

# MANIPULATING MOMMY

***silkstockingslover***

*A rebel son uses scripture to seduce his conservative Mother.*

Incest/Taboo

4.51

7k words

**Summary:** A rebel son uses scripture to seduce his conservative Mother

**Note 1:** This story was requested in the story ideas thread on Literotica and it is dedicated to **Mike**.

**Note 2:** Thanks to **KatieTay** and **MAB7991** for the copy-editing and LaRascasse for his plot suggestions.

**WARNING: The story uses scripture from the Bible for perverse means...if such a sinful plan offends you please read no further.**

## Manipulating Mommy

Did you ever watch the movie 'Footloose'? Either version works for my point, as in both versions of the movie, the main character, who is a girl, rebels against her overpowering preacher Father and questions her own faith.

Well at eighteen, living in a crazy world and watching my own Father unable to practice what he preaches in regards of how he raises his son, me, or how he treats my very obedient mother. I too, like the girl in the movie, had lost faith.

I was angry at losing my grandmother prematurely, who I loved more than anything else. Angry at a Father who believed the Bible was his to use to manipulate people as he wished. It wasn't that I didn't believe in God, because I did and do, but I didn't believe my Father's version.

I was sixteen when I first realized how my dad manipulated scripture. Now don't get me wrong I had listened to many sermons and saw how he played with the content to get his point across, but the underlying truth was always still the truth. We were at supper and my mom was standing up for me after my report card came home and it was not up to my Father's 'all-mighty' standards.

Mom defended, "Bill, he is a good student; he just struggles with the math."

My Father, whose rage could go from zero to ten on the Richter scale in a heartbeat, snapped, "Stop defending him, Erin."

"But...." Mom began, but was interrupted by the most pretentious and absurd thing I had ever seen.

My Father actually quoted scripture. "I Corinthians 14:34, Women should remain silent in the churches. They are not allowed to speak, but must be in submission, as the law says. If they want to inquire about something, they should ask their own husbands at home; for it is disgraceful for a woman to speak in the church. And this home is our church is it not?"

Mom nodded submissively.

Dad continued, "I am the man of this house and you Erin are my wife. Ephesians 5:22 Wives, submit to your own husbands, as to the Lord."

Mom instantly stopped, being loyal to the lord and taking every word of the Bible as the gospel, regardless of how it was manipulated. Mom was an innocent virgin when dad met her in college and according to them neither had sex until their wedding day...something I would not be able to follow as I lost my virginity at prom to Carrie in the bathroom of Joey's house...romantic it wasn't....

Turning to me with fiery in his eyes, he quoted scripture to me as well. "Proverbs 22:6 Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

At the time I was still too young to stand-up to my powerful preacher Father, but that was the moment when I started questioning everything. I just remained silent as my Father lambasted my lack of effort and how in his day blah blah blah as I tuned him out, like I had become gifted at doing over the years from the lectures of how I was not good enough.

Two years later, I was ready to explode myself. Two more years of watching my mother be a door mat to my Father and I was at the point that I resented my mother just as much for having no backbone, just as much as I did my Father.

With dad gone for a month, gone down south to be a guest preacher, mom and I were home alone. The first day dad was gone, I came home late drunk out of my mind and was startled to see mom waiting up for me.

"You are in such big trouble young man," she said, her facial expression a mixture of relief that I was home and anger that I had kept her up worrying.

"Sorry, I lost track of time," I apologized, with a slight slur.

"You are grounded," she said.

"I am 18, Mother," I countered, stating the obvious.

"As long as you live in this house you will abide by our rules," she said, showing a strength she never showed to daddy dearest.

Wanting to get off the hook, I racked my brain for ideas. Maybe it was my drunkenness combined with years of bible study, but an idea formed. Using the same authoritative voice as my Father, I said "Matthew 11, all things have been committed to me by my Father. No one knows the Son except the Father."

"What?" Mom asked, clearly confused by my quoting of scripture.

"Well, in modern terms, when dad is gone, the son is the man of the house," I explained.

"But...."

Cutting Mom off like my Father would do, and encouraged by the shift in power, I continued the scripture assault. "Titus. Remind them to be submissive to rulers and authorities, to be obedient, to be ready to obey the son." I reworded the last few words but was confident mom wouldn't catch on...she didn't.

"Well, I suppose you are right," she said, her tone changing from the earlier anger to her usual obedient tone with my Father.

"Good night, Mom," I said, kissing her on the cheek and heading to bed pondering how well that went.

In bed, drunk and horny after not getting any, I began jerking off. My eyes closed, I began fantasizing about Mom sucking my cock. Mom was a very pretty woman, with large breasts, and great legs. As a preacher's wife, image was everything and she always looked amazing whether in public or at home. She worked out every day, always dressed professional, and always wore pantyhose which was probably why I had a major pantyhose fetish. I convinced Carrie to wear pantyhose for me at prom, but otherwise she just thought my fetish weird. As I pumped my cock faster a naughty plan suddenly popped into my head. Originally I thought I would just use scripture to get a later curfew or out of chores, but a much more subversive idea popped into my head... I was going to seduce my mother. Imagining my mother obeying me was too much and I shot a load all over myself. As I drifted into slumber, I tried to remember which scripture included instructions of worship.

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The next morning, well almost afternoon I slept in so late, I recalled last night, and I smiled at my devious thoughts. My cock instantly became stiff in my underwear and instead of getting dressed like I usually would when I went for breakfast, I sauntered downstairs in only my underwear which did not remotely hide my current state of arousal.

Mom was in the kitchen reading the newspaper in her usual long skirt, beige pantyhose her stocking-clad feet only making my erection flinch begging for release. "Good morning, Mommy," I greeted, using the more ludicrous term of endearment.

Mom looked up and her mouth dropped. "Jack what are you doing? Get dressed this instant."

I noticed she took a double take down below at my erection which only assisted in building more confidence for me to proceed with my plan.

"Mom," I smiled, "Genesis 2 and they were both naked, man and woman, and were not ashamed." I changed his wife to woman, but I was confident such a small change wouldn't be noticed by Mom.

"Yes, but," Mom began, again rattled by the scripture defense.

I continued, "If anything Mom, you are probably overdressed. Do you think God ever really intended us to cover ourselves so fully. If anything he suggested the bare minimum. Genesis 3, then the eyes of both were opened and they realized that they were naked; so they sewed fig leaves together and made coverings for themselves. As you can see Mommy, our bodies were meant to be seen as the beautiful things God created." I was amazed at how much scripture I had stuffed in the hidden crevices of my brain...I guess after 18 years of listening to my Father and Bible study I retained way more than I thought.

Clearly she was overwhelmed as she tried weakly to argue. "But, that was two...."

"Mommy, you are not questioning our Lord are you?" I questioned, confident this would end her resistance.

"No!" she exclaimed, as expected.

"Good, Mommy," I said, moving to her and massaging gently her very tight shoulders. "Mom you are tense. Clearly not having Father home to make your decisions for you has brought a heavy burden on you."

"It's not that," Mom began to protest my assessment.

"It's ok Mom. With Dad gone, I will replace him in the role of man in this household. Is that understood?" I asked, my hands gently massaging my stiff as a board Mother.

She whispered like the obedient woman she was. "Yes, Jack."

"Good, Mommy," I said, trying to reward her with approval each time she was good...like a puppy per say.

"Now I think we need to take you shopping for some new clothes, don't you think?"

"I don't know," Mom replied, clearly overwhelmed by what had just transpired.

"It was a rhetorical question Mother," I replied. "I am the man of the house now and my decision is final, is that understood?"

Noticing my tone of finality, a gift I had inherited from my Father, she whispered in agreement. "Yes."

"Good, now make me some scrambled eggs and bacon while I go shower," I ordered, leaving her still sitting and in a state of utter bewilderment.

In the shower I resisted my desire to shoot my load at how successful I just controlled my Mother. Once out of the shower I called Carrie, "Carrie can you meet me at the mall in an hour?"

"Probably, what's up?" she asked.

"Believe it or not, Mom wants to buy some new clothes that are from this century," I answered.

"Really?" Carrie asked, surprised. She had met my Mother and knew how conservative she was.

"Yep. Dad is out of town for a month and Mom figured it was a good time to try something modern."

"I wouldn't miss that for anything," Carrie said. Carrie had commented numerous times, how she couldn't figure out how an average looking man like my Father got a looker like my Mother. Carrie was not a lesbian, having had sex with me and everything, but being a cheerleader she had also played the other side on occasion.

"See you at Forever 21," I set up.

"Oh, this is going to be priceless," she said amused.

"Like the MasterCard commercial," I quipped.

I went back downstairs and my breakfast was on the table as expected with a glass of orange juice too.

"Thanks Mom, this is perfect," I complimented.

"You're welcome," she replied.

I started eating as Mom cleaned up the dishes. "Mom, we will head out as soon as I am done eating."

"Ok," she agreed, although her tone still implied she was resistant.

Twenty minutes later we were on our way to the mall. Silence lingered with intensity as I was giddy with excitement and Mom was sweating with trepidation. Traffic and construction actually got us to the mall a little late, but when we got to Forever 21 Mom saw Carrie and asked mortified, "Carrie is joining us?"

"Of course" I answered, "We need a female's opinion of what is hip. I am not really known for my fashion sense."

Mom showing a quick wit I seldom saw from her quipped, "If that isn't the truth."

Carrie was dressed in a sexy coloured sundress. As always she looked both sexy and cute, a mix that few girls could pull off. I think it was the glasses which somehow made her nerd hot if that makes any sense, even though she was definitely not a nerd.

"Hi, Mrs. Hamilton," Carrie greeted, her smile melting even the coldest of hearts.

"Hi, Carrie, you look lovely today," Mom replied.

"Thank you, Mrs. Hamilton. I hear we are helping you get a new wardrobe."

"Yes, your boyfriend seems to think my look is a bit outdated," Mom answered, feigning like it wasn't a big deal.

"The 1950s called, they want their wardrobe back," I joked.

Mom hit me playfully. Out in public, away from the strict arm of my Father, she was a different woman...one I liked so much more.

Carrie asked, "Shall we?"

"We shall," I answered, grabbing Mom's hand and leading her into a store aimed at girls not old enough to legally drink.

Mom didn't pull her hand away and allowed me to lead her into the store.

We followed Carrie and soon she was rifling through clothing like a woman obsessed. She stopped, a bunch of items in her hands, and looked over to Mom. "36C?" she asked.

"Yes," Mom said, both impressed and embarrassed.

Carrie returned to her clothes hunting for another minute before instructing. "Mrs. Hamilton, follow me."

"You can call me Erin," Mom offered.

"Well Erin follow me," Carrie smiled leading Mom to a changing room.

I followed too, curious as hell to what Carrie had grabbed for her.

Mom stood outside the room as Carrie organized the outfits. "Ok," Carrie began, so organized like she was when leading the cheerleaders on a cheer. "Let's start with a couple sexier, but still conservative outfits."

"Ok," Mom said, taking the red blouse and black skirt from Carrie.

Once Mom disappeared into the dressing room Carrie whispered, "This is going to be so much fun."

"She isn't a Barbie," I joked.

"Oh that is exactly what she is. A real living Barbie," Carrie disagreed.

Mom came out a moment later looking better than I had ever seen her. The red blouse although not slutty was considerably tighter than anything Mom usually wore and showed every curve of her ample breasts. The pencil skirt she wore although long still showcased her still hourglass figure at the hips. Any doubts I had of my plan faded the moment Carrie began playing Barbie with Mom.

"Wow!" I exclaimed.

Carrie added, "You look like a MILF."

"A what?" My innocent Mom asked.

"A Mother I would like to," I answered.

"Fuck," Carrie finished, seemingly much more comfortable to be frank than I was still.

"Oh my," Mom blushed beet red.

"Take a look for yourself," Carrie suggested, pointing to the mirror.

Mom turned and froze. Before repeating the words, "Oh my."

"Oh my indeed," Carrie said, her tone just hinting at sultry. "And this is the most conservative of the outfits."

"Really?" Mom asked, still staring at herself in the mirror.

Carrie put her hand on Mom's back and said, "Try this one."

Mom grabbed the outfit, rather obediently, and returned to the dressing room.

Carrie said, "Ohhhh, I got an idea," and left before I could find out what it was.

Mom called out, just as Carrie returned, "I can't come out dressed in this."

Carrie asked, "Are you already wearing the outfit?"

"Yes, but it is too short," Mom countered.

I called back. "Corinthians. Do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit, who is in you, whom you have received from God? In other words Mom, God created you and your body so you should never be ashamed of it."

Carrie looked at me with a confused what-the-fuck look, but I just shrugged and smiled. A moment later the door opened, Mom came out dressed in a plaid skirt, a white blouse and a red jacket.

"Wow," I gasped, my Mom had transformed into a hot school girl.

"You just took ten years off your age in this one, Erin," Carrie complimented.

Mom stared at herself in the mirror as if looking at a complete stranger. "I would be shunned from our church community," Mom said, although she continued admiring herself.

Carrie countered, "Or you will be the envy of all."

I could tell Mom was conflicted. She clearly liked how she looked, but being the wife of a Minister, to her this was clearly pushing the boundaries of propriety.

I added, "Mom, God created you in his likeness and wouldn't want you to hide what he created."

"I suppose so," she said, my rational all she needed to accept her transformation.

"Here is another outfit, Erin," Carrie said, handing her what looked like a simple black dress. As Mom disappeared into the room, Carrie added, "This next one is for you."

"How so?" I asked.

"You will see," she smiled, as she disappeared for a minute.

Carrie returned with a pair of black thigh highs in her hand. "You are trying to fuck your Mom, right?"

"Oh my God," I gasped at her frankness.

"And using 'his' words to make it happen," she smiled, as she reached over to rub my stiff cock through my pants.

"Well, I," I struggled to answer, rattled by both her hand on my cock and her catching on to my plan.

"It's ok," she smiled, "as long as you understand I plan to make her lick me as well."

"You naughty lesbian," I teased.

"I am a naughty bisexual," she corrected.

Mom called out, "This barely keeps my breasts in."

Carrie knocked on the door. "Let me in Erin."

"Ok," Mom replied, tentatively.

I watched Carrie turn to me, wink and disappear into the room with my naive Mother. I heard Carrie compliment "Wow, Erin. I hope I look half this good when I am your age."

"You are so sweet," Mom replied.

"But you are missing one last piece of clothing," Carrie said.

"What would that be?" Mom asked, I heard clearly, as I now was at the door eve-dropping on their conversation.

"Stockings," she said.

"I am wearing pantyhose," Mom countered.

"I know. They are always beige. You need some color and a little spice," Carrie said, her tone flirty.

There was a brief silence before Mom said, "Oh my, these are not pantyhose."

Carrie laughed as she came back out of the room. She mouthed, "This is too easy."

Mom came out, her face slightly flushed, in a sexy black cocktail dress. The black thigh highs seemed to shine, although the dress was just long enough to hide her naughty stocking tops. Although I assumed if she sat down her secret would be revealed to all.

"Wow, Mom, you look radiant," I complimented, adding "You are literally glowing."

"Really?" Mom asked, again staring at an image of herself in the mirror she didn't recognize.

"Absolutely," Carrie added.

A few more outfits which included the tightest jeans in the history of mankind, a leather skirt, another dress, a couple tight blouses, some cute panties and three pairs of different colored stockings. My cock was about to explode by the time we had finished getting Mom her new wardrobe.

Carrie insisted that Mom also needed new shoes for her outfits. An hour later, Mom had purchased a four inch pair of heels, a three inch pair of open-toe shoes and a pair of black boots that went almost to her knee. Carrie was a miracle worker...she had literally played real life Barbie with my Mother.

Carrie hugged me goodbye and not wanting my Mom to hear whispered in my ear, "You have one day, stud. Then she is mine."

"You think you can get her?" I asked.

"Is that a challenge?" she asked.

"I guess it is," I countered.

"Tomorrow, I will have her eating pussy," Carrie promised, squeezing my cock slyly

"Tonight I will be fucking her," I promised back.

Carrie let my cock go and headed over to Mom, giving her a lengthy hug.

I smiled as I considered my plan.

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When we got home I asked Mom. "Do you know what it says in Timothy, Mommy?"

"Of course I do," she replied, offended that I would question her knowledge of the Word.



"Well, I will repeat it to refresh your memory, anyway. I do not permit a woman to teach or to assume authority over a man;[b] she must be quiet."

"Yes," she agreed.

"Well, Carrie doesn't understand this."

Mom chuckled, "Yes, she is a very independent woman."

"And she has been tempting me to commit a sin," I said, adding, "I don't think I can resist the temptation much longer."

"You must resist the temptation, Jack," Mom said, in her usual wife-of-a-Minister kind of way.

In a flash of inspiration, I said, "A pious mother must ensure with vigilance that her son's body does not become unclean. Doesn't that mean you should help me?"

"I suppose so," Mom said, considering my logic.

"So I need to be cleansed and have the sin washed off of me," I suggested.

"Yes, you do," Mom said, agreeing completely.

"I need you to wash away my sin, Mom," I announced.

"But you are my son," she pointed out.

"But right now I am head of the house and you do recall John 2?"

"Of course," Mom replied.

"Do whatever he tells you," I reminded her.

"Fine. You're right, it does," Mom said. "How can I help cleanse you?"

I said, "Follow me, Mommy."

She did and once in the bathroom she asked, "So how do we do this?"

I turned the shower on and started undressing.

"I guess you can come into the shower with me? That way we'll avoid getting water everywhere."

Mom nodded as if this was a rational solution. "Get in the shower while I get prepared," she said while her eyes were looking anywhere but at me.

"Sure, Mom," I replied, hopping into the shower.

A minute later Mom joined me in the shower wearing a night gown.

I gave her a look, but she explained. "You silly boy, we can't be naked together like that, it wouldn't be right." Oblivious to the fact that the sheer white material had become immediately completely transparent once she had stepped into the spray of the shower.

I handed Mom the soap and asked, "Please wash away my sin, Mommy."

She took the soap and soaped me up, diligently avoiding my dick as it jut out between us. After a couple of minutes, I instructed, "All over, mom."

Mom hesitated briefly before putting the washcloth where I wanted. Almost immediately, I shot my cum all over her night gown.

"Jack! Remember the story of Onan, you mustn't spill your seed!"

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help it, but you saved me from sin," I said, hugging her.

"Well, try to be more careful, this is serious!" Mom replied, ignoring my cock so close to her vagina and my body crushed into her wet breasts.

Mom left the shower and I smiled knowing I would fuck my Mom tonight.

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Once out of the shower, I got dressed all nice and went downstairs preparing to execute the next part of my plan. Mom was dressed in her usual conservative attire making supper.

"You look handsome," Mom said. "Where are you going tonight?"

"Nowhere," I said, "Just spending the night in with my Mom. But I thought we should dress-up and have a nice supper."

"Really?" Mom asked, "You haven't done that in ages, I can't even remember when the last time was."

"Now go get dressed in one of the outfits Carrie chose for you today," I suggested.

"No, that is silly," she protested.

"No, it is not. How often do we get to just relax and spend time together," I asked.

"Well," she hesitated.

I knew I had her as I added, "And where some of those new stockings."

"But...." she protested.

"Remember, John 17?" I asked.

"Of course," Mom said, stirring the spaghetti.

"Glorify your Son that the Son may glorify you," I quoted.

"Yes, I suppose," she said, wavering.

"Go get dressed now, Mother," I instructed. "'I will keep an eye on dinner while you get dressed.'"

"Ok," she said, rationalizing to herself. "It will be nice to dress up for once."

"Agreed," I smiled, taking the wooden spoon from Mom.

She went upstairs and I smiled as my plan slowly was nearing its final stage.

I had both our meals prepared and filled a glass of wine poured for each of us when she returned down stairs. She had chosen the leather skirt, black thigh highs and red blouse and she even had on the black boots. She looked amazing.

She said shyly, "Your dad would die if he saw me in this."

I complimented. "Maybe, but Mom you look utterly amazing."

"Thanks, Jack," she smiled, seeing I had set the table. "How nice."

"Only the best for you, Mom," I smiled back, pulling out her chair for her.

"You are such a good son," Mom said, sitting down.

"I am here to glorify you, Mom, like the Bible says," I added, giving her a gentle squeeze on her shoulders.

"And I will glorify you as well," she smiled back, unaware just how true her statement was about to be.

"I plan to keep you to your word on that, Mommy," I said, sitting down myself.

We had a pleasant dinner in which Mom had two glasses of wine as if subconsciously she knew she was about to sin.

I had three myself and once dinner was done I said, "Mom, did I tell you we were going out tonight?"

"We are?" she said, surprised.

"Yes, I am taking you to a movie," I announced.

"Well, I have not been to the movies in years," she said, as if reminiscing about when she used to go.

"Well, today is a day of redemption, Mom. A day to break the rules," I smiled, pulling her up from her chair as I foreshadowed my plan rather obviously I thought.

"You're not going to get me in trouble," she said, a hint of playfulness in her tone.

I quickly retorted, "No, Mommy, you are going to keep me out of trouble."

"I can't go out like this," Mom said, her conservative personality now brainwashed into her.

"Yes you can," I said and added, "Yes you will. Who is man of the house now?"

"You are," she admitted, looking down.

"Just as the Bible says, does it not?" I questioned.

"Yes, son," she agreed.

"So enough of this nonsense Mom, God created you as a beautiful woman with so much to offer and you should not be ashamed by your beauty, you should revel in it," I said.

"Ok," Mom whispered, her face red from the flattery. Looking at me she said, "Thank you, son. It has been a long time since I have felt beautiful."

I took Mom's hands in mine and said, "Mom, you are the most beautiful woman I know. Now let's go tempt the sinners."

She laughed, "You are just a little devil."

"Red hot," I joked as I kissed her on the cheek, lingering just a moment longer than usual.

We put the dishes away together and caught a cab to the movie theatre, neither of us willing to drink and drive....drink and fuck sure...but not drink and drive.

We arrived at the theatre and it was fun to watch quite a few boys and men take a second and third look checking out my Mom.

The movie itself was lame, but being a standard horror flick, it had all I wanted it to. It had a couple of redundant over the top sex scenes between clueless teenagers and a numerous scary as hell scenes. Looking over to Mom part way through the movie as the prerequisite teaser music played foreshadowing a kill I leaned over and took Mom's hand in mine. She held it tight the rest of the movie, squeezing it to pieces on a few occasions.

Once home, I asked Mom, "Did you enjoy the movie?"

"Not really," she said, "but it was really nice to get out of the house."

"Yeah, but it did get me rather revved up," I said, beginning to get undressed.

"What are you doing, Jack?" she asked.

"Isaiah 20 said take off his clothing, including his shoes, and to walk around naked and barefoot," I said, changing the words to suit my needs.

"Oh yes, I remember that," she said, as if that explained everything.

"I suggest you get undressed too, Mother."

"I don't know, Jack," Mom hesitated.

"Now, Mother," I said, my tone implying this was no longer a negotiation, now only in my underwear.

"Yes, Jack," she said, her true submissive nature coming to the forefront.

Her hand trembled as she unbuttoned her blouse as I took off my last piece of restrictive clothing, saluting her with my fully erect eight inch cock.

Mom noticed my erection as her cheeks flushed as she slowly took off her blouse.

"The skirt now, Mommy," I instructed.

She obeyed, her eyes continually going back to my cock even as she seemed to try and resist staring.

Once the skirt fell to the floor, I saw she was wearing a red thong which actually made my cock jump.

"The bra and panties, Mother," I instructed, reminding her, "Just like Eve."

Again she obeyed silently, unclasping her bra and allowing her only slightly sagging big breasts to be revealed to me.

"Mom, you have very impressive tits," I said.

"Jack, don't swear in this house," she scolded.

I chuckled to myself as Mom was still trying to keep her moral fabric strong.

"Sorry, Mom," I apologized, "but they are very impressive."

"Thanks," she said, "your Father considers them a nuisance."

"Why?" I gasped.

"He believes they are too big and a sign that I was a sinner when I was younger," she explained, her hands reaching for her thong.

"That is ridiculous. God didn't punish you with glorious breasts because you were a sinner," I shook my head. "If anything, he blessed you with a beauty that others only dream they could reach."

"Oh Jack," she whispered, my flattery warming her from within.

"The thong, Mommy," I insisted, now standing directly in front of her.

"Will you do it for me," she asked, her trepidation holding her back.

"Of course, Mom," I replied, putting my hands on her hips and slowly lowering her thong as I lowered myself. Her hairy bush had a slight shine to it and her scent was strong and fruity. Either her time with Carrie had excited her or her time with me...I hoped it was me.

She lifted her legs up to allow me to take her thong off.

I stood up and said, "Mom, you are the ultimate Eve...God's greatest creation."

"Thanks, son," she whispered, her face flush. "No one has complimented me for my beauty since before I met your Father."

"That is a sin," I said, deciding she was close to the brink of submission to me.

"What about the boots and stockings?" Mom asked, her obedience making this even hotter.

I returned to my knees and slowly unzipped each boot, taking them off slowly, her stocking-clad feet staring at me.

I stood back up and said, "Mom, I think it is time for bed."

Mom said, "I suppose so," as she reached for her thigh highs.

"No, Mommy. Keep the stockings on," I instructed.

"Ok," she said, stopping, before asking, "but why?"

"Because they are there to remind you of your sexuality," I made up.

"Oh, that makes sense," she said, standing in front of me completely naked except for her black thigh high stockings.

I had no good scripture piece for what I wanted to do next so I made one up, confident Mom was not as up on her scripture as she pretended to be. "You know what the bible says, mom. If a man is away from home, his wife must not tempt her neighbors with an empty bed. Her first-born son must sleep next to her to protect her virtue from strangers."

"I know that," Mom said, "I've always lived by the rules of the good book!"

"Lead the way, Mom," I said.

I followed behind her, up the stairs, her ass wiggling perfectly in front of me.

Once in her room, she said, "You may sleep in your Father's spot."

"Sounds good," I said, moving to the bed.

"Not so fast, young man," she said, her motherly tone back. "Go wash your face and brush your teeth."

"Yes, Mom," I sighed, even as I chuckled at the absurdity of our relationship.

When I returned a few minutes later, Mom was already in bed and in a nightie.

Still butt naked myself, I scolded, stressing the word 'our', "Mother, you are to be naked in our bed."

"Sorry," she apologized, "I thought you would want me dressed properly in bed."

I walked over to her side of the bed as she sat up. She lifted her arms up obediently and I took off her nightie.

"Are you wearing underwear?" I asked.

"No," she admitted.

I lifted the sheet up and moved my hand to her still nylon-clad legs. "Good Mommy, keeping the stockings on."

I moved my hand gently on her leg. "Your legs are so soft in these nylons, Mommy."

"Thank you," she moaned slightly, my hand clearly distracting her. "Now, come to bed."

Oh, how I planned to do that. I pulled the blanket back up and went to my Father's side of the bed.

Turning the lights out, I leaned into Mom, my arm going over her and landing on the side of her breast. She didn't say anything although I could feel her trembling.

"Mom, I was thinking about the story of Onan," I whispered in her ear.

"What about it?" she asked, my hot breath causing her to be greatly distracted.

"Well, I have to tell you that I often have wet dreams, and having a Mother as beautiful as you, I'm worried about what God will think of me spilling my seed," I said, my erect cock resting between her ass cheeks.

"I don't think that is a problem, if it happens in the innocence of night, when we are free from sin," Mom responded, moving her ass slightly.

"But what if it is? I don't want to sully that innocence with sinful emissions," I worried.

"What are you getting at?" Mom asked, turning onto her other side and facing me.

"Onan was struck down because he spilled his seed, and I don't want that to happen to me, so maybe you could help me," I said, lifting up the sheets and revealing my fully erect cock.

"How could I possibly do that?" she asked, even as she stared at my cock.

"If you allow me to deposit my seed in you, God will see that it is good," I rationalized.

In the ensuing silence, I swallowed hard as my heart pounded in my ears.

"You're right Jack. I will help you be pure in the eyes of God. Let me know if you are worried that it might happen one night," she said, trying to maintain eye contact with me but her gaze still kept going back to my cock.

I was ready to explode, with difficulty I forced myself to calmly say, "I am worried it might happen tonight."

"Really?" Mom asked, her hand going to my cock.

"Yes, Mom, I know it is going to happen tonight, if you don't save me," I said.

Mom lowered her face towards my cock and then stared at it for a moment. "I am doing this to save your soul and mine too. I must do everything in my power to keep you pure and innocent," Mom said, before taking my cock into her mouth.

"Ohhhhhh," I whimpered, as she surprisingly took all my cock in her mouth.

As she bobbed up and down on my cock, I watched in awe. For someone so innocent and pure, she really knew how to suck a cock, better than Carrie who is quite the slut herself.

Not surprisingly, after only a couple of minutes of having my cock sucked by my Mother I was ready to burst. I moaned, "Mommy I am coming. That's it Mommy, swallow my seed Mommy."

Rope after rope of my cum shot into my Mom's mouth and she continued bobbing up and down retrieving every last speck of my sin.

Finally completely spent, Mom took my cock out of her mouth and moved back to her pillow. As if nothing had just happened, she kissed my forehead and said, "Good night, son."

"Good night, Mommy," I said, my cock not even remotely going down.

Thirty minutes later, Mom was lying on her back and my hand was firmly cupping her breast when I realized she was pleasuring herself.

I whispered, "Mom are you sinning?"

"Oh God, Jack, I thought you were asleep," she gasped, her hand moving away from her vagina lightning quick.

"I think it is my turn to save you, Mommy," I smiled.

"No, I can resist the temptation," Mom protested, as I already was beginning to move under the covers.

"No, Mommy, let me do this for you. Let me glorify you," I added, pushing the scripture piece again, already positioned between her legs.

Before she could respond, I buried my face in her hairy pussy. "Oh God," she moaned on contact.

I lifted my head and quipped, "Don't use the God's name in vain."

"Sorry," she moaned, begging, "Please save me son."

"Yes, Mommy," I smiled, going back to her pussy.

Unlike Carrie's completely shaved cunt, eating a pussy with this much hair was a challenge at first. However, I paved a path with my tongue and focused on her engorged clit.

"Oh yes, son, you are making Mommy feel so good," she moaned, her breathing increasing.

"Is Mommy going to come?" I asked.

"God yes," she moaned.

"Using God's name again, Mommy," I teased.

"Just lick me, son, Mommy needs it so bad," she begged.

I slid a finger inside her wetness and ordered, "Come for me Mommy, let me catch your sin."

"Oh yes, oh yes, finger me faster, baby," she begged, her whole body wiggling.

I added a second finger and she screamed as her orgasm exploded, "Oh god, oh god, oh glorious god, fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck."



I couldn't believe she just swore, nor could I believe the amount of cum squirting out of her, completely coating my face. Her legs twitched, her hips bucked and she couldn't stop mumbling, "Oh god, oh god, thank you for saving me, Jack."

I pulled my fingers out of her and moved up to witness her in her glow of pleasure.

A couple of minutes later, I said, "Mom, I think I am about to sin again."

Mom smiled, surprising me for the first time, "You want to fuck Mommy, don't you?"

"Mom!" I gasped.

"You think I didn't know what you were up to?" she smirked, shocking me to the core.

"You knew?" I asked.

"Yes, how gullible do you think I am?" she said, reaching for my cock.

"It's just, I, well, wow I am speechless," I said, unable to complete a rational thought.

"So did Carrie know of your sinister plan to fuck your mother?" Mom asked, slowly stroking my cock.

"She figured it out," I said, adding, "She plans to seduce you tomorrow."

"Reeeeeeally," Mom said, with her own devious smile on her face.

"Yes, she plays both fields," I said.

"I used to too," Mom revealed.

"No way," I gasped, unable to fathom my Mom having a sex life before I turned her...or thought I turned her.

"I used to be young once too, Jack. I was quite the popular girl in high school. I was a cheerleader and I experimented a fair amount...but," she paused.

"But what," I asked.

"Well, I became pregnant and your grandparents sent me away to avoid the humiliation of their daughter having a child out of wedlock. Six months later, I was wed to Bill and the charade of propriety began."

"You mean my dad is not my dad?" I asked, Mom shocking me to the core for the second time in two minutes.

"No, he is not," she admitted, "I am so sorry."

"Well, that explains so much," I said, more relieved than devastated.

"That is why he is so hard on you. He sees you as a mistake...as a sin that he has to deal with," Mom said, before adding, "but I didn't sin, I created something wonderful."

"Oh Mom, I am utterly speechless," I replied.

"I can't make up for eighteen years of lies, but I can introduce you to your Father if you wish," she said, adding, "We have been conversing through e-mail for a while now."

"I think I would like that," I replied, still trying to put together the puzzle pieces of my life.

"And I can at least make up for it by becoming your live-in Mommy-slut," she said, as she moved to my hips and took my cock back in her mouth.

I watched in awe as I realized the player had been played. I couldn't believe it.

A minute later she looked up to me and said, "So son, do you want to fuck Mommy?"

"God, yes," I joked.

"You are such a sinner," she smiled playfully, pushing me onto my back.

"And you are my savior," I quipped as she straddled my cock, her big tits staring at me and began riding me.

**THE END**