

MOM'S BEST FRIEND: A VIRGINITY LOST

silkstockingslover

Nerd gets lucky when MILF seduces him after seeing his cock.

Mature

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Summary: Nerd gets break of his life when MILF seduces him after seeing his big cock.

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Mom's Best Friend: A Virginity Lost

"God, if I don't get fucked soon I think my pussy will shrivel up like a raisin," Kendra, my Mom's best friend, said out of the blue.

I was just coming down the stairs and I shouldn't have overheard that! It was just before lunch and I had finally woken up just minutes ago following a wild night of dungeons and dragons that had gone until 3 am. I froze, and even held my breath for a few seconds. I really shouldn't have heard that!

Kendra was a super-hot MILF, my mom's best friend from high school, a cheerleader who had gotten knocked up on prom night (the biggest cliché in the world) and now at 41 was single. Both of her kids were gone all summer working overseas, and her divorce final a few months ago.

She had been the stereotypical hot cheerleader with blonde hair, blue eyes, big tits, a great ass and toned tanned legs. She was no longer a cheerleader (duh), but she still had all the rest in spades!

Her daughter, Tierra, was in my graduating class and was a younger, even bigger titted girl who messed up a great head start by being a complete bitch.

I had enjoyed many a stroke fantasy on Tierra and her mother.

I knew for an absolute fact that my buddies and I were the only eighteen year old virgins in the entire universe. For the record, we were geeks, not nerds... which is a very important clarification to make... because it meant we were not academic geniuses... we were just technologically suave as well as major gamers (both video as well as board game).

In other words, I wasn't ugly, or super scrawny, I was as average looking as they came. I just had a heck of a time trying to talk to any girl... as did the rest of my gaming group... thus why the only parties I had ever attended were birthdays and game parties.

We also shared many movie nights... always raunchy sex comedies that made us envious.

It started with 'American Pie', but my dad's massive DVD collection had hundreds of eighties movies and our main go to movies included: 'Mischief', 'Private School', 'Private Resort', and the classic 'Porky's'.

God, high school seemed so much more fun back then and the guys getting laid didn't look so perfect like all the male models that star in teen movies now.

My Mom laughed, "I'm pretty sure that isn't how it works or my pussy would be a prune."

"You at least have Jake," Kendra said, Jake being my dad.

Mom scoffed, actually scoffed, saying, "He lasts a minute and then falls asleep."

"A good man makes sure you come first," Kendra said, information that I instantly filed in my long term memory... one more piece to the enigmatic puzzle that was the opposite sex.

"Yeah? Well Jake doesn't munch cunt at all," Mom replied, sounding long term frustrated. Plus, hearing my mom use the 'C' word had my mouth dropping open even as my cock went from asleep to rigidly alert in 3.5 seconds.

"Well, no one eats cunt better than your first," Kendra quipped.

Mom laughed, "Wow, that was a long time ago."

"I still remember you protesting you weren't a lesbian," Kendra said, laughing.

My hard cock flexed in my pants at my sudden vision of Kendra licking Mom's pussy.

"Well, I wasn't," Mom replied.

"You were that first night," Kendra disagreed, "and a lot of other nights after that."

Mom added, "And days, too. Remember when I went down on you in the girl's bathroom during chemistry class?"

"How could I forget?" Kendra laughed. "Next period I sat in English trying to concentrate on Hamlet with cum trickling down my legs."

"You should've worn panties," Mom quipped.

"You wouldn't let me! It gave you easier access so you could snack on me. Once you got the urge for my cream pie you never wanted to wait," Kendra countered.

"Man, that was a lifetime ago," Mom breathed with a sigh.

Kendra said, her tone playful, "Maybe it's time to travel back in time."

Mom gasped, "Kendra!"

I pulled my sweats and underwear down and began stroking my seven inch cock.

"I'm serious. I need a good fucking very soon and maybe that good fucking can be from you," she said.

Mom gasped yet again, "Kendra, what has gotten into you?"

"Nothing, and that is the precise difficulty," Kendra answered. "Seriously... I need you either to come and munch on my pussy, or to fuck me. Do you have any cucumbers?"

Maybe they would have fucked right then and there but that was the threshold when too much blood had finally reached the tipping point as it had travelled from my head to my cock, so I fainted and tumbled down the stairs.

"What the...?" Mom gasped, her maternal instincts kicking in as her precious little boy fell down the stairs, his sweats and underwear at his ankles.

Both women rushed to the end of the stairs to discover me on my back, unable to move in excruciating pain, my hard cock saluting them both.

I stammered, "I-I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...!"

"Well, he doesn't get *that* from his father now does he?" Kendra exulted, staring at my erect dick.

"Put that thing away," my mother demanded, mortified, but still sneaking a look at my cock.

"Okay, but take your time," Kendra smiled, amused as hell and still devouring my rigid cock with her eyes.

"Kendra, don't encourage this," my Mother said.

"What? He's eighteen," she said, as I struggled to wrestle my sweats up my legs. "He is, isn't he?"

"That has nothing to do with it," Mom said, clearly still appalled by what had just happened and probably also very worried about how much I had heard.

Sweats and underwear now in place more or less, I scurried upstairs, trying to fight through the pain coursing through me, as Kendra called out to me, "Very impressive, Eddie."

"Kendra!" My mom scolded.

"What? It *is* very impressive. You have to admit *that*," Kendra said, "How long has it been since you've seen it?" just before I slammed my bedroom door shut and unfortunately couldn't hear my mom's next response.

As I collapsed on my bed my head was swirling with emotions:

- Embarrassed at being caught with my pants down... literally.
- Excited at all I had just heard and learned about my mom's lesbian past.
- Flattered that Kendra liked my cock.
- Aroused by my mental pictures of Kendra and my mom eating each other out.
- Really intrigued and flattered that Kendra liked my cock.

Replaying the shocking words I had heard and the shocking truths from the past I had also heard, my cock was still rock hard. It seems that lust overrides shame. Ask me if I care.

I closed my eyes and began jerking off, imagining Mom and Kendra in the throes of lesbian passion. Now I should note here that although I've had many fantasy girls starring in my stroke fantasies, Kendra is my number two and as sick and twisted as it may seem to you... get over it!

What do you know?!... Mom has always been my number one... especially when she was wearing her white and red nurses' outfit with sheer white pantyhose.

I furiously stroked my cock, imagining Mom eating Kendra's pussy... still in awe that Mom had been a lesbian in high school.

In under a minute I was inches close to coming when my door burst open and Mom gasped, "Jesus Christ, Edwin!"

I was too far gone to have any control as my load erupted out of me and my cum flew through the air as both Mom and Kendra watched, but with very different facial expressions.

"Wow, that is a lot of cum," Kendra admired, again obviously impressed as she stared eagerly from behind my mother.

Mom was far more shocked than impressed. "Come downstairs once you clean up," she said tersely as she briefly glanced down at my cock before stalking away.

Kendra however, remained to watch as the final rope of my cum fluttered down to my stomach, the look on her face one of mischievousness. She winked at me before also leaving.

I was again mortified even though I had never come so hard in my life.

I stood up, cleaned my mess and changed clothes.

Nervously I headed downstairs, even though I was kind of curious how much trouble Mom would be willing to announce I was in with Kendra listening.

I walked into the kitchen and Mom and Kendra were in a sixty-nine, their heads buried in between each other's legs.

I'm sorry, dear reader, I was just kidding... although that would have been awesome.

They were at the table looking at each other but not talking.

"Have a seat, Edwin," Mom instructed, sounding as nervous as I felt.

I did, avoiding eye contact.

"How long were you eavesdropping?" Mom asked.

"A while," I mumbled, feeling guilty.

"Did you hear the entire conversation?" Mom asked.

I nodded, trying to avoid speaking as long as possible.

"Well, I'm not happy about you listening in on a private conversation, but we shouldn't have been having such a conversation in the first place," Mom said, glancing at Kendra.

Kendra finally chipped in. "Alice, he is eighteen. He knows that adults have frank conversations and sometimes those conversations are sexual."

"Yes, but...." Mom began.

"Enough, Alice," Kendra interrupted my mother, something I had never seen anyone brave enough to attempt. Mom was a strong-willed woman and not one to be told what to do.

To my surprise, Mom closed her mouth and waited.

I looked up from my lap for the first time, to see my Mom's face as red as the fiery gates of hell, not out of anger though, but embarrassment.

Kendra said, "I'm sorry you heard that conversation Edwin. It was just me whining about my lack of a sex life and me fondly recalling some wonderful times I'd shared with your mother in our past."

"Something we have not done since college," Mom clarified immediately.

I felt a hand on my left leg, hidden from my Mom by the tablecloth as Kendra continued, "Yes, your mother turned all prudish once she met your father."

"I did not," Mom protested. "I just became an adult."

"Adulthood is no fun," Kendra sighed, as her hand slithered slowly up my leg.

"Oh Kendra," Mom sighed this time, "life is what you make of it."

"Exactly," Kendra said, as her wandering hand had finally ventured as far as my suddenly growing cock. "Life is for the now. Isn't that right, Eddie?"

Kendra squeezed my cock, deliberately leading the witness, but I only stammered, "I-I-I guess."

"Edwin, I'm sorry you had to learn about my past in such an embarrassing way, but that is in my *past*," Mom said, stressing the word 'past' as she made eye contact with Kendra.

"Okay, okay," Kendra shrugged, her hand now sneaking inside my sweats and grasping my raging hard on, "I was simply trying to break the monotony of our current lives."

I tried not to groan and give anything away as her hand slowly, secretly, stroked my cock. Another first. Nobody had *ever* done that before!

"My life is not monotonous," Mom defended standing up, as Kendra's finger rolled around my cock head. I glanced down at Mom's silk-clad white legs and feet, wearing her sexy nurses' outfit, making my cock jerk in Kendra's hand. I scooted my chair closer to the table.

"Marriage is monotonous," Kendra countered, "and that's unavoidable unless you cheat or swing," as her finger continued to roll around my cock head.

"I need to go to the washroom," Mom said clearly wanting this conversation to end, before joking to me, "try not to expose yourself again while I'm gone."

As soon as Mom had walked out of the kitchen, my eyes following her legs until we heard the door close, Kendra dropped to her knees, and gushed, "I want a closer look at your fucking snake, Eddie."

I was speechless, I had visualised so many feverish fantasies of moments very much like this one starring Kendra. And now she was crawling under the table, wanting to spend some quality time with my cock... meanwhile starring in my own, living colour, live action porn movie.

"Oh my, this thing is fucking perfect," she said, as she resumed stroking it. "How did I not know about this massive fuck stick all this time?"

I was paralyzed with indecision. My Mom would be coming back in a couple of minutes! But even if she walked back through the door this very instant, this was a dream come true!

"Want me to suck it, Eddie?" she asked. I tried very hard not to faint again.

"But what about Mooooooooooom?" I prevaricated, even as I felt her heavenly lips wrapping themselves around my very sensitive rod.

"Oh God," I moaned, completely overwhelmed by what was happening and in awe of how amazing it felt to have a mouth slobbering on my cock. *Kendra's* mouth slobbering on my cock! You can fantasize about it, but nothing compares with the reality of having it actually happen.

She bobbed up and down for maybe a minute, slobbering sounds echoing, before I heard the toilet flush. Although I was in heaven, I knew I had to warn her, "The toilet just flushed."

She sucked for a few more seconds before she moved back up to her chair, leaving me with a raging hard-on. I quickly managed to stuff my cock back in my sweats a few seconds before Mom returned.

I asked, suddenly super uncomfortable and needing to deal with my cock. It was about to burst! "C-c-can I go shower?"

"Sure," Mom said.

I stood up, my now full scale erection patently obvious through the sweats I had put on. Kendra chortled, "You'd better make sure it's a cold shower."

"Kendra!" Mom said exasperated, even as she glanced down at my crotch and couldn't possibly avoid seeing the bulge in my sweats.

As I hurried from the room, Kendra responded, "What? I'm just giving him a great suggestion."

Mom laughed, "*You* need a cold shower."

"I need *something* all right," Kendra agreed, just before I was out of ear reach.

I wanted to keep listening, but was pretty confident that if I got caught eavesdropping again I would soon be guest of honour at a funeral... mine.

I got in the shower, cock fully erect, and followed Kendra's advice. I turned the water on cold... not freezing... but hopefully enough to calm down my beast that was already fully loaded for round two.

True confession time: I usually jerked off at least four times a day, and had once done it eleven times (but God was I chafed the next day).

This time my dick just laughed at cold water. It was always a tough fucker (haha) and after what I had just experienced remained cocked (haha again) and ready for action even as the cold water tried to extinguish the fire in my loins... overwhelmed by my memory of how good it had felt to have Kendra's mouth wrapped around my cock.

No girl had ever touched my dick, and now that I had just had a just a quick introduction to a blow job I wanted more. You can't replicate pleasure like that just by masturbating.

Kendra had sucked on my dick while Mom had been just next door in the bathroom.

Fuck, she was definitely going to be my lone stroke session fantasy for a while... I even remembered a hot picture of her from Halloween when she was dressed as a slutty nun, the tops of her thigh high black stockings in clear view and her cute shoeless feet in those sheer silk stockings displaying her pink painted toenails.

That picture had been a stroke fantasy in the past and had just been promoted to the top of the queue for the next one.

I took a long shower, knowing if I lingered at least fifteen minutes Mom would probably have left for work.

And my cock, although determined, did eventually, and reluctantly, go into slumber once I stopped trying to figure out Kendra's intentions and forced myself to mentally replay the second world championship chess game of Capablanca vs Lasker in 1921 (I told you I was a geek.)

But even though I was now flaccid, I couldn't stop thinking about Kendra.

Was she just playing with my mind?

Was she so horny she couldn't resist?

Did my dick really impress her that much?

Fuck! I wish I was the kind of guy who knew how to hit on an older woman... but truthfully, I didn't have the remotest idea of how to hit on any girl, any woman.

I looked through the bathroom window at the driveway and saw Mom's car was gone, so I assumed the coast was clear and I went downstairs.

I arrived in the kitchen and saw a note not from Mom, but Kendra:

Hey Big boy,

I need someone to mow a lawn before my open house later this afternoon. Are you available?

Kendra

Thinking maybe, just maybe, please maybe, this could lead to something sexual with her and in any case I could use the money, I texted her:

Sure. When and where?

She texted back ASAP reminding me of her address.

I responded that I could be there in twenty minutes.

She responded that the lawn mower was in the shed in the back and it was unlocked.

I had mowed her lawn a few times before, so I knew the routine. The lawn was likely a disaster, but she paid well.

I drove to the address and as usual it looked like it hadn't been maintained all summer.

I sighed, knowing that this was going to take a while.

When I got to the shed I sighed again. The lawn mower was still an antique.

It took me ten minutes to get it going, but it finally started and for the next hour and a half I mowed the lawn. To make matters worse it had to be 100 degrees outside and my entire body had become covered with sweat within minutes. And this was a humid heat... you know the kind... where the sweat just sits on your skin without doing anything helpful.

Kendra came outside to her porch and gave me a wave, wearing an entirely different outfit than before, a nice red dress that showcased her big tits, and sheer black silk hose. Again no shoes. My cock was instantly hard again as I replayed this morning in its entirety... the real and the fantasy... especially my newest MILF stroke fantasy of Kendra being in awe of my cock and even saying so before sucking it into her wet mouth.

God, I wanted this MILF.

God, I wanted her mouth back on my cock.

God, I wanted to watch her sucking my cock.

God, I wanted to come in her mouth.

I waved back like a geek, totally distracted by this goddess, so of course I crashed the lawn mower into a concrete statue.

She laughed, and I shrugged at her, resuming the task at hand, even as my hidden cock secretly saluted her.

When I looked back up she had gone back inside. I sighed at my clumsy ineptitude... although that particular clumsy ineptitude had at least triggered my memory of the surreal experience of earlier today.

Although I knew it was unlikely, I held out hope that her comments, her looks and her brief oral embrace of my cock foreshadowed my fucking her.

God, how I wanted to fuck Kendra.

I finished the lawn, still covered in sweat, and went to tell her I was done.

Usually she paid me on the spot and that would be awesome. I wanted to pick up the new PlayStation game Resident Evil 4.

I knocked on the back door and she called out, "Come on in, I need some help inside."

I opened the door and warned, "I'm kind of sweaty and covered with grass trimmings."

"Okay. Then get undressed over there and go take a quick shower," she instructed, as she put icing on cupcakes.

"Really?" I asked, intrigued by her suggestion, even though she'd spoken rather casually.

"I've already seen what you hide down there Eddie," she said, smiling at me. "And I have to admit it is a pretty impressive package."

"T-t-thanks," I stammered, in awe of such flattery from the hottest MILF I knew... even hotter than her daughter, since Kendra was in no way a bitch.

"Well, hurry up, big boy," she grinned, "we've got lots to do and not much time to do it."

She said this in such a sultry way, my already semi hard cock again became completely erect because of her, and I wondered at the possibilities of this encounter in a place where there was no possibility of my mom coming out of the bathroom and walking in on us.

God, I wanted this MILF. Am I repeating myself?

I took off my shirt, shoes and socks.

It didn't seem like she was watching, but as soon as I was down to my shorts she ordered, "Shorts too. We can't have any grass clippings cluttering up the house before a showing."

"Okay," I nodded, knowing my boxers would do nothing to hide the tent in my shorts.

Once I had them off, Kendra strolled over to me. I saw that she still wasn't wearing her heels and I found myself obsessed at the sight of her purple painted toenails showing through her silk hose. And by this time you won't be surprised to know that the sight made my hard cock flex.

She made no secret that she had noticed. "Did I make you do that?"

"It has a mind of its own," I joked weakly, even as my eyes remained where they were: gazing rapturously at her stocking-clad feet.

"You're the only guy I know who stares at my legs and feet but not my tits," she said incredulously, standing very closely in front of me.

I forced my gaze away from her feet and took in her tits briefly (which were also awesome) before gazing into her eyes (which were gorgeous) and admitting, "I'm a legs guy."

"But specifically you're a stockings guy aren't you?" she asked, so close to me I was getting lost in her perfume.

"Um... yeah," I confirmed, trying desperately not to look at her feet... which was what I really wanted to do.

"Well, I'm a 'big cock' girl," she said, reaching for my throbbing dick before adding, "and you have exactly what I want."

I groaned as her hand squeezed my cock.

"While you were in the shower what were you masturbating about?" she queried knowingly, as she reached inside my boxers.

"Oh, God," I groaned, her warm hand was on my cock again... and unbelievably it was so different this time. No worries about my Mom. No distractions. Just her and me. As her hand slowly stroked my raging hard-on, I couldn't believe the feelings I was experiencing. Each movement sent shivers

through me and unlike the 'get the task done' focus I always had when I was stroking myself, I wanted this to last forever.

"Your cock is so fucking big, Eddie," she purred. "How do you not have the girls lining up?"

I laughed, "That is funny. Girls lining up for me? Put even one girl in front of me and I forget how to speak."

She surprised me again as she dropped to her knees and tugged my boxers down, continuing, "No, sweetheart, I'm serious. If the girls learned how big you are they would be fighting each other to have this thick dick pounding them."

"I don't think soooooo," I answered, forgetting how to speak right then and there as I watched her take my cock in her mouth.

I didn't know anything could feel so good until the first time she'd had her mouth around my cock, and now she was doing it again.

I mean you imagine this moment a dozen times a day as a guy. Cheerleaders, teachers, MILF's like Kendra, anyone actually, sucking your cock, but an inexperienced imagination cannot possibly capture the intense, surreal, euphoric sensation that I was experiencing right now.

As she slowly bobbed back and forth on my cock, I knew I wasn't going to last long. I sure wanted to. I had no idea when I could possibly have a girl do this to me again, but the reality of her volcanic ocean of a mouth, the most beautiful oxymoron in the universe, was too much.

I warned in under a minute (hopefully I would last at least thirty seconds), "I-I-I'm going to come."

Her response gave me a double shot of confidence and pleasure as she moaned on my cock, sending vibrations right through me as she simultaneously began bobbing faster, just like the porn stars in the many videos I watched online.

I was wondering if she was going to swallow when I suddenly erupted into her mouth. She kept bobbing, milking every drop out of me, yes swallowing, and I came so hard my knees buckled a bit as the most intense orgasm of my life ripped through me. I groaned, "Ohhhhh, God."

She kept sucking, although slowing down once she had taken my full load. She then stood back up and said casually, "God, I was craving that. 'Crave' is a strong word, but you earned it. Now go shower."

Before I could think of anything to say, feeling like I was on a sexual version of 'Punked', she turned round and casually returned to her cupcakes.

I left the kitchen toward the hallway, my cock still hard, completely naked and trying to process what had just transpired.

Once I decided I didn't care to rationalize anything, but just savour a fond new memory, I smiled as I reached her bathroom and realized the most amazing thing: I had just received my first blow job. I had just received my first blow job and it was from one of the women I had fantasized about doing exactly that hundreds of times.

I got in the shower, noticing there was a towel lying on the closed toilet seat. Had Kendra planned this all along?

As the water hit me, something else hit me: my clumsy humiliation of falling down the stairs and getting caught with my pants down (literally) had been a blessing in disguise.

Fuck, the world worked in mysterious ways.

I showered, washed my body thoroughly, including my cock and balls, just in case, by one more miracle, she was up for even more.

I got out, dried off and wrapped the towel around me... my cock finally in a flaccid state.

I started heading to the kitchen when I heard Kendra call out, "In here, Eddie. There is one more thing you need to work on before the open house."

I turned into the open door of her bedroom and gasped. Kendra was draped across her bed, naked except for a garter belt and stockings, bra and panties: all of them shiny black.

"Is this one of your fantasies, Eddie?" she asked, as she slid one stocking-clad foot up and down her other leg.

"Y-y-yeah," I stammered, in awe of what I was witnessing... my cock instantly snapping back to attention at lightning speed.

"Come here," she said, gesturing with her stocking-clad toes to wave me over. "And drop the towel."

I obeyed both orders as I dropped the towel and walked over to the bed literally salivating at what I was witnessing... refusing to pinch myself in case this was a dream.

When I reached the bed, she moved her feet to my cock and correctly prophesied, "I'm thinking you've never gotten a foot job."

"N-n-no," I stuttered, as both her sheer silk-clad feet wrapped themselves around my stiff rod.

"Have I mentioned how much I love your cock?" She asked demurely as she began giving me a foot job.

Finally building some confidence, beginning to emerge from my paralysis from everything she had done since I had set foot on those stairs, I answered slyly, "I think you may have mentioned something about that."

"That's the first thing I heard, and I haven't stopped thinking about it since," I admitted with heartfelt sincerity.

"And your mother rejected my very generous invitation of fucking me," she said coyly, as her toes rolled over my cock head. "Or eating me."

"Yes I heard that too," I groaned, the feeling of her sheer silk gliding across my cock head was amazing.

"Will *you* be rejecting those offers?" she pursued, now stroking her right foot across my chest.

Her silk foot on my chest also felt amazing. The idea of fucking her or eating her were both fantasies I would love to make come true. My confidence at an all-time high, I told her, "From you, those are offers I would never refuse. I think I'd kill myself first."

As she straightened her leg completely, her toes now reaching my lips, I took her silken clad ankle in my hands, opened my mouth and began sucking on her toes.

"Mmmmmm, that feels good," she encouraged. She added, her tone suddenly stern, "I want you to remember your promise."

I replied, "I think that is one I can keep."

As her other foot was massaging my balls, she emphasised, still sternly, "I'm serious, Eddie. I can be very sexually demanding and I'm going to want the use of this big dick on a regular basis."

I removed her toes from my mouth, wanting to warn her that I really had no clue what I was doing, "Ms. Williams, I have to warn you I've never done any of this before."

"No one has had this big dick yet?" She asked, genuinely surprised.

No," I admitted, before giving the sole of her foot a tender kiss. "Before you, I've never even kissed a girl."

"So I have an eighteen year old virgin in front of me?" she asked, clearly even more excited, before adding, "and none of that Ms. Williams crap. You call me Kendra."

"Yes, Ms... Kendra," I quickly corrected.

"So this delicious, hard, thick, delicious cock is all mine?" she asked, moving her foot back to my cock.

"You're the only one who has ever shown any interest in it," I responded, my insecurity clearly apparent.

"That won't be the case once the girls know you're carrying around an elephant's trunk," she predicted, returning to giving me a foot job. "Even your Mom was impressed."

"She was?" I asked, the idea of fucking my Mom the only fantasy I had stroked to more than my ones of doing Kendra.

"Oh yeah, didn't you see her go red when she saw it?"

"That was anger," I corrected, even though I now recalled her glancing furtively at my cock once before she'd left my bedroom after catching me ejaculating all over myself and had again noticed my hard cock through my sweats as I walked away from the kitchen table.

"No," Kendra shook her head, "that was 'Holy fuck! My son has a huge mother fucking dick! The scolding was her attempt to cover up her sudden fascination and her need to look like a proper mother."

I groaned hearing Kendra say 'mother fucker', the idea of me being a 'mother fucker' a dream to cherish.

She smiled wickedly, "Sweetheart, you want to fuck your Mommy, don't you?"

I didn't say anything, which in itself was a clear admission of guilt.

"You really are such a bad boy behind that geeky exterior," she purred, before adding, "you probably inherited that from your Mom. She used to be quite the slut back in the day."

I looked up at her unable to speak, and unsure what I would say if I could. The fantasy of fucking my mother was raging through my head and was warring with the knowledge that in real life I was about to fuck her best friend. I couldn't hold on to both thoughts and I was incapable of abandoning either, and I felt totally overwhelmed.

Kendra provided a much-needed distraction by asking, "And you have never eaten pussy either?" By this point that was pretty obvious. I had never done *anything*.

I shook my head no.

"Well, I wanted your mom to munch my box earlier, but I think you will do just fine," she said, as she wrapped her legs around me and drew me towards the box in question with her feet.

I stumbled awkwardly between her legs and managed to get to my knees and was now staring at the black panties that were hiding the first pussy I would ever see that wasn't on the internet.

"Hungry, Big Eddie?" She asked.

I nodded, still mentally comatose.

She lifted her ass up and ordered, not a request but an order, "Can you help me with these?"

"Sure," I nodded, my hands trembling as I reached up to her silk panties and tugged them down, realizing that her panties were draped over her garters which confirmed my already obvious assumption she had been planning on seducing me all along.

I pulled them down to uncover pink, wet pussy lips, with just a tuft of hair above her clit.

Once I had them off, she simpered, play-acting, "Like?"

"Love is a better descriptor," I smiled, as I tossed her panties away and moved back between her stocking-clad legs, no longer shy around this woman... by this time I knew that Kendra liked me, which was unbelievable, but also unquestionable... so my shyness was now swept aside and replaced by a strong determination to do nothing but please her.

"Good answer," she purred, as she wrapped her silky sheer legs around me and pulled me in, face first.

I didn't need any more instructions as I began licking. I had watched a lot of lesbian porn and also read a lot about the art of cunnilingus in hopeful preparation for this exact moment.

If female blogs told the truth, nothing made a woman happier than a man who knew how to eat her pussy. So I had spent hours researching and understanding, at least in theory, the inner workings of the female anatomy.

Although she was already wet, I began by slowly parting her pussy lips and exploring... recalling that I should just tease the pussy at first by going slow... I wasn't going to just eat her pussy, I was going to worship it.

And her taste, which had often been described in derogatory terms by guys claiming to know what pussy actually tasted like, Kendra's taste was surprisingly pleasant and almost nondescript... like

water.

Her moans encouraged me and she said, "Oh yeah, that's it."

My cock twitched against the bed as I lapped her pussy and her fluids began to leak out in greater quantity, and to have a slightly stronger taste than her original wetness.

As I had ventured my way to now exploring every nook and cranny inside and out with the wonder of a child, I was rewarded by the sounds of her heavier breathing and her gentle moans.

Then to my surprise she abruptly asked, "Want to lose your virginity, Eddie?"

"God, yes!!!" I cried eagerly, even while I thought that this was easily the silliest question a guy could ever be asked.

"Then come up here and fuck me with that monster dick," she demanded in the sexiest way a woman could ever utter such a sentence.

Although I had wanted to get her off with my tongue, I wasn't going to reject the offer of a lifetime! I moved up and between her legs, trembling slightly at the reality that I was about to lose my virginity to one of the two women I had already fantasized losing it to hundreds... maybe thousands of times.

My cock head at her glistening pussy, I took a breath and slid my cock inside.

"Oh fuck, yes," she groaned loudly, as my entire cock disappeared inside her delightfully warm pussy... it was quite different from her mouth which really hadn't been all that warm. But both openings shared a great feeling of intense overwhelming pleasure, each different enough to make them distinct, but both of them glorious.

Instinct and common sense took over as I began pumping my hips and fucking her... thankful I had already come in her mouth, so this time the experience would last longer for both of us.

"Harder, Eddie. Slam that mother fucking prick deep in my hole," she moaned, wrapping her amazon silky clad legs snugly around me.

"Oh God, so good," I babbled, wanting her to know I was enjoying this as much as she was.

"I'll be your stocking wearing slut any time you want, Eddie," she promised as I fucked her hard and deep.

"Stocking wearing... Oh God. That will be every day," I moaned, wondering what idiot could ever possibly reject such an offer.

"I'll keep you do that," she moaned, as she began flexing her ass up to meet my hard strokes, which made me somehow reach new depths that seemed to break the laws of physics. "Remember I have this house to myself all summer."

"I'm yours," I moaned, yes, 'moaning' being the operative word here; we were both moaning loudly and constantly. The pleasure was beginning to make my balls bubble for the second time in half an hour.

"Oh fuck, fuck, shit, yes, don't stop for an instant you mother fucking stud!" She ordered, strongly bucking her ass up to meet my strokes. "Fuck me like you want to fuck your mother, you dirty

mother fucking stud."

Instantly I imagined exactly that... fucking my Mom... something I never had considered to be more than a silly boy fantasy... although the idea of fucking Kendra had also been something that I thought had zero percent chance of ever happening.

"Oh yeah, you want to fuck your Mommy, don't you?" she asked nastily, making this hot moment somehow hotter. She was growling at me now. "Tell me, you mother fucker, tell me what you want to do to your hot Mommy slut."

So drawn into the moment, so drawn into the lust, so drawn into my vivid visualisation of my greatest fantasy, as I kept fucking her as hard as I could, I shouted as loud as possible, "Yes, I want to fuck the hell out of my mother and make her my three hole cum bucket."

"Holy shit, you *are* a nasty mother fucker," she smiled approvingly, as she quickly shoved me out of her and rolled over onto all fours. "Now come and *really* pound my cunt."

I quickly jumped behind her and slammed back into her with all my strength as I gave an order of my own. "You got it, bitch. Now tell me what you want."

"I want a full time stud to be at my beck and call," she moaned, bouncing back on my cock. "I want that stud to be you." After a few seconds of her bouncing on my cock while I bounced it forward as deep as I could get it, she added, "I also wouldn't mind seeing you ream your mother's asshole while she buries her face in my cunt."

"Oh ***fuck***," I groaned, my picture of that description instantly flooding the entire room.

"You *really* want to be a mother fucker, don't you!" she moaned, clearly close.

"And a MILF fucker," I added, grabbing her bodily, pushing her shoulders down and angling her ass up to really penetrate her... a position I recalled from a video I had watched recently.

"Oh yes, use me, you fucking stud," she demanded, as I fucked her as hard as I could.

"Fuck yes, pound me, fuck me, make me your slut," she babbled before screaming a couple strokes later, "Yessssssssss!"

I kept fucking her as her orgasm cascaded through her, knowing I was pretty close too.

After a few more strokes, I knew I was very close and wasn't sure where to cum. I warned, "I'm not going to last much longer."

"Come in my cunt," she demanded. "I want to feel that load shooting deep inside me."

Permission granted, I let go and as my next forward thrust arrived deep inside her funnel of warmth I shot my second load in half an hour as far inside her as it could possibly go.

"Oh yes, fill my cunt with your cum," she moaned, looking back directly into my eyes with a mixture of lust and euphoria.

I hope I looked the same as I kept spewing my cum deep inside, now having experienced two similar, but different orgasms... the difference between coming into a mouth versus into a pussy was subtly different, yet similar... and both were amazing.

She rolled away from me and onto her back and gave me a big, satisfied grin. "For a virgin you sure can fuck!"

"I think I make up for my lack of experience with eagerness and an abundance of enthusiasm," I joked as I admired her big tits. "And lots of research online."

"I especially like your eagerness and enthusiasm: both of those things," she smiled.

"And I like both of those," I said, openly admiring her tits, pretty proud of my smoothness.

"You do, do you?" she smiled wickedly, confident of the spell she had over me. "You haven't even seen them yet, have you? I've been told they're pretty nice." She finally removed her bra and cupped her hands beneath the twin beauties, offering them up.

My fickle blood abandoned my head once again and I felt suddenly exhausted, as if every ounce of energy had been sapped out of me... suddenly realizing how Superman must feel when he falls prey to kryptonite... I wavered, almost collapsing on top of her.

"If you want to bury your face between my tits, go ahead," she offered. "They're still as neglected as my cunt was a few minutes ago."

I instantly buried my face between her luscious tits, finding yet another heaven this afternoon.

"If you wanted to play with my titties you could have just asked," she joked, as I kissed back and forth between her huge knockers. "As a matter of fact, Eddie, you can always ask me to do anything you want."

I had absorbed her generous words, but I was still lying on her chest with my mouth worshipping her heavenly pillows. I reluctantly moved my head away from those beautiful breasts ever so briefly to confess, "I'd be lying if I told you I haven't fantasized a trillion times about my face luxuriating right here."

"A trillion?" she doubted, teasingly.

"We'll, maybe only a million," I smiled.

She grabbed my head and buried my face within her valley of womanly flesh. Although my body was spent, my mind and mouth were on full alert and I kissed and licked those wonderful melons.

"Mmmmmm, you like these titties, don't you?" she purred, her breasts so large she could squeeze them around both sides of my head.

"I love these big tits," I replied, liking being able to use coarse words in front of her... something I usually only did with my friends of online gaming fame.

"I've seen you drooling over them forever," she correctly recalled.

"I never thought I would get to see them, let alone touch them, let alone kiss them, let alone suck the nipples on them," I said, demonstrating all of these heavenly firsts, still in awe of this whole surreal day.

"You can see them whenever you want, and next time you can even fuck them," she promised.

"Really?!" I asked, excited at that possibility.

"Oh Eddie, there is little I won't do," she smiled wickedly, before adding, "but unfortunately my open house, which will be very different from the open house I just gave you, is in forty minutes, so we can't do any more now. I have to clean up and make myself presentable."

"Okay," I said, not wanting this moment to end.

"Don't worry, stud, I'll work that cock of yours to the bone," she said, reaching down to find it was still hard.

"Wow, still ready to go!" she recognized, impressed.

"It doesn't take many naps," I joked, as I reluctantly allowed her to reclaim her luscious tits, and stood up.

"I've been told I'm insatiable and too horny," she said as she got off the bed too.

"I'm the poster boy for horny," I returned.

As she put her bra back on, she fished, "And am I the poster woman for MILF?"

"God, yes," I nodded as I watched her getting dressed, a reverse striptease as she languorously covered up all the parts of her gorgeous body that I was so in lust with, clearly enjoying her captive audience while I was recording a mental picture of every inch of her perfect body.

She put her dress back on, picked up her panties from the floor and tossed them to me, "Studmuffin, here's a memento of your first time."

"Thanks," I said, very excited to have the sexy, damp panties... damp because of me!!!

"I'll be in touch when I need a lawn mowed," she smiled wickedly, gesturing towards her well-trimmed tuft of 'lawn', now unfortunately hidden away.

"I'm on call twenty-four seven," I promised, getting dressed myself.

"Well have your cell phone on, studly. I'll be calling you for some three hole plugging right after the open house," she said, making my very sated and sleeping cock resurrect itself.

"Three hole plugging?" I gasped.

"I told you there isn't much I won't do," she said, walking over to me and kissing me. Once she broke the kiss, she reached down and stroked my still erect cock, "My mouth, my pussy, my tits and my ass are all available for you to fuck and play with."

"I think I just died and went to heaven... again," I said dreamily, thinking she was a Goddess, my Goddess.

"Oh, Big Eddie," she promised, "we are just getting started. I want to be your first everything."

She kissed me one more time, her tongue sliding into my mouth for a lengthy French kiss (another first) and gave my cock one last squeeze before turning and walking out of the room... leaving me high and hard.

As I got dressed I couldn't help but think about how life worked in mysterious ways... falling down the stairs while jerking off and eavesdropping had led not only to my losing my virginity, but to

getting my very own full time MILF slut.

And my incestuous fantasies of someday fucking my beautiful sexy Mom had moved from the realms of Impossible Dream all the way to Actual Possibility. It wasn't a slam dunk, but it was a step closer than it had been yesterday.

Wow!!!

It was going to be a great summer!

The end... for now.