

# FAMILY REUNION: MOTHER'S DAY

*silkstockingslover*

*Mom unknowingly befriends long lost son who's now a shemale.*

Incest/Taboo

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## Family Reunion: Mother's Day

**Summary:** Mom unknowingly befriends long lost son who's now a shemale.

**Note 1:** This story is dedicated to **TX** and **BABY GIRL** for requesting this story... something a little different for me.

**Note 2:** Thanks to Tex Beethoven and Robert for editing.

**Note 3:** All characters are at least 18 years of age.

## Family Reunion: Mother's Day

Zach had always lived two very different but parallel lives.

One of them was what everyone around him was aware of: a steady churchgoer (he had no choice about that, since his Dad was the Pastor), outgoing, funny, smart and athletic. He was also a bit of a charmer, and many of the cutest girls in the community had crushes on him. He played his part of a good looking, good boy (mostly) quite well. He even dated a few girls occasionally, apparently (but also sincerely) loving everything about the female body.

On the other hand, behind the façade everyone saw, lurked a secret truth he had struggled to deal with for years: he didn't just love and admire everything about the female body, he longed to actually *be* a woman.

He loved everything about the feminine half of the world:

-their smooth, soft skin, which was so much nicer than the coarseness of his own skin... especially his hands and face

-that they could augment their faces with a wide variety of cosmetics

-that for variety they could arrange their hair in so many different ways, and could even wear it long (yes, guys could wear it long too, but in his heavily South-influenced region of Kentucky not so much, and a definite no-no in church).

-that that they could have big breasts, something he'd always been fascinated with... even though his own chiseled masculine chest was admired by many girls, and many gay boys.

-those of the feminine persuasion had the opportunity to indulge in such variety in their clothing: dresses and skirts seemed so much fresher than his own ubiquitous dress pants (his father refused to allow him even to *own* a pair of jeans)

-the greatly desired privilege of wearing nylons... the apparel that turned him on the most. Partly because his Mom and all the church ladies had worn them every day ever since he could remember... he had been noticing stocking-clad feet for his entire life... way more than he saw bare feet inside the women's shoes. He loved how each shade and colour of their stockings could completely complement an outfit and/or accentuate a pair of legs. Lastly, once he felt how soft they were (during many clandestine visits to his mother's bureau), he was completely captivated by them, and wondered what they would feel like on himself... on his ass... on his legs... snuggled up against his impressive nine-inch cock.

Now Zach wasn't gay, he'd actually fucked a few girls, even two of them together once, and he enjoyed eating pussy; and he most certainly didn't want to kiss, or to suck or get fucked by guys... although the idea of him being the one fucking some specific guy, especially one who was a homophobe or asshole, did pop into his fantasies on occasion.

No, he definitely wasn't gay. Zach simply craved the opportunity to dress as a woman... or better yet, to actually *become* a woman... but being the son of the Pastor at the largest mega church in Oklahoma made this an impossibility, and he'd been programmed for his entire life, through bellowed Scripture and impassioned lectures, that being gay was a horrible sin, and being transgendered in any way, shape or fashion, was far worse... it was an abomination. (To be perfectly clear, to dip even his big toe into either of those poisonous waters would not only be a sin against God, but a crime against Nature)

Yet after years of openly denying who he really was and inwardly feeling guilty about it, now in his senior year at almost nineteen (his birthday in December and he'd begun school a year late after spending a year in Africa with his missionary parents, when otherwise he would have been attending kindergarten), he decided his feelings of guilt stemmed more from a sense of duty than from anything heartfelt, and that he was no longer going to live in a façade of lies as he started to secretly, slyly, explore his feminine side.

He slyly used his mother's specialty skin care products to give his hands softer skin, and also his face, and his shaved legs and chest. Being a competitive swimmer, having a completely shaved body was an expectation, so no one wondered about his being completely hairless except for his head... nor did anyone realize that was the principal reason he'd joined the swim team in the first place, even though he was awfully good at it.

He loved not only the softness of the moisturizing skin products, but also their fruity aromas

As his senior year progressed, he began collecting feminine garments. After fucking a nerd girl in her garage (she was a large girl, slightly larger than he), he claimed her panties as a trophy... feeling slightly bad that he'd fucked her primarily because they had a similar waist size, not because he actually liked her. That said, she'd turned out to be a good fuck, and a sweet girl, and they ended up secretly fucking for a couple of months, she allowing him to walk away with her panties each time (she thought it was because he loved her scent of arousal, not so he could wear them when he was home alone, or secretly in his bed each night).

Zach also ended up fucking the mother of one of his friends, and thus he carried away her pantyhose as his trophy, not willing to buy some at a store where someone might recognize him. He fucked this woman every Sunday afternoon while her husband and son were golfing... she loved that he paid so much attention to her legs in pantyhose, that she would wear them without panties all day, and rub herself to an orgasm in the morning so they'd be nicely soiled for her secret young stud with the big cock.

So in the final semester of his senior year, he began wearing panties and pantyhose in his bedroom, and even occasionally out in public... which he found to be a huge rush... but then would become annoyed at having to keep secret something he dearly wanted to do, the only thing that made him feel like himself. He hated that he couldn't just openly be himself in public.

It was the week before prom, when he was in panties and pantyhose and nothing else, neither of his parents home, examining his mother's high heels in her bedroom (curious what it would be like to wear them), when his mother walked in on him, having forgotten her purse.

Emma, his mother, was stunned; but being a traditional and therefore very submissive wife of a Pastor, she simply grabbed her purse and walked out again without saying a word.

At first, Zach was humiliated... mortified at being caught, but as he considered this seemingly disastrous encounter, he realized it had been a blessing in surprise, to coin a new phrase. He was now, finally, being forced to do something he'd been longing to do forever, to come out and tell his parents he didn't feel he was a male... but a female. And even that he wanted to look into transitioning... well, partly transitioning anyway... he had no intention of giving away his big dick... and he wanted, in the simplest terms, to become a shemale.

So when his parents came home fifteen minutes later, his mother obviously outing him, Zach just threw out the truth he wanted to live, the truth he'd long been living secretly, to his parents.

Not surprisingly, it didn't go too well... especially as Zach was still wearing the panties and pantyhose, which served as a continual reminder to his parents that their son was an abomination. *Where did we go wrong? Why is he doing this to us? To US?*

Pastor Richard (Dick), and man, he could be a dick, freaked out at great Biblical length and volume, while his wife adhered to the Scriptures by wailing and gnashing her teeth uncontrollably.

In fact, Zach received Scriptures galore amidst the fire and brimstone end-of-the-world lecture from his enraged father.

Which was followed by dire portents of their own reputations being shattered in the community, and Dad's career jeopardized completely, if his very own son couldn't even adhere to something as basic to respectable society as walking with Jesus.

Zach, whom his father had always assumed would follow in his footsteps, knew the Bible by heart himself, and he countered, "**John 13**. I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Pastor Richard was furious with his apparently gay son (no way he could *conceivably* comprehend the concept of anyone being transgender... because in his mind that wasn't even a thing. If you were born with a penis you were male, if you began life with a vagina you were female... gender was as simple as that, no exceptions). He countered by using Scripture right back to his wayward son, summoning a litany of Scriptural passages:

[\*\*Ephesians 6:1\*\*](#) Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.

[\*\*Exodus 20:12\*\*](#) Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land that the Lord your God is giving you.

[\*\*Proverbs 1:8\*\*](#) Hear, my son, your father's instruction, and forsake not your mother's teaching,

**Ephesians 6:4** Fathers, do not provoke your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord.

It ended with Pastor Richard forbidding Zach to be gay, even though Zach stressed over and over that he wasn't gay, he was transsexual.

The Pastor finally lost it and snapped, "That isn't EVEN a fucking thing!" before storming out.

Emma pleaded, desperate for peace between her husband and her son, "Please, Zach, if only for me, no more of this nonsense."

Hearing those words really hurt Zach, who'd never truly gotten along with his father, but had always loved and obeyed his mother. Reluctantly he agreed, knowing he'd be moving out at the end of summer nineteen hours away to UCLA in Los Angeles, where he had waiting for him full scholarships in both academics and swimming.

Things were tense but livable through May, June and July, as they all simply never mentioned Zach's sexual identity ever again... something quite common in certain religious families... if you simply don't talk about something, it isn't real.

Zach continued secretly wearing panties and pantyhose and using his mother's lotions... although he was now far more careful, as he counted down the days until he could move out west and be himself (or preferably herself).

The final straw broke apart the family's false peace in early August. Zach was doing what he did every Tuesday night while his Dad was leading a Bible study, he was fucking one of the four guys he was banging that summer, the secretly gay Carter... a mid-twenties junior minister who couldn't get enough of Zach's big dick, especially whenever he was wearing nylons, which made their sex seem less gay. Zach wasn't gay at all... he just liked to fuck, and he found that guys were less exhausting and carried around less drama baggage than girls. Men just wanted to suck his dick and get fucked. No talking, no wooing, no flowers, no emotional attachment, just Zach depositing a load in one of their two holes, and 'Bye! Thanks a lot!' Carter was his fourth bottom of the summer; he just loved pounding a guy from behind, and loved hearing his moans. This being a sin that would really piss off his Dad was just an added bonus.

Should they have been fucking in the church basement in the first place? Probably not. But it was a very private place, one that was generally never frequented.

It was a beautiful summer's evening, and the Pastor had ended the Bible study early, allowing his parishioners to go forth and enjoy a delightful evening. He was locking up, when he noticed a light on down in the basement. He'd been down there earlier in the day looking for a file, so he figured he'd left it on. The Pastor opened the door and heard a rather feminine voice... and it was moaning! He instantly became furious... some damned souls were having SEX down there! So he stormed downstairs to catch whoever it was in the act.

As he followed the sounds into an office that was used for the rare meeting, typically only if it needed to be very confidential, such as a politician who didn't want to be seen going in and out of the church (don't you *dare* ask why, because I won't dare to answer, but this was the principal reason why the church had built a secluded back entrance) or for some of his meetings with investors that were under the table, he saw someone bent over his desk while his son, wearing lingerie consisting of a bra, garter and stockings, and also heels, was fucking the person.

The Pastor roared, his fire and brimstone voice in full effect, "What IN HEAVEN'S NAME is going on here?!"

Zach was startled, and he turned around without thinking, thus pointing his big, hard dick directly at his stunned and red-faced father. "D-D-Dad!"

"Pastor!" Minister Carter gasped, as he bolted upright and yanked up his pants, hiding his gaping asshole.

"You're committing sodomy in the Lord's sacred place of worship?!" Pastor Richard demanded. "In His very HOME?"

Zach was annoyed at being caught, but he wasn't ashamed, especially since he knew that some rather questionable dealings happened in this very room. (He hadn't had to ask; he was smart, and he noticed things.) He said, knowing it would only make things worse, "This room is hardly a sacred place." He realized after saying it, that his Dad would think he meant the entire church.

"So you're gay?" Pastor Richard bellowed, even though it appeared rather obvious.

"No, I just like fucking guys," Zach answered before adding, kind of enjoying to infuriate his Dad, "I don't suck dick or anything, although Minister Carter does."

"Out," Pastor Richard yelled, as he looked at his smug son and noticed his penis was a lot bigger than his. "Both of you, out."

Zach grabbed his pants and put them on, as Minister Carter, his face burning red, scurried out with his head hung down in shame.

Zach exhibited no such shame. "Don't be too hard on him," he urged his father, "he's a good guy."

Pastor Richard ignored the irrelevant advice and quoth, "You need to leave forthwith, young man. We can't have you going around besmirching my good name, my wife's, the church's, or the community's."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me; you're no longer my son," the Pastor said, and turned to stride piously out (for a very limited definition of the word 'pious').

Zach was shocked... hurt... and angered. "Whatever happened to forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness has its limits, and *you* have crossed the line," the Pastor growled.

"Where does the Bible even fucking say that?" Zach demanded of his father's back, adding the 'fucking' because he was so pissed at his father's flexible use of the Bible's teachings.

"Just get out!" the Pastor snapped, returning a raising a hand to smite his former son.

"Go ahead," Zach dared, wanting his Dad to hit him. Wanting to see his self-righteous Dad commit a sin.

"Out," the Pastor snarled, managing to control at least the physical side of his violent anger.

That night Zach slept at a friend's... knowing he really had to talk to his Mom.

Next morning, he went home... and found both his parents waiting for him immediately inside the front door, with two suitcases already packed.

The Pastor handed him a cheque (in the amount of a shocking \$250,000!) and intoned coldly as if he were quoting the liturgy for an exorcism, "You sir, are a disgrace to our family name, an unwelcome sinner who formerly attended our church, an embarrassment to your mother and to me, and we never wish to suffer the sight of you again."

Zach looked to his mother, but she immediately broke eye contact, even though he could see tears in her eyes. Zach wanted to hear his mother confirm his father's sentence... to agree with or to deny his harsh words... but he was confident his Dad wouldn't allow that to happen.

And sure enough, she didn't speak... didn't even look up again... just looked down at the threshold to the front door and bawled. They hadn't even allowed him to set foot in the house he'd grown up in!

Zach, who'd already planned to leave for college in a week anyway, and who was more angry than hurt, took the enormous amount of money (why the fuck not?), grabbed his suitcases and said, sarcasm dripping from every word, "In that case, *God bless* you two Christian folk."

Zach got in his car, drove straight through to Los Angeles, arrived before dawn totally exhausted, lodged in a nice hotel for the week (using the church's credit card until it was cancelled a couple weeks later), before he was allowed to move into the dorm, and went shopping... buying a variety of sexy lingerie... all the things he'd wanted to buy back when he was living in his small town hell but never had (again, all on the church's credit card his Dad had given him a while ago to pick up items for the church... usually from Costco... the church items had been from Costco, not the lingerie).

He also, now he was away from the shadow of his father and the ridiculous moral code of his southern community, went to a doctor and initiated the process of his transitioning.

The years went by, and by the time he had earned his degree (with honours), he had become a she, Zach had become Sasha, and she (get used to the adaptable pronouns because they're the new reality) had become a complete knockout. Long blonde hair, blue eyes, nice medium-sized 34B tits, long legs that went all the way up to here, although she still sported her big, fat nine-inch cock. Hair no longer grew on her face, and her voice was now sexy and feminine... Sasha had become exactly who she had always fantasized about being... a beautiful, confident young woman. And yes, she had legally changed her name way back at the beginning, and she would have changed her legal gender, except search as she might, there was no official vehicle for accomplishing that.

*Her* best friend who *he* (try to keep up) had met just a couple weeks after arriving, a Latino guy named Jose, had also transitioned, and she was now a hot Latina named Jasmine.

The two girls had a lot of fun using their dicks to spit-roast both guys and girls during their senior year... enjoying their frequent double-team seductions the most. And of course they invariably *loved* the shocked looks on their preys' faces when their big cocks emerged from underneath their cute little dresses. They both took full advantage of the way straight men would willingly suck their dicks and take it in the ass, since the owner of said dick was a knockout blonde, or a sexy Latina who had tits. Girls also loved getting spit-roasted and double penetrated by them. They had a wild senior year.

Receiving her degree in business management, and Jasmine hers in marketing, they decided to leave California and relocate to Dallas... a two hundred mile drive from his original hometown

where her parents still lived (she assumed), who had disowned him (as he'd been then) just under five years ago. They chose Dallas because the business plan they wished to follow was a dime a dozen in liberated Los Angeles, yet it would be seen as edgy and controversial in Dallas. And of course controversy, among other things, served as wonderful free advertising!

The storefront they opened was a sex shop that catered to anyone, but especially to people wanting to explore their kinky sides.

The name of the store was a not-so-subtle hint at the clientele they were primarily targeting: Naughty Bi Nature. Besides carrying all the traditional items an adult store should have, such as sex toys, lingerie, movies, masturbation aids and so forth.... they specialized in exotic and expensive items imported from Europe: ultra quality nylons, lingerie and costumes.

Their new store received a lot of negative press in this more traditionally valued city (which hypocritically had more than its share of bars featuring fully nude dancers looking for large tips, where who knew what lucrative activities went on beneath the cocktail tables), but they successfully used social media to really get the word out, promoting daily sales on special items... always posed with by Sasha, who was a goddess, and once people realized this model was also a co-owner who regularly worked at the store... business really took off.

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Meanwhile, once Zach had left, having been heartlessly given the boot by her so-called loving husband, the marriage between Emma and Richard (the Dick) Alpin slowly but inexorably fell apart. Emma never forgave herself for allowing her husband to kick her beloved son out of the house and *disown* him no less, so following two years of her obediently feigning happiness, of serving as the perfect wife in public while enduring her growing bitterness and resentment behind closed doors, Emma totally broke character and astonished her husband by not just meekly asking for, but angrily *demanding* a divorce!

Richard desperately tried to convince her otherwise, at first begging her and later threatening her, at times almost becoming violent, and often actually becoming verbally scathing, and obviously (to her) far more worried about his image and the reputation of the church than about his so-called sacred marriage. He quoted, "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," But Emma rebutted him, saying that the loving God *she* knew would never be so cruel as to join her to an asshole who would throw his *own son* out of their house. She was done and she left him behind, left behind their community and headed off to Dallas... to start anew... which was scary, and yet exciting.

The fact she hadn't allowed herself to be fucked since the day her son left, unable to fake the orgasms anymore, or to give him head, or to take it in the... (don't ask) or even to endure his touch *at all*, added to her urgency to start over.

She moved to Dallas, where she'd heard vague rumours her son now lived, and she tried to find him on the internet, but to no avail. According to UCLA, he'd never even attended school there... not even for a short while, although friends who'd visited him there had told her otherwise. That claim of the university's confused her, and it most certainly wasn't true. What never occurred to her... how could it?... was that Zach Alpin indeed had never matriculated there, although Sasha Alpin had. She had given up his swimming scholarship (since she wasn't allowed to compete as a woman) but had retained his academic one, but under her new name of Sasha, although she kept her last name. And

tragically, as has been said, it never occurred to the mother that her son might have become a female.

So there Emma was in Dallas, completely alone. Her father was a Pastor (still was, albeit an aging one), she had married a Pastor... it was the only life she knew... the church life.

A life of behaving prim and proper at all times.

A life of being respectable in all ways.

A life where the purpose of sex was to conceive, and otherwise was only about the man's pleasure. (Yes, shortly before she was married, her mother had told her that truism point blank. And then during the ceremony her father, who was officiating, had reiterated that same point, although not in sexual terms. He'd just gone on and on about how it was now her God-given Christian duty to obey her new husband *in all things*.)

Yet during her last year of marriage, she had begun reading erotic stories on Literotica. She became fascinated by how sex could be liberating... even pleasurable for the woman, if *that* could be believed... a woman could even *come* from lying with a man. Who knew?

She was 46, and had not once come from having sex... or come at all... EVER... since she'd been lectured sternly since early childhood that masturbation was a sin.

Yet in her small apartment where she now lived, even though she was quite well off from a very generous keep-your-damn-mouth-shut settlement from both her ex-husband and the church, she discovered the pleasures of self-love... the euphoria of orgasms (how the hell could this soaring experience be considered a fucking sin?)... and she couldn't help but wonder increasingly what it might be like to be fucked, like in the stories she was reading: to suck a big dick (she'd never sucked her husband, as it was a sin in everyone's eyes that she had then known of), or to get fucked by a big cock (her ex-husband was five inches, while in the stories some men were twice that or more), or to get spit-roasted by two big dicks (she couldn't fathom such a thing... until she'd read enough about it that she could), or to get fucked by another woman's strap-on cock (the stories had awakened her same-sex curiosity, something she'd often wondered about for a moment or two, before immediately casting the wicked thoughts away as a very bad sin). But in contrast, she now leisurely contemplated eating her first pussy (which the stories made sound completely heavenly), and she even wondered a little about getting sodomized, double penetrated, filled air tight (all wild new terms she'd never encountered before... except that the sin of sodomy might result in her being transformed into a pillar of salt... she was a bit shaky on that point).

These days she unashamedly fingered herself to multiple orgasms... experimented with a brush (too short and narrow), a banana (too squishy), a wine bottle (too glassy... not an existing word, but eminently suitable for this scenario) and a cucumber (which in fact did quite a decent job so long as it was still ripe), but what she really wanted to try out was either a real, living, pulsing dick to fuck her (which frankly didn't seem too feasible) or failing that, a sex toy (which, now that she lived in a big, sprawling city filled with strangers, and no longer cared what other people, even churchgoers, thought of her, appeared very feasible).

So after doing some online research, she headed out to an adult store (yes, she could have discretely ordered a toy or two online, but she didn't trust online shopping at all). She had also done some research on the best and most discreet adult stores, and she'd happened across many mentions of a store called Naughty Bi Nature. The store provoked amazing reviews, and hosted a great website, which seemed to cater to all conceivable kinds of men and women (and... other



categories of people, although she found everything about that notion inconceivable), plus a variety of unique toys, and a far-reaching collection of lingerie and stockings from all around the Western world.

Emma had read a lot of erotica online in the last few months, and after decades of daily wearing pantyhose, she'd become intrigued by the idea of thigh high nylons, garter-belts and stockings, and any other variety of sheer nylons... hers had always been cheap and not overly comfortable. She'd promised herself when she left her husband and the church that she would never, ever wear that awful pantyhose again... a promise she would keep for the rest of her life (unless you include a pair of crotchless pantyhose and a crotchless nylon bodysuit she would purchase... much later on... both items from Naughty Bi Nature).

So one day, after dithering nervously about it (old paranoias are dispersed only with great difficulty) for a couple of months, she finally decided to gather her courage, set out for this store, and 'to boldly go where' she had never, ever gone before.

Once there, she was greeted by a gorgeous young woman she recognized from the store's website, and from a few promotional videos she'd appeared in. She was even more radiant, more beautiful in person, and taller than she would have imagined, towering over her... by over a foot... although her five-inch platform heels enhanced her height.

"Hi, how can I help you?" Sasha greeted, stunned to see one of the two people in the world she'd never imagined ever seeing again, and doubly unlikely in her sex boutique... her very own churchgoing mother!

"I don't even know where to begin," Emma said with slightly less nervousness than she'd walked through the door with, there being something familiar and even comforting about this beautiful woman... it was as if she had known her in a past life... reincarnation something she had always believed in, even though she'd been mocked and even castigated by her husband for harbouring such unchristian thoughts... thus she'd never dared to mention them to anyone.

"Well, for starters," Sasha gave her a fake smile as she tried to process a plethora of feelings swirling inside her: surprise, anger, slight happiness, confusion, insecurity, and helplessness just a few of them. "What brings you through our doors today?"

"Decades of living in denial," Emma joked, feeling an instant connection with this stranger, someone she would have taken an instant distrust to... someone so beautiful, yet because she was running an establishment like this one, no doubt also so kinky. Yet again she couldn't explain it, perhaps it was simply her new 'who gives a fuck what people think' attitude, but she wasn't going to hide behind a facade of prim and proper anymore..

Sasha couldn't withhold a burst of laughter, for a few reasons. The obvious one... her Mom had just said something totally out of character for her, and had expressed it with self-effacing humour. The less obvious one... she couldn't recall her mother *ever* saying anything funny. But the most amusing aspect... that her mother had just told an apparently perfect stranger that her lord and master husband, Sasha's own father (the dick), hadn't been satisfying her (with his dick). "I'm sorry for laughing ma'am, that just struck me as funny, and I didn't mean it unkindly. And on second gasp, it isn't funny at all, it's a crying shame," she sympathised. "Your man isn't performing his husbandly duties?"

"Oh, I'm not married," Emma revealed.

"Oh," Sasha said, this time unable to withhold a gasp of astonishment! She looked down at her Mom's left hand and saw that the wedding ring which had always been there, was no longer where it was supposed to be. In their church, marriage was forever... for better or worse... come hell or high water...

"Oh, I *was* married, for an eternity," Emma said, pausing before seeing nothing but compassion in this gorgeous woman's face, and deciding to be a little more open than she had planned to be, "but my husband never... well, he *never* understood my needs... or even enquired about them."

"Well *that* isn't very surprising," Sasha said, before questioning the wisdom of making such an observation, recalling her past Interactions with her father that now seemed so long ago... interactions she had pushed into the deepest shadows of her mind, that had suddenly come flooding back out.

"Excuse me?" Emma asked, agreeing in retrospect that it wasn't surprising at all, given Richard's nature, yet there was no way this young woman could know that.

"It's just that you'd be surprised by how many men don't seem to understand, or even to concern themselves with, the needs of a woman," Sasha caught herself and explained, which was indeed a frequent concern among some of the older women who came in here.

Now not all men were inconsiderate lovers... many men were very supportive lovers, and they would even go out of their way to purchase marriage enhancements to help them to ensure their wife was completely satisfied even if they couldn't always supply the necessary with their own God-given attributes. And of course there were also women who didn't bother to adequately fulfill their wifely duties as well... and these thoughtless men and women who didn't spend the time to understand and satisfy their lovers were the main reason their partners were making her shop so successful... but she and Jasmine were also making a killing from catering to the wide variety of kinky needs of sexually considerate couples of all persuasions who loved exploring their sexuality.

"Oh, given *my* history, I'm not surprised in the slightest," Emma said, finding a strange kindred connection with this lovely young woman.

"So back to my original question," Sasha smiled. "How may I help you? Or in other words, what did you come in for?"

"A couple of things," Emma answered, her earlier nervousness now dissipated completely. She now sensed she could request something completely out there, such as a ball gag or a bullwhip (not that she ever would), and this lovely girl would accommodate her with perfect equanimity. "I was thinking of some thigh highs; I've read some great things about them and understand you have a sizeable collection."

"Oh, we most certainly do," Sasha nodded, trying to see her mother not as the parent who had failed to stand up for her in the biggest crunch of her life, but as a woman who had needs, desires and clear vulnerabilities. "We stock them in a wide variety of styles and colours."

"I would also like, um... well... I...." Emma was struggling to force out the words she wanted to say, even being here in this store still way out of character for her.

"Did your ex *ever* get you off?" Sasha asked, helping her mother to express herself, while also curious about the answer for her own sake.

"No, never," Emma admitted, not seeing such a personal question as odd at all. She knew she could trust this woman.

Sasha knew that both of her parents had only ever been with each other, subsequent to their marriage of course, which meant her mother had never had even a single orgasm from intercourse. "Well! No *wonder* you left him."

"Oh I had a plethora of reasons for leaving him," Emma said, her tone hinting at the acres of bitterness she still held inside of her. She still deeply regretted not having stood up to him when he'd kicked her son, her only son, her beloved son, out of the house and disowned him on behalf of them both, without even warning her beforehand! He'd simply said, "Okay, here comes our sinful son Zach, crawling home in disgrace. I require you to stand next to me and back me up while I do what needs to be done." She hadn't even seen the packed suitcases beforehand, had no idea she was about to lose her son forever. All she knew was that he'd been caught committing sodomy. She still considered that day to be the most tragic one in her life, and her son's parting shot, delivered from a place of such painful bitterness, remained at the center of an enduring, gaping wound in her soul.

"Well, then it's time for a fresh start," Sasha said as brightly as she could muster, feeling abjectly sorry for her mother. Yes, she had failed to stand up for her when she should have, but she had been trained ever since birth to play the part of a meek, obedient, daughter or church wife, where her man and his church would always come first and she would... naturally... always come last, just like her mother always had. Sasha heard her mother's tone dripping with an endless regret that she sensed was because of what had happened to her.... well, to her back when she was a him.

"I agree with you," Emma nodded.

"So, you want a toy that will rock your world," Sasha rallied and managed a bright, encouraging smile, in spite of everything, enjoying engaging in her first ever adult conversation with her mother, even if her mother had no idea that's what it was.

"Or if I'm being bold, rock it twice in the same evening," Emma smiled back, completely letting down her guard around this beautiful, sweet young lady.

"Then Dorothy, accompany me down the Yellow Brick Aisle, to the Wonderful Land of Multiple Orgasms," Sasha said completely whimsically and gaily (in the old sense of the word), taking her mother's hand with a warm gesture, and leading her down to the sex toy section, the contents of which ranged from conveniently practical, to Who-On-Earth-Could-EVER-Manage-to-Cram-that-Gigantic-Monster-Inside-of-Herself.

Emma was stunned. There were so many shapes. Designs. Colours. Sizes. Some items made no sense to her at all, puzzling how a spherical toy could *possibly* please her. A few of them were so big there was no way they could possibly fit inside her, or as far as she could imagine, inside anyone else, either.

Sasha saw the big-eyed stunned look on her mother's face and said, "Some of these toys are for the adventurous and very experienced."

"I can't even fathom," she said, while almost every toy was bigger than her small-dicked ex-husband, some were thicker than her arm, others were over a foot and a half long.

"Believe it or not, and you will if you've ever had a baby," knowing perfectly well that her Mom had given birth to one a tad over 22 years ago, "our private parts are created to accommodate any of these, given enough prep work and training," Sasha explained, thoroughly enjoying this much-delayed sex talk with her oblivious Mom. She then added, "And even pleasurably, with enough lube and prior stimulation."

"I still can't fathom," Emma reiterated, the vast majority of these toys much larger in length and girth than her asshole ex.

"Trust me," Sasha smiled, flirting a little with her mother like she did with lots of her clients (it seemed to bring lots of them back... men, women, trans), "you just need to be with the right person."

"Well, I was with the wrong one for way too long," Emma said, considering all those years of her life, her so-called prime ones, to be wasted.

"Well then, let's make up for lost time," Sasha smiled benignly, feeling sorry for the lost soul still hiding inside her mother. And feeling angry at herself for resenting her so badly during recent years.

"Please, let's," Emma agreed, full of admiration for this confident and beautiful woman.

Ten minutes later, Emma was gripping two new toys in her hands: an eight-inch suction cock dildo that could be attached to the wall of a shower or a bedroom, so she could fuck herself on it, and a pink we-vibe that looked really weird, but Sasha guaranteed would rock her world.

Emma, suddenly realizing she was going to be late for coffee with a neighbor, said, "Thank you so much, but I need to get going."

"What about the stockings?" Sasha asked.

"I'm running late; I'll have to come back for those."

"They all say that," Sasha teased, implying Emma wouldn't be back, when truthfully her returning customer ratio was amazing. She wasn't sure how she felt about seeing her mother, but she knew she wanted to see her again. But first, she'd require some time to process meeting her today.

"I promise I will," Emma said, adding, "I've really enjoyed talking with you."

"Well, just ask for Sasha," Sasha offered warmly.

"Nice to meet you, Sasha," Emma warmly replied back.

"I've really enjoyed talking to you too," Sasha said. "It's been full of surprises."

"Agreed," Emma smiled, before they went to the front counter and she paid for her two deliciously scandalous new toys.

Sasha watched her mother leave, in awe of the interaction that had just occurred. That had been the closest to a mother-daughter talk she could have ever imagined having. Except that she'd taken on the motherly role which had been weird, but also very satisfying.

Jasmine came in about twenty minutes later, and she listened in stunned shock about what had just happened... of course already knowing Sasha's entire horrible story from the past.

Sasha finished telling of the encounter and took a deep, steadying breath.

Jasmine asked, "So... now what?"

"I haven't the slightest," Sasha said, "but it was a real blessing talking to my mother, and you already know why I *never* use that word. I hadn't even known how much I missed her, until just now."

"Well, just be careful; it sounds very much like she's taken a liking to Sasha, I mean who doesn't? But that doesn't mean she'd be happy to see Zach again, especially the way he now looks. Some people's dogmatic beliefs die very hard."

"I know, I know," Sasha sighed, feeling insecure for the first time in years, if only slightly. Her new body, new name, new life had rejuvenated her and given her the utmost confidence. These days she was 100% Sasha... Zach was ancient history... the only proof remaining that he'd ever existed were his parents, who'd declared him dead to them, plus his big cock still living between her legs. She sighed. This would take a *lot* of processing.

That night Sasha and Jasmine went out on the town, and Sasha ended up in a bathroom fucking an older man who resembled her father. She fucked him so hard, years of bottled-up rage flooding out to punish the old man's ass... who had no idea the rough pounding was a hate fuck, but instead it brought the older man such pleasure that he came without even having his dick touched, and he spewed his load all over the wall.

Later that night the two of them double-teamed a MILF who looked a lot like her mother... Sasha having no idea why she'd searched all night for someone who resembled Emma.

In bed following her very late evening, Sasha pondered whether she might have to go to another psychologist. Back in college, Dr. Felicia Rowe had been a great help in exorcizing her demons.

Meanwhile and elsewhere, Emma was discovering for the first time the power of a vibrator... discovering how her orgasms could be a lot more intense with a magical battery-operated toy from that Wonderful Land that Good Witch Sasha had taken her to. As promised, she had multiple orgasms for the first time ever, as she read a few lesbian stories, imagining Sasha seducing and dominating her.

As a wonderfully satisfied Emma drifted off to sleep, she pondered whether Sasha might be a lesbian. Based on the name of her store, she thought she must be at least bi. That said, there was no way a woman as young and beautiful as Sasha would ever be interested in someone as old and plain as she was. She was a crone in her mid-forties, for pity's sake!

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The next day Emma kept her promise about returning to the store. But when she arrived, she was disappointed not to see Sasha.

At first she was helped by a tall, pretty Hispanic woman. Emma felt the need to make sure the pretty blonde knew she'd come back, knew she'd kept her word. She asked, "Is the blonde woman here today?" not using Sasha's name, not wishing to reveal how much she cared about the answer.

"She'll be back in an hour or so," Jasmine replied casually, this not the first time that question had been asked. Jasmine was pretty hot too, but not as jaw-droppingly irresistible as her best friend Sasha. 'Blondes usually get more attention', Jasmine, a brunette, had learned was a truism that was so true... although Jasmine earned a lot of fringe benefits from being best friends with a beautiful blonde, and even had a following of her own, just not as large as Sasha's.

"Great, I'll come back then," Emma said, really wanting to see this young woman again... even though it felt strange to experience the need of making sure the blonde knew she was keeping her promise.

"Okay, no problem," Jasmine nodded, as she suddenly realized who this was, just after she left... she finally spotted the resemblance... that had been Sasha's Mom!

Sasha returned about thirty minutes later and Jasmine opened with, "So do you want to fuck your mother?"

"What?" Sasha asked, surprised by the abrupt question.

"The MILF we spit-roasted last night looked a lot like the woman who came in a little while ago asking for you, and who also *just happens* to look a lot like you," Jasmine said knowingly.

"That was just a coincidence," Sasha tried to brush it off, still unsure why she'd seduced a woman last night who'd been around the same age as her mother, and who bore somewhat of a family resemblance to her.

"Sure, sure," Jasmine said, able to read her best friend like a book.

"Fine," Sasha sighed, not having an alternate explanation to offer, "I suspect that I do. Although I have no idea why."

"Closure?" Jasmine asked.

"More like pent up frustration and anger," Sasha suggested.

"She seemed sweet," Jasmine said, and then added, "you have her eyes, and I've always loved your eyes."

"Yeah, I was close to my Mom for my entire life," Sasha said, and then sighed, "until that horrible day when suddenly I wasn't."

"I'm so sorry," Jasmine said, giving her a hug and a tender kiss on the cheek, seeing the longstanding hurt flooding from her eyes.

"I thought I was over it," Sasha said, choking back her sobs as best she could.

"You need to take your power back," Jasmine prescribed wisely.

"I agree, but how is that even possible?" Sasha wailed, now openly sobbing, her mother not even having a clue about the impact she'd had on her yesterday... hadn't even known her son was standing right in front of her.

"Let's spit-roast her," Jasmine offered brightly, considering that the solution to most problems.

"My own Mom?" Sasha demanded incredulously, even though that had been her twisted philosophy last night.

"She doesn't know you used to be her son," Jasmine pointed out.

"I know," Sasha nodded, feeling so many mixed emotions, and having great difficulty sorting out her extreme feelings.

"Speak of the devil," Jasmine smiled, thinking that cliché may actually be accurate at the moment.

"Is she back?" Sasha asked, more mixed emotions swarming inside her. She overcame her sobs, surreptitiously wiped her spilled tears from her face, took a deep shuddering breath and said more or less bravely, "Well, we'll just have to see where it goes."

"No she's not back yet, I was just practicing. So worst case, we double penetrate her and gape that virgin ass," Jasmine said wickedly.

"You're so fucked up," Sasha said, shaking her head, but allowing an amused smile to escape.

"Says the girl who ass-fucked a nun," Jasmine countered.

"Says the bitch who back-doored the Priest on the same day," Sasha countered right back.

"You fucked the nun first," Jasmine pointed out.

"But you *sodomized* the Priest."

"Okay, so we're *both* sinners going to hell," Jasmine laughed. "But *whatever* the state of our immortal souls, we're in this together."

"That's all I'm saying," Sasha smiled, loving their wild escapades... recalling their tag-teaming a husband and wife on the couple's wedding night.

"So banging your mother would only enhance your sordid resumé," Jasmine smiled.

"Speaking of the devil, and for real this time," Sasha said, as she spied her mother walking in... although she didn't see her as a devil... or a saint... just somewhere in the middle, like everyone else.

Emma walked in, spied Sasha and headed straight to her. "Hi there, I told you I'd come back."

Sasha smiled, happy to see that her mother appeared so eager to impress her, "So you did."

"I always hated when people told me they'd come back and then didn't," Emma confessed, always hating people who came to church once, promised to return, and never did.

"Oh?" Sasha said meaninglessly, often saying very little and letting the customer do most of the talking.

"Yeah, in my past life, I was a church wife," Emma admitted. "Until only a few months ago, actually."

"Really?" Sasha said, acting surprised.

"Is that hard to believe?" Emma asked, flirting ever so slyly. She couldn't explain it, but she was intoxicated by this pretty woman... her own body tingling just from looking at her. She wasn't a

lesbian, although that notion had never been tested, but she was undeniably intrigued by this woman.

"It is, actually. You seem way too cute and sexy to be a sedate church wife," Sasha said, noticing her mother admiring her body.

"I do?" Emma batted her eyelashes, enjoying the flattering words.

"Yes, and I can only imagine how sexy you'll look in a minute or two, when you're wearing some old-fashioned Cuban heel stockings," Sasha said, spinning around and showing her mother the seam going up the middle of her legs in her stockings, all the way to the hem of her miniskirt. "Like these ones."

"Oh my," Emma said, admiring both the amazingly long and shapely, very toned legs, and the sexy, sheer glossy nylons encasing them.

"They're pure, sheer silk," Sasha said, turning back to face her mother, raising her leg and moving her hand up and down on it. "And they're unbelievably soft."

"They really accentuate your legs," Emma murmured, not feeling brave enough to follow up on Sasha's blatant invitation to touch her leg, but admiring the beautiful blonde's legs and stockings nonetheless.

"They'd do the same for you," Sasha said, going into the special area for imported sheer stockings. She grabbed a black pair with Cuban heels, and handed them to her. "Try these on."

"I can try them on without buying them first?" Emma asked, accepting them.

"I insist that you do," Sasha said. "I want to see you in them."

"Okay, sure!" Emma agreed.

Sasha added, "Although you'll need a garter-belt to hold them up."

"I don't own one of those," Emma admitted, feeling a strange rush of adrenaline at what was happening. She couldn't explain it because it made no sense, but she felt certain that this impossible dream named Sasha was flirting with her... although she also sensed this was pretty much how she treated everyone... like they were special and they mattered.

"I'll go and grab you a sexy one," Sasha said, looking at her mother closely... wondering whether Jasmine was right... *did* she want to fuck her? Would that help her deal with her years of resentment? And had her mother even been to blame in the first place? Sasha was still struggling within her quagmire of feelings, that were being invoked by her seeing the mother who had betrayed her and cast her aside without a moment's warning. Or perhaps it had been a very different story. One where her mother had been bound by her lifelong conditioning to obedience, and had also been helpless with grief, feeling as betrayed and heartbroken as her son did, while her Lord and Master husband had done all the condemning and she'd done all the weeping.

"Okay, if you'd be so kind," Emma agreed, a little overwhelmed and excited.

Sasha grabbed a black garter-belt, also imported from France (the stockings had a Cuban-style heel, but were from France), and returned to her mother. "Here you go, ma'am."



"It's Emma to my friends," Emma said.

"Well, please go put these on, my dear friend Emma," Sasha smiled warmly. "Then let me examine you in them."

"Really?" Emma asked, surprised the pretty blonde wanted to see her wearing such sexy apparel.

"Of course, I've got to make sure they fit properly," Sasha dissembled.

"Oh, okay," Emma said, as she went into a change room and shut the door.

Emma got undressed, leaving her blouse and panties on, wishing she'd chosen a nicer pair of panties, even though she realized as she put on the garter-belt over them, she didn't own any sexy underwear. Once she'd put on the sheer stockings, she was in awe. The stockings felt so silky sheer and soft. And once she looked in the mirror... Wow! She realized her conservative blouse was blatantly wrong for this new look, so she took it off. She sighed as she realized her bra also wasn't sexy at all. So she took that off, too.

Emma stared at herself wearing nothing but the garter-belt and stockings, and smiled. For the first time in her entire life, her wedding night included, she looked and felt... damn sexy. Her nipples were hard as she admired herself, and she suddenly regretted wasting not just years, but entire *decades* trying to live a life that first her father, and then her husband had chosen for her, while they never gave her the slightest bit of say in her own life at all.

Sasha, surprised at how long it was taking, patience definitely not one of her virtues, rapped on the door. "How's it going, Emma?"

"G-g-good," Emma stammered, having gotten distracted by the lingerie and forgetting entirely that Sasha was waiting to see how the nylons looked on her.

"Open up and let me see," Sasha said.

"Um, I'm almost naked," Emma said, as she grabbed for her blouse.

"No worries," Sasha said, excited to see her mother in lingerie, or even anything less than fully dressed for the first time ever. "That's the best way to see someone in a garter-belt and stockings."

"But I took off my blouse and bra," Emma said, as she put her blouse back on.

"I see customers in their birthday suits all the time," Sasha said. "That's the best way to figure out what else they need."

"No one other than my ex-husband has *ever* seen me naked," Emma pointed out, realizing just how sad that actually was.

"Then I'm honoured. Open up," Sasha ordered, in a tone she employed to take control, a tone that was seldom disobeyed.

"Okay then, here goes," Emma said, feeling compelled to do whatever Sasha said, even though she couldn't explain why. She unlatched the door, her body trembling with nervousness, and also because it was kind of cold standing there almost naked... she did have her blouse on, but unbuttoned.

As soon as Sasha heard the door unlatch, she let herself in, knowing her mother was capable of changing her mind at any moment, and then she closed it behind her. "Now let's take a look at you."

Emma felt her cheeks go red, as she allowed a much younger woman to gaze upon her almost naked.

"Turn around and show me your back," Sasha ordered, well inside her comfort zone while telling a cute MILF what to do, and since it was her mother obeying her this time, that only enhanced the precious moment. Looking down at herself, Emma saw herself exposed so extremely that she could almost see her own nipples... which of course meant so could Sasha!

Emma mindlessly obeyed, feeling a little like a character in one of the erotic stories she'd been reading lately. If this *were* an erotic story, it would end with her submitting to the beautiful younger woman. What she found so interesting in the stories was how many of them featured older women (around her age) submitting sexually to younger woman (around Sasha's age). She felt her vagina tingling as she obeyed, and she shook her head ever so slightly, reproving herself for the way her mind descended so easily to the gutter.

"You have a great ass, Emma," Sasha said, admiring her mother's naked ass for the first time.

"Thank you," Emma said, smiling and feeling a rush inside at the compliment. She added, "No one has ever told me I have a nice bum."

"Ass," Sasha corrected. "No one except for a nanny in England says bum anymore."

"Sorry," Emma apologized, feeling like a child being gently scolded by her mother.

"Say it, tell me you have a nice ass," Sasha said, spinning her mother back around so she could see her face and tits, wanting to hear her straitlaced mother say a naughty word, even if it was just a minor one.

"I have a nice ass," Emma parroted sheepishly, feeling her cheeks burn red, as she whispered the words.

"You don't believe a word of it, do you?" Sasha asked rhetorically, feeling so sad for her mother, a woman who had obviously never been viewed as a sexual being, either by herself or by anyone else... just been seen as a wife to breed, a church wife to order about, and a mother to raise an heir.

"I don't know," Emma admitted, looking down. "I've never really thought about it."

"Do you like the nylons?" Sasha asked.

"Yes, they're the most amazing garments I've ever felt," Emma said.

"As I promised, they really accentuate your legs," Sasha said as she smiled, noticing her mother had draped the garter over her sorry-looking panties... which of course she had, how could she know any better?

"They really do," Emma agreed, becoming a tad less self-conscious about being almost naked in front of a relative stranger.

"But..." Sasha said incompletely, as she admired her mother's perky tits, but not her grandma panties.

"But what?" Emma said, instantly insecure.

"We may need to give you an entire under-the-outfit makeover," Sasha said. She had a reputation of orchestrating amazing under-the-outfit, and sometimes complete-outfit makeovers.

"Is it my panties?" Emma asked.

"For starters," Sasha said, looking her mother up and down... the same way she would appraise the figure of any customer. Sasha had a great gift for making over a woman... and although she'd never gotten to play Barbie as a child (although she'd always wanted to, even when she was a growing boy), now she got to play it often, and today she even got to play Barbie with her mother. "By the way, the panties go over the garter-belt."

"Oh," Emma said, feeling so silly.

"Take them off," Sasha ordered, before adding, "I'll be back in a minute with some things we'll both like better on you."

"Um, okay," Emma nodded, as Sasha breezily left the room, and she just continued obeying this persuasive young lady in her early twenties. She unclasped the stockings and removed her panties, wishing she had trimmed her vaginal hair. (She'd considered it. Truth be told, she'd never trimmed her hair, never even considered it until recently, but recently she'd often noticed a shaved or trimmed vagina (or a pussy or cunt... the words they used in the stories... both words so taboo and therefore so hot) both in the stories she read and the porn she watched, and had wondered... what if?).

Sasha grabbed a black thong, a black lace bra, and a laced chemise and returned, really looking forward to playing real life Barbie with her mother.

Emma had set her panties on the bench, and had just finished re-clasping the stockings. She shivered as she stood almost naked in the dressing room, awaiting the pleasure of a young woman... thinking that this scenario contained all the elements of a silkstockingslover erotic story: a confused, sexually stunted older woman up against a beautiful, confident younger woman, the story so far featuring a slow, burning build up, and, of course, the author's ubiquitous silk stockings, this time getting it perfect, with real silk. Plus, she was the protagonist, experiencing these same feelings of a natural submissive: confusion and insecurity holding her back, with excitement and lust propelling her forward.

Sasha knocked on the door, and Emma opened it eagerly... an unreal chill going through her... unreal because she was reading an awful lot into the everyday help of a pretty saleswoman.

"Okay, let's begin your makeover," Sasha said, as she knelt before her mother (something she'd done many times in the past... but then it had been to pray) and looked at her mother's not surprisingly hairy pussy.

Emma's eyes went wide as she saw the pretty woman kneeling before her... and making her pussy tingle. "Sorry, I'm pretty hairy down there," Emma apologized, uncertain why she was apologizing for her long, tangled bush, or even drawing attention to it.

"If you wish, I know a woman who can help you with that," Sasha offered, then added, "now lift your foot up."

Emma mindlessly did. Sasha draped one leg of the panty around it.

"Other foot," Sasha ordered casually, and she then slid the black thong up her Mom's nylon-clad legs, smiling ever so slyly when her face got so close to her Mom's pussy... a pussy that was showing unmistakeable signs of stimulation: a slight glistening in the pubic hair, and an unmistakeable scent of pussy. Sasha couldn't help but be fascinated that she had once emerged from that very same pussy.

Emma felt the girl's hands move up her legs, her hot, moist breath on her thigh, and the skimpy panty going onto her... including a very strange feeling when the back of the underwear settled intimately into her ass crack.

Sasha stood back up, but only after lingering before her mother's pussy, one she was by now dying to fuck, any uncertainty about that desire long gone, and she removed her mother's blouse... confident that she had her mother completely captivated.

"You have great breasts, Emma," Sasha admired, as she tossed the blouse carelessly onto the chair. She knew when she complimented women, especially older insecure women, that they lapped up those compliments... ones they likely hadn't heard in years, in decades, or probably in her mother's case, ever.

"Thank you," Emma said, feeling like a teenager again... insecure... excited.

"I brought something else that I think will look amazing on you," Sasha said, as she began to draw it on over her head.

Emma just went along with it... feeling like a princess, as strange as that sounded.

Once it was in place, she glanced in the mirror, even as the pretty girl knelt back down and unclasped her stockings. She looked and felt... perhaps for the first time ever... very sexy.

Sasha removed the garter-belt and then re-clasped the stockings to the lace chemise, allowing her hand to glide ever-so-gently over her Mom's almost-naked ass.

Emma felt a chill go up her spine as this young woman touched her in ways even her husband never had. She felt wetness leaking out of her pussy and into the new panty she hadn't even purchased yet, although there was no question that she would. She felt a crazy rush of excitement that she couldn't remember ever feeling before... which was silly, since she knew deep down that this woman was just doing her job.

Sasha stood back up and admired her mother, her cock (already hard ) flinching in her thong.

Emma, trying to act casual and playful at the same time, said, "I think you put the panty on wrong."

"It's a thong; it's supposed to go between the cheeks of your ass," Sasha said, spinning her mother around, "Let's see how it looks. *Ohhhhh*, very nice."

"It feels a little weird," Emma said.

"At first it should feel a *lot* weird," Sasha countered as she admired her mother's ass... realizing instantly where she'd gotten her own amazing ass. Too bad her Mom had hidden those tight glutes away for all those decades by wearing loose-fitting 'respectable' clothing. "It takes a while to get used to."

"I imagine," Emma said, still feeling awkward and excited at the same time.

Sasha, deciding to be a bit brazen (well... even *more* brazen, then), squeezed her mother's ass and said, "You have an amazing ass, Emma."

"T-t-thank you," Emma gasped, shocked at feeling her buttocks getting squeezed, yet flattered by both the intimate attention and the ongoing compliments.

"You look so hot in this outfit," Sasha gushed, spinning her mother back around.

"Thank you," Emma sheepishly said yet again, but truly at a loss for anything else to say, the pretty girl staring at her... her lips so close to her own.

"Do you like this outfit?" Sasha asked.

"It's totally different from anything else I've ever worn," Emma said, actually admiring herself in the mirror... a total first for her.

"It gives you a completely different look," Sasha added.

"That it does," Emma agreed, every single piece of clothing currently on her not like anything she'd ever worn before, or had even known existed.

"Oh, by the way, did you try out the toys last night?"

"Um, one of them," Emma admitted, her cheeks somehow burning even a darker shade of red.

"Which one?"

"The vibrator."

"And did you orgasm? Sasha asked without a hint of embarrassment.

"Three times," Emma said delightedly, holding up three fingers.

"Is that more than you usually have?" Sasha asked.

"I've *never* had multiple orgasms before," Emma said and then added, "or any that were so intense."

Sasha smiled, "Toys have made men almost obsolete."

"So true," Emma laughed, feeling so comfortable with this young goddess, even though she was halfway naked.

"Although a real, living dick wielded by someone who knows how to use it, can be very good as well," Sasha said, hinting at her real truth, but knowing her mother wouldn't catch on at all. She was certain it had never even *occurred* to her Mom that a girl such as herself might be sporting a dick

"I wouldn't know," Emma said, partly being funny and partly admitting a sad truth about her sex life.

"Well, maybe it's time to get yourself back out there," Sasha said, opening a door she wasn't sure she could actually walk through herself, yet unable to consider closing it either. And ignoring the known fact that Emma had never been 'out there' in the first place. From the little she'd heard from her parents and grandparents growing up, she was certain that Emma growing up had been carefully sheltered away from boys, and that her marriage had likely been an arranged one, with nobody ever enquiring whether she even *liked* the young Mr. Alpin.

"At my age, I'm more likely to get hit by a bus," Emma said, the idea of dating for the first time at her age totally intimidating her.

Sasha smiled, the idea becoming more and more appealing, "Never say never. Keep your new lingerie on, and get dressed while I grab you a few more items."

"Okay," Emma said, feeling a little sad at the termination of this strangely intimate interaction, one that had somehow made her feel sexually alive... for perhaps the first time ever. She got dressed, left the underwear she'd been wearing when she entered the store behind, and walked over to Sasha, who was standing at the front counter speaking with the woman who'd briefly assisted her earlier, holding a few extra items in her hands.

Jasmine asked, "Did you find what you were looking for, ma'am?"

"And more," Emma said, hinting to Sasha.

"Emma is my new pet project," Sasha announced to both women, which informed Jasmine she eventually planned to fuck her.

"Pet project?" Emma asked curious... the term 'pet' in erotica always meaning something sexual.

"Yes," Jasmine spoke for Sasha. "Sasha likes to help women rediscover their sexual inner selves, or when necessary to discover them for the first time."

"In my case it may be too late," Emma only half-joked.

"Oh, it's never too late," Sasha said. She then asked, this weekend being Mother's Day, "so what are you doing for Mother's Day weekend?"

"Nothing," Emma said, not having celebrated Mother's Day in four years, ever since her Zach had been so unceremoniously booted out of the family.

"No children?" Sasha asked.

"None," Emma said, finding that answer easier than the truth... even though it broke her heart every time she said it.

"Oh," Sasha said, surprised by her mother's answer, and her heart broken a little... feeling betrayed just like she'd been five years ago.

Jasmine said, seeing the wounded look on her best friend, "Well, I think we three should get together tomorrow night, then."

"Oh my; that's a lovely offer, but I wouldn't want to impose," Emma said.

"I insist," Sasha said, rallying from the slap across the face of her mother not even admitting she existed.

"You sure?" Emma asked, before adding, "the last time I went out with the girls was for a church fundraiser."

"Well, this excursion will definitely not be anything like that," Sasha smiled.

"Although it may include some worshipping," Jasmine whispered, loud enough for only Sasha to hear.

"Pardon?" Emma asked, not hearing what the girl said, but thought she heard the word worship.

"Oh, nothing of consequence," Jasmine shrugged airily.

"We'll meet you at your home at eight pm," Sasha said, taking control.

"Why my house?" Emma asked.

"So we can get you all dolled up for a special Mother's Day weekend," Sasha explained.

"I think you did that already," Emma said.

"Oh, the undergarments you're wearing right now are just a *taste* of what I'm planning for you," Sasha smiled. "Are you in, girlfriend?"

"Sure," Emma said, not thinking at all that anything might go astray.

"Great," Sasha said. "Jasmine will ring up your purchases, and obtain your address for tomorrow night."

"Okay," Emma nodded, experiencing a very similar mixture of excitement and nervousness to the one that had been competing for prominence inside her throughout this entire surreal experience.

"See you tomorrow," Sasha smiled warmly. "I promise it will be worth it."

"I believe you," Emma said trustingly.

Sasha gave her mother a hug and whispered, "Be prepared just to let go and allow us to guide you through your awakening."

"Awakening? Okay, sounds good," Emma agreed, feeling warmth consume her.

Sasha then turned and walked briskly away, always knowing when to leave the woman (or man) wanting more.

Emma paid for the items, including the ones Sasha had selected for her, which she hadn't even examined yet, appreciating the unexpected twenty percent 'preferred customer' discount even though money wasn't an issue for her anymore, and headed home.

That night, Emma tried on all the different lingerie Sasha had chosen for her, and learned the exhilaration to be found by fucking herself with a big wall suction cock. Before she fucked herself, she first read a dozen lesbian stories... every one of them about a younger temptress seducing and dominating an older woman. Once she had come and recovered, she couldn't believe she had gotten so hot and bothered about such a wicked fantasy. Sasha (for in all those readings, Emma had pictured herself and Sasha together) was just doing her job, just being helpful. And this weekend, she would just be acting out of kindness. Yet... she couldn't push away a thought lingering

in the back of her mind that maybe, just maybe, the sudden lesbian fantasies consuming her might come to fruition.

For her part, Sasha spent the night analyzing her feelings. Truth was, she had boxed up all that anger and hurt from her parents years ago... and tonight it all came flooding back in waves, and she couldn't help weeping all over again about her loss.

But once she was able to dry her tears, she realized there was an entire mishmash of conflicting feelings swirling around inside her psyche.

Wounded: recalling that fateful day when she was kicked out of her house and disowned, leaving her devastated.

Happiness: to see her mother looking so alive, after what must have been years of slowly dying inside.

Shock: to encounter and relate to her mother after all these years.

Confusion: at her own mixed feelings about seeing her mother.

Curiosity: to learn what had happened between her parents to drive them apart, after so many years together.

Excitement: at the possibility of assisting her mother in her sexual awakening (with or without revealing her big cock, or that she was her son now in a very different guise).

Anger: at her own mother denying she'd ever had a child.

In the end, Sasha seriously had no idea what she planned on doing tomorrow.

Was she going to fuck her? She knew her mother would submit to her without much resistance at all... many times she had seen that vulnerable lust in a lost woman desperate to break free from her restrictive shell.

Was she going to tell her mother she used to be a male... and even more, that she used to be her very own son?

Truth was, even as she went to bed that night, after having one of her regular cock suckers (a federal judge who loved cock) come over and service her, she had no idea what she was going to do tomorrow.

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The next evening, Emma again tried on every new piece of lingerie Sasha had chosen for her. Twice. She shook her head in wonder as if she were getting ready to go out on a romantic date, and not just an outing with two much younger women. Yet she was determined to look as good as she possibly could, as she finally chose for herself a black garter-belt with matching lace bra, black thong, and silky sheer black stockings. Beneath her outer clothing, she was either going to look funereal or hot.

Some way across town, Sasha dressed in a red skirt, black thigh high stockings with a red lace bra and thong, and a black blouse. She looked sexy as fuck, and was planning on doing some fucking... she just wasn't sure yet whether it would be her mother or not.



Jasmine dressed in her usual mocha thigh highs, the only colour stockings she ever wore since it suited her brown skin so well, and a fun, tropical flowery dress, something else she often wore.

As they drove, Jasmine asked, "So are we tag teaming your mother or what?"

"I don't know yet," Sasha answered, still uncertain, and deciding just to allow the night to proceed however it went, with no preconceived goals.

"You *do* know," Jasmine disagreed, but without confrontation.

"Kind of, but it's only a feeling," Sasha admitted, since she wasn't 100% sure yet.

"Well, I'll support you either way," Jasmine said, although she sensed she'd have her dick plunging into one of Sasha's mother's three holes within the next hour.

"Oh, I *know* you will," Sasha smirked, knowing her best friend was already looking forward to fucking her mother. Truth was... so was she. It would be the ultimate conquest... seducing and fucking her staid and reserved conservative Christian mother (but perhaps sodomizing her minister father in his own church would be the *ultimate*, ultimate conquest

"I'm so transparent," Jasmine joked.

"Wait until she sees our dicks," Sasha laughed, as they arrived at Emma's house.

"Are you going to tell her who you really are?"

"I don't know that either," Sasha said, that question bringing her right back down to earth after their playful sex banter.

"Well, as always, I'm here for you," Jasmine said.

"You just want to fuck my mother," Sasha accused teasingly, pushing away her brief sadness.

"Well I certainly don't, *don't* want to fuck your mother," Jasmine smiled.

"You and your double negatives," Sasha said fondly, parking the car.

"And soon some double *teaming* as well," Jasmine added, getting out of the car.

"Maybe," Sasha shrugged noncommittally, even though deep down, she'd already made up her mind to go for it.

Through the window Emma saw the car parking, and she felt a rush of adrenaline thrill through her spine. She still couldn't explain it, but her entire body felt on fire, just from thinking about Sasha. So much so, that she felt a little wetness gush into her thong... which was a sad excuse for underwear in her opinion... she still hadn't gotten used to a narrow piece of string nestled deep between her ass cheeks.

Sasha knocked on the door. Still feeling mixed emotions about whatever was about to happen... unaware that her mother and she were both experiencing similar feelings of excitement... yet both of them also experiencing conflicting feelings of either shame or anger, respectively.

Emma took a deep breath before opening the door. She smiled nervously and greeted, "Welcome to my humble abode."

"Hi, Emma," Sasha greeted in the sexiest low-pitched voice possible.

"Hi, Emma," Jasmine also greeted, unable to come close to the seductive tone of her best friend.

"Hi, ladies," Emma said, but then just stood in the middle of her doorway, stunned that these two women looked even more beautiful all dressed up.

"May we come in please?" Sasha asked after an extended moment.

"Oh yes, of course," Emma laughed awkwardly, having been frozen, staring at the two of them... especially Sasha.

Sasha and Jasmine walked inside, both of them immediately slipping out of their heels, and followed Emma further inside.

"This is a lovely home," Sasha said, carrying a bottle of wine, while Jasmine carried a duffle bag of toys and more.

"Thank you," Emma said.

"I brought some wine," Sasha said.

"Just a single bottle?" Emma joked, thinking some liquid courage could help her to dispel the massive anxiety swarming inside her.

"For starters," Sasha smiled, noting the lustful insecurity in her mother. This would be so easy to accomplish... if she decided to go through with it.

"Fair enough," Emma smiled back, accepting the proffered bottle and taking it into the kitchen. She unscrewed the bottle (corks seeming to be phasing out these days, even in quality wines), pulled out three wine glasses and poured them each a glass.

Emma walked back out, carrying all three glasses, since being a former church wife, she was well practiced in carrying a lot of drinks and food during a plethora of church potlucks.

"You're quite good with your hands," Sasha smiled, as she accepted her wineglass.

Emma couldn't think of anything witty to reply, so she simply handed the other glass to the girl she couldn't remember by name. Oh yes, it was Jasmine.

"I see you've already gotten dressed," Sasha said, approving of her Mom's attire.

"I didn't think remaining naked after my shower would be a good way of greeting guests at the door," Emma joked, thinking her remark was pretty playful and sly.

"No, we would have *hated* that," Sasha smiled, sipping her wine.

"Yes, that would have been terribly shocking to our gentle spirits," Jasmine added.

Sasha said, "A toast to you, Emma."

"For what?" Emma asked.

"For your new beginnings," Sasha said.

"Yes, to new beginnings, Jasmine added.

Emma clinked glasses with both beautiful girls and getting a feeling, since both of them were completely dolled up, that the night was going to be interesting, "Very well, to my new beginnings."

All three ladies clinked glasses together, then Sasha ordered, "Down the drinks, ladies."

"All of it at once?" Emma asked.

"Every last drop," Sasha smiled, before downing hers.

"Okay," Emma said, not wanting to appear timid in front of these two extroverted girls. Emma gagged a little bit, an entire glass of wine a rarity for her, and it would usually last her an hour or longer.

"Now we need to prepare you for the upcoming evening," Sasha pronounced.

"Okay," Emma nodded, having no idea what else could be done to get her ready.

Sasha boldly raised her Mom's dress, saw she was in a garter-belt and said, "I see you went for a sexy look. Very nice."

"You told me tonight would be an awakening," Emma shrugged, getting excited just from the girl's touch.

"And so it will. Do you trust me to guide you?" Sasha asked.

"I don't know why I should since we've met so recently, but I certainly do," Emma admitted.

"Then you'll do exactly what I say without question?" Sasha asked, still not sure whether she was going to fuck her mother or take her out clubbing, but she was definitely going to make her completely obedient to her... reversing their prior parent-child hierarchy.

"Yes I will," Emma pledged, completely captivated by this woman, and feeling like she was starring in her very own lesbian erotic story... where her role was the obedient pet.

"Thank you for trusting me, and for agreeing to what's to come. Now sit down on the couch and spread your legs," Sasha ordered.

"Okay," Emma said, this approach to an evening being completely unorthodox, and yet she felt she had to obey without hesitation.

Emma sat down, spread her legs, and watched as Sasha lowered herself to the floor before her. Was she going to eat her pussy?

Sasha snapped her fingers and Jasmine, who had been watching intently, opened the duffle bag and pulled out some supplies.

Emma watched as Sasha stroked her hands up and down her legs, saying in a gentle voice, "These nylons really *are* super soft."

"I love them," Emma admitted, as she also loved the feeling of these soft feminine hands on her legs... her pussy tingling and leaking.

"Of course..." Sasha began, as she reached her hands further beneath the dress, all the way to her mother's thong, "...your pussy needs to be soft and inviting, too."

"I've never had a reason for it to be that way," Emma confessed, as she submissively raised her ass to allow the young woman to slide off her thong.

"Well, your rebirth includes having a smooth snatch, and going forward, you'll have rampant randy reasons," Sasha said, always enjoying alliteration... the one quirk she'd willingly retained from her father's many lame-ass lectures.

Sasha's words made Emma think of her ex-husband, who had always used alliteration, so much so that she now hated hearing it. But desiring to feel like a liberated woman, wanting to get a little (or even a lot) wilder than she'd ever been before, and also wishing to be like a character in the erotic stories she'd been reading, she said, "I believe I'd prefer to have a shaved cunt, if you please." There! Daring, and without a hint of alliteration!

"Oh my," Sasha said, a little surprised by her Mom's brazen choice of words. In her work and her play, she often saw reserved women coming out of their shells not only sexually, but also linguistically. Words they would never be caught dead uttering normally, such as cunt, slut, and even more extreme phrases like 'fuck my asshole', 'double team me' and 'cum all over my face'... whenever their repressed fantasies became realities.

Sasha sprayed shaving cream on her mother's hairy pussy as she said, "Tell me one of your fantasies you'd like most to come true, Emma."

"Honestly?" Emma asked, "no matter what it is?" even though sharing a shameful truth with her (and by default with Jasmine), didn't seem like such a big deal anymore since this girl had seen her naked, and was even now preparing to shave her pussy.

"Yes, there should be no secrets between us from now on," Sasha said, although she was holding back two real doozies: that she was Emma's long-lost child, and that she had retained Zach's big, fat cock, still in perfect working order.

As Sasha moved the razor to her mother's pussy, Emma admitted, "I have a lot of them."

"Just tell us one for now," Sasha said, before adding, "but please don't move; I don't want to draw blood down here."

"Okay," Emma said, as she pondered which secret to reveal. She didn't want to be too obvious, by blurting out she longed to become a submissive pussy-munching pet to this young goddess.

"There's nothing too kinky for you to tell us," Jasmine added. "Remember that not only do Sasha and I run a store that specializes in providing the necessary for every conceivable sexual fetish, but we moved all the way to Dallas from LA, just to develop it from scratch. So we're not easily shocked."

"No?" Emma asked with a smile, as she felt the razor blade moving around her pussy.

"You were quite wet when I pulled your panties down just now," Sasha pointed out. "What were you thinking of then?"

"I'm a little ashamed to say," Emma said.

"No secrets, now," Jasmine reminded her. "And you needn't be ashamed about anything; we're not."

"Very well then: sex," Emma said.

"Well, that's obvious and rather broad," Sasha objected mildly, as she shaved her mother's privates. She added, deciding to hint at some of the things she was planning for this very evening, "I'd like you to be more specific, if you please. For instance, do you fantasize about eating pussy, sucking a big cock, taking a nice, long cock into your long-neglected pussy, being sodomized, or perhaps even taking two big cocks into your pussy and butt at once? If you fantasize about it, I'd like to hear about it, and the further out there it is, the better."

"Oh my," Emma actually moaned slightly at hearing such a wicked list... a list of activities, all of which she'd fantasized about doing in recent months, ever since discovering erotica and porn... even including taking something up her ass. If she was to be sodomized, that would be the ultimate 'fuck you' to her ex-husband, given his excuse for that horrible thing he'd done to Zach.

"I think she wants to go for Curtain Number Three: a big cock," Jasmine opined. "Tell me Emma, am I right?"

"Well, I've never had a cock at all except for my ex's, and his is five inches long," Emma admitted, "so having a *big* one inside me might be quite the kick," liking the sound of herself saying the word cock, and she was pretty sure this was the first time in her entire life she'd ever used the word, except maybe when referring to chickens. The monosyllable sounded so much sexier than penis. Just like the words pussy or cunt sounded so much hotter than vagina.

"Well, we can help you find one of those very soon," Sasha promised, as she continued shaving her mother, thinking she should have used some scissors first. This was becoming a two-new-blades shave.

"You two are so wild and crazy," Emma said.

"You don't know the half of it," Sasha said. "So, which one is your ultimate fantasy, Emma?"

"I'm not sure I can pick only one," Emma admitted. She paused as she admitted, "After decades of being repressed, I think I might want to do them all, if that's not too shameful."

Jasmine smiled at the woman's eagerness.

Sasha said, "I don't find that desire unreasonable at all, but please remember that between we three, shame about anything at all is unnecessary. But if you could only choose one option right now, would it be cock or cunt first?"

Emma couldn't decide what to say. She really wanted to become a submissive pet to Sasha... she really, really did. Yet what she wanted the *most* was to be fucked hard and deep by a big cock.

"Be brutally honest," Sasha urged, getting close to finishing the shave.

"Well, I'd love to taste my first cunt..." Emma answered dubiously.

"But?" Sasha prompted.

"But I'm really *dying* to be fucked by a big cock," Emma admitted. "I'm sorry, is that bad? Am I hurting your feelings? You're such wonderful ladies, I'd really *hate* to do that!"

"Not at all, you're doing just fine. Now tell us: how big is your dream cock?" Jasmine asked.

"Seven inches, I guess," Emma said, thinking almost anything would be bigger than her ex's.

"Not eight or nine?" Sasha asked, as she was nine inches and fat, while Jasmine was an impressive eight inches.

"Is that even *possible*? If so, it would be *amazing*," Emma said longingly. "Although I can't even fathom I could take anything that big."

"Oh, pussies were made to take huge cocks," Sasha said.

"Assholes, too," Jasmine added.

"Nine inches in someone's *ass*?" Emma asked in awe.

"We're discussing not just *anyone's* ass here Emma, we're discussing yours. And oh yeah, there isn't anything better than seeing a woman taking eight or nine inches of cock in one, or even in both of her holes simultaneously," Jasmine continued, loving seeing the look of shock and intrigue on the older woman's face.

"All done," Sasha said, admiring the shaved pussy. "Your cunt is now as smooth as a baby's bottom."

Wow," Emma said, looking down and seeing her pink pussy lips in clear view for the first time since puberty.

"You have a deliciously inviting pussy," Sasha complimented, tempted to taste her right there and then, yet instead she observed, "you look pretty excited down there, Emma."

"All this talk about sex has gotten me pretty stimulated," Emma admitted, oddly not at all uncomfortable to be sharing this with Sasha, and even with Jasmine.

"Show us how stimulated," Sasha ordered.

"What? How?"

"By rubbing yourself."

"Here? Right in front of the two of you?"

"We're not just any two people, we're your guides on your journey of self-discovery," Sasha refuted her patiently. "So close your eyes, play with yourself, and imagine a big cock or two is ready for you right here, right now."

"Oh, my," Emma said.

"Do it, Emma," Sasha ordered. "Remember your promise to do whatever you're told."

"Okay, okay," Emma nodded, "I did promise, and I meant it," not wanting to disappoint this lovely girl. She closed her eyes, moved her hand to her fevered pussy, and began rubbing.

"Describe to us what you're thinking about," Sasha urged in a gentle, hypnotic voice, as she slipped off her heavy duty thong, unleashing her nine-inch cock from its confined space.

Jasmine took her cock out too, excited to see Sasha preparing to commit incest with her own unknowing mother.

"A big cock is fucking my mouth," Emma moaned.

"Sounds exciting. How big is it?" Sasha asked, climbing out of her dress.

"Nine inches," Emma moaned, rubbing her pussy.

Jasmine removed her outer clothing too, stroking her eight-inch cock.

"If a lovely nine-inch cock magically appeared before you right now, what would you do, my pet?" Sasha asked, as she positioned the tip of her hard cock a couple inches away from her mother's face.

"I'd suck it, I'd swallow the guy's cum, and then I'd take it into my long-neglected pussy; I'd even offer up my virgin ass to him," Emma replied wickedly, her visualizations of every one of those acts getting her all revved up.

"What if there were two big cocks available to you?" Sasha asked, moving her cock even closer to her mother's lips.

"Ohhhh," Emma moaned, frantically rubbing her pussy. "Then I'd suck one while I fucked the other."

"What about being double penetrated?" Jasmine asked.

"Ooooooooooh, really? Then I'd do whatever the owners of those big cocks ordered me to," Emma moaned, her orgasm rising inside her.

"Have you fantasized about having sex with me?" Sasha asked.

"Yes," Emma admitted without hesitation.

"About being my pet?"

"Yessssssss," Emma groaned.

"Obeying my every order?"

"God, yes, Mistress Sasha," Emma replied, so excited that she was indeed becoming a character in a real-life erotic story... addressing Sasha with a term she had read being used in so many stories.

"Keep your eyes closed, and open your mouth, my pet," Sasha instructed.

"Yes, Mistress," Emma agreed, thinking maybe Sasha had a dildo, or better yet maybe a strap-on cock, loving how easy and natural it felt to be using the word 'Mistress', and meaning it wholeheartedly.

Once her mother's mouth was wide open, Sasha looked at Jasmine, winked, and slid a few inches of her cock inside her mother's mouth. "Suck your Mistress's cock, Emma."

Emma wrapped her lips around the cock and became instantly confused... this cock felt *real*.

"Keep your eyes closed, my pet," Sasha ordered, noting the perplexed expression on her mother's face.

Emma obeyed, as she began bobbing slowly on the cock that truly felt so real... and incredibly thick.

"Oh yes, suck my cock, Mommy, suck it good," Sasha said, her seizing this opportunity to play the incest card really exciting her.

Emma had read more than a few incest stories and had found them surprisingly hot, even though she would never commit the act herself... she had learned it was a very common fantasy among readers, and the more taboo an idea was, the kinkier they... and now she... found it.

Jasmine was filming the familial encounter on her phone, like she and Sasha often did just for their own enjoyment, fascinated to see the mother unknowingly sucking the cock of her former son (and now her daughter).

"Yeah, you're a natural cock sucker, Mommy," Sasha moaned, really excited to feel and see her mother sucking her cock.

"MMmmmmm," Emma moaned, as she kept rubbing herself, and also wanting to let Sasha know how much she was enjoying this mystery cock in her mouth, and even the incestuous roleplaying.

Emma sucked for a minute or two, barely rubbing herself at all, as sucking this big, fat cock usurped all her concentration, as well as what it took to try and figure out how this cock could seem so real. Plus, she was also focusing on taking more and more of it into her mouth.

Sasha asked, ready to erupt sooner than normal due to this wild situation, and her mother's better-than-anticipated cock sucking, her first load of the evening about to be unloaded all over her mother's face, "Want my load, Mommy?"

When the cock was pulled out of her mouth, Emma opened her eyes and replied, as she saw a real living cock before her, attached to Sasha, who also had a lovely pair of exposed tits, "Yes, please, come in my mouth."

"You like my cock, Mommy?" Sasha asked, as she stroked it.

"It's... majestic," Emma said, as she wondered how she had just discovered such perfection. A big cock... but attached to a lovely woman... about to shoot.

"Open wide, Mommy," Sasha said.

"And you'd better close your eyes," Jasmine advised.

Emma obeyed both girls just in time to feel her face coated with Sasha's warm cum.

"Oh fuck," Sasha grunted, as she spewed her load all over her Mom's face.

Some of it landed on her forehead, on her cheek, her nose and some vaulted inside her open mouth.

Once no more cum was landing on her, Emma closed her mouth and swished the salty cum around in her mouth before swallowing it. She then opened her left eye, found the cock and took it back into her mouth to extract any last remnants of cum.



"Oh yeah, Mommy, extract every last drop," Sasha ordered.

"Mmmmmmm," Emma moaned in response.

After a minute or so Sasha pulled out and asked, "Now are you ready to get fucked?"

"Yes, Mistress," Emma nodded, eyes sparkling, ready and willing to do absolutely anything these two girls told her to.

"Get on all fours," Sasha ordered.

Emma nodded, "Yes, Mistress," as she glanced over to Jasmine, to see she too had this unheard-of combination of tits and a cock.

"Yes, we're both chicks with dicks," Jasmine smiled, as Emma moved to all fours on her carpeted floor.

"You two are more like *goddesses* with huge spears, than you are baby chickens," Emma said, trying to be funny.

"True enough," Sasha laughed, as Jasmine moved to Emma's face.

"Tell us what you want, my pet," Sasha ordered, as she moved behind her mother.

"I want to be spit-roasted by you two beauties and your big fucking cocks," Emma answered, having googled that term when she first ran across it in a story. She figured it sounded pretty hot, and she was always good at multi-tasking.

Sasha was shocked that her mother even knew what the term meant. As she rubbed her cock up and down her mother's wet pussy lips she said, "We can make that happen."

"Just shove that big cock in your Mommy's cunt," Emma begged, thinking if she played the incest card Sasha had used earlier, it would get that big cock into her all the quicker.

"Holy fuck," Jasmine said, in awe of the wicked truth of Emma's unknowing words.

"Mommy wants my big dick?" Sasha asked, indeed getting into the kinky incest talk. And loving that Emma was the only one here who thought she was roleplaying.

"Yes, my baby girl, Mommy needs your big fucking cock in her cunt *right now*," Emma begged, the teasing driving her wild, just as Jasmine's cock suddenly appeared right in front of her face.

"Suck it for me, Mommy," Jasmine ordered, as she slid her raging cock into Emma's mouth. Okay, now two of them were roleplaying, but with Emma the only one still oblivious that she really wasn't. Although with Jasmine, she really was. Sasha's head was swimming trying to keep track, so she just gave up on the mental part and went with the flow.

"Yes, suck that girl's dick," Sasha ordered, as she slid her cock into her Mom's pussy.

"Ohhhhhhh," Emma moaned as her pussy was finally filled with a satisfyingly big cock.

"You like that, Mommy?" Sasha asked, as she filled her mother completely with all nine inches.

Jasmine pulled her dick out of the MILF and Emma moaned, feeling so full-to-the-brim, and yet wanting to feel that cock sliding in and out of her, "Mommy *loves* your big cock deep in her cunt."

"And what about mine, Sasha's Mommy?" Jasmine asked.

"I love your big cock too," Emma went with it, leaning forward to take it back in her mouth.

"Let's spit-roast your Mommy," Jasmine urged.

"Let's," Sasha agreed, as they repositioned everyone and both of them began fucking the horny, submissive MILF.

If Emma hadn't been so enthralled by having these two cocks inside her, and by the pleasure swarming around within her, she may have noticed the ring of truth in Jasmine's words, yet all she could do for now was enjoy these two cocks sliding in and out of her.

Sasha and Jasmine had by now spit-roasted many women and men, and had mastered the smooth rhythm that allowed them to really fill their shared fuck toy deep in both holes, the vaginal and the oral. Whenever Sasha went balls deep, Jasmine pulled almost all the way out; when Jasmine went balls deep, Sasha pulled almost all the way out. This led to a smooth fucking experience for all three, and also a lengthy one, as at first they went nice and slow... teasing themselves and whomever they were spit-roasting at the time.

Emma was completely captivated. Nine inches in her cunt, and eight inches in her mouth. Each so enthralling. Each so stimulating. Each so satisfying.

"Such a tight cunt," Sasha moaned.

"And an amazing mouth," Jasmine added.

Emma was loving the deep, slow fucking in her pussy and mouth, and yet soon wanted it harder... rougher. This slow fucking was driving her crazy, a constant frustrating tease, as her impending orgasm had built up only to a certain level, and was now begging to burst, but could only hover.

Sasha knew very well how this slow fucking drove women wild, and after three or four minutes, perhaps five, she asked, adding a new derogatory term to escalate Emma's submission, "Ready to *really* get fucked, Mommy-slut?"

Jasmine pulled out as Sasha paused, resting deep inside her mother, as Emma answered, "Yes, baby girl, Mommy needs to get fucked hard and deep; Mommy needs to have her first-ever orgasm from a real live cock."

"Daddy couldn't satisfy you?" Sasha asked, already knowing the answer, but still enjoying the roleplay.

"Daddy was a horrible tiny-dicked half a man," Emma replied, taking into account not only his lack of ability, or even willingness, to satisfy her sexually, but also his unforgiveable treatment of their son.

"Then maybe Daddy needs to be spit-roasted too," Sasha offered, that idea really turning her on... sodomizing her asshole of a father... she would consider it ironic justice, since sodomizing someone else had been Zach's so-called unforgivable crime.

"Ohhhhhh, that would be so hot," Emma agreed. "Fucking the asshole's asshole."

Sasha smiled that her mother was thinking along the lines as she was, as she thrust a few times hard and deep into her.

"Oh yes, fuck your Mommy, fuck Mommy hard," Emma screamed, as her orgasm rekindled.

"I want you to come all over your daughter's big dick, Mommy," Sasha ordered, continuing to dole out sly hints at the truth.

Emma remained oblivious, but was still enjoying the wicked roleplay, even as she recalled how her one and only son had wanted to be a girl... and how if Richard had accepted this, she'd now probably have a daughter.

"Oh yes, baby girl, fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy like the slut she is," Emma moaned, so close to orgasm.

"Now, Mommy-slut, cum *right now* all over your daughter's big fat dick," Sasha ordered, as she began slamming into her mother hard, deep and fast.

"Oh yes, baby, fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy," Emma babbled, so close, "make Mommy come."

Jasmine watched the kinkiest incest act possible as she awaited her turn.

Five or six more deep rough thrusts, and Emma *screamed* as her first ever orgasm from actual sex erupted inside her like nothing she had ever experienced. "Yes baby, Mommy's coming!"

Emma collapsed forward as her entire body endured pleasure pulses from head to toe, her body on fire, her head spinning.

Sasha leaned forward and continued fucking her Mom, planning to give her mother multiple orgasms, and to take her mother's final virginity... her asshole.

"Oh fuck, baby girl," Emma gasped weakly, as the orgasm continued sending complete rapture throughout her, and it didn't ever seem to be ending.

"My turn," Jasmine said, her balls boiling from the blow job, and from the nasty scene she'd just watched.

"Does Mommy want to be DP'd?" Sasha asked.

"Your Mommy wants to do anything my baby girl Mistress tells me to," Emma said, a second orgasm seeming to be building right on top of the first one.

"Lie down, Jasmine," Sasha ordered.

Jasmine quickly did, her eight-inch cock standing rampant like a flagpole.

"Take my best friend for a ride, Mommy-slut," Sasha instructed.

"Yes, Mistress baby girl, whatever you say," Emma acceded, crawling over to the big cock, still feeling a little numb. She slowly straddled the cock, and lowered herself onto it. "Ohhhhhh," she moaned, this being a very different position from how she was fucked by Sasha, and *way* different

from the never-anything-but-missionary she'd experienced until this evening, for her entire sexual life.

Emma began to move herself up and down slowly, as she reached down and cupped Jasmine's inviting tits.

Sasha went to the bag, fetched out the lube, and excessively lathered up her cock.

Emma began moving faster, impressed by her own flexibility as she began bouncing on Jasmine's cock, a second orgasm building inside her. This position felt so different and stimulated her so differently.

"Oh yes, fuck," Emma moaned.

"Ready to be sodomized, my well-churched Mommy?" Sasha asked, returning to her mother.

"Yes, baby girl, your greedy Mommy wants *two* big dicks now, in her cunt and asshole," Emma said, sounding so dirty saying it.

Emma moved behind her Mom and warned, "This will hurt at first, Mommy."

"Just shove it in," Emma said dismissively, leaning forward and offering her ass. "I lived with a pain in the ass for years."

"Oh, Mommy, it's time to baptize you as my ass slut," Sasha said, as she knelt behind her.

"Then baptize me, baby girl," Emma said, ready for the pain and pleasure principle.

Emma positioned her cock at her Mom's puckered asshole and slowly pushed forward, and after the briefest resistance, she slowly slid inside the warm, tight ass.

"Ooooooooooooooh," Emma whimpered, a sharp pain coursing through her, even as a rush of adrenaline at being sodomized, at sinning so completely, at doing something considered so horrific that her ex-husband would disown her and kick her out of her own house if he still had the power to do so, coursed through her.

Jasmine looked up into her eyes and advised her, "Grit your teeth so you don't accidentally bite your tongue, and don't forget to breathe."

"Kay," Emma nodded, doing just that.

"Such a tight asshole," Sasha said in wonder as she filled her mother's ass.

"So big," Emma whimpered.

"You like this, Mommy?" Sasha asked, now balls deep in her Mom's asshole.

"Yes," Emma replied through gritted teeth... the pain intense, but the pleasure all-consuming. "Ass fuck me, baby. Ass fuck your Mommy."

Sasha obliged her horny mother, moving in and out ever so slowly, knowing that a virgin ass was never up to rough reaming at first.

"Ohhhhhh," Emma half moaned, half whimpered, as she was slowly sodomized.

Jasmine, who was often in this position during a double penetration, just lay there and enjoyed the vast array of expressions parading across the MILF's face. Pain... pleasure... rapture... wonder... serenity... still more pain... gratitude... and on and on.

But after three or four minutes Emma was wanting it faster... harder... the pain now down to just a low simmer... the pleasure building. She said, "I'm ready for you girls now, please double fuck me and really go to town!"

"As you wish," Sasha said, even though she had ever so slowly been accelerating the tempo as time progressed.

Jasmine and Sasha had also mastered their timing on double penetrating a slut to orgasm, so in just a couple thrusts, Emma's world was being rocked.

Jasmine bucking up just as Sasha slammed inside, their cocks almost kissed each other inside the MILF.

"Oh, bloody hell!!!" Emma screamed, greatly increased pain and pleasure now combatting each other for her attention.

And for a few minutes there was no more talking.

Just deep ass fucking, deep cunt filling, and excessive moaning by all parties.

Eventually Emma begged, "Harder, deeper, faster," as another orgasm built inside her.

"Come, Mommy, come all over our cocks, and we'll fill your holes with cum," Sasha promised.

"Oh yes girls, cum in my cunt and ass," Emma moaned, loving the idea of feeling both her holes being filled with cum.

"Oh fuck," Jasmine groaned, about to burst.

"Sasha, come in your Mommy's cunt," Jasmine ordered, her own balls about to explode.

"And fill my asshole," Emma begged, as she was being bounced around like a rag doll.

"Come, Mommy-slut, come now," Sasha ordered, just as she grunted and erupted a load deep inside her Mom's asshole.

"Oh yes!" Emma screamed, feeling her asshole getting filled, which triggered her orgasm.

"Fuck," Jasmine grunted too, letting go of a pent-up orgasm she could have released a good minute or two ago.

"Yes!" Emma moaned as she felt both her holes filled with cum.

Sasha pulled out, loving to see the gaping hole she left behind, with her cum leaking out of it.

Emma rolled off Jasmine and onto her back, her knees sore, and her entire body shaking like it was being Richtered into an internal earthquake of pleasure.

Jasmine got to her feet and asked, "Where's the bathroom?"

"Down the hallway," Emma replied, pointing weakly.

"Thanks," Jasmine said, as Sasha admired her mother.

"So, is this how you anticipated tonight going?" Sasha asked.

"I had a hunch I'd end up being your pet, but I thought I'd be eating pussy," Emma admitted.

"Disappointed to find a cock instead?"

"On the contrary, outrageously surprised."

"You found me outrageous? Nice choice of words," Sasha smiled.

"You're perfect. I was longing to get fucked by a real cock, but I also wanted to explore the soft curves of a woman, so you and Jasmine gave me the best of both worlds," Emma said, admiring the girl's feminine beauty... plus a not so feminine dick.

"Well, I have a few friends with cunts, if you want to try dining on some fresh pussy," Sasha offered.

"If you wouldn't feel I was being disloyal to you, I'd love that," Emma said.

"You've promised to do anything I say, and I'll hold you to that, but nobody is saying you can't do things with other people too. Just so long as you don't start keeping secrets from me."

"Hey, Sasha, get your ass back here," Jasmine called out. "You've gotta see this!"

Sasha went down the hallway and into Emma's bedroom, where Jasmine asked, pointing to a picture on the wall, "Is that you?"

Sasha looked at the picture. It was a very large photograph, obviously positioned in exactly the right spot to be the last thing her mother saw at night, and the first thing she saw in the morning. It was her all right, back when she'd still been Zach, in his tux on high school graduation day. Instantly tears began streaming down her face. Her mother hadn't rejected her after all!

Emma had overheard the question, and her eyes went wide. She got up, stumbled a bit as her legs were still numb, and hurried back to her bedroom ... where Sasha was now bawling her heart out.

Emma finally realized why Sasha had always seemed so familiar. The eyes, the cheek bones... Sasha must be Zach! "Zach?" she asked.

"In another life, y-y-yes," Sasha choked out through her sobbing.

"Oh my God," Emma said, shocked that her son, well, her daughter now, was standing unsteadily in front of her as if her heart was broken, except that Emma could tell it was the opposite of that. It was only then she realized that she'd been fucked by her own daughter!

"Hi, Mom," Sasha smiled, wiping some of the tears from her eyes. "So, you didn't forget me after all."

"Forget you?" Emma said, "forget YOU?!!" her heart soaring. "I've spent every single day since your father kicked you out of *your own house* beating myself up for my incapacitation when he did. Not a week has passed when I haven't broken down and wept all over again for losing you. I searched for you desperately, but you had disappeared completely."

"But you told me when I asked, that you had no children," Sasha said in confusion.

"Oh dear. That must have been quite a blow, but I didn't mean it. It's just that whenever anyone asked me that question, it was far easier to reply with a single syllable and quickly move on, than it was to attempt holding back my tears while I tried to explain my pathetic past, and my helplessness to do anything to prevent my losing you, even to speak a single *word*, while your conscienceless father banished you from my life forever," Emma said, tears beginning to stream down her own face, even as she still felt cum dripping out of both her pussy and her ass.

"Oh, Mom," Sasha said, throwing her arms around her mother.

Even Jasmine had tears in her eyes as the mother and daughter held onto each other desperately while they both wept for joy.

Mom and daughter sobbed on each other's shoulders for several minutes before Emma pulled herself together and asked, "So you changed your name before you began college?"

"I did. I'd already begun my transformation procedures,"

"Then that explains everything," Emma said. "I thought you were dead, or had disowned me out of revenge."

"I thought *you* had disowned *me*," Sasha replied. "But I never stopped loving you, even though I was misjudging you terribly."

"Five wasted years," Emma sighed.

"Well, we *did* make up for a lot of that tonight," Sasha smiled.

"So, you knew full well who I was, and you deliberately fucked your mother?" Emma asked, not angry, just bewildered.

"At first I considered it a revenge fuck for your denying, probably to yourself and to everyone else, that I'd ever existed," Sasha said, "but it soon became something more."

"Yeah, it became sodomy," Emma joked.

"Well, yeah, that too," Sasha said.

"This is a lot to take in," Emma said.

"Well, you already took a lot in," Sasha wickedly retorted.

"There's something else as well. Do you know your father is the ultimate hypocrite?" Emma added.

"What? How?"

"I found gay porn on his laptop a couple years ago," Emma revealed. "A lot of it."

"No way," Sasha gasped.

"I confronted him about it, and he claimed it was research, an attempt to understand the sins of the devil, and how he must have corrupted you," Emma said. "He even said he wanted to atone for his sins, but he was still acting all holier-than-thou like he always did, so I didn't believe him. But I *do* think that his catching you in the act awakened another side of him."

"Well, I find *that* very interesting," Sasha said, an idea popping into her head.

"I know that look!" Jasmine jumped in. "You're thinking of fucking your Dad, aren't you?"

"Maybe," Sasha shrugged.

"Oh my God, my darling daughter, you should so sodomize that asshole," Emma said, and then roared with laughter at what she'd just said. "Or to put it another way," she added, "the perfect poetic justice would be to fuck that asshole... in his *asshole*," she chortled.

"Maybe on Father's Day, if we can make it happen in only a month," Sasha said.

"Perfect," Emma nodded.

"But for right now," Sasha said, "it's Mother's Day."

"In only two hours," Emma pointed out, gesturing at the clock.

"HMMMMMM," Sasha said.

"I have an idea," Emma said.

"Does it include more fucking?" Sasha asked.

"Maybe later," Emma said. "Go sit on the couch, you two."

"Okay," Sasha said, as her Mom went to the kitchen.

Ten minutes later, all three women were cuddling on the couch still naked, Emma in the middle, sharing popcorn and wine, watching the movie that two of them had watched so often together as mother and son a number of tears ago... *Pretty Woman*.

As the movie ended, Sasha lowered herself between her mother's legs, looked up and wished her, "Happy Mother's day, Mom," before leaning down and beginning to lick.

EPILOGUE:

An oral orgasm... another spit-roast... and a double facial later, they all ended up sleeping in Emma's roomy bed.

The next morning at brunch, which was an actual brunch with food, and not some naughty euphemism for fucking, Emma asked, "So are you really going to sodomize your father, or what?"

"I'm definitely going to sodomize my father," Sasha nodded, already pondering how to make that into a reality. Perhaps something surreptitiously slipped into his mailbox to begin with, appearing to be part of a bulk mail promotion from Naughty Bi Nature and featuring some custom-selected sex toys at amazing 'on sale' prices.

"Mistress, may I sodomize him too?" Emma asked.

"Oh, horrors! My dear, sainted mother!" Sasha gasped mockingly.

"What?" Emma shrugged. "Pegging sounds like fun."



"Well in that case, I think your complete Mother's Day celebration is still in the prep stage," Sasha said, thinking that a stop at the shop to retrieve a nice strap-on, and then a visit to one of her and Jasmine's many submissive cock suckers and bottom boys, was now on tap for today... plus, she wanted to make sure her Mom was given the opportunity to sample a nice fresh pussy or two, but first, she already knew who the three of them would be dining on for dessert right after brunch... a sweet family of triplets who lived together... with the most delicious pussies in town... and then on to the store... and...

The end for now

Do people want to read about Sasha seducing and sodomizing her Pastor father in:

### **Family Reunion 2: Father's Day**

Followed perhaps with:

### **Family Reunion 3: Sissified Minister**

Of course... Emma would need to explore her same sex playtime somewhere too.