

"INCEST SUBMISSION": MOM & SON

silkstockingslover

Hot Mom and college son seduce each other on Earth Day.

Incest/Taboo

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"Incest Submission": Mom & Son

Summary: Hot Mom and college son seduce each other on Earth Day.

Note: This is an **EARTH DAY 2014** Contest story so please vote.

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Incest Submission: Mom & Son

Simon was in his freshman college psychology class when all his unhealthy obsessions, or at least the biggest one, suddenly made sense. His professor discussed Sigmund Freud's Oedipus Complex, Freud believed it was a universal psychological phenomenon that all boys fantasize about having sex with their mothers.

There was utter silence as their professor spoke and Simon wondered instantly if it was because all the other male students were all thinking the same thing he was. 'Thank God'. Although Simon had a steady and very hot girlfriend, who liked giving head and whom he fucked regularly, every time he masturbated it was not while imagining his girlfriend Kim, but rather to images of his mother, Sara.

As his professor continued to discuss how the Oedipus complex was a theory that deep inside every boys' subconscious is the desire to sexually possess their mother. These inappropriate thoughts are held deep inside the boy's subconscious and never released, therefore never being dealt with emotionally. In extreme cases, the son wants to murder his father and replace him as the man of the house.

Simon was floored. He had fantasized about having sex with his mother forever, and always felt guilty afterwards. He was always horny, being eighteen, and his fantasies always included his mother being his sexual submissive and obeying his every order, the way he assumed she did for his father in the bedroom when he was alive. His fantasies were often different, but they always included his mom in pantyhose, obeying his every sexual whim. Sometimes he imagined forcing her to suck his cock and shooting his cum down her throat; other times he imagined being woken up by his mom's beautiful lips; other times he fantasized taking her in the back of the car while Dad drove in the front seat oblivious to mom riding his son's cock; other times he created crazy tales full of risk, like eating Mom's pussy under the table while his father ate supper unaware of what was occurring right under the table; but mostly he just fantasized having mom suck and fuck him. Yet, as soon as he had cum, an overwhelming guilt would hit him as he couldn't believe he would fantasize about committing incest and treating his sweet, caring mother so inappropriately and with such disrespect.

Simon's obsession with his mother reached new heights after he lost his virginity at prom to Kim. It was a magical night, but as he had sex and closed his eyes, it was his mother whose face popped

into his head.

It didn't help that his mother, a teacher, was often walking around the house in a skirt and pantyhose...or that, at forty-one, she was easily the hottest woman he had ever seen.

Simon never had any real hope of making his fantasies become a reality, until fate opened the door.

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"Simon," Sara called out, her computer not working properly.

"Yes, Mom," Simon called back, coming into his mother's room.

"Can you check out my computer? It keeps freezing up on me," Sara asked.

"Of course," Simon said, taking mom's computer. "I'll work on it tonight as soon as I finish my homework."

"Thanks, sweetheart," Sara said.

Simon returned to his room and finished his homework before beginning to work on his mom's computer. An hour later, he was surprised to learn that his mom had acquired a virus while watching porn. The thought that his beautiful sweet mother was watching online porn was quite the turn on and he began searching her web history. A plethora of adult web sites popped up including movie sites, chat sites and erotica sites. He was just checking out one of the sites when she popped into his room unexpected.

"Fix it yet?" Sara asked, startling him as he quickly exited out of Internet Explorer.

Simon shifted the computer slightly, to hide the erection in his pajamas, as he stammered, "N-n-not yet."

"Okay," Sara shrugged, hoping to have it fixed so she could chat with a couple of men she had been doing some online playing with.

"I'm just doing a virus check right now," Simon lied, trying to buy time to snoop.

"No problem, sweetheart," Sara said, leaving him alone, figuring she would have to get off with one of her toys tonight.

Simon continued searching her computer and found that although she occasionally watched videos, or read erotica, she enjoyed yahoo chat the most. Simon clicked on yahoo and gasped at his mom's handle: Submissivemom.

He located her conversation history and began reading some of her conversations:

Submissivemom: Hi, Mistress

Simon stared at the word Mistress.

Kimlovescunt: Hi, my little cunt.

Submissivemom: I shaved my cunt as u ordered

Kimlovescunt: Send me a picture

Submissivemom: Yes, Mistress...brb

Simon gasped. His mom had an online Mistress. She sent pictures of herself to strangers. Simon quickly searched her photos but didn't find anything there, but doing a more intrusive search, he found a secret file in her pay stub folder. Clicking on it, there were pictures of his mom in thigh highs and nothing else, cupping her breasts while smiling, up close photos of her vagina both shaved and hairy, and one with a wine bottle inside her. Simon's cock was about to burst.

Kimlovescunt: Very nice cunt

Submissivemom: Thank you <blush>

Kimlovescunt: I'd love to eat that cunt of yours

Submissivemom: hmmmmmm

Kimlovescunt: I'd make you come so hard

Submissivemom: oh God, yes

Kimlovescunt: rub your clit my slut

Submissivemom: yes, Mistress

Kimlovescunt: tell me what you want

Submissivemom: to come for my Mistress

Kimlovescunt: slide two fingers inside that cunt of yours

Submissivemom: yes, Mistress

Kimlovescunt: are u wet?

Submissivemom: soaked

Kimlovescunt: cum my little slut

Submissivemom: so close

Kimlovescunt: now slut

Submissivemom: yes, yes, yes

Simon couldn't believe what he read. Curious, he clicked on another conversation.

Submissivemom: Master, I am online and dressed as instructed.

MasterJohn: Describe your outfit.

Submissivemom: cheerleader sweater, skirt and beige thigh highs

MasterJohn: have you come since our last chat

Submissivemom: no master

MasterJohn: have you continued to tease your son as instructed?

Submissivemom: yes master...he loves my legs in nylons

MasterJohn: do you want to fuck him?

Submissivemom: you know I do

Simon froze. He couldn't believe what he was reading.

MasterJohn: and yet you haven't done so

Submissivemom: It is one thing to fantasize about it and yet another to cross that taboo line.

MasterJohn: yes it is, slut. But, the question is do you want to keep living this lame fantasy life or do you want to make both yourself and your son very happy

Submissivemom: how do I know he won't be sickened by me?

MasterJohn: all boys want to fuck their mothers...it is the Oedipus complex

Submissivemom: really?

MasterJohn: of course and u r a very beautiful mommy. I imagine he jerks off daily thinking about fucking u

Submissivemom: u really think so?

MasterJohn: I know so...I have a task for u

Submissivemom: okay

MasterJohn: u will accidentally squeeze his cock

Oh my God, Simon thought to himself, recalling his mom tripping a few days ago and her hand landing directly on his cock to catch her fall. It was super embarrassing at the time, but knowing it was planned made it all the hotter.

Submissivemom: yes, Master

MasterJohn: I expect his cock in all three of your holes one day soon

Submissivemom: I would love it...I haven't had a cock in any of them since Jake died.

MasterJohn: well, u have a live-in cock in your house...use it

Submissivemom: I wish it was that easy

MasterJohn: it really is...but we will start slow with u

Submissivemom: thank u, Master

MasterJohn: now cum for me thinking of ur son pounding that cunt of urs...but u may not use a toy or ur hands

Submissivemom: what should I use?

MasterJohn: be creative

Submissivemom: how about a wine bottle

MasterJohn: perfect

That explains the wine bottle picture, Simon thought to himself.

Realizing he had to hurry, he grabbed a USB drive and saved all her chats and pictures to read later.

He finished fixing her computer and took it back to her room. Usually, he would knock on her door, but hoping to catch her in the act he just walked in. Unfortunately, she was reading a book.

"Did you get it fixed, honey?" she asked, hopeful she could still catch Master or Mistress online.

"Good as new," he answered, handing her the laptop, trying to hint that he knew more than he should about his mother. "You just had a virus. You need to be careful what sites you go on."

Sara's face flushed as she worried he knew about her porn watching.

Simon left and went directly to his laptop, an idea instantly popping in his head. He sent her an invite to chat under the username: *Makingmommymine*.

Submissivemom

Hi, I am a dominant son who has made his mother his personal plaything. I would love an online pet to train.

If interested add me and send the following message in the next half hour:

"I want your help in becoming a good Mommy-slut!"

I expect your response ASAP!

Master S

After Simon sent it, he freaked out. The words he wrote just flowed out of him naturally and yet they were not him. He would never be so crude with his mother, or any girl, for that matter.

Sara was just about to send a message to Mistress Kim when the friend request came. She read it and gasped even as her cunt instantly tingled. She loved the forceful, no-nonsense approach and figured the role playing would satisfy her fantasy of sleeping with her son. So after grabbing a toy from her growing box of self-pleasure assistants, she responded.

He hadn't expected a response, but five minutes later:

Submissivemom: I want your help in becoming a good mommy-slut!

Makingmommymine: Hi, slut.

Submissivemom: Hi, sir.

She wanted to call him Master, but held back, not wanting to look over zealous.

Makingmommymine: Tell me about yourself, my pet.

Submissivemom: I am 42, a widow, with two children (my older son moved out and is currently backpacking Europe, while my youngest son lives at home with me while attending college. I have blue eyes, blonde hair, 36D breasts that are still in great shape and long legs that are probably my best asset.

Makingmommymine: Do you want to have sex with your son?

Submissivemom: yes, sir.

Makingmommymine: How old is he?

Submissivemom: 18

Makingmommymine: Perfect. If you obey my orders I am confident I can have his cock in you within a couple of weeks

Submissivemom: Really?

Makingmommymine: All sons want to have sex with their mommy

Submissivemom: Really?

Makingmommymine: it is logical. You are the first female to have any influence on him. Have you ever heard of the Oedipus Complex?

Submissivemom: No.

Makingmommymine: look it up when you have time. In essence it is psychologically proven that all boys want to have sex with their mothers.

Submissivemom: Wow!

Sara googled the theory and couldn't believe it, yet, it made perfect sense in many ways...she recalled Master John saying something similar.

Makingmommymine: Do you want assistance in submitting to your son?

Submissivemom: Yes.

Makingmommymine: I will help you but I expect total obedience.

Simon couldn't believe how easily his mother obeyed.

Submissivemom: Of course, sir.

Simon, deciding to test her early, made a demand he was sure she wouldn't obey.

Makingmommymine: Take a picture of your tits for me.

Sara looked at the demand. Her cunt tingled at the order. She had always been submissive, but always in a generic sort of way. It was only when she started playing online, reading stories on Literotica and watching videos like the lesbian 'Hot & Mean' series did she begin to question whether perhaps she was sexually submissive. Looking back at her life, she realized that she had never been completely

sexually satisfied because she had never given herself up to the lust underneath her conservative attire. Yet, as she chatted with strangers online and just let herself say whatever she TRULY felt, she had begun to question herself. Deciding what the hell, she lifted up her sweatshirt and quickly took a picture with the web cam. Before she could even ponder if it was a good idea, she clicked send.

Submissivemom: Here you go, sir.

Simon gasped. His mother had just unknowingly sent him a picture of her still very firm breasts and very erect nipples. His cock, already hard, begged to be pulled out of his underwear. Before responding, he quickly tugged down his pants and underwear to allow his cock to be free.

Makingmommymine: You have delicious titties, Mommy-pet. Would you like your son to suck on them like he did all those years ago?

Sara couldn't believe she had sent someone she had chatted with for only two minutes a photo of her breasts. She also couldn't believe how erect her nipples were or how wet her pussy was.

Submissivemom: I would love my son to suck on my big titties, sir.

Makingmommymine: Are you ready to begin your training as a Mommy-pet?

Sara's right hand responded, while her left hand began pleasuring herself.

Submissivemom: Yes, sir.

Makingmommymine: I will give you quite a few tasks to complete. I will also expect you to dress a certain way and ALWAYS obey without hesitation.

'Oh God', Sara thought to herself. Why are his firm words turning her on so much? She again responded without hesitation or thought.

Submissivemom: Yes, sir.

Makingmommymine: First, I am not sir. I am your Master until such time as your son takes my place.

The word 'Master' was so much more powerful in Sara's mind and she even said the words out loud as she typed them.

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: Good, Mommy-pet.

Somehow, the new title and the positive reinforcement only enhanced Sara's eagerness.

Submissivemom: Thank you, Master.

Makingmommymine: My expectations are as follows: You will wear nylons every day.

Sara smiled to herself, she already did that. She loved the feel of silk nylon on her legs. She liked how the nylons disguised how white her legs were. She liked to accessorize her outfits with different colours of nylons. She also liked to wear thigh high stockings under her skirts and dresses, as it made her feel sexier even if no one knew but her. She also loved knowing that men were checking her legs out.

Submissivemom: I already do that, Master.

Makingmommymine: Good Mommy-pet. Next, you will stay in your nylons when at home, keeping your stocking-clad feet and legs in view of your son.

Submissivemom: So no heels?

Makingmommymine: Right! You, of course, will keep your toe nails painted.

Sara thought the expectation a little strange, but no stranger than all of his other expectations, things she already did...at least partially.

Submissivemom: Of course, Master.

Simon couldn't believe just how obedient his mother was. She seemed to obey everything he said without hesitation. He decided to keep seeing just how far he could push her.

Makingmommymine: Also, I don't share my pets. You are not to have any other online masters or mistresses. Is that clear, Mommy-pet?

Sara really enjoyed chatting with her online Mistress and Master, yet there was something so alluring and intriguing about this Master, that she was willing to temporarily obey and see where this led.

Submissivemom: crystal clear, Master.

Typing the word Master sent another chill through Sara.

Makingmommymine: I also expect you online whenever possible, and you will send a photo each day that shows your obedience to me.

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

She agreed, even without clarity of what the photos may be, her pussy burning as she continued slowly rubbing it. Not wanting to orgasm yet, instead wanting to build to a slow crescendo until it reached a fever pitch.

Makingmommymine: I will give you some tasks that I believe will assist in fulfilling your fantasy and if done correctly and completely as instructed you should end up with a new live in Master...your son!!!

Sara's cunt tingled at the last few words as she had fantasized about her son a lot since reading stories online, but she had never considered him as a Master with her his submissive until now, even though her username was submissivemom.

Submissivemom: I look forward to obeying your tasks, Master.

Makingmommymine: Good...have you been playing with yourself?

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: Are you close to coming you dirty mommy-slut?

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: Why?

Submissivemom: Your powerful words turn me on, Master.

Makingmommymine: And you want to be your son's Mommy-slut?

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: Get yourself off, Mommy-slut.

Sara began rubbing herself frantically, desperately wanting to come as she imagined Simon fucking her.

Submissivemom: Yessss, Master.

Makingmommymine: his personal cocksucker.

Sara felt her body giving in completely to the thought of committing the ultimate sin.

Makingmommymine: his personal cum bucket.

Simon was pumping away too. The long held fantasy of fucking his mother was no longer a silly boy fantasy, but a real possibility.

Makingmommymine: Mommy-pet.

Makingmommymine: Mommy-slut.

Makingmommymine: Mommy-slave.

The name calling was too much for Sara, who finally let go as her orgasm erupted through her, rating a ten on the Richter Scale.

Submissivemom: FUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!

Simon, meanwhile, shot a load up in the air as he debased his mother.

Neither mother nor son typed for a couple of minutes as they recovered from their online kink.

Sara finally typed, her body still trembling with aftershocks of pleasure.

Submissivemom: Thank you, Master.

Makingmommymine: For what?

Sara felt silly for her last words.

Submissivemom: Allowing me to cum, Master

Makingmommymine: Good Mommy-pets come often.

Sara hoped that was true.

Submissivemom: Whenever you wish, Master.

Simon eventually typed again, curious if he could push her further...make her do something that would test the reality between online role playing and real obedience.

Makingmommymine: Want task one, Mommy-slut?

A chill went up Sara's spine at the thought of a task. Curious and excited to comply she responded.

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: Wipe pussy juice all over those cute cock sucking lips of yours.

Sara obeyed the task. She had tasted herself before so this was actually a trivial task.

Submissivemom: Okay, Master.

Makingmommymine: Now go give your son a good night kiss...on the lips.

Sara gasped. The fantasy role play had been a lot of fun and brought her her biggest orgasm in an eternity...yet it was one thing to role play incest and something else to purposely commit it.

Noticing she was probably hesitating on the task he tried to keep pushing her.

Makingmommymine: Now, Mommy-pet or I go and find myself another slutty mommy to train.

Sara was suddenly worried she wouldn't be allowed to chat with him again and gave in.

Submissivemom: I'll do it, Master.

Makingmommymine: Good! Understand I will know if you don't do it but say you did.

Sara couldn't fathom how he would be able to know such a thing, but decided to just do the simple, slightly naughty task.

Submissivemom: I'll do it now, Master. I don't just role play...I really obey.

Makingmommymine: Go and come back once you kiss your son with pussy juice lips.

Simon quickly slid his computer under his bed, tugged up his underwear and pyjamas and pulled out a book to read. A minute later, giddy with excitement that his mom may obey him, he heard her bedroom door open.

Sara walked to her son's bedroom door and paused. This was silly. Yet, she felt compelled to complete the inappropriate task. Taking a deep breathe, she knocked on Simon's door.

"Come in," Simon called out, not believing she was actually obeying him.

Sara took yet another deep breath before walking in her son's room. Once in, she asked, "What you up to?"

"Just reading before bed," Simon answered.

Sara walked to his bed and said, "I'm getting ready for bed and thought I'd better give you a kiss goodnight before you went to sleep."

"You haven't kissed me goodnight in years," Simon said, trying to act as if this was a surprise.

"Well, that was a mistake," Sara said. "There is nothing wrong with giving your child, no matter how old they are, a goodnight kiss and hug."

"I'm eighteen," Simon protested, continuing to test his mother's resolve to obey.

"Just shut up and give your old hag of a mother a kiss goodnight," Sara said, desperately wanting to get it over with and fulfill her first task.

She leaned in and kissed him on the lips as instructed by her new Master.

Although it was just a subtle taste, a subtle smell, Simon knew without a doubt that his mom had obeyed his order and put her cunt juice on her lips. His cock flinched as she stood back up, her cheeks going red.

"Goodnight, sweetheart," she said cheerfully, before heading out.

"Goodnight, Mom," he replied.

Once out of her son's room, she returned to hers, feeling a sense of fulfillment at completing the task.

Simon pulled out his computer, exhilarated that his mom had obeyed his sexual order.

Sara returned to her computer and typed.

Submissivemom: I did it, Master.

Makingmommymine: Good, Mommy-slut. How did it make you feel?

Submissivemom: Nervous at first, but then the excitement of the task took over.

Makingmommymine: you got turned on kissing your son?

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: You really do want to be a Mommy slut don't you?

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: Tomorrow's task...task 2. Ask him to give you a foot massage. Open your legs enough that he can see between those sexy legs of yours.

Sara thought this would be a doable task.

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommymine: of course, you won't be wearing panties.

Submissivemom: Mmmmmm...naughty.

Makingmommymine: Yes, and you are a naughty Mommy

Sara loved the name calling and the twisted kink of the role playing, still not believing these small tasks were going to cumulate into actual sex, but fantasy is fun.

Submissivemom: Yes, I am.

Makingmommymine: I need to go to bed, my sexy, slutty Mommy-slut.

Submissivemom: Okay, Master

Makingmommymine: of course, no touching yourself or orgasms without my permission

Submissivemom: Of course, Master

Makingmommymine: good night, Mommy-slut-to-be.

Submissivemom: Good night, Master.

Simon logged out, thrilled with his good fortune. Before today, mom was just a constant stroke fantasy. But now, it was a growing possibility that he could not only fuck his mother, but make her his personal slut.

Simon jerked off one more time and went to bed giddy with possibility.

Sara also went to bed with mixed emotions. She knew she was the mother; she knew such thoughts were morally wrong; yet Simon was the mirror image of her deceased husband, and her urges betrayed her parental role...she wanted a real master and she wanted it to be her son.

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After school the next day, Simon came home curious if his mom would ask for a foot massage.

Sara came home late from work, having a parent-teacher meeting about a student with attendance issues. Asking her son for a foot massage because her feet were sore wouldn't be a lie, her feet were killing her.

Simon was watching television when his mom came home, purposely being available for his mom's request if she decided to obey her task.

Sara walked into the living room, heels in hand, her toenails, freshly painted red this morning showcased in her tan nylons. "Hi, sweetheart, learn anything riveting at school today?"

Simon answered, planting another seed in his seduction of his mother, "A strange theory in psychology class."

"What theory is that?" Sara asked, sitting on the couch with her son.

"Sigmund Freud's Oedipus complex," Simon revealed, knowing she knew what it was based on yesterday's online chat.

"Pardon?" Sara asked, shocked at the strange coincidence of her son's words.

"Oh, just some silly theory about a son's obsession with his mother," Simon continued.

"I see," Sara said, playing innocent. "So what is the hypothesis of this theory?"

"It's kind of awkward to talk about," Simon said, trying to draw her in even more.

"You started it young man," Sara said, as she sat down and put her feet on his lap and asked sweetly, "Can you massage Mommy's feet, they're killing me."

His cock instantly stiffened under the pressure of her nylon-clad legs. "I'd love to," he almost too eagerly agreed, the fantasy of touching his mom's nylon legs finally coming true.

As he massaged her feet, which felt amazing (Sara forgetting how great it felt just to be touched by a man), she said, hoping her interest in the incestuous theory would be a hint to her son that she was game if he was. "So tell me about this theory."

Simon explained the entire theory as he had learned it in class while massaging her silky feet. He was in son heaven and wanted this to last as long as possible.

As Sara tried to listen, she felt her son's hard cock underneath her leg.

"So," she said, moving her legs apart slightly as instructed yesterday to give her son a glimpse of her naked crotch, "this theory is by Freud?"

"Affirmative," Simon nodded, as he realized his mom had now officially obeyed every order given by him.

Sara noticed her son peek between her legs and felt a slight wetness leak out...she felt both shameful and excited...a mixture of conflicting emotions which confused her greatly.

"And this theory is widely recognized?" she asked, continuing to show interest in the incest theory.

"According to my professor," Simon answered, continuing to give quick looks between her legs.

"What do you think?" she asked, pressing her leg down ever-so-slightly, the thrill of being so close to his cock turning her on even more.

"I am not sure how to answer that," he answered, sensing he could just take her here and now. Yet, he wanted to draw it out, pull her deeper into his web of submission. He suddenly jumped up, rushed to his bedroom up and left his mother, hopefully leaving her with mixed messages.

Sara sat there mortified. She had pretty much thrown herself at him and he had felt so uncomfortable that he had to leave.

Later that night, she went online and hoped to find her new Master online.

Excited to find him there, she quickly messaged him.

Simon was online, hoping his mother would come online.

Submissivemom: Master...things have gone terribly awry.

Makingmommymine: What happened?

Submissivemom: He rejected me.

Makingmommymine: More details...my pet. Things are never that black and white.

Submissivemom: I got him to give me a massage, I opened my legs slightly and when I asked him to explain the Oedipus Complex he got up and left.

Makingmommymine: How long did he massage you?

Submissivemom: 10 minutes.

Makingmommymine: So he obviously enjoyed massaging you.

Submissivemom: I guess.

Makingmommymine: You got to keep in mind Mommy-slut that his biggest fantasy is likely fucking u and when all of a sudden it was possible...

Submissivemom: I don't know...

Makingmommymine: Trust me...I know...I am a guy...we all think the same

Submissivemom: Really?

Makingmommymine: EVERY son wants to fuck his mother...usually sexually dominate them...your son is no different

Submissivemom: He isn't a normal boy

Makingmommymine: That only makes it more likely. Is he a computer geek?

Submissivemom: Yes, how did you know that?

Makingmommymine: Just a hunch. Do you have a vibrator?

Submissivemom: A few.

Makingmommymine: Is your son home?

Submissivemom: In his room.

Makingmommymine: Get a vibrator and fuck yourself with it my pet mommy

Submissivemom: Yes, Master

Sara quickly obeyed, her cunt burning. She grabbed her eight inch black vibrator, slid out of her skirt and returned to her laptop. She began pumping it in her soaking wet pussy as she typed.

Submissivemom: I'm fucking myself Master

Makingmommymine: what is your son's name, slut?

Submissivemom: Simon

Makingmommymine: Call me Master Simon, slut.

Sara moaned at the order, the role playing becoming intensely exciting.

Submissivemom: Yes, Master Simon.

Simon smiled at the continual obedience of his mother. He figured he would give her a couple more tasks before going in for the kill.

Makingmommymine: Good, Mommy-slut.

Submissivemom: Thank you, Master.

Makingmommymine: What do you want your son to do to you?

Submissivemom: To make me his mommy-slut

Makingmommymine: What will you do for him?

Submissivemom: Anything.

Makingmommymine: Suck his cock?

Submissivemom: Yes.

Sara imagined being on her knees servicing her son.

Makingmommymine: Take his cock in your cunt?

Submissivemom: God, yes.

Sara's orgasm was building to a climactic peak.

Makingmommymine: How about your ass, Mommy-slut...will you allow your son to fuck your ass?

Sara had never had anal sex...with a man...although she had bought a butt plug that she had worn a couple of times

Submissivemom: I have never done that before.

Makingmommymine: Never? Not even with your finger or a toy?

Simon was fishing for more information about his mother's sexuality

Submissivemom: I have a butt plug and have worn it a couple of times

Makingmommymine: You will wear it all day tomorrow at work

Sara blushed...feeling a bit slutty with the idea that she would be teaching students who would be oblivious to the reality their teacher had a butt plug in her ass.

Submissivemom: Oh my, yes, Master...that is so naughty

Makingmommymine: Master who?

Submissivemom: Master Simon, sorry sir.

Makingmommymine: Go put it in your ass now, Mommy-slut

Submissivemom: BRB

Sara again obeyed without hesitation, even though she was close to orgasm. After grabbing the rarely used butt plug and lube, she returned to her bed and awkwardly put the plug in, creating a brief burn. Grabbing her vibrator, she slid it back in her cunt, creating her own first ever double penetration.

Simon, meanwhile, wondered if his mother would really obey such an order.

Submissivemom: Back.

Makingmommymine: Is the plug in your ass?

Submissivemom: Yes, Master and I have my vibrator back in my cunt.

Simon, dying to know if that was true, decided to push his luck.

Makingmommy mine: Show me!

Sara didn't hesitate; she moved her computer down a bit and awkwardly took a picture of her two holes currently being filled.

Submissivemom: I hope you like, Master.

When the photo arrived, Simon gasped. His mother had obeyed.

Makingmommy mine: Good Mommy-slut. I think you're ready to continue with your seduction of your son.

Although he had originally thought to take a few days to seduce his mother, he decided he was going to fuck his mom tomorrow. Tomorrow was Earth Day and his mother had been a major stickler for following the Earth hour in the evening where all electronics and lights are shut off. Usually, they just used candles and played board games...but Simon had something much better in mind for this year's Earth hour.

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Makingmommy mine: I want you to cum now.

Submissivemom: Yes, Master.

Sara began pumping the vibrator into her fevered cunt as she read her new Master's words.

Makingmommy mine: Tomorrow you are going to submit to your son.

Sara gasped at the confident words.

Makingmommy mine: To become his personal fuck-toy

Makingmommy mine: His mommy-slave.

Makingmommy mine: His mommy-slut.

Sara's orgasm was almost there...the nasty incestuous words bringing her closer to climax.

Makingmommy mine: His mommy-pet.

Makingmommy mine: Come...Mommy...come for Simon...your Master

Sara came when her online Master spoke as if he was her son...making the role play feel so real.

Makingmommy mine: Now my slut...you incest slut...you mommy slut...

Submissivemom: comingggggggggg

Makingmommy mine: Master Simon is happy

Sara kept the role playing up, even as her body continued to tremble.

Submissivemom: Thank you Master Simon...I love you son

Makingmommy mine: Tomorrow is Earth Day

Submissivemom: I know

Makingmommy mine: You will spend your hour without power becoming your son's sex slave

Submissivemom: Oh my

Makingmommy mine: This isn't a suggestion...but an order

Sara was willing to take the risk...if only she knew for sure her son would be okay with it and not freak out.

Submissivemom: How?

Makingmommy mine: A few choices. One is to just drop to your knees and fish his cock out; another is to accidentally land on top of him and see what happens; another is to play truth or dare;

Submissivemom: Truth or dare...that could be fun.

Makingmommy mine: You figure it out, my slut. I need to go. I will be unavailable tomorrow but I expect a full report of your successful seduction on Sunday.

Submissivemom: Okay...but I am very nervous.

Makingmommy mine: Just remember...he wants to fuck you.

Submissivemom: I hope you're right.

Makingmommy mine: Trust me I am.

Submissivemom: Okay.

Makingmommy mine: Now keep that plug in your ass and go give your son a kiss goodnight...that should be a regular thing now.

Submissivemom: Should I put some pussy juice on my lips?

Makingmommy mine: Of course...good night

Submissivemom: Good night Master

Makingmommy mine: Good night Mommy-slut

Sara closed her laptop, put on her panties and robe and, after covering her lips with her juices, headed to Simon's room.

Simon clicked out of chat and started working on his iTunes playlist just as his mother walked into his room.

"What is my adorable son up to?" Sara asked.

Simon joked, playing with his mom, "Just watching porn."

Sara gasped, "Really?"

"I am eighteen," Simon pointed out.

"So you are," Sara said, after getting past the surprise of Simon's reaction, she figured she could use this to her advantage. "I suppose it is nylon porn?"

"Pardon?" Simon asked, surprised right back.

"Oh honey," Sara said, moving to his bed, "I know you have a nylon fetish."

"H-h-how?" Simon stammered, his offensive seduction suddenly now being powered by his mom.

"Oh sweetheart," Sara said, sitting on the edge of his bed, the anal plug going deeper in her ass, trying to push the idea of sex with her as a possibility, "I know that you check out my legs, especially when I'm in nylons."

"You doooooooo?" Simon asked, surprised.

"It's natural," Sara shrugged, before adding, "at least according to that theory you were telling me about yesterday."

Simon, trying to act casual and strong, now that the original shock was now gone, said, "If that is true it is your fault then."

"How so?" Sara asked, with a raised eye brow, while considering just lifting up his sheets and taking his cock in her mouth.

"Well, you always dress so sexy," Simon admitted.

"You find me sexy?" Sara asked, surprised by her son's words.

"Mom, you are the hottest woman I know," Simon answered, which was the truth.

"You need to get out more," Sara said, playfully slapping his shoulder.

"I'd rather stay home with you," Simon smiled, hinting at tomorrow.

"Good," Sara said, "because tomorrow is Earth Day and I was hoping we would spend Earth Hour together."

"I wouldn't want to be anywhere else Mom," Simon replied.

"Great, it's a date," Sara said, then shook her head slightly at how corny she sounded.

"Are you going to dress up then?" Simon joked.

Sara smiled, as she leaned in and kissed him good night, this time allowing her kiss to last just slightly longer than a normal mother-son kiss, "Oh, I will be all dolled up for my man."

"Cool," Simon said, and then chastised himself in his head for sounding like such a moron after having such a suave line before.

"Good night, sweetie," Sara said, leaning in and kissing him again.

Simon this time kissed back briefly as his cock begged for attention.

Sara broke the kiss, turned on by her son's words and lips, "Sorry, honey, I forgot I already gave you a kiss good night."

"I'll take as many kisses as you want to give, Mom," Simon said, as he watched her stand up.

She giggled like a school girl flirting, "That is good to know." As she walked out of his room, leaned against the wall in the hallway, and began rubbing herself, so horny she couldn't wait to return to her room.

Simon, meanwhile, flipped off his sheets, grabbed his raging hard cock and began jerking off. Closing his eyes, he imagined his mom was still in his room, on his bed, as he moaned, "That's it, Mommy, suck your son's cock."

Sara gasped when she heard him.

Simon, oblivious to the audience just outside his door, continued to role play with himself, as he asked, "Does Mommy love her son's cock?"

Sara whispered to herself, "Yes, baby, Mommy loves your cock."

Simon pumped his cock furiously, a moment later ordering, "That's it slut, deep throat your Master's cock."

Sara moaned louder than she meant to as she heard his naughty words, just the thought of her son being her master getting her close to another orgasm.

"I'm going to fuck that cunt and ass of yours, Mommy-slut," Simon groaned a minute later, as he sprayed cum straight up in the air.

"Fuuuuck," Sara whimpered, biting her lip, as her own orgasm shuddered through her while she imagined becoming exactly that, Simon's Mommy-slut.

Both mother and son, recovered from their orgasms, both excited about making their fantasies a reality...both frustrated that it would have to wait until tomorrow.

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Both Simon and Sara were full of both anticipation and trepidation as Earth Hour wasn't until 8:30 pm and being a Saturday, they had all day together.

After breakfast, Sara asked, "So what are your plans today?"

"Write an essay in response to the Oedipus Complex theory," Simon answered, which was actually true.

"And what will your response be?" Sara asked, curious if his paper would be a lot different if tonight went as planned.

"Well, I originally was going to write it from a male point of view only, but after your comments last night, I am going to write it from a new, fresh point of view," Simon answered.

"And what would that be?" Sara asked, genuinely curious.

"The role of mothers either knowingly or unknowingly tempting their sons," Simon revealed.

"It's the mother's fault?" Sara asked with her eyebrow raised, even as she wiggled her stocking-clad feet to entice him.

"I'm not saying that," Simon said. "but if you know your son gets turned on by your beauty, or in my case your legs in nylons, and you continue to flaunt your sexy legs and always wear nylons, like you are doing right now...I think you are definitely to blame for stimulating that theory."

"You think I have sexy legs?" Sara asked smiling.

"God Mom, you are the hottest woman I know. All my friends call you MILF," Simon answered, which was true.

"Really?" Sara asked, flattered by the thought of Simon's teenage friends checking her out.

"Oh Mom, don't pretend you don't know you're hot," Simon accused, thinking they may not make it to the Earth Day hour at this rate.

"Oh, Simon," Sara gushed, squeezing his shoulders as he finished his orange juice. "I can't believe you and your friends think your old hag of a mother is attractive."

"Mom, you are the most beautiful woman I know," Simon said, which again was true.

"You have to say that, you're my son," Sara said, fishing for more compliments.

"No, you are supposed to say I am the handsomest man you know because I am your son and you created me," Simon countered.

"Oh, I love you," Sara said, giving him a big hug from behind.

"I love you too, Mom," Simon replied.

"So do you want to interview me for your essay?" Sara asked, realizing it would be a great opportunity to cross the invisible line once and for all.

"That's a great idea," Simon nodded, unknowingly thinking the exact same thing as his mother. "Let's do that tonight when we are hanging out during Earth hour."

"Great idea," Sara said, "So how about an afternoon movie?"

"Sure," Simon nodded. "Can we do supper out as well?"

"A great idea," Sara nodded.

"And we can dress up," Simon added.

"Should I wear nylons?" Sara asked. Before playfully adding, "I don't want to compound the evidence on your Oedipus Complex theory and my accidental impact on you."

Simon raised an eyebrow, "Is it all accidental?"

Sara shrugged, her smile playful and sexy, "That is for me to know and you to find out."

"Well then you'd better wear nylons, to keep the theory relevant," Simon suggested.

"Yea, sir," Sara agreed, trying to hint at her submissive side.

"Good Mommy," Simon replied, hinting at his dominant side.

An hour later, they were at the mall. Sara was dressed in a blue cocktail dress that barely covered the top of her tan lace thigh high nylons. She was sans bra and panties prepared to seduce him if the opportunity presented itself.

Simon was dressed in black dress pants, a dark blue dress shirt and tie which Sara thought made him extra handsome...a perfect replica of his father.

Simon was hard throughout the movie at the impending prospect of making his mother his pet. Simon pondered whether his mother would go through with it...she had obeyed every task so far and crossed a few inappropriate lines already...but would she cross the final taboo line of no return?

Sara, meanwhile, had problems staying focused on the movie as she imagined the near distant future when she would become her son's slut at last. Could she follow through with the task she was given? Would Simon respond approvingly to her submission? It seemed so, based on their awkward flirting yesterday and again that morning. Yet, once she crossed the line, there was no going back.

At dinner, they chatted about college, work and entertainment. Both of them sensed the tension, as they both avoided the conversations that had dripped with sexuality earlier.

They arrived home at 8:25 and Simon said, "I'll go and get my laptop to save my notes when I interview you."

"Okay, honey," Sara agreed, slipping out of her heels.

Five minutes later, Simon came back down to see his mom, the top of her thigh high stockings in full view, laying on the couch with her eyes closed.

"Is Mom going to sleep during Earth Hour?" Simon teased, the time to cross the final line now at hand.

Opening her eyes, Sara smiled and asked, "Will you give me a foot massage first, sweetheart?" Sara asked, before going all motherly. "Plus, it is Earth Hour...no electronics!"

"Of course," Simon agreed, putting his laptop on the table. He lifted up his mom's stocking-clad legs, sat down and allowed his mom's feet to fall into his lap. As he massaged her feet, he said, "Ready for your interview?"

"Sure, honey," Sara said, loving the feeling of Simon's hands on her feet, as she wondered what it would be like to have him moving his hands up her legs and to her fevered, long ignored pussy.

"Do you believe the Oedipus Complex syndrome is realistic?" Simon asked first.

Sara pondered the question before answering, "Well, the reality is there is no stronger bond than the love between mother and son. Thus, these feelings can naturally feel like more than just platonic love and blur the line."

"What line?" Simon asked.

"Between platonic and romantic love, of course," Sara answered, before adding, "I went online and read about the Oedipus Complex and learned that in many cases the son not only wants to sleep with his mother, but to dominate her sexually."

"Some do believe that," Simon nodded, his already stiff cock flinching in his pants, as he moved his hand to his mom's calf, just the slightest of hints of his interest in being indeed more than platonic.

"Have you ever fantasized of dominating me?" Sara asked, pushing the envelope...knowing this question should answer any last minute doubts she had of her son's interest being more than platonic.

Simon blushed, surprised at the question. Deciding that the risk of the truth being negative was remote after all he had learned, he answered, "Mom, I fantasize about making you my pet every day."

Sara asked, confident he was going to be as willing as she, "And what would that entail?"

Simon replied, "Unconditional obedience."

"Which means?" Sara asked, trying to draw out all his feelings.

"Being my twenty-four seven sexual submissive," Simon answered, putting it all on the table, as his hand slid just under her dress.

"So I would obey you without hesitation?" Sara asked, for clarification, even though she already knew the answer.

"Yes, you would be my Mommy-pet," Simon added, using the term he had used in his earlier chats.

"And you want that, Simon?" Sara asked, her cunt burning with lust...the answer to this question all that was left to make her willing to cross the line and become exactly that...his Mommy-pet.

"Mom, I have wanted you to be my sexual slave, my plaything, my submissive, my pet mommy, all my life," Simon answered, putting all his cards on the table.

"I'll take that as a yes," Sara smiled, lifting her feet off her son and moving onto her knees between her son's legs.

Simon stared at her, his expression one of disbelief, as his fantasy came to fruition. Wanting to make her work for it, even though he had already made his undeniable sexual lust for her obvious, stammered, "M-m-mommy what are you doing?"

Sara thought to herself, 'the little mother-fucker is trying to make me work for it'. She put her hand directly on his cock and said, "Tonight, son, I am your Mommy-slut, and you're my Master."

Even though Simon was confident that he would have his mother tonight, hearing the words out of her mouth was still shocking. He stammered, this time for real, "Y-y-you're sure."

"Baby, I have never been so sure of anything in my whole life," Sara purred, as she outlined his cock with her fingers. "Just tell your Mommy-slut what to do."

His cock was awkwardly positioned inside his pants and he made his first order to his beautiful mother. "Pull out my cock, Mommy-slut."

"Yes, Master," Sara eagerly agreed, her eyes never leaving her son's as she fished out his cock.

"I've fantasized about this for so long," he moaned, as soon as her hand was wrapped around his stiff member.

"Me too, Master," she admitted, as she stroked and stared, his cock even bigger than she had imagined. It was even bigger than her husband's eight inch cock. She cooed, "It's the biggest cock I have ever seen, Master."

"Too big for you to handle?" he asked, his girlfriend Kim never able to take it all in her mouth.

"Only one way to find out" she smiled playfully up at him as she leaned forward and took his cock in her mouth.

"Oh, God," Simon moaned, the sensation of her lips wrapped around his cock amazing and surreal. Years of fantasy culminating into a shocking reality that was too good to be true.

She couldn't believe she had her son's cock in her mouth. She wanted to be a good slut, even better than his girlfriend Kim. She swirled her tongue around his mushroom top, teasing him like she had her husband.

He moaned in awe while looking down and watching his mother with his cock in her mouth.

Sara slowly took more of Simon's big cock in her mouth, intently determined to take all nine inches in her mouth, even though she had never had more than eight in the past. Hearing the soft moans from her son only enhanced her eagerness as each downward bob took more and more of his cock in her mouth. After a couple of minutes she was bobbing up and down on over six inches, eager to eventually take in all nine inches in her mouth.

Simon moaned, Kim just bobbed back and forth taking only a couple of inches in her mouth before wanting to get fucked. But his mom was treating his cock with focused attention and Simon knew he wasn't going to last much longer. He warned, "I'm going to come soon, Mommy-slut."

Sara wanting to taste his cum, wanting to swallow his full load, and still wanting to devour all nine inches in her mouth, began bobbing faster. She had over seven inches in her mouth when he grunted and unloaded an excessive load of his cum into her mouth.

She continued bobbing, swallowing every drop of his sweet seed.

Simon had his best orgasm ever and couldn't believe how the pleasure continued to course through him as his mom continued servicing his cock.

She finally took his cock out of her mouth and said, wanting to stay in the role of submissive, "Thank you, Master."

"Get undressed, Mommy-slut," Simon ordered, another fantasy of his to see in the flesh those voluptuous tits that she had showcased so well in her tight teasing outfits all these years.

"You want to see Mommy's tits?" Sara asked playfully, as she stood up.

"I want to see all my new playthings," Simon responded, enjoying playing the role of dominant, in charge man.

"Mmmmmmmmm," Sara purred, as she took her dress off, allowing her son to see her erect nipples, big tits and shaved pussy.

Simon smiled, "Delicious, even better than I could have imagined."

Cupping her tits together, she offered, "Well Master, they are yours to play with as you wish."

"And I love that shaved cunt of yours, Mommy-slut," Simon added, wondering what it would taste like.

"It's yours too, Master," she replied, giving, without hesitation, her body, mind and soul to him.

"I want you to fuck yourself Mommy-slut, but be creative, you can't use your fingers or toys," Simon said, wanting to see just how slutty his mother could be.

Sara loved just how naughty her son thought, but decided to outwit him, as she walked over to him, straddled him and lowered herself onto his cock.

"Hey!" Simon protested. "That is cheating."

"It's not a toy or my fingers," the sly mother pointed out, leaning forward so her tits were in his face.

"Fair enough," Simon chuckled, the feeling of his mom riding him another fantasy come true. He sucked and nibbled on his mother's big tits as she slowly rode him.

Sara was in utter euphoria as she enjoyed just slowly riding his cock. A real cock inside her felt amazing and she couldn't fathom how she had allowed herself to have gone so long without it.

After a few minutes of slow riding, Simon quit playing with his mom's tits and ordered, "On the couch and spread your legs, Mommy-slut."

"You don't like your mommy-slut riding you?" Sara pouted teasingly.

"Oh Mother, you will be riding it daily, but I have bigger plans for you tonight," he answered, as she got off his cock.

"How long have you been planning this night?" Sara asked.

"Since I understood I had a cock and you a cunt," he answered truthfully, before adding, "but the plan really took off when I fixed your computer."

"Pardon?" she asked, shocked by his words.

"Mom, I know all about your online activity," he revealed. "I assumed you wanted me to find out when you gave me your computer."

"Oh God!" Sara gasped, suddenly embarrassed, which was rather ludicrous considering she had just swallowed a load of her son's cum.

"Kimlovescunt and MasterJohn," Simon listed off. "Very intriguing reading."

"Y-y-you read those?" Sara asked, stunned.

"They were very hot. But the most interesting one was makingmommymine," Simon revealed.

Sara was shocked, briefly angry that he had violated her privacy, but then it quickly dissipated at the realization that it had led to this. So she responded, "So you took advantage of your mother's sexual secrets to make her your slut?"

"Is that wrong?" he asked innocently.

"Is this wrong?" she asked, grinning, dropping back to her knees and taking his cock back in her mouth.

"Some would say it is sick, twisted, immoral and illegal," he answered, as he grabbed her head and began fucking her face. "But I would say it is the most natural thing in the world."

After a few deep throat thrusts, that she handled with only a slight gag, he pulled out, and looking down at his beautiful, submissive, mother, added, "By the way, I'm makingmommymine."

"No!" Sara gasped again. As the full breadth of how she was played and manipulated came to light.

"And you're submissivemom," Simon added.

"That I am," she smiled, figuring how she was manipulated not really relevant considering she choose to obey.

"It was pretty hot when you kissed me with your pussy juice on your lips," he added. "You are a very bad, bad Mommy."

Sara was somehow even more turned on at the thought that her son had orchestrated all this. She asked, talking all sexy and pouty, looking up at her Master, "Are you going to punish your bad

Mommy?"

"On the couch and spread those legs, Mommy-slut," he repeated the order that had been delayed with his revelations.

"Yes, Master," she agreed, getting up, sitting on the couch and spreading her legs as wide as she could.

"I'll be right back," he said, a nasty plan popping into his head.

She watched him walk away, curious what her deviant son had in mind. Her cunt was burning for attention and her mind was spinning with consequence.

He returned with her phone.

She looked at him perplexed as he walked over to her and without a word slid the phone inside her cunt. "Whaaaaat are you doing?" Sara asked, surprised again.

"Putting a phone in your cunt," he answered, taking her question literally.

"But why?" she asked, wanting his cock in her badly.

"You'll see," he smiled as he grabbed his phone from the table.

Sara instantly realized what he was about to do. Seconds later her phone started ringing and vibrating inside her. She moaned loudly, "Ohhhhhh."

"Ohhhh what?" he asked.

"Ohhhh you dirty boy," she teased, as the strange pleasure vibrated inside her.

After a couple more rings, he asked, "Are you going to get that?"

Sara moaned, as her orgasm began to rise, "No, I think I'll just let it ring and ring."

Simon watched, knowing his mom was close before hanging up.

"Nooooo," she whimpered, frustrated at how close she was to an orgasm.

He said, his tone suddenly firm, "Mommy-sluts only come when given permission. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master," she reluctantly agreed, turned on by her son's dominant persona, but frustrated at his not letting her cum.

Simon put his phone down and was coming to get the phone in Sara's cunt when it began ringing again.

"You tease," she moaned.

"That isn't me," he admitted as he laughed.

"Should I get it?" she asked, the vibrations again building her long needed orgasm.

"I think you should," he answered. "It may be someone important."

"I'm with the most important person in my world," Sara replied, trying to delay answering the phone call.

"Answer it!" he ordered.

She awkwardly pulled the phone out of her cunt. When it was out she couldn't believe how sticky with cum it was. She looked at him and said, "It's wet."

"Answer it!" he repeated.

Looking at the number she gasped, "It's nana."

"Answer it!" Simon demanded.

"Fine," she said, pressing answer. "Hi, Mother."

Simon immediately moved to his mother and buried his face in her very wet cunt.

Glenda, Sara's mother, responded, "Hi, honey. What's new?"

She wanted to answer, 'I just became a Mommy-slut for your grandson', but instead replied, "Not much, just spending a pleasant evening home alone with Simon."

"You really need to get out and find a man," Glenda scoffed.

Sara sighed, as it was the same thing she heard from her mother every time they talked. "Mom, I found a man."

"You did?" Glenda asked, surprised as usually the response by her daughter was negative.

"Yes, he is perfect," Sara replied, holding in a moan as her perfect man licked her pussy. "Actually, I think you would really like him."

"That is great," Glenda said, pleased to hear her daughter was happy. "Where did you meet him?"

Simon listened intently to the conversation between his mother and nana as he licked his mom's cunt. As expected, she was delicious and he imagined this would be a regular snack of his from now on.

"Oh, I have known him for a long tiiiime," Sara answered, Simon's tongue a constant distraction.

"Are you okay, dear?" Glenda asked, sensing her daughter sounded strange.

"Yes, Simon and I are just playing a game of chess," Sara lied, a game that was a staple in their family since she was a child.

"Don't let him get your queen," Glenda stressed, believing it was the key piece to victory.

"Ooooh, he already has it," Sara moaned, unable to hold it in as her orgasm built from Simon's impressive tongue work.

Simon spoke up, "Mom, you're just a pawn to me now."

Sara blushed as Glenda asked, "What did he say?"

"Oh he's talking trash because he is winnniiiiing," Sara whimpered, her orgasm about to explode.

Simon, his cock rock hard, moved up and in one hard deep thrust filled his mom's cunt, as he quipped, "Here's my king."

"Aaaaaaah," Sara moaned loudly, into the phone.

Glenda was concerned by her daughter's strange behaviour. The last sound sounded more like a sexual moan than anything else. Yet. That was absurd if she was with Simon. "Honey, what's wrong?"

Simon continued slamming into her, reveling in the ultimate power he had over her. His nana, a former Miss Alabama, was a beautiful woman too and the thought of adding her to his incest slut collection suddenly popped into his head.

Sara tried to speak normally, even as her orgasm grew, "N-n-nothng, just about to lose to Simon."

"Well, he is good at chess," Glenda said, still finding the conversation strange.

"He is a master at the game," Sara quipped, looking directly at Simon who was slamming into her, filling her with all nine inches of his cock.

Simon continued fucking her until he suddenly pulled out, lowered himself slightly, and slammed his cock into her ass without warning.

"Mother fuckeeeeeer," Sara screamed, as her ass was filled with cock.

"What the hell?" Glenda gasped, at her daughter's language.

"Checkmate," Simon announced, as he flicked her clit with his finger while all nine inches filled her ass.

"S-s-sorry, Mother," Sara stammered, as Simon pounded her ass. "I just lost the game."

"Well that is terrible language to use in front of your child," Glenda scolded.

Sara said, "Mom, I've got to go. We can chat more tomorrow."

"Okay, honey," Glenda answered, although Sara had already hung up...or so she thought.

"You are a bad, bad boooooy," Sara scolded playfully, loving the feeling of a cock in her ass.

"You called me a mother fucker on the phone with nana," Simon pointed out, amused.

Glenda couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her daughter was fucking her grandson. Yet, she didn't hang up, she didn't speak, she listened in voyeuristic awe, her own long neglected cunt getting wet as all the strange sounds Sara had made earlier suddenly made sense.

"You are a mother fuckeeer," Sara pointed out, the double pleasure of a cock in her ass and the constant flicking on her clit making her delirious.

"Come, my Mommy-slut," Simon ordered. "Come like the ass slut you are."

Glenda's hand went mindlessly to her cunt as she listened to the incestuous act. Her husband dead seven years, her last date over a year ago, her last cock over two years, the taboo act was a surprising turn on.

Permission granted, the invisible barrier that had held Sara's orgasm at bay disappeared and the most intense, pleasure to ever cascade through her hit her in rolling waves.

"Yeeeees, Masteeer," Sara screamed, "I love your coooooock in my fuck holes."

Glenda flashed back to her husband and his dominant behaviour. He was her master for over thirty years and her his submissive slut. How she longed to be dominated, treated like a slut and used as a fuck toy again.

Simon intensely watched Sara's facial expressions of euphoria as he continued to slam his cock into her amazingly tight ass.

"Oh fucking fuck-fuck, mommy's comiiiiing," Sara babbled, wave after wave of pleasure flowing through her.

Glenda's fingers furiously rubbed her clit as she imagined her grandson fucking her.

Simon asked, "Where does Mommy-slut want her Master's cum?"

"In my ass," Sara answered, having never felt a man come in her ass.

"Beg for it, slut," Simon ordered.

"Oh God Master, fill Mommy's ass with your cum," Sara begged, a surprising second orgasm beginning to build in her even though the first hadn't completely ended.

Glenda grabbed the rolling pin that was on the kitchen table for the cookies she had just made and slid the small handle inside her cunt. Her husband loved to watch her fuck herself with crazy objects, so this wasn't the first time she was intimate with a rolling pin. Closing her eyes, she relived her days as a submissive slut, imagining it was her being used.

"Or how about I cum all over your pretty face and send a picture of her slut daughter to nana?" Simon asked.

"You'd fuck her too if given the chance wouldn't you?" Sara asked, trying to enhance the naughtiness of their first night of incest.

Glenda's orgasm was close already from fucking herself with the rolling pin, but hearing her daughter and grandson talk about her had her near an orgasmic apocalypse.

"I'd make her my nana-slut and take all three of her fuck holes," Simon answered, the idea suddenly super-hot.

Glenda's orgasm hit her with the hot intensity of a thousand suns as she imagined her grandson making her his nana-slut.

"Does the Oedipus Complex count for nanas too?" Sara smiled.

"I imagine it does," Simon laughed, as his second orgasm of the night got close. He added, "Of course, I would make my two incest sluts eat each other's cunts."

"Hmmmm, you are such a naughty boy," Sara teased, the idea of eating her mother's pussy popping into her head for the first time.

"A mother fucker," Simon corrected.

"A nana fucker," Sara teased.

Glenda continued to be stunned by what she was hearing, the thought of eating out her daughter suddenly a vivid image in her mind. She had many times eaten pussy for master at parties, swinger's clubs or threesomes at their home.

"Here it comes," Simon grunted, as he deposited a load of his cum in his mom's ass.

"Oh yes, baby," Sara moaned, loving the feeling of cum exploding in her, as she moved her hand to her clit and began rubbing frantically.

Glenda pulled the makeshift fuck toy out of her cunt and pondered the shocking revelations as she continued to eavesdrop.

"Master, may I come again?" Sara asked, her second orgasm close

"Will you help me make nana my slut?" Simon asked, still fucking his mom's ass, albeit slower.

"I'll do whatever master orders me to," Sara answered, meaning it. The idea of seeing her overbearing perfect mother getting ass fucked enhancing her rising orgasm.

"So you'll eat nana's cunt?" Simon questioned.

"I'll eat her asshole after you come inside it," Sara answered, trying to make it as dirty as possible.

"Come again, Mommy-slut," Simon ordered. "Come while thinking about making nana your cunt licking slave."

Sara moaned loudly as she rubbed her clit furiously at the idea of her mother as her pet slut.

Glenda, meanwhile, couldn't believe the incestuous act her daughter had committed, or the reality that she herself had just got off intensely listening to it, nor could she believe they both were conspiring to add her to their morally wrong act. Yet...her cunt was still leaking cum as she imagined indeed being her grandson's nana-slut and her daughter's mommy-slut.

"Oh God, oh God, fuuuuck," Sara screamed as her second, although smaller, orgasm hit her.

Simon, pulled out, and said, suddenly tender, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, son," Sara weakly responded, her body drained from the act of ultimate submission.

Glenda clicked end on her cell and then without thinking about it texted:

I'm flying into Boston next weekend to come and visit for a couple of weeks.

Sara's phone buzzed indicating she had a text, and Simon grabbed the phone.

"Holy shit," Simon said amused, amazed at the timing of the text.

"What?" she asked curious.

"Nana is coming to town next weekend," he answered.

"No way," she said, not believing it.

Simon handed her the phone and said, "I think the incest Gods are on my side."

Sara laughed, as she read the text, "It seems they are."

She texted back, putting a lot of innuendo in the text that her mother wouldn't catch on to:

Great to hear you are coming, Mom. You really don't come enough. Simon will be thrilled to know you are coming too. Remember it is the rainy season here so you may get very wet.

After sending it, Sara showed it to Simon who laughed, "You're a very bad girl."

"Maybe you should discipline me," Sara suggested.

Glenda read the text and saw her daughter's naughty innuendo. She went to the fridge, grabbed a nice long thick cucumber and headed to her bedroom for another orgasm.

Simon leaned in and kissed her softly. He then said, "Best Earth Hour ever."

Looking at the clock, she chuckled, "And with a minute to spare."

Simon moved up and offered his cock to his mother, "Well, we can't have that!"

Sara smiled, "How many times can you fire that loaded weapon?"

"A dozen," he shrugged.

Sara said, before taking his cock in her mouth, "You know, Earth Hour is just starting in the Mountain Time Zone."

"And then it will be another Earth Hour in the Pacific time zone," Simon chuckled.

Sara added, before taking her son's cock back in her mouth, not remotely phased that it had last been in her ass, "Plus, you still have one more fuck hole to cum in."

The end