

FOREVER INCEST: A SON'S STORY

silkstockingslover

A photoshoot helps son fuck his mom.

Incest/Taboo

4.74

14k words

Summary: A photoshoot helps son fuck his mom.

Note 1: This is a Nude Day Contest story so please vote.

Note 2: Please note there are two versions of this story being released today. One from the point of view of the son (this story) and another from the point of view of the mom. While it likely doesn't matter which order you read them... the mom one does give a little more of a set-up to get into the mother's mindset.

Note 3: Thanks to [Sams Island](#) for editing and enhancing this twisted tale.

Forever Incest: A Son's Story

Mom sighed, as she sat across from me during the supper meal she had prepared.

"What's wrong?" I asked. Sighs like this had become unconscious signals that sadness was wearing Mom down and I always tried to bring the issue to light to keep it from quietly undermining her recovery from the depression that had gripped her when my asshole of a father had cheated on and then left her - left us.

"Your aunt thinks I should start dating again," Mom said.

I looked into her blue eyes; eyes that still looked so vulnerable nearly two years later... Dad's departure had really broken her. I responded strongly to her comment with, "Damn right you should."

"You think so?" she asked, seemingly surprised by my reaction.

"Mom, you can't let that bastard continue to ruin your life," I insisted, "he's had an invisible hand making you miserable for far too long."

She sighed again. Then she looked at me with a strange sense of awkwardness, it was obvious she wanted to ask me something else... but then I got a text. Which I ignored. Although I was eighteen and living in the era of instant gratification through a phone, I respected my mother's rule of not answering a phone at the table, plus I was way more interested in this conversation than whatever likely redundant text, or update was waiting on my phone.

"Mom, you can tell me anything," I said, moving my hand across the table and placing it on hers. Since he'd left, it had just been the two of us. I knew of his selfishness, his casual philandering and I saw how it broke her, how it changed her from a confident professional to a woman who constantly doubted herself. Yet, of late I had been seeing small actions that hinted at her finally beginning to move on.

"Gloria said you would be supportive," Mom said.

Gloria was my aunt, my mom's older sister by two years. "Well, Gloria is right, I would do literally anything for you mom. You mean the complete world to me."

"That is so sweet, honey," she said. "You are a good son."

"I'm a great son," I said playfully, trying to change the mood a little.

"Yes, you are a great son," she agreed, "in fact you should get a trophy that says so."

"Yes, I really should," I agreed. "Now, there is obviously something you want to ask me." Of course, what Mom didn't know was that I was dealing with my own internal demons, though of a quite different nature than hers. And my demons were sincerely hoping that what Mom wanted from me was to take her to bed and make love to her. Well, of course they did, my mother was gorgeous and had become my ultimate stroke fantasy. Part of that revolved around another personal issue I'd just started coming to terms with. I was a fetishist. My fetish also related to my mom, although I certainly didn't blame her for it. Mom had a high-profile position on a U.S. Senator's staff and as such, dressed professionally but fashionably every day for work. In fact, she was still in her work clothes now. Such fashion included dresses or skirts with nylons or stockings, and very often, open-toed shoes that displayed foot-model quality toes wrapped in such hosiery... no real surprise what my fetishes were.

My silk-stockings-loving demons must have broadcast my perverse desires to my mother, because she suddenly turned her chair to the side to get clear of the table and stretched out her whole body as if she needed to shake off stiffness before being able to answer my question. Her long, lovely legs came out past my side of the table, and I had a perfect view of her shoeless, pretty, size-six feet, pink-painted toenails encased in shiny, mocha-coloured nylons. It instantly made my cock harden and I slyly adjusted myself under the table where she couldn't see her impact on me.

"Well, your aunt seems to think I should get on a dating website," mom said.

"She's probably right," I nodded, thinking she would get her fair share of responses for sure.

"Would you take a few photos of me to put on?" she asked.

"Of course," I said. Although I would be going to college next fall as a Political Science major, I currently had my own photography business on the side. In fact, I had a wedding to do this upcoming weekend. I chuckled inside on thinking about the beautiful Nikon I used for my work. A Christmas gift from my scumbag father that I'd almost rejected until Aunt Gloria had whispered to me that he'd only gotten it for me at my mom's suggestion.

"Thanks," she said, "I know you have a great eye for photos."

"Thanks," I said, excited for the opportunity to snap photos of my hot mom. "Why don't we do it right away."

"Okay, I'll go change," she said.

"Actually," I said, "why don't I take a few of you in this outfit and then take some in two or three other outfits?"

"Really?" she asked.

"Yeah, we can show different sides of you," I suggested, although truth be told I wanted to make sure I got some of her in these nylons. I'm not a complete creep, but I do have on my laptop a couple of hundred photographs of my mom's feet in different outfits, colours of nylons, colours of painted toes. I have close-ups of her toes, her soles, her calves, her heels, her legs. Okay, okay, it is creepy, and part of the reason I started doing photography, but I had never seen her with pink painted toenails until today and I wanted a few snapshots for my growing collection.

"Um, okay," she said.

"We will do a whole photoshoot," I said. Then, half-joking, half-hoping that perhaps we could take a couple slightly provocative photos, "Some may need some alcohol."

"I already had one," she said lifting up her glass with a sly smile, as she finished her Coke which obviously wasn't just Coke.

"Well, in fancy photoshoots it's usually wine or champagne, but they both taste like shit anyways," I said, finding both of those gross in taste, but they did look extravagant in photos... a whiskey and coke less so.

"I'll stick to my JD," she smiled, as she got up and walked over to the alcohol cabinet and pulled out the bottle. She poured herself one, added the mix as I admired her long legs, the black skirt just above the knee. "Do you want one?" she asked. As she turned to me, taking a sip of drink two, I wondered if she noticed I was staring at her legs... I often wondered if she knew the obsession I had over her. I mean, women were pretty observant and my lengthy looks, my constant glances were likely almost impossible to not notice I imagined.

"Sure," I agreed. Yes, I was underage in a weird world where I had to be twenty-one to drink alcohol, but only eighteen to go to war for my country or to vote for the leader of the free world, but mom thought that was nonsense too and often allowed me a drink or two when we were home. In truth, she didn't treat me as a child too often, but usually as an adult, which I legally was after my birthday three months ago.

She poured me one that looked a little stiff from where I was sitting, added the mix and walked it over to me. Then she sat back on the dinner table, extending her legs right alongside me.

"Thanks, Mom," I said, taking the drink while glancing down at her pretty pink toes in the sexy, sheer hosiery. I took a sip and my eyes went wide. "What are you trying to do, get me drunk?"

"If we are doing a photoshoot, I am definitely getting drunk," she said, downing half her second short glass. "You know I don't love having my picture taken."

I smiled; if she only knew how many pictures of her I had taken without her knowledge, usually with my phone, after turning it on mute so no sound was made. But I responded, "You are a beautiful woman, and should not be at all uncomfortable with photos being taken of you."

"You're sweet," she said.

"You do know what my friends call you, right?" I asked, sensing she was ready for a stronger compliment to aid her liquid courage in building her confidence.

"I don't think I want to know," she said, taking another sip as I followed suit and had my second strong sip.

"A MILF," I said.

"Is that even a word?" she asked.

"I'm not sure it's in the dictionary, but it's definitely a common word out there," I said.

"I'm scared to ask what it means," she said. Then, still leaning against the table, she crossed her legs in front of me, making me involuntarily glance down to see her one set of toes sitting on top of the other... a perfect double decker toe show. My dick begged for attention. I also wished I could take her photo right now. This was a pose I had never seen before and it was perhaps the epitome of nylon toe poses.

"Wait here," I said, deciding I needed this shot, "and don't move."

"Don't move?" she asked, as I stood up and hurried to my bedroom for my professional camera.

"Not a muscle," I said, disappearing.

I quickly grabbed my camera and hurried back, my mom surprisingly in the exact same position as I had left her in. "What are you doing?" she asked, even as she saw the camera in my hand.

"There is something about this pose that is so natural, sexy and sensual it needs to be photographed," I said.

"Really?" she asked, her cheeks going a little flushed at my words, "This is pretty basic."

"It shows you in your natural state," I said, as I snapped a few pictures before she could even say anything.

"I'm even still in my work clothes," she said.

"Authenticity," was all I said, as I took some close-ups of her face, then pulled back to get her entire body, then, of course, zoomed in for close-ups of the toe tower... that was now its official name... as all ten toes were perfectly in view close together.

"Should I smile or be doing anything?" she asked.

"Don't move your legs but feel free to drink your whiskey."

"Okay," she said, as I continued snapping pictures. She knew that I would take twenty-plus pictures of every pose, as she knew I was a perfectionist and knew this was not going to be a quick request.

After another minute, she warned, as I had taken over fifty photos at least, including over twenty of just her legs and feet, "I can't hold this position much longer."

"One last idea," I said, thinking this would be sexy and likely what I jerked off to tonight, "can you lift your right foot up to your shin?"

"Um, sure," she said, clearly thinking it was a bit of an odd request, but doing it.

"Perfect," I said, snapping like crazy first her entire body and then zooming in to the bottom half of her. "That's good," I said.

"I can't fathom that will be a great profile pose," she said. "I have whiskey in my hand, in boring business clothes and the background is my kitchen."

"First, I can make the background anything I want later," I began, "although I like the natural comfort of allowing someone to see you in such an everyday situation."

"I guess," she said, finishing drink two as she placed her foot back down and was now standing with her legs apart.

"Two, your business attire is one side of you," I said, "as is your hair in a ponytail."

"Definitely one of the more accurate portrayals of me," she laughed.

"And third," I said, and deciding to just throw it out there, "I think you looked absolutely beautiful and sexy in that pose."

"You do?" she asked, her eyes going a little wide at my words.

"Mom," I said, "you do know you are one very hot woman and as I mentioned, a complete MILF in everyone's eyes."

"You are so sweet," she said, taking in the compliment as I tried to rebuild the confidence of a woman who had it absolutely destroyed by my dad's cheating.

"Every word is true."

"But you never told me what a MILF was," she said.

I just hit her with it. "A mom I'd like to fuck." I felt emboldened by saying such words and wondered if she would realize they were not just true coming from the lips of my friends but also from her one and only son.

"Oh my," she said, her cheeks going red.

"You don't even know how beautiful you are, do you?" I asked softly, as I looked at her beautiful blonde hair dressed down in a ponytail.

"Honey, I--"

"No, Mom," I said, "you are a beautiful woman inside and out. A real catch. Someone that deserves happiness. Someone that deserves the entire world."

"I don't even know what to say," she said, tears beginning to stream down her beautiful face.

I couldn't resist, I snapped a few pics of her in this vulnerable state which somehow made her even more beautiful in my eyes.

"Please, don't," she said, putting one hand up with her other hand wiping her tears.

I stopped, but said, "I mean it, Mom, you are not only a beautiful woman, but a strong, intelligent one with a powerful impact on our state and its citizens and you deserve a man who understands that."

"Thank you, Jeremy, I appreciate that," Mom said, as I put my camera down, walked over to her and embraced her in a big hug. She wrapped her arms around me and for about a minute we were just comforted by each other. My dick, of course, had a mind of its own, and killing the innocence of the mother and son embrace, it displayed its hardness against Mom's thigh where it had been resting.

To her credit, she didn't respond in any way, but let go of the embrace a few seconds later.

"Thanks, honey, I needed that," she said.

"Any time," I said, deciding to assume she meant the hug and not her son's mutinous prick pressing against her.

She went to pour herself another drink as I said, "Now go change into an outfit you would wear on a date, and I'll clean up these dishes."

"You sure about this?" she asked.

"Tonight is all about you," I said. Then I thought about things and added, "Plus, if the dating site and photos were Aunt Gloria's idea, she'll give me a ton of shit if I don't come up with the perfect pictures for your profile."

"Yeah, she would," she laughed, as she added mixer to what looked like another healthy shot of Jack.

As she headed out, I watched her from behind, such a sweet ass. Then I pulled out my phone to check on the earlier incoming message, it was ironically from Aunt Gloria with the simple words: Call me.

Not words she had ever sent before. Usually, we text or she calls me if it is something important. So, I gave her a call.

"Hi, Jeremy," she greeted, "thanks for calling me back."

"Anytime," I said, "It seemed important."

"It is," she said. "I want you to take some pictures of your mother for a dating profile."

"She mentioned you were wanting her to start dating again, I guess dating sites should help with that."

"If I waited for her, she would die single and alone," Gloria said. Although my aunt was a larger woman with pillowy breasts and ass, she was almost as hot as my mom. Like Mom, she often wore nylons, though she worked as a hairdresser rather than in a business environment. In fact, she actually owned her own shop. One key difference from my mother was that my aunt was an openly sexual being. She'd never married, but instead, enjoyed a variety of much younger men, and women, who came and went. She was a very free spirit.

"That is likely true," I laughed, as I drifted over and picked up my Nikon from the table.

"So, she did actually ask you to take some photos for her profile?"

"She did."

"Good."

"In fact, she is going to change into an outfit right now," I said as I wandered from the kitchen into the living room.

"Oh, that is promising."

"Yeah, I took some already in her professional business attire to start," I said. I began looking at some of the photos I'd taken on the screen on the back of the camera.

"None of those will work," she said, "we've got to make her not look like a stick in the mud. So, no fucking ponytails."

I laughed.

"She was wearing a ponytail, wasn't she?"

"You know her well," I laughed again.

"No fucking ponytail," she repeated.

"I'll give her the message."

"Now, while one profile site is going to be more for dating and love and all that shit she believes in," Gloria began, "the other one, well...."

"Well, what?" I asked, thinking of what kind of second profile my flamboyant aunt might require.

"There is no simple way to say this so I will just say it. The other one will be to get your mother laid."

"Oh."

"You know she hasn't been laid since your father's betrayal?"

I'd certainly suspected it, so this was mere confirmation. I also understood the pain of my father's betrayal even better than mother or aunt realized because I knew the girl Mom had caught Dad with. Mom had shared details with Aunt Gloria who had shared them with me, and I'd figured out the co-ed bent over my prick-of-a-father's desk had been none other than Ramona Gutierrez. Ramona Gutierrez, the petite but built varsity cheerleader, who'd been a senior at my high school while I was a lowly sophomore. I, like many other boys in my school, had had a serious crush on Ms. Gutierrez.

I shook off the idea of one of my high school spank fantasies being railed by my own cheating father and said, "I'm not surprised, although that isn't normal son and mother conversation."

"Probably not," she said. "Regardless, I need you to take some rather risqué without being pornographic photos of her."

"Really?" I asked, this surprising me.

"Yes, she is a beautiful woman and we need to show that side of her."

"I'm not sure how I'll get her to do that."

"Well, you've taken some for me," she reminded me.

"You asked and you're not my mother," I pointed out. Just two weeks ago I had taken over a hundred pictures of my aunt in a dozen different poses, all in various revealing outfits. I'd be lying if I said I didn't have a hard on throughout almost the entire photoshoot. Her voluptuous tits were barely held in, in many of her outfits. Her thong was occasionally all that prevented me from seeing her pussy and all that stopped me from seeing her asshole when she bent over and posed for me in the tightest of lingerie. Of course, I took a couple extra dozen pictures of her nylon-clad feet and legs when she chose to wear them with her outfits (which was fifty-fifty). Although I did suggest when she was in a black teddy that she wear black thigh highs to perfect the outfit. She'd smiled and said, 'You and your nylon fetish' even as she slid the sexy sheer nylons on her legs. If I was that obvious to an aunt I saw a couple of times a month, how obvious was I to my mother I saw every day?

"And the pictures turned out perfect," she purred.

"Well, you're a great model."

"I'm not sure your mother will pay you the same way I did," she added with a playful smile in her voice.

This sexual banter had begun at that first photo shoot a couple of days after I turned eighteen and continued ever since... a photoshoot that she paid me for first with a blow job where I shot my load down her throat in under a minute (I mean, really, an hour-long photoshoot where she was often in nylons had had me rock hard and my balls boiling). After a few more photos she'd taught me how to go down on a girl and then took my virginity as we fucked for twenty minutes in a variety of positions until I came all over her face. She allowed me to take a picture of that too.

Building on Gloria's mention of barter in exchange for my photo skills, I countered, "For the record, you still have one more payment to make for services rendered."

"You really want to fuck your auntie's asshole, don't you?" she asked bluntly.

"Well, you took my other virginities," I pointed out, still in awe I got my first blow job, ate my first pussy, and had my first intercourse all with my hot aunt.

"Well then, I guess it's only fair that once you do what I'm asking you to do, that you come over and sodomize me with your fat cock," she wickedly said, talking so nasty in comparison with my sweet mother.

"Getting Mom to pose for these photos will be a little more challenging than taking the pics you requested for yourself," I pointed out.

"I can still see the look on your face when I suggested we take some more casual pictures and pulled off my dress to reveal I was in sexy lingerie."

"Yeah, I almost had a heart attack and jizzed in my pants simultaneously," I said, recalling the moment vividly.

"Well, you likely won't have the same happy ending with your mother," Gloria said. "Although, I bet you would fuck her in a heartbeat given the opportunity."

"Gloria," I gasped.

"What? Am I wrong?"

"I didn't say that," I playfully responded, knowing Gloria knew me well enough.

"So, are you going to do it?"

"Do what? Fuck my mother," I wickedly asked.

"Well, if you do get the chance, you slide that big, fat cock right into your mom's long-neglected pussy," she responded, not at all fazed by my incestuous words.

"You think she is as submissive as you are once a big, fat cock is before her?" I asked.

"First, I'm not submissive, I just like big dick and become a slut for it," she countered. "On the other hand, I know for a fact that your mom is very submissive."

"I see," I said, imagining having my own Mommy slut.

"So, you will get some sexy pictures of your hot, submissive mom?" she asked.

I had no idea how I was going to broach the topic with Mom but having gained massive confidence from getting fucked by my aunt, I cockily answered, "I'll do it. So expect to be full of dick up that pretty ass very soon."

If my dick had been hard before, now it was absolutely throbbing as I thought of my Aunt Gloria, who since that first time we'd had sex, had blown me in my bedroom while the family was over visiting, and fucked me at her shop in her office during her break... that time coming in her pussy. During those episodes she'd also indulged my nylon and foot fetishes and helped me understand that while my strong desires were not necessarily mainstream, there was also nothing wrong with them.

Yes, Aunt Gloria had turned me from a boy to man and it had rocketed my confidence. While shy before I fucked my aunt, I had since managed to talk to girls at my school without freezing up, which had led to me scoring twice with classmates so far. In fact, I'd even managed to line up Cindy Caldwell as my graduation prom date. Cindy was a super hot volleyball player I had crushed on since my freshman year.

"Good boy," she said, "and remember, a tight asshole framed by a garter belt and thigh-high stockings is awaiting your successful completion."

"How could I forget that?" I said, my cock raging in my sweats, which was going to be tough to conceal from my mother.

Speaking of my mother, she startled me when she asked, "Who are you talking to?"

I turned to see her in a red cocktail dress that took my breath away. She also still had on the nylons, making for the perfect ensemble. But it was the fine details that really changed her from Mom to MILF. Dark red lipstick that would leave a beautiful ring around the base of her lucky date's cock and tousled hair that looked like she might have already done more than that back in her bedroom. When I finally registered her question, I had trouble making my mouth work when I answered, "A-a-aunt Gloria."

"Let me talk to her," Mom said, walking over to me and taking the phone, both movements somehow sensuous. Then something suddenly shifted in her posture, and in her voice I heard doubt rather than confidence. "Hey, sis, I'm not so sure I'm ready for this."

I was close enough I could hear my aunt's response, "Jesus, Hannah, we already had this conversation. You need to get back out there. You need to get fucked."

"Gloria," Mom said, glancing towards me, and I turned my head away.

"I'm serious," Gloria continued, but Mom moved away from me and I couldn't hear my aunt's words any more, only my mom's.

"Fine," Mom said, "but the red dress is a little too much."

When she'd turned away from me, I'd immediately taken the opportunity to stare at Mom's behind, during which I noticed that she was not in the same nylons as before, as these had a seam running down the back of them. "I think you look beautiful in it," my voice speaking for my cock said about the red dress.

"You do?" Mom asked, turning around.

"As I told you before Mom, you are absolutely beautiful and in that dress you are stunning," I complimented. My completely erect dick was pointing right at her, but I thought trying to cover it would just make things more noticeable.

"Sorry, what?" Mom asked, her attention back to the phone although she did seem to glance down to my crotch area. "Oh, my son just said I look stunning, isn't that sweet?"

Mom listened again to her sister, then said, "Yes, yes, fine, I'll do it. You're right, I do need to get out there."

A moment later, "Okay, bye." She handed me the phone and asked, "What were you two talking about?"

I said, deciding it was a great time to plant a seed for the later naughtier pics I was expected to take, "She was giving me instructions on what she wanted for the pictures and for me to take charge."

"Of course, she did," she sighed, shaking her head. She then smiled and said, "Well, tell me how you want me."

"W-w-what?" I stammered, my mind going directly to the gutter.

"How do you want me to pose, where do you want to take the photos?" she asked.

"Oh, right, right," I said, shaking my head and getting back to the task at hand... as my cock flinched in my sweats.

"I am supposed to do as I'm told, am I not?" she asked, in a playful, mischievous, and completely confusing tone.

"According to your sister you are to do just that," I nodded.

"Okay, tell me what you want," she said, before slouching back against the dry bar, which left her hosiery-covered legs slanting towards me. My eyes naturally followed down their length and when those pretty, pink-painted toes began wiggling, I just knew there had to be a wet spot on the front of my sweats.

When she began rubbing the sole of her right foot up and down her left shin, I thought I was going to jizz myself.

"I love that image," I said as I found myself gazing at the wonder of her feet through my viewfinder.

"Really?" she asked.

"Yes, it's just so unconscious and natural." I began tilting the lens up her legs and then across the hot, red dress until I got to her beautiful face, where I found her eyes burning holes in mine. While some POV shots had their place, I tended to find a model looking right at the lens as fake and contrived. I dropped the lens down, looked around and picked up the TV remote from the coffee table. I turned on the set and hit the mute button, it didn't matter what was on.

"I know you're anxious about what's happening here but go ahead and just watch the TV and pretend I'm not here."

"Okay," she said, as she lifted her drink to her lips. When her eyes shifted to the screen, I resumed snapping photos.

I snapped a good thirty pictures, of course including some of just her legs and feet for my personal collection, before I said, "Now, go sit on the couch and stretch your legs on the table."

"Okay," she said, not questioning it at all.

She sat down and moved her long legs onto the table which made my eyes go wide as from the position I was in her dress rode up a little and I learned she wasn't wearing pantyhose, but stockings... which, of course, made my cock flinch in my sweats. I took a couple quick photos before she noticed her exposure and covered the stocking tops before I instructed again, "Keep watching the TV."

"Okay," she said, glancing over to me.

"That isn't watching the TV," I said.

"Sorry, it's just hard to fake-watch the TV," she said.

"I know, it is," I nodded, as I walked over until I was beside the television, "but the more natural you are the more authentic you will look for your many soon to be suitors."

"Many suitors," she laughed.

"No, insecure crap," I scolded, "you're hot, Mom. Use that. Be confident. Be sexy. Be your true sensual self."

"Oh, honey, your words are so sweet and I did use to feel all those things, before... but it's been so long and it's so hard to really feel..."

"Feel what?" I asked, as she paused.

"Sexy," she whispered, looking so insecure that it actually broke my heart.

"Mom, you are sexy," I said. "Hot, sensual, sexy."

"Oh, honey," she said, clearly flattered by my compliments and yet seemingly embarrassed too.

"I'm sorry if my words are inappropriate, Mom," I said, "but I can't sit quietly while you lose your self-confidence. You are beautiful and it's time to get you out there."

"Oh, honey that is the sweetest thing I've ever heard," she said, clearly flustered and flattered.

"Today we get your confidence back," I said. "Now, don't look at me, watch the television."

"Okay," she nodded.

I then snapped a couple dozen more pictures, including some close-ups of her silky soles... something I had very few shots of. I loved nylon-covered legs... I loved nylon-covered toes... and like the freak I am I also love nylon-covered soles and this was the best pose ever as her feet were crossed and I got great views of both of them.

"Now look directly at me," I said.

She did and I snapped photos of her from the waist up.

"Perfect," I said, before suggesting, "I think there is one more pose that would look great."

"Whatever you say," she said, giving me a subtle hint of flirtation. Or at least that's how I took it when she added, "I'm kind of having fun just doing as you tell me."

"Well, then I may take photos of you all night," I joked.

"Whatever it takes," she shrugged. "If I don't have a few good pics for the profile page I will never hear the end of it from Gloria."

"That I believe," I said, walking to her and offering my hand.

"You are such a gentleman," she said, taking it.

"It's how I was raised by a kind, generous, lovely woman," I smiled.

"Well, now what is the next pose? Is it another sexy one?" she asked, her hand still holding mine.

"I was thinking sitting on the bar stool," I suggested.

"Interesting," she said, letting go of my hand. "I should probably have a full cocktail then."

"Why not?" I shrugged. I figured she wasn't drunk, but she was definitely tipsy and I hoped her liquid courage would make her more suggestible to my next few ideas.

"Exactly, why not," she smiled, walking into the kitchen and I took a couple quick pics from behind, admiring the sexy seams up her legs. Feeling a little brazen, Gloria having indeed grown my confidence, I asked, "Are these different nylons than you were wearing earlier?"

"You noticed. They are, good eye," she said, glancing back at me with a smile that made my stomach flip.

"It's my job as a photographer to notice every little detail," I said. "They definitely add to the sexy outfit."

"Thank you," she smiled, as she asked, as I followed her into the kitchen, "Did you notice any other little details?"

"Well, these nylons have a seam down the back," I pointed out.

"Yes, I'm not sure why I changed from one pair to another," she said, before adding, "Actually, it's because my sister told me to."

"She told you to?"

"Yes, her exact words were, 'Dress up as if you were going to get laid tonight'," Mom said, surprising me with the frank talk. Realizing it herself, she added, "Sorry, that is likely too much information about your mother."

"We are both adults," I said. "I like being able to share things with you."

"Good, because we only have each other," she said, as she poured herself the new drink, "and I am enjoying this freeing conversation."

"Me too," I nodded, then wanting to keep the conversation about her nylons I asked, "So, you wear pantyhose with seams down them when you want to have sex?"

"Not exactly," she said, then lifted up her dress enough to show me her stockings were held up by a garter. I'd missed that detail when she'd teased me with just the tops of her stockings while sitting on the couch. "But I do wear thigh highs or stockings and a garter-belt when I do." She paused, allowing me to admire and stare at her full nylon-clad legs. The sight of the suspenders stretching across the naked skin of her thigh to up under the skirt turned the knob on my nylon obsession up to nine. It hit ten when she added, "At least I used to for your father. He insisted I always be in nylons for him."

"Insisted?" I asked, registering the further evidence of her submissive nature.

"Insisted," she repeated, looking like she wanted to say something else and yet refraining.

Although I was curious, I didn't want to push it yet, instead I kept the nylon talk going. "Well, I guess that is where I got that fetish," I joked, wanting to throw that out there.

"Or perhaps it was from seeing your mother in them almost every day of your life," she said, disappointing me by allowing her dress to drop back down.

"Well, I have definitely noticed that you wear them all the time," I admitted, liking how she kept setting me up to push the conversation where I wanted it to go.

"I know you have," she said, as she sat on the bar stool and really stretched out her leg, as if daring me to stare.

"You do?"

"Yes, I notice you sometimes staring or taking quick glances at my legs and feet," she said, "you're not that good a spy."

"Sorry," I said, "it's probably pretty creepy to have a son who gets turned on by his mother's legs and feet."

"Oh, honey," she said, as she placed one foot on the bar stool footrest while crossing her leg on the other, "I wasn't complaining. Truth be told, it's kind of flattering."

"It is?"

"Of course," she smiled, as I admired her legs so perfectly framed, "every woman wants to be seen as desirable."

I couldn't help it, my hard dick had been in an uncomfortable situation for some time now, and I had to adjust.

Noticing me do it, she asked, "Is that because of me?"

"I'd be lying if I said it wasn't," I admitted.

"Well, if you weren't my son," she said bluntly and with a sexy tone, shocking me to my very core, "I would take care of that for you."

Not wanting this opportunity to slip by, I countered with, "If you weren't my mom, I would make sure you were always sexually satisfied and got exactly what you wanted."

Then there was silence. At least on the outside. On the inside I was freaking out that each of us had verbally said we found each other attractive and would love to fuck the other if circumstances were different.

"Well, you should take the photos," she said, ending the silence and halting our blunt honesty, though I hoped that halt was only temporary.

"Uh, yeah, right," I nodded, putting the camera to my eye and taking a few great shots... wondering if I had seriously fucked up with my bold talk. Her next move seemed to say I hadn't.

"How about this?" she asked, extending one leg way in the air which made the entire stocking viewable including the clasp holding it up.

"A little risqué, but hot," I said, even as I snapped a dozen quick photos.

She turned her body to me, lifted up both feet towards me, her silky, sheer soles on full display and asked, "Or how about this one?"

"Perfect," I said, snapping photo after photo.

She then moved her feet onto the seat of her stool, well the heels of her feet more accurately as her toes were still in full photographic view, and looked at me as she wrapped her arms around her bent legs. "And how about this one?"

"That's a very sweet one," I said.

"Mmmmmmm," she smiled warmly.

"How risqué are you willing to go?" I asked, as I admired her perfectly pedicured toes in a pose she had to know would make my cock ache.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked, as she moved her feet back to the bar footrest.

"Well, I think it would be super sexy," I began, knowing this was getting close to a line, yet not really crossing it, "to have you stand, put one foot on the footrest and adjust your stocking."

She stood up and asked, even as she did exactly what I asked her to do, "Is this for my profile page or for you?"

I was surprised by her question, but as I snapped a plethora of pictures I responded, "Well, I think it might be a little too hot for eHarmony or Hinge, but according to Aunt Gloria I'm supposed to take some provocative pics for your Tinder account."

"My what?" She asked.

"Your Tinder account," I repeated. "According to Aunt Gloria you haven't been laid since Dad left."

"I'm going to kill her," Mom said.

"Don't get mad at her," I said, seeing this getting rather precarious rather fast, "she's just looking out for you. While you deserve a relationship with a man who loves you as much as I love you, you first need, according to Aunt Gloria, to get fucked bloody senseless."

"Oh my God!" she gasped at my words, straightening up, while still leaving her foot alluringly posed on the bar footrest.

"Sorry," I apologized, "I went too far. I just hate that Dad has killed your confidence and I feel you deserve a man who loves you and would do anything for you like I would." I doubted the seeds I was planting would grow to fruition, but I was trying to hint I could be that man. The man to treat her like a queen and fuck her like a stud.

"Oh, honey," she said, sadly moving her foot down and walking to me and pulling me into an embrace, "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom," I said.

"And you and Gloria are right," Mom said. "Fuck him. Fuck him. I deserve so much better."

"Exactly," I agreed.

Mom continued, "I do deserve a man who treats me like a queen and also a...."

"A what?"

"Um, never mind, I've said too much," she said, looking embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"No, I insist you tell me," I said.

"Is that an order?" she asked, shifting almost immediately to sexy and even seductive.

"Yes, Mom, that is an order," I confirmed, beginning to understand just how submissive she was and how I could perhaps manipulate this to get super sexy pics and maybe, just maybe, have sex with her.

"Well, your father always treated me like a queen in public," she explained, "but in the bedroom..."

She paused. I was unsure if this was for dramatic effect or discomfort in finishing the sentence. "But in the bedroom, what?"

"You sure you want to know about your mother's needs in the bedroom?" she asked. "I mean, maybe that's giving a little too much detail."

"Yes, I want to know," I said. "I'm the man of the house now and need to know what you need to be happy."

She looked at me.

I waited for a response.

"Okay," she said, looking down not so slyly at my crotch before she answered, "I like to be treated like a queen in public but a submissive slut in the bedroom."

"I see," I said, trying to not act shocked at all, while my cock raged from her direct look at my crotch.

"Sorry, you must be disgusted by your mother," she said.

"The opposite, Mom," I said. "I think it's hot."

"You do?" she asked.

"Yeah, like I said before, if you weren't my mom...."

"You would take me to my bedroom and fuck me like a cheap slut?" she asked in a sexy, playful tone and pose.

My eyes went wide. "I-I-I didn't mean that."

She turned around and ordered, "Unzip me."

"Really?" I asked, even as my hands went to the zipper. Clearly, Mom might be submissive, but she also wasn't shy about asking for what she wanted. It struck me that that was likely why a sexual submissive was still able to succeed in a high-pressure work environment like national politics. I bet that as long as she had an outlet for her craven desires in the bedroom, no one outside of it was going to be able to push her around.

"Yes, before I change my mind," she said, as my trembling hand grabbed the tiny zipper and pulled it down.

With a quick move, she was suddenly standing before me, well, her ass was to me, in just a bra, a garter-belt, stockings and a red thong.

She turned around and asked, putting her hands on her hips, "Is this sexy enough for Tinder?"

"I-I-I think you will have more men than you can possibly know what to do with," I said, staring at her breasts in a sexy, red, lace bra.

"I really just want one man who can see past the exterior and understand my needs," she said.

"Well, this outfit may not do that," I said.

"Why not?" she asked, still in the same pose.

"Because I don't know how a man could be expected to see beyond this exquisite exterior. It's just going to make any man want to...." I paused, not sure how to say it. After all, she was my mother.

"Want to what?" she asked, her tone shifting to sultry in a way I had never heard before.

"Mom, it's hard for me to say," I said, as my eyes drank in her body, she was the fucking perfect embodiment of a MILF in lingerie.

"Just say it," Mom said, "no more secrets. We are both adults and you are the man of the house."

"Every man is going to want to fuck you," I blurted out.

"Every man?" she asked, in a tone that implied she was talking not only to me but about me as she glanced again down to my raging rod concealed poorly in my sweats.

"Yes, every... single...man," I responded.

"So, then take some pictures," she said, as she climbed from a barstool to the countertop, lay on her side and posed. "How's this?"

"Perfect," I said, quickly pulling my camera up and snapping away.

"Or how about this?" she asked, as she swung around, moved her legs straight out and blew me a kiss.

"Oh, God," I groaned, literally worried I may come in my pants as I snapped more pics. She offered her stockinged soles to me and then moved her feet to showcase her perfect toes. It was like she was teasing me or becoming more confident from the reactions from her son.

"Or how about this?" She continued to surprise me, moving around on the counter until she was on knees and elbows and sitting back on her haunches.

"Mom, this is a perfect position," I said, as I moved around to admire her ass in the surprising thong, some of the sexy seams down the backs of her legs, and more of her sheer silky soles.

"Yeah, it's one of my favorites," she wickedly said, looking back to see me staring at her. I didn't catch on to her meaning at first as she asked, "Are you going to take any pictures in this 'perfect' position? Or is it a little too much?"

As I started snapping pictures and said, "No, great pose," her words 'one of my favorites,' were processed and I caught onto her meaning. My mother liked back shots and she didn't mean camera shots.

I don't know if I ever took more photos in a row as I wanted to make sure to have as many as possible to go through later for the perfect ones.

"Shoot, I need to go pee," Mom said, a few seconds later. I steadied her after she hopped off the tall counter, and she hurried to the bathroom.

I admired her walking from behind until she was no longer in view. I then adjusted my dick again, wanting to jerk off as I had never been hornier in my life, but resisted the temptation. Instead, I began to look at the photos I had taken. There were well over two hundred. I was scrolling through them, thinking these were easily the best photos I had ever taken when she returned and said, "Let me see."

"Um, no, I...." I began to say when I looked up and saw she was in a completely new outfit.

"Like? she asked, in a black nightie that just barely covered her pussy and had suspenders with clasps to attach to the new black nylons she was wearing. When she gave a little half-twirl in each direction, I saw the stockings had the Cuban heel style, which from my fetish research I'd learned were rare these days.

"You look absolutely stunning," I said.

"I was going for absolutely sexy," she said with a pout.

"That is the sexiest outfit I have ever seen," I said, not even pretending to not be staring.

"Like the stockings?" she asked, spinning around and making the nightie flip up ever so slightly to reveal she wasn't wearing panties, which almost made me miss that these sexy stockings were also seamed. Almost.

"I have never seen these worn in real life," I answered, as I lifted my camera up and snapped some shots.

"I bought them for your dad, but he cheated on me before he ever got to see me in them," she said, as she turned around and began posing in ways that highlighted one incredible feature after another.

"His loss," I said, snapping and snapping and snapping. I was going to have think about changing my memory card.

"So, I figured someone should see me in it," she said, as she moved one leg in front of the other and ran both hands down her left thigh to just above the knee, which thrust her great tits forward in a classic Betty Boop. Click, click, click, went my camera.

"It would be a crying shame otherwise," I agreed.

"And since you're the man of the house now," she said as she walked past me toward the hallway, "let's go to the bedroom for the last pics."

"Um, okay," I said as I followed a few feet behind so I could see that ass and those seams in motion. I also managed to swap the memory card in the camera with an empty one from a pouch on the strap.

"So," she said, as she walked to her bed and sat on the edge, her long legs stretched out, "tell me how to pose."

"First, just stay like that," I said, pulling my camera up and taking a few pics.

"Okay," she said, her arms behind her to hold her up.

She then lifted her right leg straight up, giving me another simple, yet erotic look at the sole of her foot. My eyes really went wide when she then bent her knee and brought the foot all the way to the mattress, with the heel up against her right butt cheek. This gave me a clear view of her pussy.

"How about this?" she asked.

"Don't move," I ordered, as I went in for a close up of her pussy. It was so beautifully hairy and as I snapped away, I realized that her sister also had a bit of bush, although more trimmed than Mom's,

while the two classmates I'd scored with had both had shaved pussies. Women versus girls, I thought.

"You like this one?" She asked.

"It's the best one yet," I said.

"It's not too hairy?" she asked. "I would have shaved if I'd known—"

"No, no shaving," I insisted. "This is what a real woman is supposed to look like."

"Should I spread my legs further so you can get a better view of a real woman's pussy?" she asked, making my eyes bug out as she placed her foot back down and spread her legs wide.

"Mom, I...."

"Take the picture, son," she ordered.

"Okay," I said. After all the innuendo, all the fantasies, this was utterly unbelievable. I snapped pics of her up close and then zoomed back out to get her entire body.

"Jeremy," she said, as she pulled the nightie off her shoulders to reveal her firm tits, "I want, I need you to be the man of the house. Can you be the man of the house?"

I snapped a couple of quick pics, then said, "Yes, I can be the man of the house." I then corrected, using the confidence I had gained fucking Mom's sister, "No, I am the man of the house."

"Do you understand what that means?" She asked.

"It means taking care of all the needs of the lady of the house," I answered, walking to the bed.

"Even if that lady is your mother?" she asked, as she moved her left foot directly to my crotch.

As she began to rub, which was another wet dream suddenly coming true during this surreal situation where fantasy seemed to becoming reality, I clarified, even as I snapped a couple more pics of her foot on my raging cock still confined by my sweats, "Especially because you are my mother."

"You sure?" she asked, both feet now slowly rubbing my dick as I pondered pulling my sweats and underwear down so I could get a real foot job from her sexy, silky sheer feet. "There is no going back."

"Are you sure?" I countered. "I have fantasized fucking you forever, but I gotta think this is new for you."

"I want a man who loves me and will give me the fucking I need," she said. "So, yes, I am one hundred percent sure."

"I promise I can do that," I assured, the nylon-clad feet driving me wild.

"Your cock feels so big and hard," she said, as she rubbed it.

"Do you want to see it?" I asked.

"Yes, son, I want to see your cock very badly," she answered, looking at me with lust in her eyes.

I pulled my sweats and underwear down to my ankles with one quick movement and she immediately returned her stocking-clad feet to my cock and continued to stroke me with both feet.

"This is another thing I have fantasized about many times," I moaned, another fantasy coming true as I snapped more photos, this time of a nylon foot job.

"Such a big, hard cock," she moaned, as she smoothly stroked me.

"It's hard because of you," I said with a soft moan as the silky sheer nylons on my cock felt so good.

"Are you saying you're hard because of... *Mommy*?" she asked. Her using the word 'Mommy' enhanced the wickedness of this by highlighting the reality that we were committing incest.

"You know it's because of you, *Mommy*," I threw back at her.

"It's just such a big, beautiful cock it's impossible to resist," she said, stroking me while looking me in the eye.

"Get on your knees and get a close-up view," I ordered, as I took control and escalated the action.

"Mmmmmm, the man of the house knows that his mother likes being told what to do," she purred, giving one more rub before she slithered off the bed and to her knees... obeying me without hesitation.

My camera snapping away, she looked up at me and said, her hand stroking my raging rod, "I know this is wrong, but I have to have it."

"Have what?" I asked, wanting to hear her say it.

"I want to suck my son's big, fat cock," she answered, as her fingers rolled over my cock head, making me tremble.

"I'm told it's fairly impressive," I said.

"Very impressive," she said, as she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth as I continued snapping photos.

"I should warn you," I said, "I'm not going to last long." How could I after an hour of utterly excruciating temptation?

"I'm assuming you can reload quickly?" She asked, as she slid her tongue down my shaft and to my balls.

As she sucked a ball into her mouth, something her sister had not done to me, I replied, "In a heartbeat."

"Mmmmmmmmm," she said, as she worked on my balls.

"I can reload as many times as you want," I assured.

"Good," she said. "Feel free to take as many pictures as you want of your cock-sucking mother," she added, before sucking my other ball into her mouth and then licking my ball sac.

"Okaaaaay," I said, as I held the camera above her and started snapping. "But now I'm really not going to last long."

"Then I better make sure I get what I'm craving," she said, as she moved back up to my cock head and took my cock in her mouth.

"Oh, God," I moaned, as I watched my mom take my cock in-between her lips, even as I snapped pictures.

She plunged, taking all seven inches into her mouth without hesitation. I gave up trying to take photos and reached over her head to gently drop the camera on the bed.

"Oh yeah, suck it, Mom," I moaned, my balls boiling after just a dozen or so bobs. "Get ready for my load."

This made her go faster, devouring my dick with each hungry bob, and in a few more seconds I grunted and shot my load in my mom's eager mouth.

She smoothly swallowed every last drop and kept bobbing for another minute before she allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth.

I pulled her up, pressed her body against mine and kissed her.

It was instantly passionate.

Our tongues explored each other's mouths.

Our hands roamed over each other's asses.

It was urgent... it was lustful... it was the ultimate rush.

Wanting to show her that I really was the man of the house, I broke the kiss, gently pushed her back onto the bed, just missing the camera I forgot I had tossed there, spread her legs and said, "My turn."

"Mmmmmm," she smiled, as she leaned on her elbows behind her and watched me crawl between her legs. "Are you going to eat Mommy?"

"I'm going to make you come so hard," I assured. Although I had very, very limited experience in cunnilingus, my teacher, her sister, had been good and I was confident I could make her come.

"Yes, baby, make me come," she moaned, as my tongue parted her very wet pussy lips.

"Fuck, you smell and taste so good," I said, as I was engulfed by her sweet intoxicating scent that was so perfectly captured in her abundance of pussy hair. While the girls from school I'd eaten had been delicious and slippery in their bareness, I was realizing that the presence of pubic hair in Mom and Aunt Gloria made for a fuller experience engaging more of my animal senses.

"Oh, God, that feels so good," she moaned. "No one has been down there in sooooo long."

"That won't be happening anymore," I assured, as I used my tongue to explore between her pussy lips and probe her wet hole. "This pussy is going to be part of my daily diet."

"You better keep that promise," she said.

"Oh, I don't make promises I can't keep," I said, as I lapped at her pussy.

A minute later or so, she said, "Look at me while you eat your nasty mommy's pussy."

I opened my eyes, while my tongue was working away and saw she had my camera in her hand and was snapping away.

"For our private collections," she smiled.

"Mmmmmmm," I purred, smiling at mom's wickedness.

"Oh yes, you can eat my peach any time you want, baby," she moaned, her hand gently going through my hair.

"This is my new favourite meal," I said, knowing it was corny, but saying it anyways. Then for a few minutes, three, perhaps, four, I orally pleased my mother.

As her moans increased, I shifted from licking and probing her pussy to focusing on her clit. As soon as I did this my sweet, innocent mother began to grind her hips a little and press my head harder against her pussy and get verbal. "Oh yes, eat my pussy," and "Oh God, don't stop," and "Yes, yes, suck on my clit," and then her legs squeezed against my head, and her body trembled making me feel like I was in a tight earthquake, and she screamed, "Fuck, you made Mommy come!"

As her wetness coated my face and she squirted into my mouth, I kept licking even as her use of the word Mommy added to the intensity of the situation by ten-fold (okay, a million-fold if I'm being accurate).

She kept my face planted against her pussy for a good minute, her orgasm obviously quite intense before she let go of my head and collapsed onto the bed and weakly said, "Jesus Christ, that was amazing."

"Agreed," I said, feeling her wetness all over my face as I knelt up.

She moved her left foot to my balls and asked, "Want a real foot job? The last one was rather short."

"Of course," I answered.

As she moved her other foot to my dick, she said, reaching for the camera she had put down sometime during her orgasm, "Well, just tell me what you want Mommy to do."

"Stroke your son's cock with your stocking-clad feet," I ordered.

"Yes, son, Mommy will obey any order you give," she said, as she obeyed and started giving me yet another amazing foot job.

"That feels so nice," I said, the silky, sheer nylons so soft and sensual on my still hard dick.

"We've got to make sure that dick is nice and hard for what I want next," she said, smoothly stroking my cock while she snapped pictures.

"It is always ready," I assured, as I reached for the camera.

She handed it to me and I took photos of her on the bed, her big tits and hard nipples poking out of her lingerie. I took pictures of her entire body as she slowly stroked my dick. I took close ups of her feet working on my dick.

I could have enjoyed this relaxing pleasure forever, but Mom said, "I'd love to give you a full foot job and have you come all over Mommy's feet, but right now I need your cock deep in Mommy's pussy."

"Tell me what you want, slut," I ordered, as I laid my camera aside, grabbed her feet, and pumped my dick between her soles.

"I need you to slam that big cock in Mommy's cunt and fuck her like the Mommy-slut she wants to be," she wickedly responded, making my cock twitch between her feet.

"That is so hot," I said, as I let go of her feet.

"I need you in me right now," she urgently said.

"Okay," I said, then found myself fighting my photographer's instincts to snatch up my camera and get one last picture of the lust in her eyes. Instead, I grabbed her ankles and spread her legs wide, exposing the treasure at their center.

I almost imagined the words were coming directly from her pussy when she said, "I want you to first make love to me and then fuck me like a cheap slut. Can you do that?"

"I'll do whatever you need," I said, moving further up between her legs as I slid my hands up and down both of them.

"Gooood," she sighed, as I reached her pussy and slid my cock right in without any teasing. "Oh, yes, now kiss me."

Then for a good few minutes, we made love. I moved my hands to hers and our fingers intertwined above her head, our lips never left making contact, this time kissing with sweet tenderness, and my cock slowly slid in and out of her... in no hurry to come... just bringing both of us sweet, soothing, pleasure.

It was so utterly intimate. It was so completely surreal. It was the ultimate experience.

Eventually, she broke the kiss and said, "Now give it to me, give it to Mommy hard."

"You want to be my Mommy pet?" I asked, her sudden shift from romantic to raw incredibly stimulating.

"Yes, I want to be your Mommy pet, your Mommy slut," she said. "Now fuck me hard in whatever position you want."

"As you wish," I said, as I grabbed her ankles, pulled them together, and began to piledrive her while licking her silky sheer soles... alas not at all sweaty since she just put them on.

"Oh yes, you're fucking me so deep," she moaned.

"Such a tight pussy," I said.

"It's been so long it's almost virginal," she said, with just the slightest laugh.

"Well, time to make up for lost time," I said, pumping away.

A couple dozen more strokes and she said, "Please roll me onto my side, I need to feel you pounding me from behind."

"Anything you want," I said, letting go of her ankles, gently rolling her into her side and moving beside her.

I positioned my cock, and as I tried to slide in, she giggled, "Wrong hole."

"Sorry," I said, moving lower.

"We can save that for another time," she said, as I found her wetness and slid in as I reached around and cupped her left tit.

"We can?" I asked. Even after all the surprises of the night this was a new one... and as exciting as all the other surprises.

"Yeah, there was a time long ago when dinosaurs ruled the earth I could take a dick in my ass," she said, joking about her age. "Although never one as fat as your cock."

"Like I said," I responded, as I began to slowly pump my dick in her pussy in this new cock milking position, "anything for you."

"I'll be keeping you to that," she moaned. "Now give it to me hard. Fuck me. Fuck Mommy."

Keeping my left hand on her left tit, I began bucking my hips and slamming my entire cock into her pussy. In just a couple of minutes of this position, her orgasm obviously rising, she again got verbal. "Oh yes, baby, give it to me," and "Harder, give it to me harder," and "Don't stop," and "Oh yes, fuck me with that big mother-fucking fat cock." Then when her orgasm hit, she screamed, "Oh yes, you motherfucker you're making Mommy come!"

The sprinklings of 'Mommy' and the addition of 'mother fucker' were so erotic and kinky, but I started to think they were as much for her as for me when she suddenly erupted with another volcanic orgasm as I kept up my ruthless attack on her pussy from behind.

Throughout her orgasm she kept saying, "Don't stop, don't stop."

So, of course, I didn't. At least not until it seemed to have run its course, and she was finally able to speak coherently.

"Lie down on your back," she ordered in a gasping voice.

"Okay," I said, doing just that.

She stood up on the bed, straddling my hips, and I stared at the wet, spread gash dripping above my throbbing prick. She took off her nightie like a stripper, tossing it to the floor, leaving her in only those fantastically sexy stockings. I realized they must be true thigh-highs because they stayed up even after the suspenders had been released. Stayed up until she began running her thumbs under the top edges, making me fear she was going to peel them off as well.

"On or off?" she asked.

"You should always have nylons on," I declared, even as I reached out and stroked her feet and ankles. "In fact, since you've declared yourself to be my obedient Mommy-pet, I order you to wear only lingerie when we're at home."

"Your own private Victoria's Secret model?" she teased.

"Maybe more Frederick's of Hollywood," I said. "But nude except for stockings like you are now, is your baseline."

"I can make that happen," she said, and I imagined her almost naked, slightly sweaty body, always glistening on heavenly display for me like it was now.

"You have a perfect body, Mom," I complimented, as she stood over me, full-bodied and statuesque, my own slutty angel.

"As do you, my magnificent stud," she replied. Then she said, "So, will you be joining me in constant nudity, or will you also start wearing men's lingerie - maybe leather?"

Prancing around like a member of the Village People didn't ring any bells for me and I squashed the idea by saying, "Perhaps I should always remain fully clothed so that you never forget your place." I swear to God, I think I saw Mommy's pussy pulsate in unison with the look of total lust that passed over face at those words. There were so many levels to this submission thing, and I vowed to myself to plumb them all.

But I also realized that perhaps that had been my father's mistake; he'd forgotten there were two complex women in this one gorgeous frame. I said, "If I were to grant you a queen's privilege, how would you like your new lover to dress?" A new, brighter look came over her face and it felt so good to have all of my slut queen available to me.

She took a moment to answer, and then said, "Your Sub would love to be as naked as a pet at her clothed owner's side, but your Queen's request would be for you to always be nude so that I could always see and touch my beautiful lover-son."

It didn't take me long to decide, after all, why would I ever want anything to prevent me from getting my skin against my mother's? "Yes, I like the idea of there being nothing to keep us apart," I said. "From now on my slut will be naked, or mostly naked for me, and I will be naked for my queen."

She scooped up my camera by the strap and swung it over for me to grab. "Now, please take more pictures as I bring our bodies together again. Unless..." she drawled.

"Unless?" I asked.

"Unless your fancy camera has a video option, then I think this next little bit might be best seen in motion."

I immediately switched to video mode; glad I'd swapped out the memory card so I'd have enough room for whatever Mom had in mind. I brought up the lens and focused on her glistening bush.

"Here I come," she said before slowly squatting down toward my crotch. I held the camera in one hand and used the other to aim my steel-hard rod straight up into the air for her to impale herself upon.

"Fuck, yeah," I moaned as her juicy pussy lips made contact with my cock head, the look and feel were both indescribable. As her cunt split open and swallowed me, I could easily imagine jerking off to this image for years to come. Especially when she hit bottom and immediately began bouncing slowly up and down.

I held my camera on our joined sexes for a few revolutions, then panned it up her hot, sweaty body, until I got to her head where I captured the variety of sexy, vulnerable faces she made as she rode me. After a few minutes of slow riding, I switched back to still camera mode to preserve memory space.

"This dick is the perfect size," she moaned when she paused on a bottom stroke to grind her hips into mine before going up again.

"Everything about you is perfect," I countered, which sounded lazy, but was the truth. My mother was undoubtably my perfect woman and she'd likely just ruined me ever finding anyone close to her majestic beauty inside and out.

"These tits are perfect?" she questioned, cupping them.

"Your tits are perfect," I confirmed.

"My legs are perfect?" she asked.

"Your legs and feet and soles are pure heaven," I replied, although in this position I could only see a little of them.

"In nylons," she smiled.

"The nylons make you a goddess," I said.

"Mmmmmmm," she smiled, leaning forward and beginning to really bounce on my cock so that her big tits bounced against my eager lips. "I want you to come inside me," she said in a voice that sounded like pleading.

"Okay," I said, as she began to not just really ride me, to bounce on me like I was a sexual trampoline, but somehow her pussy was tightening around my cock as she seemed to be milking my dick. "Oh God, that feels so good."

"Come in Mommy, son," she said, as I placed the camera down and focused on completing the task requested. "I want to feel your big load explode inside me."

"I'm going to come soon," I warned, whatever she was doing was having an intense impact on my balls which were boiling. I knew different positions felt differently, but this was a whole new level of intensity.

"Fill Mommy up, baby," she encouraged, as she looked deep into my eyes.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied, as I stared into hers in this surreal moment of intimacy as a few seconds later I grunted and erupted my load inside her tight vacuum of a pussy as she milked every drop out of me.

As soon as I started coming in her, she leaned down and started kissing me. Then for a good ten minutes, long after my load had been deposited inside her, we kissed.

Tender.

Sweet.

Loving.

When she finally broke it, she said, "I love you, Son."

"I love you too, Mom," I replied, feeling 'Mommy' wasn't the right term in this sweet moment. Then I saw a change in her eyes that seemed to indicate that 'Mommy' was back on the table.

"Since we're becoming a nude, or in my case semi-nude household, tomorrow I'm going to go shopping after work to find more outfits to tease and please you with," she said.

"You are, are you?" I questioned with a smile, while secretly relieved that she'd so quickly agreed to constantly remaining naked around each other.

"Yes, if I'm going to be constantly on display, then I need to be able to mix things up so I'm always photo-ready for my horny paparazzo."

"Well, if you are doing that," I said, "please make sure to get a variety of colours of nylons."

"I can do that," she said. "I already have white and red in the bedroom and a couple other shades of mocha."

"That is a good start," I said. "In fact, I bet wearing the red nylons with your Chiefs jersey would be pretty hot," I added, thinking all women looked hotter in sports jerseys. Or was it that sports jerseys looked hotter on women in stockings than on guys in football pants?

"Mmmmmmmmm," she said, "I could also perhaps find the right blue for my Royals jersey."

"That could be a challenge," I said.

"Challenge accepted," she said, as she finally got off of me. "Sorry, I need to pee again."

"Me too," I said, suddenly realizing I did.

She went to her bathroom and I went to the one down the hall.

Once done, I went to the living room and checked my phone.

Gloria texted: **Get the pictures I asked?**

I responded, although I now realized I may be in a bit of a predicament: **I did. Your asshole is mine.**

I didn't feel like dealing with my aunt anymore just then, so I plugged my phone into its charger and headed back to Mom's room. I was man of the house now and I should sleep in the master bedroom.

I walked in to see Mom in the Chiefs jersey and sliding on her second red stocking that matched absolutely perfectly. "Oh my God," I said, walking to the bed and grabbing the camera.

"Like?" she asked, stopping with the second nylon just above her ankle.

"Love it," I said, "now roll it up slowly."

"Yes, sir," she said, and I snapped a lot of pics.

"Perfect," I said.

She walked over to me, dropped to her knees in front of me and swallowed my mostly flaccid cock, although it was beginning to stir again with mom in that outfit.

"Do you have one more load for Mommy?"

"I have as many loads as you're willing to take," I assured, which was true or I would die trying.

"I'd like one more," she said, as she stroked my cock, "but this last load I want all over my face."

"Oh, Mommy," I groaned, as she took my cock in her mouth and started sucking.

Twenty minutes later, after a few different positions including her bent over her dresser as I gave her hard back shots, her leaning against the wall with one leg in the air, me on the floor as she straddled me and I bucked my hips up to meet hers, and a quick titty fuck, she finally came hard again from me banging her doggy style on the floor.

Once her orgasm was done, she spun around and devoured my cock and blew me as if this was the last meal of her life.

It wasn't even two minutes later when I warned, "I'm about to come."

She backed off, stroked my dick and was rewarded with five or six massive cum shots all over her pretty face before she took my cock back in her mouth and extracted any slow swimmers.

She finally allowed my dick out of her mouth and asked, "Want to take any last pics?"

"I don't mind if I do," I said, again grabbing my camera and taking pics of her drenched in my cum, then her scooping my cum and eating it, and then spreading her legs and letting me take some very hot inappropriate pics of her in the Chiefs jersey and nylons.

Finally, she said, "Come shower with me."

We showered. Kissed a little. She washed me. I washed her. I marvelled again that my father had given up this incredible mixture of passion and love. Then thanked my lucky stars that the idiot had.

Once done, she took me by the hand and led me to her bed. "The man of the house sleeps with me," she said. We got into the bed both naked. I lay on my back and she snuggled in.

I didn't say a word, I just enjoyed what I realized was the simple, romantic, everyday position of a loving couple getting ready to go to sleep.

She said, a couple of minutes later, her hand on my chest, "So, perhaps I don't need to make a profile page."

"Really?" I asked. "I mean you definitely don't need a Tinder page as I will be fucking you all the time."

"Yes, you will be," she said. Then after an incredibly long pause, she finally said, "But what about if we became more than just mother and son?"

Thinking about all the forbidden things we'd said and done, I laughed as I said, "I think we may have already crossed that line."

Mom's voice sounded serious as she explained, "I mean, what if we started to be a real couple?"

"Really?"

"I'm sorry, it's stupid," she sighed, sounding like she might cry. "It's just that I want a man who loves me and will do anything for me, and I thought I might already have that in you."

I realized she really was serious, she really wanted us to be a romantic couple and I felt my heart swell in my chest. I spun onto my side so I could look directly into her eyes as I declared, "You do have that in me. And besides, after today you have broken me for any other woman."

"I have?" she said looking into my eyes with utter vulnerability.

"Yes, I will compare every other woman to you and they will never be able to live up to you," I said.

"That's sweet," she smiled.

"But how would we even do that?" I asked.

"Well, I hadn't told you this, but Senator Wilson has asked me to move to Washington this summer to head her main office," she said.

"Oh wow, that is huge," I said.

"I was thinking of taking it since you are going to school in Boston anyways," she said. "I'd be a lot closer to you in Washington than I would be here."

"Well, you should definitely take it," I said.

"And we can either see each other on weekends or," she paused.

"Or what?" I asked, as her hand slowly caressed my chest which felt so nice.

"You could go to a school in Washington, live with me, and we could live as a couple," she blurted, catching me completely by surprise with such an outrageous suggestion. I immediately loved the idea.

"Does Senator Wilson know me?" I asked, having never met her.

"Well, she obviously knows of you in general, but since we're not allowed to have personal photos at work, she doesn't actually know what you look like."

"Well, I was also accepted at a school in Washington, but I think the declaration period has passed," I mused.

"I bet I could pull a few strings and have the deadline extended once they know where I work," Mom replied. Then she added, "But obviously the Boston school was where you wanted to go and I don't want to ruin that."

"I meant it, Mom, I'll do anything for you," I said. "And the Washington school was another of my top choices, I'd be completely happy to go there."

"So, you will move to Washington with me and be my boyfriend?" she asked.

"Yes, I would love that," I said.

"Oh, honey," she said, kissing me and bringing my cock immediately back to life. Before I knew it, she was straddling me, and her tight pussy was massaging my dick to full hardness. Breaking the kiss she said, "I'm horny for you again, can we seal this relationship with one more fuck?"

"Definitely," I said, as I restarted the kiss and started slowly fucking her.

A couple of minutes later, as she slowly rode me, she said, "In public I want you to treat me like a lady, but behind closed doors I want you to treat me like a slut."

"A Mommy slut?" I questioned.

"Yes, a three-hole Mommy slut who will obey your every command," she said. "And you'll be a motherfucker." A heartbeat later she said, "No, wait, make that Mother-fucker." Funny how the slight pause changed the word from a common insult to an uncommon honor.

"There is nothing I'd rather be," I smiled, as I flipped her onto her back and fucked her in the old school missionary position. All the while, we stared into each other's eyes in love with each other in a way no one else would ever understand.

That this was real love, well beyond the undeniable call of the sexual animals we'd become with each other, I had no doubt. And none who met us would ever doubt that she was my Queen.

But behind closed doors it would involve animalistic sex, with hours in gluttonous 69s trying to eat each other alive, and marathon fuck sessions where we committed incest in every position possible while confirming our love and sin with words like Mommy and Son, Slut and Stud, Pet and Master.

Of course, until we moved, we'd have to live our new lives secretly. But then? Then we'd be able to write the next chapter of our lives however we wished.

The thought of our love-filled, passion-filled future, along with Mom's pulsating pussy, drove me to once again fill my old birth canal with jizz. Which in turn seemed to trigger Mom's own orgasm and as she shook, she moaned into my mouth, "I love you, my sexy boyfriend."

I responded with how I envisioned we would live our new life. "I love you too, my future wife."

She locked her legs around my hips and her lips to mine and the future suddenly seemed limitless.

Because this was our story.

No, this is our love story.

The end

The Mom's side of the story is also available as *Forever Incest: A Mom's Story*.