

# MASTER OF THE HOUSE AGAIN

***silkstockingslover***

*The next day, son fucks his Mom and her girlfriend.*

Incest/Taboo

4.62

6.7k words

## **Man of the House Again**

*Summary: The day after Halloween, son fucks his Mom and her girlfriend.*

**Note 1:** This is a sequel to the story **What Mom Doesn't Know Will Fuck Her**. Although this story can stand on its own, I highly recommend you read Part One before reading this one. But just in case:

*Summary of Part 1: Eighteen-year-old Curtis attends a Halloween party in his absent Dad's costume and tricks his Mom into fucking him.*

**Note 2:** A great big hug of gratitude goes to Estragon for his editing.

**Note 3:** Another 'thank you' goes to all who voted for part one and requested a sequel to a story I never intended to have a sequel. I hope you enjoy the further adventures of Curtis and his attractive Mother as they expand their horizons.

## **Man of the House Again**

Have you ever woken up and let out a sigh, when you realized that the vivid, enthralling experiences you remember so well were just a dream?

As I attempted to open my weary eyes this morning, All Hallows Day, that was exactly the empty feeling that was rolling through me. My dream had seemed so real! I'd dreamt I'd fucked my Mother last night...twice! It was the most intoxicating experience ever, and the most alive I'd ever felt. So now, having to get up and face the real world... realizing it had only been a vivid dream... was completely devastating. Many of my fantasies have always been about fucking my ridiculously hot Mother, so dreams like last night's weren't at all new, but how authentically real this one had felt, was very new. And just like this time, I'd woken up many times, all sticky after a wet dream that had seemed all too real.

But then something next to me in the bed... moved.

My eyes went deer-in-the-headlights huge, as I slowly... cautiously... rolled over... and looked directly into the eyes of... of... my Mother. My naked Mother! My naked Mother, lying in bed next to her eighteen-year-old son... her *naked* son! Me!

"Good morning, lover," she smiled contentedly, and then she leaned over and kissed me. And not a motherly kiss on the cheek like she'd always given me before, but a passionate French kiss, with tonguing! Which meant that this time the mind-blowing sex we'd shared last night hadn't been a dream at all, but an unbelievably wonderful reality!

My cock woke up, and flexed his muscles. *Time for more sex? Rising and shining, I'm getting ready!* Breaking the kiss, she reached down, and grabbed my little man teasingly, saying, "Someone seems awfully happy to see me!" Totally unlike my state, my Mother was relaxed and serene, easily taking in stride our scandalous awakening, with all its taboo implications.

I stammered, thrilled it wasn't a dream, but at the same time nervous about what I should do now, "I-I-It really h-h-happened?"

"You mean last night, when you became a literal mother fucker? Yes, it did. Twice," she chuckled, gently stroking my cock, which like it had just promised, was hardening rapidly.

"Wow!" I blurted out, likely sounding like a fool.

"Wow, indeed," she responded, and she tossed away the bedsheets. A moment later, I felt her lips wrapped around my cock. She slowly bobbed up and down, drenching my cock with her warm saliva. I closed my eyes, still trying to process my good fortune, trying to come to grips with the reality that my Mother, who was now completely sober, and who now had had plenty of time to contemplate the implications of our incestuous tryst, was placidly sucking my cock with no regrets.



The slow blowjob lasted for a few minutes, and she seemed to be in no hurry to get me off. I was disappointed when I felt her perfect cock-sucking mouth abandon its task, and she scootched back up to face me.

She grinned and asked, "Is my Big Boy ready to fuck his Mommy... again?"

"Very much so," I responded suavely, or rather *acting* as suavely as I could, as I pushed my naked Mother onto her back and scrambled between her legs.

"Oooh, I love a man who takes control," she purred.

I pulled my Mom's legs apart, and buried my face in her cunt. I licked, probed, and nibbled her sweet hole for a few minutes until her juices were flowing, and she was begging, "Please fuck me, son. Shove that big cock of yours into Mommy's cunt!"



Feeling confident, and sensing that my Mom had an inborn need to submit to her lovers, I asked her, "Who's my slut?"

She didn't miss a beat, responding, "I'm your slut! Mommy is your little fuck toy!"

I lifted her legs up high in the air, then I held them pushed together and ordered, "Then beg me to fuck you."

Her face flushed with excitement and horniness, she begged like a slut.. like *my* slut, "Oh, please son, shove that big hard cock into your Mommy! Shoot your cum deep inside your Mommy slut!"

Her nasty words were too inviting to resist any longer, and still holding her ankles together, I easily slid my cock into her wet cunt.



As soon as my cock had filled her pussy, she began moaning, "Oh, yes son, fuck me. Fuck Mommy hard!"

Using her legs for balance, I leaned in and rammed into her cunt. Deciding I wasn't making love to her this time but fucking her, I was relentless with my deep, hard thrusts. I felt my balls slapping into her with each deep thrust, and her moans escalated with each of my powerful strokes.

She got even more animated as my hard pounding continued, crying out, "Oh, god yes, Curtis! your cock feels so good inside Mommy!" and, "Yes, son! Harder, fuck me harder!" and, "Your cock is filling Mommy up so good, baby!" and, "Pound me baby, pound Mommy's cunt!" and finally, "Oh my God, yes son! You're making Mommy come... *don't stop, baby! Don't stop! fuuuuuuuck !!*"

I wish I could say I came when she did, but my morning orgasms require some extra time. So I just kept hammering away at my Mother's soaking wet cunt throughout her orgasm. Then once her orgasm had finished coursing through her body, I pulled out and presented her with my cock, still hard, and sticky with her cum.

She asked, all demure, "Does my son want his Mother to suck her cum off of his big hard cock?"

I responded smugly, "That goes without saying. The relevant question is, 'Does my Mom *want* to suck her son's cock, all coated with her cum?'"

She purred, reaching for my cock, "Hmmmmm, yummy."

After a couple of strokes with her hand, she took my cock back into her mouth. Unlike her sweet, slow wake-up call, this time, she bobbed up and down with intent. Watching my hot Mom sucking



my cock with such reckless eagerness was the hottest sight ever, and after only a few minutes, I felt my balls beginning to bubble.

Like a gentleman, I warned, "I'm going to come soon, Mom."

With her left hand gripping my ass, her right hand slithered into my crack, and I was stunned when I felt a finger poking between my ass cheeks, only stopping when it reached my rosebud. I was about to say something about that being a no fly zone, when I felt her *penetrating* my ass. The violation was like an electric shock directly to my cock, and instantly I felt my cum exploding out of me and undoubtedly down my Mom's throat! She didn't slow down, or remove her finger until long after every drop of my cum had been extracted by her perfect cock-sucking mouth. Then she finally pulled her finger out of my ass, and took my cock out of her mouth, leaving me feeling empty, but sated.

We both collapsed back onto my parents' bed. We allowed silence to linger as we silently processed last night's and this morning's debauchery. We both knew it had changed everything!

Finally, I broke the silence, attempting to learn how today might go after we got up. "So,...about you and Miranda Collington?"

Her eyes startled wide, and she asked worriedly, "What do you know about her?"

"I know you're her Mistress. Because you pretty much offered her to me last night," I reminded her.

"Oh," she sighed, relieved. "I vaguely remember saying that now."

Pushing the envelope, I asked, "Is she the only one you play with?"

"Yes," she replied. Then added as if it explained something, "she's impossible to resist."

"I imagine," I joked, before stirring the pot some more, "But what about Ellie?"

"What *about* her?" my Mother asked, immediately defensive, rolling onto her side to give me a *very* worried look.

"Well last night, thinking I was Dad, she gave me crap, saying, 'Fuck, Ted, I was *that close* to seducing your wife, and you had to step in and ruin it!' Those words kind of burned themselves into your innocent impressionable son's brain; I might be scarred for life!"

My Mother smiled as she said, "Poor baby. Once we get our strength back, would you like your Mommy to fuck you and make it all better?"

"Yes please, Mommy. And while you're at it, I have a skinned knee that could use some motherly attention," I joked playfully.

We kissed each other affectionately, chuckling, before Mom addressed the prior subject, "Ellie said that, did she?"

"Yes, she made it sound like you used to be lovers," I explained, "which, by the way, I've long suspected, and now that we're sharing all our secrets... hint, hint," wanting to get more info from her.

Mom gave me a cautious laugh. "Curtis, the history between Ellie and me is very complicated."

Taking a major risk, but a calculated one based on my deductions, I decided to take over. For starters, I placed a possessive hand onto her cunt, and said, as if I were an attorney cross examining her, "That sounds intriguing. Tell me everything, Mommy."

She let out a sigh-moan, and replied, "No dear, I can't."

My finger slid inside her cunt, as I explained with a no-nonsense attitude, "I'm not *asking* you to tell me Mom, I'm *telling* you to."

Her face went red, and I knew I was right. She was definitely submissive. And better yet, she was *my* submissive! Weakly, Mom tried to resist our power shift with, "Curtis, please don't do this!"

"Don't do what, Mommy?" I asked, slowly fingering her pussy.

"Don't make me be your slut," she whimpered.

"You don't want to be my slut?" I enquired, surprised, my finger stopping deep inside her wet box.

Her breathing was getting more laboured and panicky, and she pleaded, "Curtis, I can't go there again. I've resisted it for so long!"

Suddenly confused, I asked, very curious, "Resisted what for so long?"

"Being someone's slut," she moaned, even as slut-like, she moved her pelvis back and forth, trying to fuck herself on my finger.

"But you're fucking Miranda," I pointed out.

"Yes, but *I'm* the one in charge in our relationship. She's *my* slut," my Mom explained.

I snatched my finger out of her.

Mom pleaded urgently, "Curtis, please don't stop! Put it back in."

I placed my sticky finger against her lips. "Shhhhhh, Mother, you don't have to explain, I think I've figured this out, so just listen, and then tell me if I'm wrong. You were Ellie's slut when you were both in college. But when you met Dad, you broke away from your submissive lifestyle, and did your best to be a good, faithful, heterosexual wife, happily ever after. And I bet that Dad isn't dominant in the bedroom, which frustrates you no end. And furthermore... before I showed up last night and wowed you with my big dick, you were weakening to Ellie's attempted seduction, weren't you? And another thing that burned into my impressionable young brain last night. is that one of the first things you said to me last night while you still thought I was Dad: 'You are soooooo lucky you showed up when you did; Ellie has gotten me so fucking horny!' So Dad must know at least some things about you and Ellie, right?"

"Yes," my Mom replied, looking totally flustered and frustrated, "Are you happy now? I was Ellie's 'Personal Pleasure Pet'... that's what she always called me... during all four years we attended college together. But once I met your Dad a month after we graduated, I quit Ellie... and all lesbian sex... cold turkey, until a crazy weekend in Vegas with Miranda last year."

I returned my hand to my Mom's hungry pussy, and slid two fingers rather easily back inside her drenched cunt. "So now you want to become Ellie's pleasure pet again?"

"No," my Mom answered. "*Hell* no."

"Why not?" I asked, beginning to pump her pussy with my fingers.

"Because although we stayed great friends after we terminated our Mistress/slave relationship, she'd always warned me that when I came back to her... which she was confident I'd do some day... then she would own me completely."

"What could such ownership even look like?" I asked.

"She used the word unlimited! And your guess is as good as mine, about the specifics of that. I haven't submitted, so I haven't learned what that means in practice, but back in college, she was a very demanding lover, for example she ordered me to go down on several of her girlfriends, so I did," my Mother answered. Then when she was silent for a while, her soft smile looked like she was reminiscing about that long-ago time that in fact she'd loved... even though she hadn't admitted it to me... yet... and that she still missed.

"Is she strictly a lesbian?" I asked, since I'd never seen her with a man, which was hard to believe about someone as hot and big-breasted as Ellie was.

Mom, catching my real question, teased, all baby talk, "Does my wuvving sonsy wunsy want to fwuck my best friendsy wendsy?"

"Well, in a perfect world, I'd watch you two in some hot lesbian action for a while, and *then* I'd join in."

"All you men are the same," she joshed, shoving my shoulder playfully.

"But is she an actual dyke?"

"Not completely, but I've never seen her get what you could call *excited* about a man. She just fucks them and leaves them. Actually, she treats her men... when she's having sex with them... like a chauvinistic man treats women," my Mother explained.

"Would she fuck me?" I asked bluntly.

My Mom considered this before responding cautiously, "Probably, but there'd be strings attached."

"Strings?"

"Yep, she always has to be in control. That's one of the reasons she doesn't keep any of her men for very long; she always burns them out."

"What would Ellie say, if she knew what we did?" I asked, "Or rather, what we've started doing," wanting to understand their relationship better.

"I don't know. But I'm sure she'd try to use it in some fashion, to lure me back into her web of submission," she worried, her eyes showing a trepidation I seldom saw in her confident persona. It made me very curious to know lots of further details about what kind of relationship the two of them used to have.

But seeing my Mom's trepidation, I decided to let it go for now. Even though I'd already decided to visit with Ellie at school and later on today.

Instead, I decided to focus on the relationship Mom had owned up to this morning, far more willingly than her Ellie soap opera. "But there's also you and Miranda, yes?"

Her face went red as she explained, "Well yes, and she's a completely different person. I'd been missing a woman's touch, but I knew going back to Ellie would be far too dangerous to my marriage. So when a drunken Miranda hit on me three years ago at Gloria's Halloween party, I gave in to my long, burning temptation, but not that night. We had some coffee dates and engaged in many long talks, and eventually we arranged to meet each other in Vegas, with both of us dressed to tease, and after quite a few cocktails, and lots of flirting... well... one thing led to another, and we didn't even make it up to our room, before she got busy between my legs in the elevator! She's a nymphomaniac, and she's extremely submissive. I'm *so glad* that Ellie doesn't know anything about our secret trysts."

"And you think Miranda might fuck *me*?" I asked. "That would be amazing!"

"'Might' is the wrong word. She'll definitely devour you whole if we give her the chance, my dear boy. She'll literally fuck you to exhaustion!" Mom promised. "And if you compliment her legs, she'll be yours forever."

"She almost always wears nylons, doesn't she?" I asked, knowing that she did.

"Indeed she does."

"Then I can compliment her legs whole-heartedly. Can you set it up?" \

"Anything for my new fuck toy," she smirked, getting out of bed. "But I need to get ready for work."

As I watched her disappear into her ensuite bathroom; I lounged in my parents' bed with a variety of nasty, potentially upcoming fuck sessions scrolling through my head, like trailers for porn movies.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'd just arrived at the high school where Ellie taught, my Alma Mater, when I got a text.

It was from Mom: **Meet me at 847 Wisconsin Drive NOW!!!**

I texted back: **Why?**

Mom's response: **It's Miranda's house.**

Although I was dying to talk to Ellie, now it would have to wait. I adjusted the erect cock that had appeared awkwardly in my pants, and embarked upon the longest twenty-minute drive of my life. My mind spun and spun with the possibility that soon I might get to fuck Miranda Collington, the nylons-wearing dream girl who'd starred in so many of my stroke sessions!

I arrived at the house and saw Mom's car parked in the driveway. I parked on then street, trying to dial down my anxiety. I took a few deep breaths, and walked up to the front door. It was opened a moment later by Miranda herself, who was dressed in a black skirt, black nylons and a blue blouse. She looked like she was prepared to deliver her weather report, but that wasn't until tonight.





She and her radiant smile greeted me. "Come on in, and leave your shoes by the door, Curtis. Ya know? I've heard a *lot* of fun stuff about you today."

I went in, still really nervous, removed my shoes and set them next to my Mother's, and I followed her into her living room. Mom was sitting on one of the two couches, and she must have removed some clothes after she'd arrived, because all she was wearing was a bra, panties and stockings set, all of it very sheer. Even though she looked really hot dressed like that, she greeted me casually, as if nothing special was on today's agenda. "Hi, Curtis."

Not certain about what Mom had in mind and what she might have told Miranda, I played it fairly casual myself, saying, "Hi, Mom. Looking good!"

She simply replied, "Thanks, honey."

Miranda sat down on a couch, and I sat on a chair, as Mom caught me up a bit. "I was just telling Miranda you're her biggest fan."

I blushed.

Miranda patted an open spot on the couch to her right, and asked me, "Is that so, Curtis?"

I nodded yes, then glanced at Mom, who gave me a reassuring nod, so nervously... just like a nervous virgin approaching a prostitute before he could chicken out... I approached the couch.

When I sat down in the designated hot seat, Miranda's hand went immediately to my leg, and she asked, her voice smoky with seduction, "So tell Miranda, what do you like the most about me?"

Her hand ever-so-slowly-and-deliberately drifting up my leg was a major distraction. I stammered, "Um-I-I-I grew up obsessing about your legs! I have a nylon fetish, and you've always been one of the few women on the planet who always wears them."

"Ah-hem," Mom pointedly cleared her throat.

I smiled and added, "Well, there's also my hot Mom. She, with her constant nylon-clad long legs and her short skirts, is probably the woman I should blame for my nylon fetish. Except I shouldn't blame her at all, Instead, I should thank her."

"Since that's the case, then would you like to feel my nylons right now?" Miranda asked invitingly.

I nodded my head like some lovesick boy.

She took my wrist and used it to place my hand on her knee.

"And your Mother was just telling me about your little charade last night, Mr. Beast." She said. "But don't just park your hand there, stud, roam around a bit."

Despite this surreal situation, my confidence began growing, and I began slowly moving my left hand around and up her leg, my fingers exploring her sexy, nylon-slick thigh.

Her hand wasn't roaming, it was hovering... or it was until it touched down directly on my erection! "Hmmm, nice! Alexis wasn't exaggerating."

I let out an uncontrolled moan. Hoping to match her aggressiveness, and sensing nothing but encouragement coming from her, I reached for her panty-covered crotch, and cautiously cupped her mound. But Waitaminnit! She wasn't wearing any panties!

She laughed out loud! "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. But when Alexis told me I'd likely be fucking you, I swapped my usual pantyhose for thigh highs, to give you easier access."

Which provoked another aroused moan from me. I looked to Mom, and she was smiling perversely. I think she was enjoying the sight of my tormented uncertainty, but also my progress around the bases... except Miranda and I weren't following the normal progression... I was already groping her pussy, but I hadn't been anywhere near her tits yet.

We shared a long moment of silence while we fondled each other's private parts... but for her, it was unfortunately through my clothing.

Miranda broke the silence by asking, "So, young stud, your Mom also told me you'd love to fuck me."

I let out a shocked moan.

"Don't be embarrassed, just tell me whether you want to or not. Do you, Curtis?" she asked, giving my cock a squeeze, then she leaned over and stuck her tongue in my ear. Wow!

Nervously, I replied, "Yes, ma'am."

"Ma'am? Ma'am is what we call old people. Do you think I'm old?" she asked, pouting prettily.

I stammered, attempting to rectify my *faux pas*, "No ma'am... oops, sorry... Miranda! Pardon my French, but you're one hot bitch!"

She burst out laughing. "You want French? Okay then, *Merci, mon goujon*. You've now gone from one extreme to another!" {*Goujon* is French for stud.}

I apologized again, afraid that my fantasy-come-true was falling apart. "Sorry, but I...."

Thankfully, Miranda rescued me, shutting me up by climbing into my lap and telling me, "You may touch me anywhere you want, "," and then she started making out with me. While I was reciprocating by kissing her back, I also squeezed her ass, while she caressed my face. It seemed I'd only arrived about a minute ago, and already I was in heaven.





I closed my eyes, losing myself in her sexy embrace. I felt her hands unbuttoning my jeans. Once she released my cock from its fabric cocoon it sprang to life, and while I was still kissing her, I was astonished to feel another mouth wrapped around my dick! I opened my eyes to see my Mother sucking my cock... right in front of *the* TV personality Miranda Collington!

Miranda broke our kiss to stare at Mom's incestuous act, fascinated. "I wouldn't ever believe it, except that I'm seeing it!" she confessed in wonder, as she stood up. And as soon as she did, Mom hopped up on the couch and resumed sucking my dick.

I watched Miranda start moving like a stripper. First she flamboyantly unzipped her skirt and let it drift down her legs, showcasing her perfect legs in their black thigh highs. Facing me and capturing my gaze with her own, although mine kept flickering downwards, she slowly, teasingly, first unbuttoned her blouse, then she slowly discarded her bra, while my Mother just as slowly kept sucking my cock.

These two women working together had me in fits! A striptease by my fantasy woman, while my other long-running stroke fantasy, my Mom, sucked my cock. And their doing it simultaneously was completely enthralling!

Soon Miranda was wearing only her black stockings. Of course she still wasn't wearing any panties, so I could see that her vulva was completely hairless.

Noticing me noticing, she grinned and said, "I haven't worn panties since I was a teenager. And these days I don't even own any!"

She then stood as close to me as she could manage, faced away and bent way forward, asking, "Can you see my pussy from this angle unhurriedly sauntered back to me, leaned her chest close to my face, and asked, "Can you my pussy from this angle, *mon goujon*? And can you see how wet it is?"



Her nylon-covered leg now touching mine and the scent of her wet pussy filling the air around me... plus my Mom's slow but superb cock sucking were too overpowering for me, and I unexpectedly shot a load down my Mother's throat!

Hearing her swallowing, Miranda rebuked me playfully, "You'd better have another load in there for your favourite weather girl, *mon goujon*."

Mom stood up, and she too got undressed. Once she was naked except for her stockings, she sat down on the couch as if it were her throne, and she took control. "Ok, enough of this silly foreplay! Miranda, get that pretty face of yours where it does its best work, between my legs."

Miranda obeyed in a heartbeat. I watched in voyeuristic glee as Miranda Collington, the locally famous pantyhose-wearing weather girl, crawled between Mom's stocking-clad legs, and began licking her pussy.

Mom continued in her drill sergeant role by instructing, "And you Curtis, get naked, then get behind her, strip off her pantyhose, and plug her cunt."

Turned on by Mom's filthy mouth, and watching my dream woman on her knees eagerly eating her pussy, I sprang to obey.

Stripping quickly, I knelt behind Miranda Collington, but then I froze, staring at her perfectly curved ass, adoring her perfection.

Mom joked, "Are you going to hang out there and drool all day, or are you going to fuck her?"

Trying to be witty, I responded, "Can't I do both?"

"Touché," she moaned. Miranda was obviously doing wonders with her tongue.

I rubbed my hands over Miranda's pantyhose-covered ass. Her pantyhose was the softest I'd ever felt. I could have done this forever and been content, but I finally stripped her pantyhose off, to get free access to her pussy.

I surprised her and Mom, when instead of just burying my cock in her pussy, I laid on my back, shoulder-walked between her parted legs, reached up to pull her hips down, and I attacked her pussy with my mouth.





She let out a muffled moan when my lips first touched her pussy lips. I couldn't believe how sweet she tasted, and how wet she was! Although it was awkward in this position, I was determined to get her off with my tongue. I lapped at her wetness, sliding my tongue between her pussy lips like I was painting them with a brush... long, wide strokes, up and down. I heard her breathing increasing, so I decided to go for the kill. I leaned up and took her swollen clit into my mouth, and tugged on it. She *screamed* into my Mom's pussy when I did that! Since I had her so close, I rubbed my face against her clit and pussy over and over again, literally fucking her with my lips, nose and tongue. Her moans increased, and her legs quivered, and her pussy crushed itself against my face. She spun around to face my feet, and rubbed her cunt on my mouth harder, desperate to release the orgasm building inside her! I just extended my tongue the best I could, struggling to breathe, as she literally fucked my face to her orgasm. Knowing this was Miranda Collington *herself* riding my face, was the second most exhilarating moment of my life! (It would have taken first place if it wasn't for

everything Mommy and I had done together last night and this morning.) Suddenly she trampolined off and onto my face a few times, my head pounding painlessly against the carpet with each bounce, and soon I was being cascaded with a downpour of her juices. Her fluids kept coming and coming, and so I eagerly attempted to savour and retrieve every fucking delicious drop!



Miranda finally rolled off of me and collapsed onto the floor. And her next words filled me with the kind of pride few men ever experience. "Holy fuck! That was the most intense orgasm of my life, and I've had thousands of them!"

Mom concurred. "I *told* you he was a sex wizard! Last night was the best sex of *my* life. So you can see why I can't just leave him alone, like a *good* Mother would do."



I revelled in the glow of hearing such praise coming from my two favourite women in the world, until my cock started twitching, reminding me it was still raring to go. Brimming with a confidence I'd never had before, I flipped Miranda onto her side, and slid my cock inside her from behind. From this angle, she was fucking tight, even after her orgasm.

She moaned the moment my cock was buried in her, getting animated, "Yes! Fuck me, big boy! Pound my tight pussy! Make me your slut!"

Her potty mouth was astonishing, because she always appeared to be so prim and proper on TV, and this unexpected side of her was a major turn on!

Having already come this morning with Mom, and again with Mom's blow job twenty minutes ago, this time I was prepared for the long haul.

I looked up at Mom, who was watching us and playing with herself.



Miranda's dirty mouth continued throughout the fucking. "Your big cock feels so *fucking good* inside my hotbox!" and, "Hammer my cunt, drill me deeper!" and, "Fuck your bitch in front of your Mommy!" and, "Holy shit, Alexis! No wonder you can't resist him!"

I continued my deep hard thrusts, perspiration pouring down my face, and she screamed, "Oh, yes! I'm coming, you bad boy. I'm coming all over your beautiful cock!"

Her body spasmed almost as if she was having an epileptic seizure, as she ground her ass back against my cock, taking my entire stiff rod inside of her.

Once she'd recovered from her second orgasm, she rolled me onto my back and straddled me. I watched in complete awe while my cock disappeared between her glistening pussy lips. Once all eight of my inches were planted, she began bouncing on my cock like a cowgirl riding a bull. She bounced up and down hard, determined to fill herself with my prick. I just laid back and watched

her hot facial expressions and her breasts jiggling all over the place, while she rode me. Making it even better, this hot mature woman (Yeah right, she was only forty-one) next did something with her cunt muscles that was amazing! It was like she was milking my cock with her cunt! It was so intense, and easily the most amazing pleasure I'd ever felt while fucking someone.



She then leaned forward with my cock still lodged inside her warmth, and she kissed me. At first it was gentle and sweet, but it soon transitioned into a man and a woman doing their best to fall into each other to become a single conjoined soul. And the whole time, she was slowly grinding her ass up and down on my cock.

She finally broke the kiss and said, ever-so-sweetly, which was completely at odds with her earlier nasty persona, "I'm almost there. Come with me, baby! I want to feel your cum squirting inside me while I soar!"

She leaned forward and kissed me gently. This tender passion, mixed with her amazing tightness, had my balls boiling. I reluctantly broke our sweet kiss and warned her, "I'm going to come soon, Miranda."

"Then please hold back for a bit, baby. I'm close too, and I want us to come together," she moaned. Her eyes bore into mine with a sweetness I couldn't explain. She then began a countdown.

"Here goes! 10---9---8---7, not yet, baby—6, getting closer---5, I love your cock, baby---4, get ready---3, yes, your cock is filling me completely---2, so close, baby, so close!---1, yes, here we go

Baby, ready, set, *come NOW, Curtis-Big-Cock-Mommy-Fucker, come inside me! Fill me with your hot cum!!*"

My balls were bubbling at five, but I held back, using every speck of my resistance, until she demanded I come NOW! It was the most exhilarating orgasm of my life! It was like our bodies became one, and our cum crashed wetly together like breakers on the Hawaiian coast!

I let out a loud, "Oh, my fucking God!"

She let out a similar, "Fuck, fuck, yeeeeeees!"

She then collapsed onto my chest, and she kissed me passionately while her orgasm flooded through her. I felt her body quivering against mine. It was so intimate; a feeling filled me that I couldn't explain. I longed just to hold her.

My Mother ended the intimate moment. "Well, that was fucking *hot!*"

The sex between Miranda and me had been so intensely beautiful, I'd forgotten all about Mom even being there!

Miranda looked blearily up and said, "I think I've just found my date for Mark's wedding."

I looked at her... ignorantly.

Mom filled me in. "Mark Appleton is Miranda's ex."

I knew that name, and I could even put a face with it. Mark Appleton was the news anchor for the TV station Miranda worked for. "Oh," I said.

Miranda explained, "The wedding is in Las Vegas in three weeks, and I've decided you'll be my date."

"I will?" I asked, trying to process the news. One afternoon together, and now I was part of her inner circle... and her date? Wow!

She took my semi-erect cock in her hand and said, "This sucker is coming along, and I won't take no for an answer. Do ya wanna tag along with me, big boy?"

I stammered, not because I didn't want to, but out of shock, "S-s-sure!"

She let go of my cock, and stood up. "I'd love to chat and play some more, but I need to get to work."

*Thank God*, I thought to myself. I needed some time to recover.

As Miranda got dressed, she asked, "Curtis, what's your cell number?"

I gave it to her readily, and she explained, "I want to get to know you better over the next three weeks; we need to look like an established loving couple at the wedding, not a couple of strangers." Her skirt back on, she pulled me off the floor and explained, her hand back on my cock, "I will *definitely* make it worth your while."

Her seductive smile and tone had me a complete bowl of Jell-O. But I tried to sound strong and manly. "Sure thing, baby."

She kissed me quickly, and finished getting dressed. I too started getting dressed, when my Mother said, "Bad news, Curtis."

I turned to my Mom and asked, "What could possibly be wrong?"

"Your Dad just texted. He's home."

"Oh," I replied, pondering how we might manage to continue our sexcapades.

Mom stood up too, and grabbed my cock through my pants. "So we'll just have to be creative."

"Whatever you say, Mom," I agreed, like a good son.

"That's what I like to hear," she said, squeezing my cock one last time... but just for now, I hoped.

We all finished getting dressed (Miranda found some fresh nylons), and we said our goodbyes. Then as I was getting ready to leave, Miranda gave me one last kiss, and whispered in my ear, "I'll text you later, so you'll have my number. Anytime you want to fuck me, just text me back." She nibbled my ear for a moment, and sauntered away.

I adjusted my cock, which had grown again. I left the house and got into my car. I sat there for a few minutes, attempting to process the craziness of the last two hours. I'd just fucked Miranda Collington! And now I had a standing invitation to fuck her anytime I wanted!

Just as I was about to drive away, my cell buzzed. I glanced at it.

Miranda: U have my cell now. Anytime you need a place to warm up your cock, just give me a call or a text.

I smiled. I texted back: How about right now?

I waited a minute, and was rewarded by a text back.

Miranda: U naughty boy. The answer has to be no for now, but I will send you a special keepsake in a few moments.

A few seconds later, another text arrived from her. It was a jpg. I clicked on it, and I almost shit myself! It was a picture of Miranda. She was wearing white stockings and nothing else, her knees spread wide open, and her pussy lips were puffy and slightly open.





I was still staring at it when I received another text.

Miranda: I have hundreds of these, stud. I will send you one every day. PS This is one of my tamer ones.

I gasped. I'd officially arrived in stud heaven!

I texted her back: OMG you are perfect.

Miranda: Yeah? Then play your cards right, and you can fuck your perfect slut anytime you want.

I decided not to respond for now, attempting to appear aloof and strong. I drove home, thinking that if I died today, I'd die happy.

As I was still driving, my phone vibrated again, but I waited till I got home to check it.

Once I got home and checked the message, it was another one from Miranda.

Miranda: I am still horny. U may have 5 hours to recover. Then I expect you to meet me at 11 at the studio. Or if you want to watch the show live, come at 9.

A second text came as I was reading this one.

Miranda: Have you ever fucked anyone in the ass?

I gasped! I'd tried a couple of times to convince Pamela, my ex, to try some backdoor play, but she wouldn't even consider it! And now the woman I'd been fantasizing about for I can't remember how many years, was *offering* to let me fuck her ass!

I decided I needed a long cold shower to calm down and a nap; tonight might be a long one.

Dad was home, and he greeted me as I came inside. "Hey Curtis, how was last night?"

I lied, "As far as I know, uneventful."

"Is she still mad at me?"

I shrugged. "I don't think so. I covered for you pretty well."

"Thanks, son," he said, patting me on the back. "You always have my back."

I held back a laugh. He hadn't remotely caught on! And with any luck, he never would.

"I need to go take a nap, Dad. I have a late-night date."

He smiled, "Oh, to be young again."

I went upstairs to my room and collapsed onto my bed, wondering what tonight and the next three weeks might bring.

The end of chapter 2...

### **Coming next: Man of the House Fucks Her Ass**

Chapter 3 will begin with Curtis meeting Miranda's suave asshole of an ex at the television station, then he watches the newscast live, before fucking her twice more at the station, and then returning home for a well-deserved night's sleep.