martin said, oblivious to why his son's cock was hard.

I remained frozen... for another minute... until Brandon said, "He's gone."

I sat up, suddenly riddled with guilt and stammered, "S-s-sorry to make you lie for me."

"It's no big deal," he shrugged, even though the look on his face said he was terrified, even as we heard the front door slam closed.

Unable to resist, and hunger quickly superseding guilt, I dropped back to my knees and said, "Oh, this baby is a big deal all right."

"Mom," he groaned, as I took his cock back into my mouth. "We shouldn't be doing this."

I knew he was right, we'd been seconds away from getting caught, yet my lust for cock and cum, both of which were readily available right in front of me, overruled common sense. I bobbed for thirty fast and furious seconds and then asked, "Do you want your Mommy-slut to stop?"

I hadn't anticipated he would say yes, but I wasn't expecting his reaction, as he grabbed my head, shoved his cock deep into my mouth and began roughly face fucking me as he said, "You want to be treated like a cum hungry slut mother, then I'll treat you as one."

As his nine inches tickled my tonsils, and his balls bounced off my chin, I moaned in response, wanting him to know I agreed whole-suckingly (a word I just made up, I hope it catches on) to being his cum hungry mother slut.

"Oh yeah, Mom," he continued, becoming a dominant man before my eyes, and in my mouth, "I'm going to fuck this mouth and cum down your throat every day."

I wanted to ask, 'Only once?' and "What about Mommy's cunt?" but my mouth was rather busy taking nine inches. So I again moaned in response, hoping to have my moans speak volumes.

For the next few minutes I was face fucked. His balls were bouncing off my chin like it was a hard-court floor and he was dribbling all over the place before going for the game-winning slam dunk.

The entire time my cunt was on fire as I imagined allowing him into a second of my holes. The idea of him slamming that massive cock in my cunt from behind, or me straddling him and furiously riding it or any plethora of deep fucking positions was making my cunt leak. Yet, even as I pondered this, I wondered if I could fuck him.

Oral sex was incest too, but giving him my cunt was a whole different level of sin... one that at this moment I was tempted to offer. The idea of incest was a bizarre turn on, but nine inches of massive dick was almost impossible to resist even if he was my son.

I was pulled out of my sick, twisted fantasy as he pulled out and asked, "Does my cock sucking Mommy-slut want a hot facial?"

Of course I preferred swallowing every load he was willing to donate to me, but wanting indeed to be the perfect Mommy-Slut, I replied, as I watched him stroke his cock, "Yes, son, coat Mommy's face with your hot cum."

A few furious strokes later and a grunt and my face was drenched with my son's hot cream.

Rope after rope shot out of his cannon and plastered my face, my mouth and eyes closed.

Once the load finished splattering my face, my left eye unscathed this time, I opened it and took his cock back into my mouth in hopes of extracting any last remnants of his creamy cum.

I sucked lavishly for a minute or two before he said, "Shoot, I'm going to be late."

His cock was pulled out of my mouth and I smirked, "Looks like you shot right on time to me."

I then scooped a wad of cum off my cheek and put it in my mouth as he acknowledged, "Mom, you're insatiable."

"God, your cum is yummy," I purred, scooping more of his load into my hungry mouth.

"I still can't believe we're doing this."

"I think my cum-coated face proves we are," I replied back, scooping more cum.

He headed to shower, I dressed and made us breakfast.

We ate together where we talked about school and other generic things, with no evidence of what transpired fifteen minutes earlier... except for some remnants of cum still on my face.

After he left, I went and showered and pondered what to do next.

I now had a live in cum machine where I could satisfy my cravings pretty much anytime I wanted.

I should have felt guilt over my actions, but instead I felt calm. Glory holes had always been risky, both for getting caught and for catching a disease (it's a miracle I hadn't with all the cocks I had sucked).

So, in reality, by sucking my virgin son I was protecting myself from potential disease and also from getting caught.

Plus, I would do anything to make my son happy and this definitely made him happy.

The real question was should I take his virginity? The idea was both incredibly exciting and also a bit nerve-wracking.

On the incredible side, taking someone's virginity had always been a fantasy of mine.

Plus, the idea of having a big dick available not only to get my daily cum, but also to pound the shit out of me was equally appealing.

Maybe I could finally come from sex with another person. That hadn't happened since I was in college and was gangbanged by four guys: two who had big dicks that really pounded the living shit out of me (literally as I was air tight with three cocks drilling me simultaneously most of the time). My husband was a good man, but not a great lover and clueless when it came to sexually pleasing me.

As for nerve-wracking, a guy's virginity is special, and losing it to your mother was possibly incredibly unique; it sure wouldn't be something you could tell anyone.

It was obviously illegal. Although so was sucking my son's dick and nothing had ever turned me on like that in my life and I have done some pretty wild things.

After showering, my decision already made, I texted Brandon and said, **If you want to come home for lunch I will have it warm and ready.**

I stared at my phone for five minutes, waiting for a response that didn't come. It's funny how technology has made us expect a response in seconds instead of days or weeks.

I ended up doing housework and it wasn't another hour before he responded back that he would be coming home for lunch. His actual response was: **I'm craving some homemade pie. I hope it will be fresh and warm.**

Was he implying he was going to go down on me again? I responded: **The pie will be simmering all morning and ready to eat *hole* when you get home.**

I couldn't have been blunter.

I still wasn't 100 percent sure if I was going to fuck him (although I was 95 percent sure), but the idea was definitely appealing, I decided I was going to dress up for him. I had a dozen Halloween costumes, one a cheerleader's outfit I'd worn years ago.

I put it on, without bra or panties, and wore my only remaining pair of crotchless pantyhose, which I hadn't worn in years, and waited for him nervously as if I were eighteen again and waiting for my prom date to pick me up.

He arrived a little after twelve, walked in and saw me standing in the living room posing for him with Pom

Poms and everything.

His response was exactly what I wanted to hear. "Holy shit!"

"Do you like?"

"You look amazing, Mom," he said, staring at me with the lust I was also hoping for.

"Ready for lunch?" I asked.

"Starving," he nodded, walking to me, gently pushing me onto the couch and dropping between my legs.

"It's been marinating all morning," I purred, as he looked at my already wet pussy.

He didn't say anything, instead he just buried his face in my wetness.

His tongue was like a lightning bolt of pleasure as he eagerly lapped away. He didn't have the technique my lesbian college girlfriends had, where they would tease me relentlessly until I would do almost anything (which is how I ended up eating my first asshole, taking my first strap-on up the ass, getting fisted for the first time and seducing one of their mothers at the mother-daughter ball).

But what he didn't have in anatomy and skill, he made up for with eager ambition.

He licked like it was his last meal.

And before I even knew what I was saying, I asked, "Do you want to fuck Mommy?"

He stopped.

He looked up, wetness on his lips.

He stammered, clearly astonished by the question, "R-r-really?"

"Baby, I want to be your complete Mommy-slut," I admitted. "I want to suck your cock a couple times a day, at least, and swallow your yummy cum. But I also want to be your fuck slut. You can eat me whenever you want, but you can also fuck me whenever you want."

"Oh, God," he groaned.

"So, I'll ask again, do you want to fuck Mommy?" I questioned, looking down at him as sexily as I could.

"God, yes," he responded, back to the star-struck son and not the dominant one who had pushed me onto the couch a couple of minutes ago.

"Pull out that cock," I ordered.

He stood up and quickly got out of his jeans and underwear, revealing his cock was already ready for action.

"Did Mommy get this big cock hard?" I asked, stroking his mammoth prick in my hand.

"Yes," he moaned, "now get sucking."

"Yes, son," I purred, loving reminding myself of the incestuous act we were committing and loving when he took control.

I then took his cock in my mouth for the third time today. I had already swallowed a load and taken a facial, the third load I wanted deep in my cunt. I'd had my tubes tied years ago because my husband was a pussy and wouldn't get snipped for me so there was no risk of pregnancy.

I bobbed for only a few seconds, just long enough to make sure he was iron stiff. I then asked, "Ready to fuck Mommy?"

"God, yes," he answered, his entire body trembling as I stroked his cock. It was adorable to watch his trepidation and innocence.

"Want Mommy on her back or on all fours?" I asked, wanting him to decide the position, trying to give him control.

"How about you stand up and bend over the couch?" he suggested, again shifting from nervous to confident.

"Wherever you want me," I answered, getting up and moving into position, wanting to make it clear I was his to use as he pleased.

"I can't believe this," he repeated, as he took off his shirt.

"What?" I questioned. "That your Mommy is going to take your virginity or that your mother is your live-in cum bucket or that your Mommy will obey any order you give without hesitation?"

"Yes, yes and yes," he answered, walking over to me wearing only socks.

I hated when a guy wore socks to fuck, but I sure wasn't going to quibble about minor quirks when I was about to get nine inches of my son's hard dick for the first time.

"Just slam that big prick up Mommy's cunt," I generously offered.

"I can't believe you're such a slut, Mom," he said, moving behind me.

"Are you calling your mother a slut?" I questioned, my tone suddenly stern and motherly.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I just thought," he instantly apologized. He really was a good boy.

I laughed, feeling guilty for teasing him, "I was joking, honey. I *want* to be your Mommy-slut."

He surprised me when I felt a sharp burn on my ass as he spanked me and scolded, "Does Mommy-slut need to be punished for toying with her son?"

I'd never been spanked, but somehow this enhanced the surreal reality of the situation. "Sorry, Mommy is a silly little slut who should know better."

A second spank on my other ass cheek burned as he agreed, "Silly sluts need to know their place."

"Yes, baby, Mommy's place is with her son's dick in her," I declared, wiggling my ass.

"Beg for it," he ordered, again shifting back to dominant mode.

I was impressed he could resist just slamming his dick in me, I mean how many sons would delay the opportunity to fuck their mother? Particularly if that son is a virgin.

So I begged. Partly because he ordered me to and partly because I really wanted that dick in me. I hadn't been truly fucked in years; sure Martin had made love to me, but he hadn't just pounded the fuck out of me and used me like a slut in years, in decades even.

"Oh baby, please shove that big fucking dick in and pound your Mommy-slut and use her as your personal cum bucket," I babbled, wanting his dick in me now and meaning every word I said.

Finally, he did. "Fuck!" I screamed, as nine inches slid inside me as easily as melting butter.

"Oh God," he groaned the moment he filled me.

"Is Mommy's cunt nice and warm for you?" I asked, as all nine inches were buried in me.

"It feels so good," he said, like a kid in a candy store.

"I know," I agreed. "Now show me what you fantasized doing all those times you jerked this massive fucking pecker thinking about Mommy."

He grabbed my hair and pulled it back as he began fucking me.

"Oh yes, baby, use Mommy, treat her like a cheap slut," I encouraged.

"Oh fuck, so good," he groaned, his words sounding like the virgin he'd just finished being, while his body acted like the deep down dominant he was.

"I want you to fuck Mommy's cunt and come in me," I told him after a couple of minutes of hard fucking.

"Really?" he asked, actually stopping.

"My tubes are tied, son, you can come in Mommy's cunt every day," I revealed, "and there will never be another you."

"And I'll come in her mouth," he added, as he resumed fucking me.

"And all over my face," I added too, deciding to leave the anal offer for another time, although it was an offer I would definitely be making.

"Not your ass?" he questioned, as if reading my mind.

I surrendered and gave him all the power, in case he didn't already realize he had it, "All three of Mommy's fuck holes and cum catchers are open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, son."

"Oh yes," he groaned, still hammering away at my cunt, my own orgasm rising.

"Can Mommy ride you, son?" I asked, wanting to bounce on his cock like it was one of those dildo trampoline rides. (What, you've never seen one?)

"Sure," he nodded, pulling out.

He quickly moved to the couch, sat down and I just as quickly, like the bitch in heat I was, straddled his dick and devoured it whole like it was my cunt's last meal.

He cupped my breasts through my sweater as I began riding his cock.

"You like Mommy's titties?" I asked, as I pulled the sweater over my head to give him more intimate access and a much better look.

"I love them," he said, cupping them in his hands and leaning forward to suck on my hard nipples.

Trying to ride a cock while having your tits sucked is a challenge, so instead I just ground my cunt on his big dick.

He sucked, he licked, he bit my nipples while I ground on his cock, moving my hips back and forth.

The slow burn was driving me nuts and apparently it was doing the same to him too, as he suddenly lifted me up, spun around, lowered me onto my ass, spread my legs and slid right back into me in one impressively smooth motion.

"Ohhh, you mother fucker," I moaned loudly as he resumed fucking me like the Energizer Rabbit, with hard, fast, deep strokes. As I called him a mother fucker a rush of excitement coursed through me at the ultimate taboo term.

"I'm going to come in you, Mom," he warned, after just a few deep thrusts, my own orgasm on a rapid acceleration.

"Oh yes, you big dick mother fucker, come deep in Mommy, plant your seed and claim ownership of Mommy," I babbled, wanting to give myself to him completely.

"So I own your cunt now?" he questioned, without missing a beat in his deep drilling.

"Yes, son, Mommy is your fuck toy," I declared, my orgasm so close I could taste it... and taste it was the correct descriptor.

"Over Dad?" he asked, stopping mid-thrust.

"Just declare it and this fuck hole will be yours only," I offered, so in lust and desperate to come.

"I like that," he approved. "I say Dad doesn't fuck you anymore."

"He barely did anyway," I said, not feeling any guilt over the transfer of the privilege of fucking me. This fuck was my best in two decades and one I would want to have again and again, while I didn't even come from Martin's slow based, meandering, love-making. It might take Martin months to even realise I wasn't fucking him any more, or ever if I continued to suck him off every so often.

"Well, I will be fucking you daily," he promised, resuming fucking me.

"Morning, noon and night," I moaned, as my orgasm resumed its rising.

"And in-between," he added, as he fucked me harder than I had ever been fucked before. My body bounced around and when he grabbed my ankles, pulled them together and leaned onto them to reach new depths in my fevered twat I came... like a banshee.

"Fuck!" I screamed, loud enough to wake the dead.

"Oh fuck," he grunted himself just a few seconds later as he pulled out, spread my legs and shot his load on me.

Rope one rocketed like a missile right onto my face and forehead... man his cock was like a cum cannon.

Rope two was a straight bullet to my open mouth and chin.

Rope three hit right within the valley of my tits.

A fourth rope dripped into my belly button.

A final drop landed directly on my cunt as he moved to my face and slid his cock back into my mouth. I slowly bobbed on his cock, nursing his cock for any last cum I could get.

He then said, "I should get back to school."

"You never had any lunch," I said, realizing other than some quick pussy licking he hadn't gotten to eat.

"I'll go through the drive-thru on the way back to school," he said, getting dressed.

"Okay," I nodded, as I scooped cum off my tits and put it in my mouth. The best cum was when it was warm and right out of a cock, but all cum was yummy cum.

I then added, "I do expect a cum appetizer before dinner tonight."

"Only one?" he asked.

"As many as you can produce," I answered, scooping cum off my chin and into my mouth.

He laughed, "I'll see what I can do."

"No more jerking off, young man," I said in a firm motherly voice. "I expect every load saved for your mother."

"I can't promise that," he said, before adding, "but I'll make sure to shoot into a cup for you if you aren't home."

"Cum shots," I smiled, "I like that."

"Or cum in your coffee."

"Or on my toast."

"You're insatiable," he said, as he headed out.

"And don't you forget it," I called out as he the door closed.

I scooped the rest of the cum off my face as I pondered what next.

A few loads of cum a day?

A good hard fucking a day?

His dick up my ass? Shit, I hadn't been ass fucked in decades.

Could I even *take* his dick up my ass?

Only one way to find out...

The END

Coming next...

Cum 4 Mommy: An Ass Fucking Story

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