

# MOM'S MOTIVATION: DAUGHTER'S BF

***silkstockingslover***

*Mom does whatever it takes to keep daughter's bf loyal.*

Mature

4.73

14.1k words

**Summary:** an

**Note 1:** This is dedicated to Larry, who requested the story.

**Note 2:** This is part four in the **MOM'S MOTIVATION** series.

In Part 1, **Mom's Motivation**, Stephanie uses her sexual prowess to motivate the younger of her two grown sons into finally getting a job.

In Part 2, **Mom's Motivation: A 2nd Son**, after a few fun and exciting encounters with her younger son, she invites him over for another all-nighter of fun (while her high school senior daughter is away at a sleepover), and they're caught in the act by her elder son, which leads to a very hot threesome. (Which only happens once Andrew, the elder son, convinces his Mom that he too can and will get a job.)

In Part 3: **Mom's Motivation: Anal Mommy**, the next day the boys double penetrate their Mommy.

Now....

## **Mom's Motivation: Daughter's Boyfriend**

Stephanie had enjoyed threesomes with her two sons on three more occasions over the next couple of weeks.

Each time both of them had fucked her, and she'd experienced amazing multiple orgasms.

She'd been spit roasted, double penetrated, and had taken multiple loads of cum both inside and onto her.

Yes, she knew doing this was wrong. It was blatant incest, after all!

Yes, she knew it was immoral.

Yes, she knew it was even illegal.

Yes, she felt some guilt over performing these nasty, incestuous acts. Not much, but definitely some. (While her sons didn't feel any.)

But she'd also never felt more alive!

Having all that sex with her randy grown sons was amazing!

Even though the mother was always in overall control of this complex three-way entanglement (kinda sorta), and her sons treated her with love and respect... most of the time... they also dished out helpings of utter dominance the rest of the time! That latter approach to sex she'd always craved from her men throughout her life... sometimes finding them up to it and sometimes not... and from her one and only husband, until she got fed up with him and sent him packing. And at least he'd been good at that... but her sons consistently did it so well!

And of course there was the added benefit... the one her desire for which had provided the spark that had first ignited this growing conflagration... which was her do-nothing, adult-in-name-only grown sons had actually found the motivation to become *men* because of these encounters. Not just because of their strong, dominant fucking and giving her everything she'd ever desired, but because she'd used the possibility of their having sex with her at all as the carrot to motivate them into getting actual fulltime jobs, and suddenly... who would have guessed it was even *possible*... becoming responsible adults!

Things were going so well... almost too well perhaps....

And then of course thanks to Murphy's Law, it almost all fell apart... since once while she was hosting her sons' cocks fore and aft in a rough double penetration, they were almost caught!

Haley came home at lunchtime from school, which she *never* did, and called upstairs, "Mom!"

Stephanie frantically pushed her two sons away from her, grabbed a robe, and ordered them in a fierce whisper, "Stay here and don't make a sound!"

"Yes, Mommy," her boys agreed just as quietly. They were disappointed, since they were each *that close* to filling their Mom with a big load, but they agreed they absolutely *mustn't* be caught *in flagrante* by their sister. Luckily their mother always cautioned them to park a couple blocks away, just in case this moment ever *did* occur... having abruptly learned the need for such extreme caution when she'd been caught by her elder son while having sex with her younger one. (That time everything had ended well, since Andrew had always wanted to fuck his mother just as much as his brother had. So before the evening was finished, he'd phoned his employer for his long-time part-time job, had immediately landed the fulltime position of night manager, and thus qualified himself for the additional position of parttime mother fucker right along with his brother! But unfortunately there was *no way* such an approach would work with their kid sister.)

Stephanie hurried out of her room and closed the door, turning to see her daughter already upstairs and coming towards her... fighting back tears!

"Honey, what's wrong?" she asked caringly, instantly morphing from DP'd Mommy-slut into concerned mother, even while a little wetness was still leaking out of her well fucked pussy. She'd already had one orgasm, and a second one had been ragingly imminent before it was suddenly *doused* by a bucket of ice water... her daughter's totally unexpected voice!

"I-I-it's J-J-Joel," Haley stammered, now that she was safely with her mother allowing herself to burst into tears.

"What did he do?" Stephanie asked, automatically assuming it was the man's fault, since in her experience it was always the man's fault.

"He-he-he," the distraught eighteen-year-old struggled to get some words out through her tears.

Stephanie sighed. She'd been left betrayed and broken-hearted by men many times in her life, and she certainly didn't wish her daughter to go through heartbreaks like she had. "Honey, it's okay," she said reassuringly, although it was obviously anything but.

"It's just... just... just..." Haley continued, unable to blurt out even the bare bones of an explanation. Truth was, she'd always known this would happen eventually. She, a high schooler, was foolish enough to be dating a *college* boy, for Christ's sake!

"Relax," Stephanie said, forgetting all about her two naked sons hiding in her bedroom while she focused entirely on her upset daughter... now fully inhabiting her protective mother mode.

Haley always felt so safe and comfortable in her mother's arms. She remained silent for a minute or so longer, before she finally got herself somewhat together and said, "I think Joel is seriously thinking about breaking up with me."

"Why would you say that?" The Mom asked, Joel seeming like the *sweetest* boy.

"He's known all along I want to save myself for marriage, but..." she began, then interrupted herself to switch topics with full spite, "those *fucking* guys!"

"Which guys?"

"Alex and Andrew," Haley spat with venom.

"What?! What do your *brothers* have to do with any of this?" the mother asked, suddenly remembering they were still behind the door she and Haley were right outside of.

"They had a chat with Joel a couple weeks ago," Haley said, "downstairs, that night he was here and they were waiting for dessert," wiping tears from her eyes.

"Oh, God," Stephanie said, having no need to imagine the advice her two sons, especially Andrew, had given Joel. She'd been lurking down there listening in!

"Yeah, they pretty much told him I should put out all the time," Haley said. "What kind of brothers tell their sister's boyfriend she needs to be a slut?"

"Let's go downstairs and get you something to eat and drink," Stephanie suggested, wishing to get further away from those two brothers and the scene of her own slutty crimes.

They went into the kitchen where Haley asked, "Why are you wearing nylons with a robe?"

"I was just getting ready for work, so I slipped into a robe for you," the mother lied.

"Oh, okay."

"So did Joel break up with you?"

"No, but I'm certain he's going to, thanks to those rats," Haley said, angrier at her brothers than at her boyfriend.

"Why do you think that?" Stephanie asked as she poured them two glasses of juice.

"Because the boys stressed to him how important sex was to guys, and he quoted them to me as experts!"

"Sex *is* important to guys," Stephanie agreed, already knowing that all guys younger than a certain age (likely around 110), even including sweet guys like Joel, spent all of their waking hours thinking about only a few things... ever. Food and sex were the two subjects every guy spent almost all his waking and sleeping hours with his attention on. "And it's important to girls as well. But only when it's time."

"It's just that..." Haley began, "...and I don't want this to come out... all judgemental, but..." Haley continued haltingly, and then stopped completely.

"But you don't want to end up like I did," Stephanie finished her daughter's thought.

"I'm so sorry, Mom," Haley said, "but that's exactly what I'm afraid of," knowing how awful that sounded.

"That's okay, it's good your wanting to learn from my mistakes," Stephanie said, "and I've certainly made some doozies," not wishing her daughter to halt her education and any other opportunities dead in their tracks, by having kids at a young age like she had... she didn't regret *having* her kids, but she wished she'd been able to wait a bit longer, since having them so young had stolen a lot of opportunities from her.

"It's just... I'm not ready yet," Stephanie said, "but then again, I don't want to lose him."

"May I ask you some very personal questions?" Stephanie asked. Haley and she were close, and yes, they'd had *the* sex talk years ago, but they hadn't ever delved into what Haley had or hadn't done.

"Sure, why not?" Haley shrugged.

"So obviously you haven't had intercourse with Joel, or with anyone else."

"Nope."

"How about blow jobs?" Stephanie asked, knowing a blow job or two could keep some guys content for a few months, although eventually that wouldn't be enough. Like all people, horny guys always wanted more.

"Gross!" Haley said looking nauseated, having once and only once watched a pornographic film with her friends at a sleepover. She'd been completely disgusted by all of it.

"Oh honey," Stephanie said. "Giving your guy a blow job can actually be a very intimate act." Of course most of the time a blow job was nothing but a sex act, often an act of submission, like when the guy took complete charge and fucked your face... but *sometimes* it could be intimate.

"What? How?" Haley asked, not able to picture one in *any* positive way.

"Well, a penis is connected to a lot of a boy's erogenous zones," Stephanie explained; it wasn't quite that simple, but for today's discussion it would suffice, "and when you give him a blow job, you're pleasing him in an intimate fashion. You're also stimulating and interacting with a private side of him that almost no one else does, and most importantly... you're the one in control."

"I am?" Haley said, hearing what her mother was saying, but personally seeing a penis as nothing more than a very unattractive part of a guy's body.

"Yes, you're the one deciding what you want to do and how you want to do it," Stephanie explained. "You're deciding whether to stroke it with your hand, or to lick the shaft, to tease his cock head with your tongue, when to put it in your mouth, and even how slow or how fast you decide to bob. Truth is, it's not a lot different from kissing." In her own mind, that was much more the case when she was going down on a woman; but to Stephanie, every sexual act had its own level of intimacy and trust... whether it was a romantic rendezvous or a raw fucking. (And BTW, *God* did she hope her boys were smart enough to remain quietly in her room.)

"I don't think I could *ever* do that," Haley said.

"I'm not advising you to do anything you won't be comfortable with or ready for," Stephanie explained, and since she was giving her daughter advice that might save her relationship, she added, "but you're an adult now, and sex isn't such a bad thing, you know. It's actually one of God's greatest creations!"

"Maybe so, but the Bible says it's a sin if it's out of wedlock," Haley rebutted.

"It also says an eye for an eye, and it's okay to keep slaves so long as they're not from your own country," Stephanie pointed out. "How's that grab you in the modern world?"

"But it also talks about forgiveness," Haley slightly switched topics, always finding comfort in the words of the Lord.

"Of course, and that's in the *New Testament*, which I've always felt is *lots* more helpful than the rigorous and often cruel Thou Shalts and Shalt Nots of the Old," Stephanie said. "I'm not dismissing the Bible, it contains *lots* of great messages, and I'm very happy if you find comfort in them, and parts of it includes helpful guides to live by. But it was written many centuries ago, especially the Old Testament, and many things in our society have changed since then. And that nonsense about homosexuality being a sin? People are *born* that way, they don't decide. Although not to criticize the Bible unfairly, I should add that some Biblical scholars tell us the prohibition was only intended to forbid men from bugging young boys, which was a common practice back then."

"Yet the Bible has persevered through it all," Haley insisted, her faith always something that had kept her centered, and had guided many of her decisions.

"Yes, but remember that God was the one who gave humans the ability even to *have* sex, and to enjoy the pleasures of the body," Stephanie added.

"But he also called them 'the sins of the flesh'," Haley shot back, sounding more like a minister than an eighteen-year-old girl.

Stephanie sighed. She didn't mean to, but she did.

"What's with the sighing?"

"Look, I think because of the importance to us both of the crisis you came to me with just now, we need to be frank, or we won't get anywhere helpful; so I'm about to be very blunt with you," Stephanie warned. "Is that okay with you?"

"Okay, that sounds fair."

"The Bible is a great book for helping you to live your life," Stephanie said, "but lots of ministers manipulate it to instill fear in their congregations and to give themselves power over their so-called

'sheep'."

"How so?"

"'Sins of the flesh' for example," Stephanie said, hating that phrase. "Sex isn't sinful since it wasn't created by the devil. Sex is pleasurable. Sex is natural. Sex is an integral part of the human experience. Jesus, if it weren't for sex, none of us would even *be* here!"

"I guess, but..." Haley began saying.

"No guesses, no buts," the mother interrupted. "I'm not saying you should have sex with Joel, I'm not saying that at all. But I'm also not saying you shouldn't. I'm only telling you that sex isn't something dirty, sex isn't a sin, and sex is a natural conveyer of caring between two people." She didn't go so far as to include the words 'or more', even though she'd been the filling in a sex sandwich only a few minutes ago.

"So if I want to keep Joel I'll have to fuck him?" Haley asked, rather overwhelmed and frustrated by this conversation's thrust. Even though her mother was obviously putting a lot of careful thought into her arguments, they were nonetheless arguments against her own point of view. Which wasn't at all the kind of loyalty she'd hoped to receive from her!

"I have no idea," Stephanie said. "Only Joel can tell you that. So I'm not saying you should or you shouldn't, but I *am* saying that regardless of your faith, you'll need to be ready to bite the bullet... or at least to bite *something* unless you even go farther... at some point."

"And I'm not ready," Haley said definitively.

"I understand that," Stephanie accepted her statement unequivocally. "And you shouldn't do anything until you feel comfortable about taking a certain step, even if you don't yet feel comfortable about taking another one right afterwards."

"But what if he dumps me?"

"Then he isn't the man you think he is, and he most certainly isn't the man you need: someone who'll stick with you through thick and thin," Stephanie said. She was trying to make her daughter feel better, even though she sensed Joel really *was* going to dump her. He was a college man after all, and getting laid in college was almost as easy as getting bit by a mosquito in Louisiana.

"I just don't want to lose him," Haley said, about to start crying again.

An idea popped into Stephanie's head. It was almost as wrong as fucking her sons... and in some ways even more wrong because of the betrayal of Haley it would be by both parties. Yet it might solve the problem. She'd successfully used sex to address her sons' issues, so perhaps she could use it to solve her daughter's as well. So she said, "You won't. Joel is a *good* young man. He loves you."

"But what about when he pushes me for sex again?" Haley asked. "Because I know he won't give up on the idea."

"Be honest with him," Stephanie said. She then asked, having just learned her daughter didn't give blow jobs, "Do you at least give him hand jobs?"

"No," Haley said, then added, figuring she'd already said a lot, and although her mother hadn't agreed with all of it, her overall tone was far from unsympathetic. "Actually, I've never even *seen* his

penis."

"Never?" Stephanie knee-jerk reacted before she could think, but after a moment she *did* think, the thought being it was a miracle Joel was still dating her.

"Mom!"

"Sorry, I was just surprised," the mother said. "Has *he* gone down on *you*?"

"Good heavens no! Gross, gross, gross!"

"Honey," Stephanie wheedled.

"What?" Haley said. "Why on earth would *anyone* want to lick a girl's vagina?"

"Lots of people do it for intimacy and mutual pleasure." Stephanie explained. "Sex has a wide variety of ways of delivering pleasure to a body. Having someone lick your pussy isn't only intimate and a display of trust, it's also very pleasurable. And for some girls, it's the only way they can even come!" She couldn't help but think what her daughter would say if she knew fifteen minutes ago her two brothers had been deep inside her mother's pussy and asshole. Talk about displaying trust!

"He fingered me once for a bit," Haley admitted. "It just felt weird and wrong."

"Oh, if he ever finds your g-spot, weird is the *last* thing it'll feel," Stephanie chortled.

"So I still hear you saying I'll have to tolerate *some* form of sex if I want to keep him."

"I'm not saying that," Stephanie said, "and I can't get into the mind of a boy," although truth be told, she knew exactly what he was feeling: constantly horny, desperate and frustrated.

"Who can?" Haley sighed.

"Guys think we're just as big of a mystery."

"Why? We're dead *easy* to understand."

Stephanie scoffed.

"What?"

"Trust me, we're way more confusing than men."

"How so?"

"We're emotional, we're complicated, and we get moody even when it's not that time of the month," Stephanie said, "because simply put, we're more complicated than just about any man."

"That's for sure," Haley agreed.

"Men are simple and straightforward beings," Stephanie explained, "They *want* sex all the time, and they're *thinking* about sex all the time."

"That's disturbing," Haley said.

"It's a fact," Stephanie said. "One that won't change. Why do you think Hooters is so popular? It sure isn't the food."

"Because sex sells," Haley said, a principle put forward by one of her teachers just the other day in a psychology class.

"Exactly, sex sells," Stephanie nodded, "but what many people don't know, or they'd rather not admit, is that women are also sexual beings."

"But not to the extent men are."

"Oh, don't be so sure of that," Stephanie advised. "Woman get just as much... actually much *more* pleasure from sex than men do."

"We do?"

"Our orgasms last longer, we have more erogenous zones, and we can have multiple orgasms *lots* more rapidly than men," Stephanie said, thinking ruefully how her daughter had prevented that multiple part from happening just now.

"Oh."

"Imagine the pleasure you receive from having sex being a dozen times more powerful than masturbation," Stephanie said, then looked closely at her daughter who was looking uncomfortable again. Instantly she knew. "Oh no. Are you about to tell me you've never even *masturbated*?!"

"Certainly not, it's wrong," Haley professed adamantly.

"Yeah, yeah, yada, yada, it's yet another one of those forbidden sins," Stephanie said, for the first time being open with her daughter about her disdain for the Bible. "Look, like I said, the Bible contains lots of great messages, but it was written entirely by men."

"But..."

"So answer me this: why would God give us women bodies so effective for tempting people with, bodies capable of experiencing such pleasure, if those were sins?"

"The Devil did it. He..."

Stephanie was on a roll. She interrupted her daughter by saying, "No, the devil didn't create our bodies, God did. The devil didn't create the amazing pleasure that comes from sex, God did. The Devil didn't create the cum that sprays out of our body parts whenever we reach orgasm, God did."

"Mom, gross, gross, gross!" Haley objected, shocked at her Mom's lengthy and scandalous rant.

"No, Haley, you need to hear this," Stephanie insisted, not wishing her daughter to remain brainwashed by religion, or to become some frigid tennis-shoe-wearing cat lady. She was thrilled her daughter was smarter than she was, and not as wild as she was, but she didn't wish her to miss out on life and its experiences. "Based on your theory, or rather the one you've been brainwashed into believing, the Devil is to blame for childbirth, since although it's one of the most precious moments in life, yet it can only result from a night of sex, which was often more about lust than of lovemaking, and childbirth itself is so painful. Why would God make the most important hours in a woman's life the most painful and excruciating ones?"



Haley hadn't ever thought of that, and the question perplexed her. "I don't know."

Stephanie realizing she'd gone too far, calmed down and said, "Look, I only want you to understand that sex is a natural part of life. It's not sinful, it's pleasurable, and it's one of the greatest blessings of being alive."

"I still don't know," Haley repeated, her head spinning from her mother's unexpected sentiments.

"Look, I'm not saying you should jump his bones the next time you see him."

"Jump his bones? Really?" Haley said with a laugh, somehow her mother's flippant words forcing a good laugh out of her.

"Also called making love, having intercourse," Stephanie said, then deciding to push it a little, "or my personal favourite, fucking like rabbits!"

"You're so bad," Haley said, shaking her head.

"The point being, what Joel wants is natural," Stephanie said. "You still should take it slow. You still need to go at your own pace. But you'll also need to be ready to take the plunge at some point, or at least some version of a plunge. But don't hide behind the words of some tribal nomads from centuries ago who didn't understand women's nature any better than today's men do. They're just words. Advice. From men who couldn't have remotely predicted today's thinking."

"I guess."

"Again, the Bible contains some great messages, but it was written by men with at least a partial purpose of keeping us women in our places," Stephanie pointed out. "Do you know why they considered adultery such a major sin? Primarily because it compromised their wives or daughters' value to them as property. They considered us women their slaves."

That had always been one of her biggest pet peeves in the Bible: its utter lack of female empowerment. Haley had to agree with that point. "Yeah, the Bible isn't exactly a proactive treatise on feminism."

"And it can't be," Stephanie pointed out. "Feminism wasn't even a thing back then, so women have come a long, long way from those times; and actually, even from the fifties and the eighties. It's 2021, and it's time for women to take back their power in all ways. Power we haven't had in twenty-five centuries."

"Are you saying sex is power?"

"Sex is a woman's ultimate power," Stephanie said. "We hold all the cards. A single word... no... means exactly that. Another word... yes... means just that, too. My point, albeit I think I'm likely rambling by now, is that our sexuality provides us with the power to get what we want."

"Really?"

"Do you think I dress to showcase my breasts, legs and ass for eight plus hours a day for fun?" The mother asked. "I do it because it gets me great tips, and it helps me to pay for this house."

"And for your layabout sons' lifestyle," Haley added, hating how the boys used their mother.

"That's changing," Stephanie said. "They've both gotten fulltime jobs, and they're finally growing up."

"About time," Haley said, looking at her phone. "Shoot, I'm late for school."

"I can write a note to get you excused for the rest of the day," Stephanie offered, by now totally forgetting she had two big cocks waiting upstairs for her.

"No, I feel a lot better now."

"Good," the Mom said, feeling she'd done her job.

"Thanks, Mom," Haley said, hugging her.

"Anytime, honey," Stephanie said.

Haley headed out, and Stephanie went to the window to watch the car pull out and definitely leave. She then headed upstairs to the boys who were, of course, still naked.

"Joel will cheat on her," Andrew predicted.

"No, I don't think so," Stephanie said, although she knew her son was probably right.

"It's guaranteed," Andrew persisted, "If there's one universal truth in life, it's if a guy isn't getting what he needs from his girlfriend or his wife, he'll find it somewhere else."

"Because men are pigs," Stephanie said, shaking her head as Andrew walked over and tugged at the tie of her robe.

"Oink, oink," Andrew said, "ya got that right, Mommy," as he opened her robe.

"By the way, Haley definitely needed to hear your critical assessment of organised religion," Andrew added, as he bent down and sucked his Momal's huge tit into his mouth.

"You boys were eavesdropping?" The Mom asked as her son sucked on her tit, and her other son strolled over to suck on her other one.

"We couldn't hear anything from the hallway, but it turned out that the vent right here carries voices from the kitchen very well," Alex reported.

"*That* is very useful to know," Stephanie said, realizing the converse must be true: someone could likely hear her getting fucked in her bedroom from the kitchen.

"If Joel doesn't at least get laid at prom, I can almost guarantee you their relationship will be over," Andrew said.

"Guaranteed," Alex agreed.

"Speaking of supposed guarantees, why aren't your dicks inside Mommy yet?" Stephanie demanded playfully, her nipples getting sucked revving her right up, and she knew both of her sons needed to head off soon.

"We can *rectify* that," Andrew said from immediately behind her.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later give or take, following a good, rough, double penetration, Stephanie reached her second and third orgasms, before both of her sons erupted all over her tits... they both loved coming on her tits, and she loved their doing it.

As they left, Andrew repeated, "You've really got to help Haley understand it's time either to put out or get out of her relationship."

"Charming," Stephanie said, shaking her head.

"Just saying," he shrugged.

Throughout a long shower and a long shift at work, she couldn't stop pondering how she might deal with Joel.

Truth be told, the far too tempting idea of sucking him off and maybe even fucking him, popped into her head. She knew it would be wrong, yet so was fucking her boys, and her feminine intuition (yes, you men, it's a real thing) sensed it would solve the problem.

If Joel was getting what he needed from her, he wouldn't feel the need to dump Haley or to cheat on her (yes, she knew his fucking his girlfriend's Mom counted as cheating, but better the slut you know than the slut you don't; besides, she loved Haley dearly, and none of his other potential paramours would be able to say that).

Late that night Stephanie, unable to sleep from worrying about her daughter, ended up on her laptop and googled mother-in-law sex stories and porn, read a few, and found the craziest video porn series: 'My Wife Caught me Ass Fucking her Mom'.

The plots were mostly the same, sometimes moms just wanted sex with a young man who had a big dick, but some were about how the Mom had learned her daughter wasn't giving her husband enough sex, and usually no anal (since according to this series, every wife should be offering her ass to her man), and all the moms sucked, got fucked and were anally railed. Also in every scene the daughter would walk in, sometimes at the very end, but most often during an act of sodomy. Of course the daughter always freaked out, sometimes storming out, often calling her mother and her husband names, sometimes declaring her marriage was over... but occasionally the daughter sat down and watched attentively as the mother explained how and why she was doing it. This, to Stephanie, seemed like a very practical approach she could utilize for her daughter's quandary.

First she could seduce Joel.

Then suck him.

And then of course fuck him.

Maybe even give him her ass.

In short, she could be the slut he needed to drop his loads into while otherwise remaining faithful to Haley.

And perhaps she could eventually arrange for Haley to catch her with Joel's dick inside her, and then train her how to become a good slut for her man. But she shuddered at how easily that could blow up in her face.

But even keeping it a deep, dark secret between her and Joel, this had the potential for being a dangerous plan, yet it also seemed a very logical one.

So the very next morning she texted Joel: **Will you please come over this morning or early afternoon to help me with something?**

She had no idea what Joel's schedule of college courses was, except that once at the dinner table he'd complained about his lengthy breaks between classes.

Joel texted back a little later: **Sure, I have a break from eleven to two.**

Stephanie texted back: **Great. See you then. Just come inside when you get here.**

Joel texted back, oblivious of what was about to happen: **Sure Ms. Friesen.**

Stephanie texted back: **I've told you before Joel, to call me Stephanie. Ms. Friesen makes me feel old. You don't think I'm old do you?**

Joel texted back, worried he'd offended his girlfriend's mother: **No Stephanie. You are not old at all.**

Stephanie texted back: **Thanks. See you soon.** (She added a kiss emoji.) **Text me when you're on your way.**

Joel thought the texting exchange odd but nothing more, and he headed to his next class after agreeing to text when he was on his way.

Stephanie showered, put on a pair of sexy black thigh high stockings with a seam down the back of the leg... she'd always known the power nylons had over men, and she understood why, since they really showcased her legs, but she'd never understood how black lines down the back of her legs could drive men so crazy... but in her experience they always did.

She put a robe on with nothing else, and went downstairs. Joel texted, a good twenty minutes earlier than she'd anticipated: **I'll be there in fifteen or so.**

Stephanie read the text but didn't respond, and instead she used the information to set up her plan, perfecting the timing. She waited another seven or eight minutes before she slipped out of her robe, clicked Play on her laptop, and began watching a scene from 'My Wife Caught me Ass Fucking her Mother 10', which had four really hot scenes. One was the hot Sarah Vandella getting her ass reamed, which was wild, the scene where Sheena Ryder fucked her daughter's husband while the daughter slept on the couch beside her was also hot, but the scene that seemed *perfect* to be playing while Joel walked in on her was Alana Cruise getting her ass railed in the kitchen with tons of dirty talk, and the reaction by the daughter, the very hot Zoe Parker, was delicious.

She retrieved her vibrator, turned it on low, turned the volume of her laptop on high, and paused the video at the perfect spot... just a couple minutes before the daughter walked in on the Mom taking a big cock in her asshole. She didn't click on Play until she heard Joel pulling up, his failing muffler a bit of a giveaway.

So she pressed Play, slid the vibrator into her pussy, and began slowly fucking herself. Her legs were parted enough to give her unsuspecting voyeur a clear view of what she was doing, with her huge, droolworthy tits on full display.

Joel came inside, slipped out of his shoes, and he heard the unmistakeable sounds of sex. He was surprised, yet he proceeded into the living room. Whereupon he was *astounded* when he saw his girlfriend's mother almost completely naked, her eyes closed, and fucking herself with a toy! His cock hardened instantly as he froze in place, staring at the big breasted hot Mom.

Stephanie heard the front door close, so she assumed he'd arrived in the living room by now and was watching her. In fact, she could sense his presence. She knew many men and some women were in awe of her body... her ass and legs drew some of them in, but her tits were an asset that defied gravity. "Harder, fuck my ass harder," the MILF on the television demanded. (Author's note: I'm writing my own dialogue instead of stealing it from the actual scene, even though the scene is delicious and I highly recommend it.)

Joel was frozen in place staring at the hottest Mom ever, one he'd secretly enjoyed many stroke off fantasies about (since who doesn't stroke over a Hooters waitress, especially if you're dating her daughter?). She was hot as hell, sexy as fuck, and apparently into some really kinky shit.

Stephanie pumped the toy in and out of herself for a few more seconds, before opening her eyes and going for an Academy Award in acting as she gasped, even though she didn't try to cover herself up at all as she pulled the buzzing toy away from her pussy, "Joel! What are you doing here so soon?"

"I-I-I'm so sorry, Ms. Friesen, I just walked in like you said, and saw you like...." he stopped mid-sentence, unable to find any words for continuing, even as he couldn't take his eyes off her huge tits and the sloppy wet treasure between her spread open legs.

The woman on the video was begging, as the daughter had just walked in, "Yes, fuck my ass! Fuck it right in front of my daughter!"

"You were supposed to text me when you were on your way," Stephanie complained, as she closed her legs, but didn't cover her tits.

"I-I-I *did* text you," Joel defended, still unable to tear his gaze away from that beautiful pair of tits. Even though he'd been dating Haley for a couple of months, he'd never seen hers. He'd felt her up a few times though her clothing, but that was it. Haley was an amazing girl and he loved her, but her complete lack of interest in sex was so frustrating.

Stephanie reached for her phone, took a look, and of course saw Joel's message, and joked, "Oops, I guess I was a little preoccupied," still not covering up, as she reached for the buzzing toy and turned it off.

"I-I-I should go," Joel said, his cock raging and definitely needing some relief. He knew what his new jerk off fantasy would be for the next forever!

"I'm sorry you caught me like this," Stephanie apologized, standing up, now tacitly urging the overwhelmed boy to admire her entire body. "I thought I had enough time to get myself off before you got here!"

"My p-p-professor let us out e-e-early," Joel explained, trying not to stare or even to drool over his girlfriend's mother, but he couldn't take his eyes away from her. He wasn't even sure if he'd blinked since walking into the living room.

Stephanie reached for her robe, bending over far more than she had to, so he could see her perfect ass, and said, "I just lost track of the time."

On the laptop, the video continued with the mother now ordering, "Now watch Mommy, girl, this is how you please your man. Your mouth, pussy and asshole are all pleasure vessels for your lord and master."

"I-I-It's okay, Ms. Friesen," Joel said, hurriedly adjusting his cock while she was turned away, while staring at her amazing ass and legs. He'd never developed a thing for nylons until he started dating Haley... not that she wore them... she never wore them... but seeing his girlfriend's mother in them, especially in her Hooters outfit with those dark mocha nylons had turned him into a nylon lover. Yet at twenty, he'd never felt a woman's legs in nylons... something he greatly looked forward to doing someday. He'd hinted to Haley he'd like to see her in them, but she'd made it clear they were a man's invention intended only to sexualize women... and that had been that.

"Joel," she said semi-sternly, turning around, her robe now in hand but not actually on or covering anything while walking to the lost in lust boy, "I've told you many times to call me Stephanie."

"Sorry, S-S-Stephanie," Joel said, stuttering like mad, since her huge tits were now within grabbing reach and were thus really, really tempting, "I r-r-really should g-g-go."

"Nonsense," Stephanie refuted, totally enjoying this utterly panicked reaction from the college boy. She knew she was hot, she knew she could get most men going, but it never got old to witness the profound effects of her body's attraction. "Why would you leave so soon? Is my lack of clothing making you uncomfortable?"

"N-n-no," Joel lied. "It's just a l-l-little surprising."

"Then you *have* seen a naked woman before?"

"Of course," he said, acting casual.

On the computer the MILF was begging, "Yes, slam my shit hole, show my daughter how an ass should *really* be fucked!"

'Mom, please stop tormenting me like this," the daughter pleaded. "Jared is my *husband*!"

"But may I take it you've never before been in the *presence* of a naked woman?" the seductive Stephanie asked, ramping up the heat of her seduction.

"W-w-well, not an actual woman in *person*," Joel admitted, overwhelmed by what was happening here and now, plus the wild scene he could hear continuing on the computer.

"Just sit down and watch," the mother ordered "He's only fucking my ass because you aren't giving him yours."

"But you have seen my *daughter* naked, have you not?" Stephanie asked.

"I r-r-really should go," he said, his cock raging in his pants.

"Then you *haven't* seen my daughter naked?" Stephanie asked, this time in fake shock.

"No," he admitted.

"So this is weird," Stephanie said. "You've seen your girlfriend's old bag of a mother naked before even seeing your hot young girlfriend *au naturale*."

Stephanie wasn't fishing for compliments, although she knew she was about to get one, but instead she was slyly luring him into her inexorable seduction.

"Oh, yeah! See, Zoey? *This* is how a woman should bend over and take her man's dick in her cunt or ass," the MILF lectured from her viewpoint of Exhibit A, still getting her back door hammered while her daughter still watched, still mortified.

"You're not at all old," Joel said, suddenly focused on the surprising insecurity of this really fit woman, even as the surreal conversation on the computer kept distracting him.

"That's sweet of you to say," Stephanie said, reeling him in more and more, "but I have more years behind me than you and my daughter combined."

"I'm serious," Joel said, shocked to be hearing that this perfect woman, beautiful in every way... mind, body and spirit, could be insecure. "You have an amazing body."

"You think so?" Stephanie asked, playing vulnerable.

"Yes indeed, you don't look anywhere close to your age," he said. "Trust me, my mother is your age, and you two look nothing alike."

"Oh yes, harder, fuck my ass harder," the onscreen MILF demanded, moaning like crazy.

Stephanie knew that was true; she'd only met Joel's mother once, but she was a large woman; very nice, but who nonverbally had judged her for what she did for a living, and for being divorced. Joel's mother was still married, and was a nurse.

"That's so sweet," Stephanie said, deciding to play a scene right out of the awesome Michael J. Fox movie 'Secret of my Success', with Joel being the overwhelmed young man played by Fox, and she the sexy seductive MILF Vera Prescott, played sensually by Margaret Whitton (there's even an amazingly sexy montage, where she teases him relentlessly in the limo in a very sexy nylon scene). "But I know I can't compete with the younger girls." When in truth she knew not only could she compete, but could out sexy, out slutty, and out fuck any of them. She asked, as she cupped her huge double D tits, "But do you think these are firm, Joel honey?"

Joel was paralyzed with shock. This was the kind of thing that only happened in some badly scripted porn film. "They look v-v-very firm, Ms. Friesen."

"I told you to call me Stephanie," Stephanie corrected, holding her tits up immediately in front of the wide-eyed college boy.

"S-S-Sorry, but they do look really firm, Stephanie," he corrected himself, having known from the beginning of this visit he should leave, knew that wherever this went it would be wrong, but his stockinged feet felt glued to the floor. There was no way he was going anywhere!

"Thank you, but do they *feel* firm, Joel?" Stephanie asked, snatching downwards for his hands and placing them on her tits.

Joel was speechless! He couldn't believe this was happening! He couldn't *believe* he had his girlfriend's mother's breasts in his hands.

"Squeeze them, Joel," Stephanie ordered. "Just like you would grapefruits in the supermarket to see how ripe they are. Do they feel nice and firm to you?"

Joel mindlessly obeyed, his cock really raging, feeling pleasurable pulses in his pants, as he test squeezed those gravity-defying tits.

"Well?" Stephanie asked, loving the look of awe and wonder in his eyes.

"V-v-very firm," he stammered, as he kept squeezing them as if they were indeed perfectly ripe grapefruits.

"And how about my ass?" she asked, taking a step away, wanting him to want her even more. She bent over, presenting him with the most amazing up close and personal view of her ass, with her pussy folds now peeking out at him. "Is this elderly broad's ass still firm?"

"Oh God, it's very firm," Joel said.

"And my legs?" she asked, really loving the power she was exerting over her daughter's boyfriend as she stood up, draped a leg across the coffee table and ran her hands over her sexy, sheer leg. "What... do... you... think... about... my... legs?"

"T-t-they're amazing," he stammered, and then blurted out for some reason, "especially in those nylons."

"You also like my nylons?" she asked coyly, not having previously noticed him checking out her legs when he was over... he'd undoubtedly sneaked admiring looks at her tits, but she hadn't noticed him checking out her legs... although most guys did, so it didn't come as much of a surprise.

"They look very nice," he said stiffly, in spite of her flaunting all her charms so forwardly, terrified of doing or saying something wrong, but nevertheless unable to keep from staring at her sexy legs and feet in the sheer black nylons. He hadn't known such nylons existed outside of porn, and seeing them on his girlfriend's mother had him in awe and lust.

"Come feel them," she offered, knowing he wanted to.

"I shouldn't," he said, admiring them as if in a trance.

"You've already felt up my tits, Joel," Stephanie pointed out bluntly. So you can also feel my legs through my nylons. We both know you want to."

"But... you're my girlfriend's Mom," Joel pointed out the obvious. It had taken him a while to get around to mentioning that... meaning she was entrancing him beyond his ability for rational thought.

"So? That undeniable fact gives you the opportunity to see and feel more or less what Haley looks like without her clothes on," Stephanie said; it was true they had very similar bodies, although her daughter's tits were much smaller.

Joel knew everything that was happening was wrong, everything ever since he'd arrived was wrong; morally and mentally he knew this, but alas for his morality, it wasn't the head on his shoulders guiding his actions anymore... it was the lower head... and the lower head was making it clear that what he wanted more than anything right now was to feel those sexy legs in those sexy nylons.



Joel didn't say a word as he came forward, bent down, and ran his hands over her sheer, nylon-covered legs, unable to express how sexy and soft they were to him.

"You know, I have to work out every day to keep my body in this kind of shape," Stephanie said.

Joel heard her words, but he didn't process them as he prayerfully said, feeling he might come any moment just from excitement, "They're so soft!"

"Nylons are a great way to showcase my legs," Stephanie said.

"Yes," he replied, unable even to attempt a conversation, his brain complete mush from his complete obsession with the nylons he was touching, the legs he was touching, and the naked body he was touching.

"I've told Haley she should wear them, but she won't," Stephanie said.

"I know."

"Oh yes, come in my asshole," the MILF demanded, and then addressed her daughter wickedly, 'See? *This* is how you should please your fucking man!"

"Shoot, I guess I should shut that off," Stephanie said with a playful laugh, bending down and closing the laptop while Joel kept gliding his hands up and down her leg.

"So if you haven't seen my daughter naked, I'm assuming you also haven't fucked her," Stephanie said bluntly, using language a mother never does with her daughter's boyfriend.

"What? No," he said, shocked at her blunt question.

"But of course she at least sucks your cock and swallows your load?" Stephanie asked wickedly, pretending this was just common sense, even though she already knew differently, "or welcomes your warm, soothing facials?"

"No, never," he denied, shaking his head, about to come in his pants without even having his dick touched.

"Jesus Christ!" Stephanie declaimed as if personally offended. "Then at least hand jobs?"

"Noooooooo," Joel moaned, while he *did* spew his load.

"Did you just come in your pants?" Stephanie crowed, loving the power she already had over him, and now anticipating *really* getting him off!

"I-I-I'm so sorry," he apologized, standing up and turning to leave... shame coursing through him.

"Get back here, boy," Stephanie ordered, placing her hands on her hips and standing with her feet shoulder width apart, presenting him with an amazing view of her impressive frontal nudity.

"I really should go," he said, terribly embarrassed at ejaculating in his pants, and also feeling guilt rushing through him for kind of cheating on his girlfriend... although he really had no idea how he'd describe what had just happened.

"No way; we need to talk, sweetie," she disagreed, walking right up to him and taking his hands in hers.

"I'm so sorry," he said.

"For what?" Stephanie asked, actually feeling a little sorry for him for always getting cock blocked by her daughter.

"For coming in my pants just now, and for drooling over your hot bod and objectifying you," he said, feeling so humiliated.

"First of all, I'm extremely flattered that you came in your pants," Stephanie said.

"You are?"

"Yes, because the *only* reason you could have come in your pants, and without any physical stimulation to boot, is because I turn you on, and more than just a little."

"I can't deny that! You're so beautiful," Joel blurted, in complete lust with this woman, "and your nylons are so soft, and your dirty talk was so seductive."

"You even liked my dirty talk?" she asked, even though she knew almost all men loved a woman bringing a filthy mouth into the bedroom.

"It's very different," he said.

"Different from my daughter you mean?"

"Yeah," he nodded.

"So have you ever fucked *any* girls?" Stephanie asked bluntly.

"Yeah, a couple of them," he said, although both were only a couple of times each.

This perplexed Stephanie. Surprised her too. He was decent looking. He had a good body. He was outgoing. It was hard to believe he'd gone through high school and part of college only getting laid a couple of times. Poor guy. At his age he was supposed to get laid all the time.

"But from what you said earlier, they weren't naked."

"That's right, they just lifted their skirts and moved their panties aside."

"How about blow jobs?"

"Once on a bus once, coming back from a debate," he admitted, not mentioning it was from the very chubby Tara, or that he'd lasted less than two minutes. But on the good side, the feel of her mouth on his cock was amazing as he was coming... so much better than his hand. Every orgasm since that bus ride had been anti-climactic... well, that wasn't literally true... he'd definitely climaxed each time... but they just didn't live up to or even come close to replicating the pleasure Tara had given him that time.

"I see," she said. "Next topic. I know you've been doing your best to talk my daughter into having sex with you."

"Oh, God," he said, his red face somehow going even a darker shade of red. "And she's been complaining to you about it? Now I *really* have to go, if you're about to give me *that* talking to!"

"No, don't go; I get it," she said. "You're twenty. You're a college man. You have needs."

"Yes, but I'd never push her into doing anything she isn't ready for," he said, and meant it. Sure, it drove him crazy that she wanted to wait, but he loved her. She was an amazing woman. They had so many other things in common.

"I know that," she said, "because you're a gentleman."

"I try," he shrugged, having been called a nice guy his whole life... a description that could be a compliment or an insult, depending on who was saying it. Bad boys got laid. Nice boys held hands.

"But you get frustrated and horny because she doesn't put out, don't you?"

"Well..."

"Always tell me the honest truth about this and everything else. I'll know if you're lying."

"Well, yeah."

"And here's a little secret: Haley knows that you're horny, and she told me she's afraid she'll lose you because of it. So tell me something else: have you ever felt tempted to at least cheat on her? Again, the truth now."

"Ummmm..."

"Don't worry, you don't have to say it; I can see it in your eyes. So I have a rather unorthodox idea."

"Oh? What is it?" he asked, still having a hard time maintaining eye contact when her huge tits were still right out in the open and staring back at him.

"I mean it's a *very* unorthodox idea," she stressed. "More of a proposal, really; or even more accurately, a proposition."

"Tell me," he said, almost begging, since with all the buildup, he was really wanting and needing to know!

"Well, since my daughter won't give you what you need, and since I'd really hate it if you dumped her for some hot skank at college, or even just cheated on her with one," she said, deciding the risk of making this offer was a better bet than *not* making it and thus chancing his dumping her daughter, "you can fuck *me* instead!"

His eyes went wide.

He'd heard the words, but didn't believe them.

*No way* was this hot mother offering to have sex with him!

No way!

"So what do you think, stud?" Stephanie asked, grabbing his cock with her left hand... which was still housed inside his jeans, but not for much longer... and she was happy to discover it was still hard and felt impressively large.

"Ooooooh," he groaned, a chill going up his back at the hottest woman he'd ever met in real life squeezing his cock.

"Nice cock, Joel," Stephanie said. "It's a shame my daughter hasn't discovered the joys of playing with a big dick."

"Yes, Haley. What about *her*?" he asked, this offer a dream come true, seeming even too far-fetched for a porn film... yet it was real.

"We're doing this *for* Haley," she said, dropping to her knees and fishing out his cock.

"We are?" he asked, as this dream come true kept right on coming *visually* true right before his eyes. He wanted to pinch himself, but he didn't, in case this *was* a dream.

She pulled out his dick and said approvingly, "*This* is a very impressive cock."

"T-T-Thanks," he stammered as she began stroking it.

"You're good for Haley, and she's good for you," Stephanie explained as she stroked the nice hard cock. "So since she can't in good conscience give you what every man needs, at least not yet, I'll have to step in for her until she *is* ready to do it."

"You're really sure about this?" he asked, watching this beautiful naked woman stroking his cock.

"Well, there *is* one great big if. *If* I promise to suck your cock regularly, and also to take it in my pussy and my ass, will you promise not to touch any other girl except for Haley whenever she's ready?" Stephanie negotiated wickedly, a moment before starting to lick the thick shaft.

"Y-y-yes," he stammered, "I-I-I can *certainly* promise that!" He was stunned to hear what she was offering, especially the part where she added her ass into the mix without his even asking for it!

"Then we have a deal. Whenever you need to drop a load, you just come to me," she said as she swirled her tongue around his cock head. "And I do mean *whenever!* Don't you *dare* ever stay away just because you think you're coming to me too often. I love to have sex, so I'll always enjoy fucking you just as much as you'll enjoy fucking me. And I'll also teach you all the best ways to please a woman. Do you want to learn how to please a woman?"

"Wow! Yes indeed!" he blurted out, just as she took his cock into her mouth. "Oh God," he groaned, now happy about creaming his jeans earlier since if he hadn't, he'd be coming in her mouth already.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, as she took all eight of his inches in her mouth.

"I *still* can't believe this is happening," he said as he watched his girlfriend's hot Mom sucking his cock. He'd imagined Haley doing this many times, and also many times Stephanie doing it... he'd always assumed eventually he'd live out the fantasy of Haley doing it, but never in a million years could have fathomed the other fantasy coming true.

"I'll do absolutely anything to ensure you don't leave Haley, so if you'd ever like to try something particularly kinky, be sure and ask me," Stephanie said, briefly taking his cock out of her mouth to speak before returning to sucking the big dick, looking forward to swallowing his load number two. Even knowing Haley wouldn't understand why she was doing this, which was why she couldn't ever find out (she knew it wouldn't ever go as well as it sometimes did in the 'My Wife Caught me Ass Fucking her Mom' series), she also knew Haley would be devastated if she lost Joel, which would

then affect her grades, her college career, and even more, since she had a history of depression issues.

Joel just moaned while Stephanie's mouth gave him pleasure unlike any he'd ever experienced!

After a couple minutes of bobbing, Stephanie stressed, "Of course nobody can ever find out about this arrangement, Joel, especially Haley."

"Of course," he nodded, looking down at the hot MILF.

"So which would you rather... would you rather comedown my throat, or all over my face?" Stephanie asked wickedly.

"Golly, I don't know," Joel said in confusion, "either would be great!" this wild afternoon still getting wilder and wilder.

"Look Joel, here's Lesson Number One in pleasing a woman. A willing woman such as Haley will be for you someday, and like I am right now, appreciates a man who knows what he wants," she said. "I'll happily suck your dick all day if you tell me to, but you need to assert some control."

"Really?"

"I know I come across like a strong, independent woman, and I am one," Stephanie said, as she kept stroking his cock, "but whenever I'm intimate with a man, I become submissive, obedient, and an absolute slut, longing for my man to take me and use me however *the fuck* he wants."

"Really?" Joel repeated. In many of his jerk off fantasies he did become that man... dominant... just taking what he wanted. He'd imagined face fucking Haley if she allowed it, or bending Stephanie over a kitchen table and just *slamming* his dick in her pussy... yet after he came, he always felt bad about harbouring such demented thoughts.

"Joel, you're a man, and a man needs to lead his woman."

"I just don't know," he said, still tentatively.

"Okay then, if I need to be the one breaking the ice this time, I'll do it! I *order* you to face fuck my mouth, Joel," Stephanie demanded. "Shove that big cock all the way into my mouth and down my throat, and then do it again! Grab hold of my head and face fuck me! Use me like a cheap whore! Then when you're ready, come in my mouth or shoot a big load all over my face, and I don't care which, so long as it's *your decision!*"

"Fuck," Joel said, all her nasty talk enough to entice him out of his nice guy shell and into his fantasy bad boy persona. Well... at least a step or two. He slid his cock into her mouth and grasped her head with both hands... far too gently at first... but at least he began slowly to fuck it.

At first he was still tentative; he was fucking her mouth, but only slowly, more like making love to it. Stephanie first bobbed more vigorously to goad him along, then grabbed his ass and pulled him irresistibly forward, until all eight inches were tickling her tonsils. Years of experience meant she could easily take eight inches without gagging (meaning three of those inches were down her throat), and while holding her breath, she held his entire cock in her mouth and beyond for a good thirty seconds!

Joel was in awe of her entire surreal *tour de force*! Then when she backed away, he took her actions as a challenge and assessed, seeing her excessive saliva dripping off of his cock, "A demonstration like can only mean you want me to *really* face fuck your mouth!"

"Yes baby, that's exactly what I want," Stephanie purred, looking up at him. "Give me *all* of that cock with everything you have! Fuck my face like an insane person, I want to feel your balls careening off my chin!"

"Shit, then if you *really* want it..." Joel warned, finally getting drawn into this debauchery and shoving aside any tentativeness in his actions.

"Yes, go right ahead and shoot for the moon! I want you to use me every which way you want."

"Okay then, you asked for it," he drawled, and slid his cock back into her mouth. This time, like he'd seen in some porn films, he grabbed her head in both hands and *really* began to fuck her mouth. And still never having fucked anyone the normal way, this was a completely surreal experience. He felt a surge of power and an intense rush of adrenaline because of this very moment becoming a man... a *bad* boy... and not some pussy whipped nice guy.

As Joel finally began releasing that inner man inside himself... face fucking her mouth without holding back, she moaned on his cock, encouraging him to keep it up.

Joel felt such a rush of adrenaline! Perhaps it was all that pent up masculinity building up pressure over twenty years, perhaps it was the raw lust of this woman, and perhaps the constant rejections from Haley were a factor, but he felt confidence and power like he'd never felt before. He roughly face fucked his girlfriend's hot mother; his balls bounced on her chin as his entire cock disappeared into her mouth again and again. Her moans as he face fucked her kept his confidence rising!

Even though he'd come in his pants just a few minutes ago, it seemed like an eternity, given the dominoes cascade of revelations she'd given him, the never before sensations of her lips on his cock, the pleasure of her mouth... and her throat!... and just the intensity of the overall situation, Joel knew he wouldn't last much longer... this pleasure unlike anything he'd ever experienced before. And now he was about to come, the options she'd given him for where, both of them fantasies he'd played out in his head dozens of times, and he still couldn't decide between coming down his girlfriend's Mom's mouth or coming all over her face. And it wasn't until the last moment that he decided, and then he pulled out and furiously stroked his throbbing cock immediately outside of its recent home inside her warm, wet mouth.

"Yes, if that's what you want, then come all over my face, you sexy stud," Stephanie cheered him on, knowing more men chose this option over the alternative... it being the one that seemed hotter and nastier, even though objectively for him, likely less pleasurable physically.

"Oh God, take it all, slut," he grunted, using a slur he'd never dreamed of calling a woman before, yet it sprang out in the heat of the moment.

"Yes," Stephanie moaned, as the warm load erupted from his cock like machine gun bullets.

"Ohhhhhh, God," Joel grunted, in awe of watching his cock exploding all over his girlfriend's Mom's face.

"Such a *big* load," Stephanie praised him, loving to be coated in cum. Even though with her sons she'd been spit-roasted, double penetrated, and been come both in and on, she still fantasized

about being the centre of a train, a gangbang or a bukkake; or better yet, all three in a single session.

Once he finished delivering his load, the beautiful naked woman, now dripping with his cum, especially her face, leaned forward and took his cock back into her mouth.

Stephanie nursed his cock for a couple of minutes, looking forward to feeling it filling her pussy, and perhaps her ass too. But first she needed to train him in the lost art of pussy licking. A good man could fuck a woman into oblivion, but a better one additionally knew how to get her off with his lips, tongue and fingers.

She backed off of his cock, stood up and said, "That's quite a load you shot all over me," as she scooped a big wad on her chin and sucked it into her mouth.

"I'm sorry for calling you a slut," Joel apologized, for with his orgasm now over, he felt bad for calling her that.

"Don't be, I considered it a plus! Slut, whore, bimbo, bitch," Stephanie listed. "Call me whatever the fuck you want while we're having sex, just don't whenever we aren't."

"It just seems wrong," Joel said, his logic returning after his orgasm.

"Did it feel wrong when you fucked my face, splattered it with cum, and called me a slut?" the MILF asked.

"I can't believe I did any of that," Joel said.

"It's a side of you that all men have," Stephanie said. "It's in your DNA. All women say they want a nice guy, and it's true; we want a man who loves us, treats us like a princess, and can look after us. But we also want a man who can protect us, be the man of the house, and dominate us in the bedroom."

"*All* women want that?" Joel asked dubiously, thinking there was no way Haley would agree with *any* of those sentiments her mother had suggested.

"Okay, not *all* women," Stephanie agreed; "but *many* women do, and even *most* women, if they were given the opportunity. So it's absolutely true that most women, whether they know it or not, would prefer a dominant man in the bedroom."

"How about Haley?" he asked, finding himself in another surreal conversation with his girlfriend's naked mother, this time with the added feature of his very visible cum all over her face.

"Definitely Haley," Stephanie nodded confidently, knowing that behind her religious and feminist exterior she'd be a natural submissive. "Although right now she likely has no idea that's what she wants."

"I can't imagine that."

"When you got up this morning, could you have imagined my insisting on your face fucking me and then your actually doing it before the day was over?" she asked wickedly, scooping more cum off her face and eating it.

"Definitely not," he said, shaking his head at the wild reality of what had transpired, and the evidence currently being destroyed as she ate it down.

"But I can be your fuck toy for the time being, and also help you to build some confidence and become the dominant man a strong-willed woman like Haley will need in the bedroom," Stephanie suggested.

"I still can't see that," he said, trying to imagine Haley putting up with *anyone* calling her a slut.

"Trust me, the more feminist they are and the more strong-willed they are, the more likely they're secretly submissive behind their strong feminist personas," Stephanie said.

"Really? You'd think it would be the opposite," Joel said.

"Yeah, it would if our personalities were consistently the same both in and out of the bedroom," Stephanie agreed. "But often the women you'd *least* expect to be submissive based on their behaviour in public are the *most* submissive ones in private. Rich bored women, teachers, doctors, lawyers and politicians, are some of the most common ones."

"The idea of some of my teachers or professors being submissive is pretty hot," Joel said, thinking of some of his old high school teachers, and a couple of really hot professors.

"Yeah, it's not a rule or anything," Stephanie said, as she walked to the couch where she'd orchestrated being caught in the act, "it's just that many women want a man who can take charge. Being a woman in a still predominantly man's world is exhausting, so when we get home or wherever, we can really use a break from being in charge. You've seen how assertive I am at the dinner table. That's certainly not the side of me I've been showing you today!"

"I'd never thought of it that way," Joel nodded, thinking this wild afternoon was likely over, and wondering what a good exit line might be. After she'd blown his mind (and his dick) like that, 'Thanks for a fun time' probably wouldn't cut it.

Stephanie spread her legs and asked, "Why aren't you between my legs yet? This pussy isn't going to eat itself."

Joel stammered, his cock still hard, "R-R-Really?"

"Yeah, a real man is willing to eat pussy, and get a girl off with his lips, tongue and fingers," she said.

"Of course," he nodded, thinking that made a lot of sense. He'd never eaten a puss before, but he'd watched lots of porn and read about it in preparation for that eventual day... he'd just never imagined that day would be today, or that it would be with his girlfriend's mother... the hottest women he'd ever met! He walked over to her and lowered himself between her nylon-clad legs, resting his hands on them both, and warned, "I've never done this before."

"No worries," she smiled in a motherly way, which was really weird in the circumstances. "I'm here to teach you everything you'll need to know to make Haley a very happy woman once she's ready."

"Okay," he said, gazing at her slightly glistening pussy lips.

"Did you notice how I didn't immediately start sucking your cock earlier?"



"Yeah, I guess," he said, the entire experience all a blur now.

"First I took it in my hand and I stroked it, then I licked up and down your big shaft, and I also swirled my tongue around your cock head," Stephanie described.

"Right, yes. I do remember your doing that," he nodded, as he rubbed his hands slowly up and down her nylon-clad legs.

"That was a tease; it's called foreplay," she said, and joked, "albeit very brief foreplay that time, because I just *had* to have that cock in my mouth, but foreplay nonetheless."

He was flattered, but still bewildered at why she'd done it. "Why?"

"Why did I want your cock in my mouth?"

"Yeah."

"Because it was big, and it looked so delicious, that I just had to have it," she said. "My daughter really has no clue what she's missing."

"This is all still really crazy," he said.

"I know, but since we've already opened Pandora's Box, we may as well get you eating *my* box," Stephanie quipped, knowing it was corny.

"Okay," he nodded. "I'm certainly not complaining!"

"So first, instead of just diving your face into a pussy or instantly starting to lick, begin by teasing me instead. Kiss my inner thigh, allow your warm breath to tease my pussy, or use your imagination to experiment with how to drive me wild," Stephanie instructed.

"Okay," Joel nodded, and he kissed her thigh, and then instead of moving up towards her pussy, he moved downwards, kissing a trail along her nylon-covered leg and progressing to her nylon foot.

"Oh, Joel," Stephanie purred as he sucked her toes. "That feels *sooo* nice."

Joel switched to the other foot and sucked those toes as well, before beginning to kiss his way back up.

"You're such a tease, Joel," Stephanie moaned, part of her now wanting just to grab his head and yank it into her pussy.

He reached her pussy and blew softly across it. Since it was so wet by now, his warm breath felt cool.

The MILF next instructed, "Now lick between my pussy lips; do it as if you're painting a wall."

"Okay," he said, leaning forward, trembling ever so slightly as he extended his tongue and licked his very first pussy. Instantly he was in awe. The wetness! The taste! It was everything he'd imagined, and yet so much more.

"That's it. Explore me, taste me," she said, loving his meandering tongue.

For a couple minutes he did, before she progressed the lesson by asking, "Next, do you see my clitoris?"

"Yes," he said, having invested much time in learning the anatomy of the pussy in preparation for this very moment.

"Good, now understand that the clit is the trigger. Most women will come with some pressure on the clit, since it's extra sensitive. So when you sense the woman is close, but not sooner, suck it, lick it, and tug it between your lips. Do whatever you need to, to get her off and make her come. You can make her convulse with intense pleasure. But first only lick around it and tease her. Now tease me like that."

"Okay," he said, and he used his tongue to explore every crevice of her pussy... except for the clit.

"Good boy," she moaned, her orgasm rising from his inexperienced but eager tongue, and from this entire wild encounter.

Joel listened carefully to her increasing moans, and when he sensed she was close, he finally licked the clit.

"Ooooooooooh," Stephanie moaned, after all that teasing, her body twitching uncontrollably.

Hearing her moan, feeling her body twitch, he sucked the clit between his lips and shook his head from side to side, like he'd read about.

"Oh, fuck Joel, now don't stop doing that for even an instant!" Stephanie demanded, her hand clutching his head.

Joel, excited to get the MILF off, to taste her pussy cum, continued his aggressive attack on her clit until she screamed, and a massive gush of wetness splattered his face and surged into his open mouth.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuucck!" Stephanie screamed as her orgasm ripped through her.

Joel licked up as much of the cum as he could, enthralled by his task, enchanted by her beauty, and mesmerized by the taste.

After a minute's rest, Stephanie, still horny and wanting a dick inside her, any dick really, oral sex always driving her wild but leaving her wanting more, "Good job! And now, shove that big dick in my pussy, Joel! Fuck me right fucking now!"

"Really?" Joel asked, even though with such a hot MILF, these were dream come true words for any man!

"Right now, Joel! I'm your fuck slut, I'll ensure you won't leave my daughter by being your cock sucking, dick taking fuck toy for as long as she needs me to do it!" Stephanie reiterated. "Now *slam* that big dick in my fucking pussy! I need your cock in me right fucking now!"

Joel couldn't refuse her, even knowing this was the wildest thing a guy could ever do... to fuck his girlfriend's mother. His cock was, of course still hard, and he clambered up from between her legs and positioned his cock at her pussy.

Stephanie, not wishing him to leave him any time to second guess his actions, wrapped her nylon legs around his waist and pulled him into her wanton pussy... hard! "Oh yes, Joel, your cock fills me so good."

"I can't believe this," Joel said, as his dick was suddenly all the way inside his girlfriend's mother's pussy. He also couldn't believe the difference between her blow job and being enclosed by her wet pussy. Both were warm, but in different ways, and the pussy had such an *intense* wetness.

"You can't believe you're fucking your girlfriend's Mom? That you're fucking a hot slut who'll do any nasty damn thing you want her to?" Stephanie asked wickedly, knowing those questions would drive any man wild... especially a young, inexperienced guy like Joel.

"All of that," he replied dazedly, not moving once he was all the way inside her... each of her nasty descriptors making his head spin.

"Don't just park yourself in my cunt, get to fucking it! Fuck me, pound my pussy," Stephanie demanded, seeing he was completely overwhelmed and unsure of what to do.

"Yeah, right," he nodded, shaking his head and beginning slowly to fuck her.

"That's it, Joel. Fuck me. Fuck me knowing this pussy is yours anytime you want it," she reminded him.

"Feels so good," Joel said, super happy he'd already come twice this afternoon, so he could last longer.

"Yes, it feels really good to me too," Stephanie agreed, unwrapping her legs from around him and spreading them as widely as she could, to watch the big cock fucking her.

For a couple minutes, Joel fucked her. Slowly, and then faster.

"You're in charge Joel," Stephanie reminded him again. "Fuck me hard, change positions, just tell me what to do, baby."

"Then get on all fours, I want to fuck you doggy style," he instructed her, doggy a position he'd always wanted to try.

"Yes baby," she said, and when he pulled out of her, she went down from the couch and onto her carpeted floor and got on all fours.

"Fuck, do you have a great ass," he said., admiring her bent over.

"You like? You can fuck that too whenever you want," Stephanie offered.

"Shit, you really *are* a nasty little slut," he said, feeling rushes of adrenaline and confidence from her constant reminders of her eagerness to obey him.

"Yes, I'm *your* nasty slut Joel, *your* cock sucker, *your* fuck toy, *your* cum bucket," Stephanie listed. Saying such things always turned her on, and she knew it did wonders for her men... especially young men... especially young men in need of a serious push to start acting like her dominant studs.

"Oh yeah," Joel said, sliding back into her pussy. "I hear you! You want to be my sexy slut!"

"Yes, Joel," she said, as he began fucking her. "I want you to pound me hard, to fuck me until you shoot your load inside or onto me."

"I can really come in your pussy?"

"Yes, Joel. I'm protected, so you may come in my mouth, pussy or ass," she said, looking back at him.

"Fuck," he said, his hands on her hips as he began really fucking her.

"Oh yes, fuck me, fuck me like a slut, use me," Stephanie said, needing to get really hammered.

"Then take it, slut," Joel said, living in the moment, no longer worried about any consequences, just making his long-held fantasy come true.

"Give it to me," Stephanie moaned, her second orgasm rising.

"And you want me to keep dating your daughter?" Joel asked, this rush of power transforming him into a different man.

"Yes Joel, yes," Stephanie moaned, the fucking feeling really good.

"And you'll take my dick whenever I want?" he asked, reaching for her hair.

"Yes baby, all my holes are open for you," Stephanie moaned, as he pulled her hair while he kept up his fast fucking. The hairpulling hurt, but it was a good hurt, a submissive hurt.

"I'll be fucking you a lot," Joel said. "Your daughter leaves me constantly horny."

"Mmmmmm," Stephanie moaned, her second orgasm getting close.

Joel too was getting close from his first ever naked fucking in an actual house, as he pounded her as hard as he could, loving the sounds of her moans and her nasty talk.

"Oh yes, fuck my pussy... yes... so good... pound my cunt... give me that dick... more... harder... fuck... oh fuck... YES, you mother fucker!" she screamed, as all those nasty words and phrases were spread across two minutes of intense fucking.

Hearing her call him a mother fucker made his balls boil, and as he listened to her scream and climax, and felt the warmth of her pussy cum, he too came, filling her pussy with his third load during this surreal, life-altering encounter.

"Yes, fill me with your come," she moaned, loving her pussy being filled.

He kept spewing his load into his girlfriend's mother, into his fuck toy, until he was completely exhausted... surprised by how much of a workout fucking was.

"Oh fuck," Stephanie moaned as he slowed down.

He pulled out, and a puree of their cum leaked out of her. "Wow," he said.

"Yeah, wow," she agreed, as she collapsed onto the floor.

"I can't believe we just did that," he said in awe, as the aftermath of their wild day was now upon him.

"That I sucked your cock, that you came on my face, that you ate my pussy, or that you fucked me and shot a huge load inside me?" Stephanie asked wickedly.

"All of it," he said, as his phone rang... the ringtone telling him it was his girlfriend. "Shit, it's Haley."

"You should probably keep our adventures between just us," Stephanie smiled, as she rolled onto her back.

"Yeah, really," he agreed, as he went to grab his phone.

As Joel lied to her daughter, saying he was on campus and had just finished eating lunch, the last part being kind of true, Stephanie got up, grabbed her robe and finally put it on ... a full hour after she'd taken it off.

Joel hung up and said, "I feel like such an asshole."

"It's okay," Stephanie said, having known he might feel this way once the hormones calmed down.

"No, it's not okay, I cheated on her," he said. "With you. With her mother."

"Look," Stephanie said. "This is a temporary solution, and although it's lots of fun, it's basically for Haley's benefit. I'm available for more whenever you need me, but if you feel this needs to be a one time thing, then so be it."

"She'll hate me," he said mournfully.

"Only if she finds out," she pointed out. "And she shouldn't ever find out."

"But I'm not sure I can lie to her."

"Joel, you're a great guy, that's why I just did everything I did with you. She needs you in her life, maybe even *for* life, she just isn't ready to do what needs doing to satisfy your needs so she can keep you," Stephanie said. "So she's your girlfriend, your best friend, your everything, and until she's ready to suck your big cock and to fuck you, well, I'll just be her body double for that part."

"I don't know," he said.

"But I know," she said. "Doing this was necessary for you. Because it was only a matter of time before some college slut seduced you."

"Well, there's this girl named Mary who's pretty much been offering herself to me, if I just say the word," Joel admitted.

"Well, now you can come to me whenever temptation hits you," Stephanie said. "Mary probably sees Haley as competition; while I see her as the daughter I love more than anything!"

"Today was amazing," he said.

"Sex always is," Stephanie said. "Plus, you have a natural dominant persona inside you that was begging for your permission to come out and play."

"I can't believe I actually said some of the things I did," he said. "I'm sorry if I offended you."

"Offended me? Fuck, you bad boy, you completely turned me on!" Stephanie said. "I'm serious. Most women want a man who takes control, and I'm most assuredly one of them. Haley does too, but like I said, she doesn't know it yet."

"I'm still not sure about that part," he said, as he went to grab his pants.

"Trust me," the Mom said. "Look what you just did to her willing mother. Your cum is still leaking out of me, and more of it is caking on my face!"

"I do come lots."

"You do,"

"Well, I'll be seeing you in a few hours," Joel said. "Haley just invited me over for supper."

"Then I'll make sure not to wear any panties," she smiled, it being Wednesday, and everyone would be over for their weekly supper.

"You're so bad," he said.

"Oh, you don't know the half of it," Stephanie said, as she gave him a hug... but not a kiss... kissing was too intimate. "See you tonight," she said, giving his cock one last squeeze. "Fuck, do you have a great cock!"

"You have a great everything," he said.

"I know," she smiled, as she headed upstairs to shower.

Joel walked out, knowing everything had now changed, yet he'd have to act like nothing had.

Stephanie went into her shower feeling contented from solving a problem in a most unorthodox way... although she felt a little guilt as well... she'd just fucked her daughter's boyfriend, and although she did it for her daughter, she seriously doubted Haley would see it that way.

As the water sprayed down on her, she wondered... *had* she done the right thing?

THE END OF PART 4

Coming next: **Mom's Motivation: Daughter's Prom**