

MOM'S MOTIVATION

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Mom does whatever it takes to motivate her lazy son.

Incest/Taboo

4.39

12.5k words

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

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven and Robert for editing this story.

Mom's Motivation

Stephanie sighed as she examined her newest text. The same one she seemed to receive every single day. **Mom, we need your help.**

She loved her children, all three of them, but she wished they'd become more self-sufficient. Or at least her two sons, who at 23 and 26 were living on their own together, should do so. Her daughter, at 18 and in her senior year of high school was still living at home, which was fair enough, and she was substantially more mature and self-sufficient than her elder brothers.

At 44 Stephanie was still quite young, *very* young to have a 26-year-old offspring, but one wild party and a torn condom, and she hadn't gotten the chance to finish high school.

Her marriage to her deadbeat ex had ended years ago, she hadn't heard from him in years (no loss), and he'd never once given her as much as a penny in child support. So she'd worked a variety of jobs over the years, mostly waitressing, the most recent eight years at Hooters. A pair of 34DD's purchased by that creepy ex who'd tried to get her to do some porn, made her a star attraction at the restaurant, as did her long, toned legs. The pay was shit, the job was exhausting, but the tips were good... very, very good.

Yet because she still had a child at home, and she'd still do anything for her two rather unmotivated sons, it meant she lived from paycheck to paycheck, and she always felt stressed about paying not only her own bills, but for whatever her sons needed... which appeared endless.

I'm on my way, she texted back, as she left work after a nine-hour shift.

She drove to the boys' trailer, one she'd purchased for them from a small inheritance left by their grandpa, plus almost all her savings.

As she drove there, she returned to a thought she'd had lingering for the past few weeks... what was she going to do about her boys? They were way too dependent on her still, which was getting more than a little ridiculous at their ages, and yet she also liked to be needed. She was terrified about the empty nest syndrome that would become an unavoidable challenge in a few months when her daughter Haley went off to college. Haley was very hard working and ambitious, the complete opposite of her boys.

But she was so desperate for her boys to love her and not turn out like her asshole ex... years of that failed relationship dragging on having gotten her completely jaded to all men other than her two sons.

She sighed, weary from her long shift, and wanting just to go home and have a long bath. She arrived, parked, and walked into the trailer, which looked exactly the way you'd think the home of two twenty-something single males would look.

Like a tornado had struck, and then a second tornado had come along to add insult to injury.

She sighed again, tired and annoyed at how she'd cleaned this place up so often, and yet it always ended up looking worse than the time before. "You two really need to start cleaning up after yourselves," she said, feeling like a broken record, as she walked in on them reclining on their lazy boy chairs, Christmas gifts from her, while playing some video game, another gift from her.

"We try." Alex, her younger, said, glancing up to admire his mother's big tits and amazing legs in those sheer Hooters hosiery. He wondered what she'd think if she knew they always timed when to ask her over so they could perv on her body in her work attire. He also wondered what she'd think if she knew they both talked all the time about fucking her. The brothers were slobs, but good looking ones, who on many occasions had tag teamed a MILF they'd picked up and made her roleplay being their mother, as they spit-roasted or occasionally double penetrated her.

"Do you?" she sighed, picking up a pizza box that had clearly been sitting there for a couple of days. "It looks to me like you haven't budged from your chairs since the last time I was here."

"Appearances can be deceiving, Mom. We have to get up to pee sometimes," Andrew quipped, always the smart ass.

"I'm surprised you don't just put some diapers on your lazy asses to solve that one," Stephanie said, a little tired and a lot annoyed.

"That's not a bad idea," Andrew said.

"I was being sarcastic," she sighed, shaking her head. "What did you need me for?"

"The oven isn't working," Andrew said.

"You actually use it?" Stephanie said, more surprised that they'd tried using it than it wasn't working.

"Yeah, we tried to make nachos," Alex said, distracted by his Mom, and not focusing on the game, which led to his avatar being killed off.

"Dumb ass, how did you not see that sniper?" Andrew accused.

"I got distracted," Alex said.

"Of course you did," Andrew smirked, knowing exactly what had distracted his younger brother. They both found their Mom hot, both talked about fucking her, but Alex was obsessed with her.

"Let me take a look," she said, curious what the problem would be.

"Thanks Mom. You're the best," Andrew said, continuing to game.

After a couple of perplexing minutes, Stephanie checked the breaker and saw it had tripped. She had no idea why it had gone, but she flipped it over and the oven clock came back on.

Stephanie returned and asked, "How did the job hunt go today?"

"Good," Alex said.

"Where did you apply?"

"A few places," Alex lied, having not left the house.

"I hope you two are taking getting full time jobs seriously," the mom said. "I can't afford to keep bailing you out."

The sons had heard this statement hundreds of times, and yet she managed to come up with the necessary funds every time.

"We'll get out there tomorrow, I promise," Alex said. "Right, Andrew?"

"Yeah, tomorrow," Andrew agreed, unsure of what he was agreeing to, and assuming he wouldn't actually back up whatever it was. He worked twice a week at a theatre, the same job he'd had when he was sixteen, and enjoyed doing it for the free movies and the free popcorn.

"You two had better," Stephanie said, really beginning to get worried about her boys. What if something happened to her? They'd literally starve without her.

"Promise," Alex said, admiring her body, and feeling a little guilty for never following through with his promises. But Andrew had convinced him their mother loved looking after the two of them.

"You'd better," she said, giving her son a big tit-crushing hug.

Alex knew he'd be in his room in a couple minutes, jerking off about those tits.

"Bye, Andrew," she said, knowing he wasn't getting off his ass, so she went over to him, bent down, and kissed his cheek.

"Bye Mom, love you," he said, as he shot someone dead.

Alex stared at his Mom's amazing tight ass while it was briefly bent over. God, he'd love to fuck that ass... he couldn't deny it, he definitely preferred a woman's ass to her mouth or pussy.

Stephanie then stood up and noticed her younger son staring at her ass. This was something she'd become more and more aware of in the past few months. She was accustomed to being ogled by men, and even some women... she knew she had an amazing body, from top to bottom... her only physical insecurity had ever been her tits, which now after the surgery were fantastic. Being a former gymnast and prominent beauty pageant contestant, she'd always had a pretty face, a tight ass, and great legs. Yet she always ended up going for men who seemed too good to be true when they met, and then they always were. She'd finally sworn off men a year ago, and her only orgasms since then had been from her rabbit, which was a damned fine and hassle-free replacement for the real thing. That said, she'd admittedly been craving cock, real cock, for some time.

That night she went online to read about how to motivate one's children, and most of the discussions were aimed at younger children; but she found one that shocked her to the core. It was a tiny niche about how a few Japanese women were motivating their lazy sons to try harder at school by giving them sex... usually blow jobs. She couldn't believe it! It seemed too far-fetched to be true!

This led her on a lengthy internet search that blew her away. There were dozens of incest discussion groups online, hundreds of allegedly scholarly forums about it, and thousands of porn and erotica offerings.

She read about the Oedipus Complex by Sigmund Freud, and was shocked to discover the psychology pioneer's theory that all sons at one point or another wished to have sex with their mothers.

She scrolled through a website she'd never encountered before called Literotica, where she discovered a plethora of author-submitted incestuous stories. She noticed the majority of them were mom and son stories, and those were by far the most-read stories on the internet.

Out of curiosity, or at least that's what she told herself, she ended up reading a good dozen-plus of those mom-son stories from the website, and by the end, her pussy was on fire... for a long while she hadn't even noticed she'd been slowly rubbing herself as she read. Before she knew it, she was coming while she read about a son turning his Mom into his... the term used was *Mommy-slut*... in a wicked story called 'Pet Mommy: Becoming a Mommy-Slut'!

Stephanie was in such awe as she read these stories, especially the ones about sons turning their mothers into submissive sluts.

She'd always been very submissive. She came from a very Christian background, and had always been someone who loved to serve, Not sexually at first, just frequently doing things as innocent as baking cookies that would make other people happy.

Over time, this tendency led to her being equally submissive in the bedroom, and doing some very nasty things. Things she did willingly... even eagerly... in the heat of the moment, and then afterwards more times than not, felt intense guilt about having done them.

She'd never once considered her sons in a sexual manner, not even an idle thought, but after reading these stories, plus the many supposed true confessions from sons and moms, as well as the rare dad with daughter, or even other crazy pairings such as grandsons seducing their grandmothers (or the other way around), she couldn't help but wonder about bringing this idea closer to home.

Both of her sons were very good looking.

Even though her sons' personal ambitions were nowhere to be found, they both truly loved her and always treated her with respect (albeit lazily), unlike the many fake declarations of love she'd received in the past from men just wanting to fuck her and leave her.

She trusted her sons.

She'd do anything for her sons.

But committing incest with her boys... would she do that? *Could* she do that?

She shook her head at the insanity of her own thoughts. This practice was wrong. Incest was wrong.

Yet that night she had her first sex dream in a long, long time, and it was unmistakably about her two sons Andrew and Alex spit-roasting her... a position she'd never tried, but had always found fascinating in porn. She did love sucking cock, and she missed the thrill of a hard dick in her mouth and a warm load exploding on her face (men always wanted to come on her face, she'd literally

taken more loads on her face than anywhere else... this largely because even with a condom, she'd refused to allow a man to come inside her ever since her accidental pregnancy all those years ago). She of course also loved getting fucked... and fucked hard.

She woke up in a cold sweat, realising those twisted thoughts from erotica had now seeped into her subconscious mind.

Fuck!

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The next night the boys came over for dinner like they did every Wednesday, a family tradition, while Stephanie, Wednesday being her only guaranteed day off, would make a big home cooked meal for the four of them... although this time it was five... since Haley brought home her new boyfriend of a couple of months Joel... who took quite the ribbing from the boys for 'robbing the cradle' by dating an eighteen-year-old, since he was all of twenty. Stephanie liked him instantly, as he came from a good family, went to the same church as Haley who was very religious, and even volunteered at the church. (Stephanie didn't often go to church, almost always having to work on Sundays.)

During dinner, on more than one occasion Stephanie looked at her sons in a way she hadn't before looked at her sons. In other words, not in a very motherly way.

Like their father, they were very good looking; and also like their father they were habitually lazy, and the more she thought about it, the more she worried her sons could easily end up just like their deadbeat dad... as useless bums.

Which made her wonder... would her crazy idea of having sex with them... perhaps just oral... be enough to motivate her two boys into starting to act like responsible men? It would even be the motherly thing to do!

Yet even as she pondered this crazy approach to mothering, she knew it wasn't the answer... nor was it even legal.

The guys went downstairs to the basement immediately after the meal, as usual not helping with clearing the table or rinsing off the dishes; this was just the way it had always been, although Stephanie was disappointed in Joel that he'd joined them.

So Stephanie and Haley did the womanly thing and cleared the table, rinsed the dishes, and placed them into the dishwasher, and prepared dessert like good girls. (Yes, I'm being ironic.) Once they were done, Haley went to the washroom and Stephanie slipped downstairs to tell the boys dessert was ready, when she stopped and eavesdropped.

"No, we haven't done anything," Joel was saying.

"Nothing at all?" Andrew asked. "No blow jobs, hand jobs, *nothing*?"

"Just kissing and holding hands."

"By date five, if she's not letting me fuck her ass, it's over," Andrew said, which was generally true. Although once he'd taken someone's ass... after already getting head, giving her a facial and fucking the girl... he usually dumped her anyway. He just got bored easily... and for him the pursuit and conquest, especially the buildup to fucking a woman in the ass, was the ultimate high.

Stephanie should have barged in and interrupted, but she didn't. Instead, she listened intently.

"Andrew likes to ass fuck every woman he meets," Alex explained. He didn't mind fucking a woman's ass either, but he did prefer a little more intimacy than his brother.

"I also like to face fuck her, come all over her face, and share her with my brother or some other buddy too," Andrew bragged, talking shit, but oddly it was shit he could back up. Women swarmed to him.

Fuck, he's just like his father! Stephanie thought to herself, pissed off... yet confusingly feeling wetness in her panties.

'You two tag team your women?' Joel asked, not recognizing the sexism in his possessive pronoun, having himself only fucked two girls to date, and gotten head from two more.

"Yeah, mostly older woman," Andrew said. He then added, "Alex here likes to imagine every older woman is our Mom whenever he fucks them. He even gets most of them to roleplay they're her."

"Andrew!" Alex gasped. "You didn't have to say that!"

Stephanie's eyes went wide. Sure she knew her sons checked her out, especially Alex, but hearing it said out loud not only confirmed her vague suspicions, but also added to her personal intrigue after all she'd read and pondered yesterday.

"What? You'd fuck Mom in a heartbeat," Andrew accused.

"So would you," Alex countered.

"Of course I would, she's fucking hot as hell," Andrew admitted, since deep down, every MILF he fucked he wished were his Mom.

"You two are so fucked up," Joel added fuel to the accusations, even though he could see why they'd say that. Ms. Friesen was easily the hottest woman he'd ever met. And except for her small boobs, so was Haley.

"Unlike you," Andrew quipped. "You too would fuck our Mom in a heartbeat."

"Sure I would," Joel admitted, feeling a little guilty at talking like this but trying to fit in. "But she isn't my mother."

"Incest is best," Andrew shrugged.

"Keep it in the family," Alex added, trying to keep up.

"So my hot sister really doesn't suck your cock?" Andrew asked.

"Not yet," Joel said defensively.

"Well, that's just wrong," Andrew said.

"Haley is an amazing woman," Joel defended.

"So are *all* the women I fuck," Andrew said.

"That's not the least bit true," Alex teased.

"Well, they're all hot anyway," Andrew amended.

"That isn't true either," Alex followed up.

"Okay then, Mrs. White isn't all that attractive, but she has huge tits, loves it in the ass, and she's a complete freak," Andrew defended.

Mrs. White? Stephanie thought to herself. Mrs. White was their neighbor. Who used to babysit them both. Who was also almost 60, and grossly overweight.

"She does love getting DP'd," Alex agreed, having lost his virginity just after turning eighteen to his elderly former babysitter.

"She'd suck and fuck you in a heartbeat," Andrew 'graciously' offered their guest.

"No thank you," Joel refused primly, but knowing he'd be jerking off the minute he got home.

"You'd better find an outlet, or you'll start cheating on my baby sister if she doesn't begin putting out," Andrew said.

"And then we'd have to kill you," Alex joked.

"I can wait," Joel said, although he wasn't certain for how long.

Stephanie heard the toilet flush, and she quietly fled back upstairs, her head spinning with far too much shocking information.

"You okay?" Haley asked, noting her Mom's red cheeks and flustered appearance.

"Huh? What?" Stephanie asked, in a complete daze.

"I asked if you're okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, just a little tired," she tried to cover.

"Did you call the boys for dessert?"

"What? No."

"You sure you're okay?"

"Yeah, yeah," Stephanie nodded, still processing the revelations from her boys. "I really need to get some sleep."

"Well, let's have dessert, and then we can kick the boys out and talk," Haley said, something being really off with her Mom.

"No, no," she still tried to fend her off. "It's okay." After a pause, she went to the top of the stairs to the basement and called down, "Dessert's ready, boys."

The boys came stomping up, and within about five minutes had devoured the angel food cake their Mom had baked and iced.

"Well, we don't hate him," Andrew said to his sister.

"What?"

"Joel," he said. "He might be a keeper."

"I'm so happy you approve," she responded sarcastically, seeing both of her brothers, but especially Andrew, as chauvinistic pigs. She'd told them both so many times while accusing them of treating their Mom like a servant and just using her, to grow up.

"You'd better start doing what you need to do, if you want to keep him," Andrew warned.

"What does that even mean?" Haley said, although it was obvious to Stephanie what he meant, after what she'd overheard.

"Nothing," Andrew shrugged, glancing over to Joel.

Stephanie said, quickly changing the subject, "How many jobs did you two apply for today?"

"One fewer than one," Andrew admitted jokingly, adding, "but I already have a job."

"Two shifts a week is hardly a job," Haley said, constantly annoyed at her brothers' laziness.

"Do you do *your* job?" Andrew asked snarkily, taking another shot at his prudish sister.

She didn't catch on. "School is my job."

"Is that your *only* job?" Andrew pursued, loving to pick on his hot younger sister.

"Alex, how about you?" Stephane deflected, trying to protect her daughter, who wasn't catching on, and who certainly didn't need to know her boyfriend had been disclosing their lack of a sex life to her randy brothers.

"I really planned to go out," he justified, once again feeling guilty for failing his Mom, but he just couldn't find any motivation to get a job.

"Alex," she sighed.

"He really isn't qualified for anything," Andrew quipped.

"I have an Associate's degree in Business Administration, while you have the ability to make popcorn," Alex shot back.

"And which is paying better?" Andrew countered, not at all ashamed of his job.

"Asshole," Alex retorted, not finding anything better to say.

"Boys," Stephanie rebuked, hating to see her boys fight.

"Sorry, Mom," they replied in unison.

"Alex, I don't start work until three tomorrow. I expect you here at eleven. We'll go through your resumé and hash out a real game plan," Stephanie ordered, knowing he wasn't as stubborn as his brother, and the fact he roleplayed fucking her she could use to her advantage, to manipulate him like she'd manipulated so many men in the past. (She was highly skilled at flirting men out of big tips while she was on the job, although as has been mentioned, in anything hopefully long term, the men were always the ones who manipulated her.) She wasn't going to do anything wild like in

the stories she'd read recently, but a little flirting, a little provocative attire, and he'd be putty in her hands.

"Okay, Mom," Alex agreed.

"Yeah, Alex," Andrew snarked.

"You're next, popcorn man," Stephanie said, angry at their laziness and their overheard talk about how they treated women. There was *no way* she'd allow them to turn out like their *fucking asshole* of a father! And now she realized her enabling had probably been doing just that. And she was beyond caring that Joel, not a member of the family, was listening in.

"Hey, just focus on the unemployed," Andrew protested, holding both of his palms up.

"Tomorrow at eleven Alex, don't be late," Stephanie barked, stalking out of the kitchen before she totally lost it, and towards her bathroom for a much-needed bath.

"You two *really* pushed her too far this time," Haley pointed out.

"What did we do?" Andrew asked.

"That's exactly it. You never do *anything!*"

"She *likes* looking after us," he replied defensively.

"Yeah, she just *loves* working extra hours to support two bums in their twenties living in a trailer *she* paid for, with *no* job prospects or *any* future," Haley snapped, really angry.

"Haley," Joel said, taking her hand.

"What? I'm sorry you have to hear our family garbage, but I'm just *sick* of these two layabouts treating Mom like a servant!" Then redirecting her attention to her shiftless brothers, "She works her *ass* off for you two, and you treat her like *crap*," Haley completed her tirade, before she too jumped up and stalked out of the room.

"Wanna play some COD?" Andrew asked (meaning Call of Duty), not at all fazed by this altercation, while Joel left to pursue his girlfriend.

"I think she's serious this time," Alex said.

"Oh, she's probably just having her period," Andrew placated. "She'll be fine."

"I don't know," Alex worried.

"Well, just come over tomorrow and appease her," Andrew advised.

"Okay," he agreed.

Stephanie heard the front door close and a car start, as she got into the bathtub. She couldn't *believe* what she'd heard. Her grown sons found her hot. They fucked other women imagining they were her. They even fucked Mrs. White!

Worse, their idiotic advice to Joel might lead to his dumping Haley... and Joel seemed like a great guy, if a bit too willing to go along with an ill-considered flow.

Fuck!

Her head was delirious with fury.

But her body was burning with need.

She couldn't comprehend why she was so horny right now. Did it turn her on that her sons... and Joel too, for that matter... wanted to fuck her?

She'd rejected literally hundreds of overtures from men in the past year, always getting anywhere between three and twenty offers from men during a single shift at work. In the past, she'd occasionally taken a hot customer up on it and ended up at his house or a hotel for a one-nighter. But while she enjoyed the encounter in the moment, she always felt empty the next day. It was a cycle she'd decided to set aside a year ago, which had been necessary for her not to continue that cycle of need followed by self-loathing.

As she pondered her present quandary, she stood up, grabbed the shower head, laid back down and turned it on. She closed her eyes and allowed the tumult of the water stream directly on her clit to give her the orgasm she was so desperately craving.

An orgasm later, well two if you really need to know, Stephanie began planning for tomorrow. It was time to begin motivating her grown boys... starting with Alex.

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Although she wasn't heading to work for several hours, she was already dressed in her Hooters outfit when her son arrived... surprisingly, on time.

Alex was surprised to see his Mom already wearing her Hooters attire, which of course got his cock instantly hard. Fuck, his Mom was without a doubt the hottest woman he'd ever met in real life!

"Hey, honey," Stephanie said, not planning to have sex with him or anything, but having decided to use some of her sexual wiles that worked so well at work to get amazing tips from horny men.

"Hey, Mom," he said. "Are you going to work early?"

"No, no," he said "I just figured I'd get dressed earlier so it would be out of the way and we could focus on you."

"Oh, okay," he said, as he couldn't take his eyes off her legs behind that shiny nylon, or her feet with their cute, red-painted toenails.

Instead of their working at the kitchen table, she grabbed her laptop, went to the living room, sat down to allow her long legs to continue being admired, and patted the couch and said, as she noticed he indeed did have a bulge in his pants, "Come and sit down."

"Okay," he said, still unable not to stare at his Mom's long, nylon-clad legs.

"So let's get into your head; why are you not applying yourself?" Stephanie asked, as she crossed one foot over the other on top of her coffee table.

"I don't know," he said, as he stared at her legs and her sheer, sexy nylon-clad toes.

"I believe that if you think about it, you do know," Stephanie countered gently, noticing her son's constant focus on her legs and feet. "Or at least you can come up with a guess."

"It's just that... I don't know why, but... I'm just not motivated to do anything," he answered, which was the truth. He just hadn't found his passion. He had a two-year diploma which wasn't really a degree, but he'd even found that boring, and had struggled to finish.

The word 'motivation' piqued Stephanie's interest as she draped one shapely leg across the other, enjoying the avid attention her body was receiving from her son. She considered it wrong, but she couldn't help but recall the article she'd read about the efficacy of motivating one's son with a blow job. "You aren't drawn to business?"

"No," he admitted, "not really," trying not to stare at his Mom's legs, but she was making that impossible for him, seeming rather restless.

"What would you like to do instead?" she asked, continuing to slowly move a shoeless (but undeniably nylon-clad) foot up and down her other foot and her calf.

"I just don't know," he said with obvious frustration.

"You have no interests at all?"

"Of course I do."

"Then tell me one," she urged, but also wiggling her toes, noticing he seemed even more obsessed by her feet than her legs... the only other man who'd loved her feet more than her other impressive assets had been her ex-husband. (Who we're trying not to mention, so let's move quickly on.)

His first thought was her legs, feet and ass. But he said, "Well, I do like gaming programming."

"Is there a school and a market for that?"

"I think so."

She surprised him by swinging her legs onto his lap (and onto his hard cock) and said as she opened her laptop, "Okay, that gives us something to go on. Give your Mom a foot massage while I look it up."

His eyes went wide as his cock flinched directly beneath her feet. Stephanie's ex had loved massaging her feet, since it usually led to a foot job and her getting his load all over her feet... something she hadn't done since the asshole had left. (But we're still not going there.)

"Let's see if any schools are in this area," she said, as she felt her son's hands beginning to touch her left foot.

"Okay," he agreed, willing to agree to anything at the moment.

For a good twenty minutes Stephanie looked up schools, finding three, meanwhile enjoying a great foot massage. She ordered her obsessed son to switch feet couple times... to do each toe individually... and to massage her calves. It was very relaxing... and very erotic.

But for the past five minutes Stephanie had no longer been looking at schools, she was reading an erotic incest story. Eventually she spoke, deliberately pressing her heel into her son's hard cock,

wondering how big it was... it felt nicely long and thick under her feet, "I've found three suitable schools in the area. So what can I do to motivate you into pursuing this interest?"

"I don't know," he said, so fucking horny.

"You have no idea?" she asked, shifting to the soft sultry voice she employed at work every day or night, as she adjusted her feet so they were both resting directly on her son's crotch. "No ideas at all?"

Alex's eyes went wide at the sudden pressure on his cock. His mother's tone had changed, and if he didn't know better, he'd think she'd moved her feet directly onto his cock deliberately.

"What could Mommy do to get you going?" she asked meaning that in two ways, loving the way the term 'Mommy' was often used in incest erotica, it was just so hot. She then slyly moved her feet back and forth slightly as she added, "To ensure you'd excel in school?"

"Ohhhhhh," he groaned, the accidental... he assumed it was accidental, although he was no longer certain... rubbing on his cock almost making him come in his pants.

"You like the look of Mommy's legs and feet in nylons, don't you?" she asked as one foot remained firmly on his cock, but she moved the other up to his face.

"M-M-Mom!" Alex stammered, this advance shocking him completely, while also seeming too good to be true.

"I'll tell you what," Stephanie offered, toying with her own flesh and blood just like she did with so many customers over the years to get big tips, "You apply to all three of these schools today, and then go apply for at least five jobs in any field at all, and you can come and massage my feet again tomorrow."

"Okay," he agreed without thinking, so enraptured with what was happening.

"Are you hard because of me?" she asked bluntly, setting all innocent pretence aside as she rubbed his cock with her foot, and his face with the sole of her other foot.

"Yeah," he groaned, worried he might come in his pants for the first time since high school.

"Yeah, what?" Stephanie asked, sensing what was about to happen.

"Yeah, you make me so fucking hard, Mom," he groaned, trembled, and then DID spew his load in his pants. "Fuck!"

"You just came for your own sweet Mommy," Stephanie grinned, feeling a rush of power at making her son come, and at her confidence he'd be doing what she instructed him to do today. Which was a miraculous step for him to take!

"Yeah," he admitted sheepishly, as even more cum secretly oozed from his cock.

"So you'll be a good boy and do what Mommy said?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Is that an actual promise, or just another of those bullshit pretend promises you've been handing me for so long?" she asked, her feet still resting against his cock and his face.

"I *promise*, promise," he said convincingly.

"Good," she said, swinging her feet away and standing up. She handed him the computer (after closing her erotica site), "Apply to all three of these; the first one begins in two weeks with an online course for two months. Start with that one."

"Okay," he said, still in a complete daze over what had just transpired.

She looked at the large wet spot in his pants a considerable distance from his groin, and she couldn't help but wonder how large her son actually was! Yet although the idea of committing full-fledged incest with him now had her curious, and admittedly a little turned on, she didn't intend to cross that line. She would just use her beauty, her body, and her mind to manipulate her son into doing what she wanted, and what he desperately needed to do for his own sake.

"I'm going to go make a late lunch," she said. "Do you want a grilled cheese sandwich?"

"Yeah, sure," he said, thinking how quickly things had returned to normal after such a surreal exchange.

"You will *not* tell your brother anything about this happening, or even drop any hints, or I'll find out, and you'll never be allowed to touch my nylon-clad legs and feet ever again," she threatened. "Do you believe me, and is that clear?"

"Yes, Mom," he nodded, "absolutely," thinking there was no way Andrew would believe him anyway, plus he wanted to keep this hot... she'd called herself 'Mommy'... just for himself. For once, he was getting something Andrew wasn't.

"Good boy," she said, looking longingly down at his wet crotch one last time, not even trying to hide her interest, before she walked away, trying to look casual.

She prepared their sandwiches with sliced tomatoes on the side, they ate, she helped him (as usual but now perhaps not as always) by paying the online fee for two of the three, the other one not requiring a processing fee. By that time, she had to go to work.

"Shoot," she sighed. "Tell you what... come back tomorrow, and we'll do some job searching together online, and make sure your resumé is up to date."

"Okay," he said. "Then should I still apply for at least five jobs?"

"No, you've fulfilled your commitments for the day," she said, standing up and stretching, tacitly encouraging her son to take a really good look at her body. "I'll reward you tomorrow."

"Okay," he said, trying to appear casual, even though his dick was twitching, and about to burst again.

She noticed, and was tempted to do something about it, but resisted. Partly due to time, partly due to the idea it was wrong, and partly because she knew the power of a slow burn tease.

She went off to work, he went home... both of them pondering what tomorrow might bring.

.....

"What's wrong?" Andrew asked.

"Nothing," Alex denied.

"You're acting weird."

"How so?"

"You just are."

"I don't even know what that means."

"Whatever, just get your head in the game," Andrew said, annoyed.

"Yeah, sure," Alex said, although he was having a hard time concentrating while he replayed today's surreal encounter with his Mom.

.....

Alex arrived a few minutes early. Stephanie wasn't wearing her Hooters attire today, but a cute sundress and sexy red thigh highs, having also decided not to wear any panties, thinking she might 'accidentally' flash her son her shaved snatch at some point.

This time they sat side by side in the kitchen as they first examined his resumé, which had five obvious spelling mistakes just in the first paragraph. "No wonder nobody calls you back; five spelling mistakes leap right off the page at me, and your formatting is atrocious!"

"Oops," he joked, as he admired his Mom in red nylons today, not a colour she wore too often, wearing the shiny mocha hosiery most days, as required for work.

"No oops are allowed anymore," she scolded. "You're going to do things right and to the best of your ability from now on, is that clear?"

"Yes, Mom."

"And whenever we're alone, it's Mommy," she corrected him, using her seductive voice.

"Yes, Mommy," he complied, his cock suddenly aching with anticipation and hope.

"Fix these, and then we'll begin looking for jobs," she said, as she glanced down and noticed he was definitely hard. "Does that snake ever go to sleep?"

"Not when you're around," he blurted out before realizing what he was saying, so then stammered, "S-s-sorry, Mommy."

"No worries, I get the same reaction from men all day at work."

"I imagine you do."

"Tell you what, go ahead and make your corrections, and then you may massage Mommy's feet again, while I proofread and reformat it."

"Okay, thanks."

"Good boy," she said, then she got up and poured herself another coffee.

He hurriedly fixed the mistakes, excited for whatever else might transpire.

"Done?" she asked as she turned back around.

"Yes, Mommy," he said, really liking for some reason to address her by this term he hadn't used in years.

"Good, come and join me on the couch," she said, grabbing her laptop and departing for the living room.

For the next twenty minutes Stephanie repaired her son's resumé, reformatting it and discovering a few more typos, while he replicated yesterday's focused foot massage.

Just like yesterday, Stephanie unflinchingly rested her feet directly on her son's hard cock.

Once done, she said, "Okay, now it's perfect."

"Thanks, Mommy," he replied, resisting the temptation to lick her soles or to suck on her sexy sheerly-covered toes.

"Are you still hard?"

"Yeah," he admitted.

"It can't be at all good for you to be hard for that long and still be confined in your pants," she diagnosed with fake concern... but really curious finally to see how big he'd grown in the last twelve years.

"If you say it's okay, my little soldier could definitely come out for some air," he agreed, as he lifted up her feet and openly adjusted himself.

"I have an idea," she said.

"What is it?"

"Let's go back to the kitchen table," she said, which wasn't at all what he was hoping for.

"Okay," he said, his tone concealing his disappointment not at all.

She took her feet off his hard cock, set them on the floor, and walked back to the kitchen with her laptop. She placed it down and ordered, "Sit down right here."

"Okay," he said, as he reluctantly opened the computer.

Stephanie sat directly across from him and slid her chair in. "Why don't you pull out your penis, son?"

"Really?"

"Yes, in this arrangement I can't see it, but you can let it breathe; the poor guy is likely suffocating in there," she suggested.

"You sure?" he checked again, still surprised.

"Go ahead, Alex," she encouraged.

"Okay," he said, more than happy to do just that. He fished out his throbbing cock, and let out a sigh of relief.

"Is it still hard?"

"Yeah."

"Well maybe giving it some air will help," Stephanie said, as she straightened her legs and brought her feet to his cock, technically giving it *less* air, not that he'd point that out.

Alex's eyes went wide as he felt her feet grazing his cock.

"Just relax. I'm providing a little motivation for you to choose those five jobs to apply for," she explained, and after a little awkwardness from addressing her target blindly, she had her feet nestled on either side of his cock.

"Ooooooh," he moaned, this pedal attention too good to be true.

"Do you mind my doing this?" she asked *faux* courteously, as she began slowly moving her feet up and down.

"No, it feels really good!"

"Now here are my conditions: you aren't allowed to come until you've chosen at least five jobs for you to apply to today," she explained. She gave really good nylon-clad foot jobs; her ex had used to love them. (Mentioned him again. Damn!) She was also incredibly flexible, so she could do this with ease.

"Okay, it's a deal," he agreed, beginning to look for job openings, even while he was in awe of what was happening, and the intense pleasure she was giving him.

"Good boy," she encouraged, as she took her phone and began scrolling through twitter.

For a few minutes Alex looked for jobs, choosing five he felt he could do well, all while receiving a slow, teasing, nylon-clad foot job from his Mom... his very own Mommy! This still felt so surreal. Meanwhile Stephanie scrolled idly through twitter to kill time, while slyly watching her son totally break character by working his ass off.

"Done," he announced proudly.

"You have five?"

"I do."

"And you'll apply to them today?"

"I promise."

"And you'll always keep your word to me from now on?" she asked, drifting the sole of one foot up to his cock head and rubbing it.

"I promise," he moaned.

"Then you're my Good Boy. Does my Good Boy want to come on Mommy's feet?" she asked, having always loved the feeling of warm cum on her feet.

"Y-y-yeah," he stammered, his balls boiling.

"So is the new me motivating my Good Boy?" she asked, as she impressively rubbed one curled set of toes on his cock head and the other around his shaft... something his asshole dad loved, which had led to him blowing his top pretty quickly. (Sorry, but it's an unavoidably pertinent part of her backstory.)

"Oh yes, Mom," he groaned, about to erupt.

"For being such a Good Boy, you're allowed to come all over Mommy's feet if you wish," she offered.

"Oh fuck, Mommy," he groaned, as he instantly began spewing his load all over his Mom's stocking-clad sole.

"Oh yes, coat Mommy's foot with your hot man cum," she encouraged, loving the feeling of cum on her foot, and loving the expression on his face while her son came.

"So good, Mommy," he said weakly as he finished coming.

"Mommy will do anything to motivate her son into becoming the man he's capable of being," she pledged, as she rubbed his cock for just a moment longer.

"I'm certainly motivated all right," he said, although for the moment he was completely wiped out.

"You'd better be," she said, horny as fuck, "most Mommies would *never* do this for their children."

"I know," he said, as she moved her feet away.

Stephanie moved her chair back and looked at her cum-coated sole. "You really shot a big load on Mommy's feet."

"I know, and I'm sorry," he said, still in awe of what just happened.

"It's okay, I invited you to," she pointed out, as she scooped some cum off the sole of her foot, "so long as I motivate you to get a job."

"It certainly does," he agreed.

"And once you've successfully scheduled a job interview," she began, as she licked her son's cum from her fingers into her mouth, making his eyes go wide while she felt so wickedly wild, "I just *might* come up with another motivation for you to actually *get* the job." She took another lick.

"I-I-I'll get that interview today or die trying," he promised, stunned to watch his *own mother* eating his cum off of her foot.

"Mmmmmm, she smirked, "I haven't tasted any cum in *such* a long time."

"I can regenerate as many loads as you'll ever need," Alex asserted, trying to regenerate his usual suave self with the ladies.

"Good to know," she smiled, scooping up another big wad and eating that too. It was good, but not as good as swallowing it directly from the source. "Now go home, put on some nice clothes, and go get a job."

"I will," he said, as he stood up and absentmindedly revealed his eight-inch cock to his Mom.

Stephanie spied her son's cock and absentmindedly said, "Oh my."

"You gave me this tool," he smiled, fully aware his dick was big and thick... women, especially older women, loved his cock. It seemed that perhaps his mother was just another cock admirer in a long string of them.

"I guess I did," she said, staring at it before he hid it away.

"So may I stop by tomorrow?" he asked, hoping for more of whatever this was.

"If you have a job interview scheduled, or even better a job, then absolutely," she agreed conditionally as she too stood up.

"Great!"

"On that note, I need to get ready for my own job," she said, knowing she also needed to take the time to fuck herself first, since after seeing and feeling her son's big cock, her pussy was on fire.

"I love you, Mom," he said, coming around and giving her a sincere hug.

"I love you too, son," she said. "Now go out make Mommy proud."

"I will," he said as he turned to leave, and he got his ass playfully slapped by his Mom.

"I really did do great birthing work," Stephanie said as she turned and headed off to her room for some self-love.

"Yes, you really did," he agreed, shaking his head at his sudden sexy good fortune.

.....

Stephanie was on break, when she checked her phone and saw her son had followed through with his promise, and hadn't just gotten one interview, but *three* of them for tomorrow afternoon.

Thrilled, she texted back her congratulations along with an invitation to come over at noon tomorrow for a celebratory lunch.

Alex texted back while playing COD: **I'll be there.**

Andrew asked, "Who're you texting?"

"No one," Alex said, wishing to keep this secret to himself, because 1) he finally had something Andrew didn't, and because 2) Mom had told him to keep it to himself, and he sure didn't want to do anything to shoot himself in the foot.

"Some new slut?"

"Something like that," Alex said vaguely, recalling his mother eating his cum. Would she also suck him? Even fuck him? A few days ago these would have seemed like ludicrous thoughts, yet she'd

rubbed him to orgasm through his pants yesterday, and then escalated to giving him a foot job today and eating his cum. Suddenly anything was possible... such as getting a job, beginning a career, and especially moving out from under the shadow of his big brother, who he was now beginning to realize had been bringing him down.

He would also do anything to make his Mom happy, anything to maintain whatever this new relationship was. Anything at all!

That night Stephanie felt extreme guilt for what she had done... this was a lot more inappropriate than just rubbing her son's dick through his pants. She knew she couldn't keep this sinfulness going... yet when she went to bed, she ended up fucking herself to multiple orgasms while replaying stroking her son's big fat cock with her feet, feeling his warm cum on those feet, and seeing that big cock... God, did she need to get laid!

.....

Alex of course arrived exactly at lunchtime.

Stephanie was still unsure what she was going to do... she'd swung back and forth like a hypnotist's watch as she pondered her plans for today, without coming to any resolution.

Yes, she'd not only allowed, but openly *instructed* her younger son to massage her nylon-clad feet.

Yes, she'd dressed in nylons, just for her son.

Yes, she'd rubbed her son's cock through his pants until he came, and they'd both known that was no accident.

Yes, she'd once again dressed up in sexy nylons just for her son.

Yes, she'd gone further than before by giving him a nylon-clad foot job.

Yes, she'd allowed her son to... no, she'd actually *made* him come on her feet!

Yes, she'd openly eaten some of her son's cum from her foot so he could watch.

Yes, she'd seen his cock and gotten hot from it.

Yes, she'd fucked herself while obsessing about her son's big...fat... cock. On two subsequent days.

But... a foot rub and a foot job were both rather harmless ways of rewarding her son... and together they'd motivated him to take action, with an efficacy that her harping at him... for years!... had never done.

But now... having felt and seen his cock, and having felt his cum spewing on her feet... had resulted in her wanting more... and in knowing he too would expect more.

Of course her rational mind knew she shouldn't have done what she already had... but her irrational pussy didn't care. Her recent experiences had led to multiple orgasms last night, as she'd fucked herself with her rabbit, imagining a real cock in her mouth... a real cock in her pussy... and of course it being her son's cock.

So even though she knew she shouldn't, and even while she kept telling herself this was just to continue motivating her son, and promising herself she wouldn't cross any more lines, she dressed

in sexy black thigh highs, something she hadn't worn in over a year at least, underneath her flowery sundress.

"Hey honey, I'm so proud of you," she greeted, giving him a close hug.

"Thanks, Mom," he said, feeling her big, solid tits pressing into him.

"I'm serious," she said, as she released him and stepped back, "I knew you could do it!"

"I just needed the right motivation," he said, hinting at 'more please' like the past two days, as he glanced down at her nylon-clad feet.

"And what motivation was that?" she asked.

"Um... I... well..." he began, but faltered into silence. He was always so suave with women, especially older women, but his Mom, his dream fuck, was an entirely different matter!

"What?" she asked, playfully aghast, "are you staring at Mommy's nylon-clad feet... *again*?" She really enjoyed his attention, as well as how badly she could rattle her son.

"They're just so sexy," he admitted.

"What are?" she asked.

"Ummmm..."

"My feet, my legs, or the nylons?"

"A-A-All of them," he managed before adding, "plus your perfectly painted toenails."

"I dressed up for you today," she said. "It's your reward."

"I love how you look."

"I thought you would," she said as she took his hand and led him to the couch. "Now you can massage Mommy's feet, while I ask you some interview questions for practice."

"Okay," he agreed.

For the next twenty minutes she questioned him as if she were a complete stranger about his life, his job experiences and his particular talents and goals, while he massaged her feet, her toes and her calves. She then broke character and asked, as she slowly rubbed her feet on his cock, "Does my son's Little Willy want to come out and play?"

"I'm not sure about little, but Willy definitely wants to come out and play."

"Well, let's bring out Big Willy then," she offered, as she brought her feet up to his face. "And why doesn't my Big Alex suck on Mommy's toes?"

"Yes Mommy," he obeyed, sucking a toe into his mouth while he fished out his very hard and excited Willy.

"Good boy, suck Mommy's toes," she moaned softly, loving to have her toes sucked.

"Anytime, Mommy," he said, in awe that he was sucking his Mom's toes through her sheer nylon, as his hard cock was now out and peering around for any action to be found.

"You have a very nice cock, son," she said as she admired her son's big, fat cock. God, she would love to suck that cock... or to feel that cock in her pussy.

"Thanks, Mom," he said, then feeling rather playful and witty he added, "You did create it, after all."

"Yes, yes, I did," she agreed. "I do damn good work."

"Yes you do," he agreed, as she moved her feet to his cock right out in the open, where they both could see the action.

"Oh, Mom," he groaned.

"Mommy," she corrected.

"Oh, Mommy," he amended. "That feels so good."

"So did you think about Mommy doing this to you last night while you were in your bedroom?"

"Yes," he admitted, having jerked off while reminiscing about yesterday.

"Have you fantasized about Mommy in the past?" she asked, slowly stroking his cock... staring at his fat dick.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Tell Mommy," she ordered.

"You sure?" he asked. "It's pretty inappropriate."

"Don't be so sure. I think you can tell Mommy anything, so long as it's true."

"Okay," he said, and then blurted out, "I've long fantasised about you sucking my cock and letting me fuck you."

"Oh my," she said, her pussy on fire, as she pretended to be shocked by hearing this.

"I'm sorry," he said, worried he had gone too far.

"No, I asked the question, so I deserved the frank answer," she said, as she pondered whether she should make this fantasy come true. God, that cock was tempting. If he wasn't her son, she would have that dick tickling her tonsils without any hesitation, and then she would ride it good.

"It's just you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he said.

"Alex," she said, her heart warmed by her son's words.

"I'm serious, Mom," he said. "You're my fantasy woman."

"Son," she said.

"Mommy," he said.

"Well..." she said, as she moved her feet away from her son's cock, quickly dropped to her knees before him and took the fat cock in her hands, "...you do deserve a serious treat for getting those job interviews."

"Mom," he moaned, then corrected himself, "Mommy."

"Do you want Mommy to suck your big, fat, cock, my love?" she asked, as she stroked the throbbing cock.

"God yes," he moaned, this encounter even more unbelievable than the past two unbelievable ones.

"Tell me son, tell me what you want," she said, as her mouth watered at the cock before her.

"I want you to suck my cock," he said.

"You can do better than that," she said, as she leaned forward and licked his thick shaft. "Tell me what to do."

"Really?"

"Yes, right now I'm your Pet Mommy," she said, using a title from the hottest story she'd read about incest so far.

"Suck my cock, Mommy," he ordered, in awe of what was happening, and yet desperate to see his pretty Mom's sexy lips wrapped around his cock.

"Yes, my son," she obeyed, leaning forward and taking his cock in her mouth, a rush of adrenaline coursing through her at the reality of having her son's dick there.

"Oh my God!" he groaned, as he watched and felt his Mom sucking his cock.

Stephanie couldn't believe how good this felt. A cock in her mouth after all this time! Her *son's* cock in her mouth! Just the natural feeling of being submissive to a man she loved... it didn't seem wrong, it didn't seem like incest, it just felt right. What she said next though, contradicted her incest thought, since after a few halfway bobs she backed off and asked, "Do you like Mommy sucking your cock?"

"Yes, Mommy," he said, looking down at her.

"Should Mommy suck you some more?"

"Yes *please*, my pet Mommy," he said, hearing her call herself that earlier, and finding it so fucking hot.

"You like having your own Pet Mommy?" she asked, as she swirled her tongue around his thick cock head.

"Yes, Pet Mommy," he nodded "I love having my own Pet Mommy. Now suck your son's cock, like a good Mommy."

"I'll be a very good *bad* Mommy for you," she purred, as she devoured his cock and began bobbing hungrily, really truly wanting to be a good Pet Mommy just like the one in the story.

"Oh yes Mommy, suck my cock," Alex moaned, knowing he wouldn't last long, and super happy he'd jerked off before heading over, so he wouldn't have too quick of a trigger.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned, as she took almost his entire cock in her mouth, wanting to get him off, wanting to taste his full load.

After a couple minutes of every son's dream blow job, from his Mom, he knew he was nearly there. He warned, unlike what he would usually do with a hot MILF (he would just deposit a load down her throat without warning, or pull out unexpectedly and coat the MILF slut's face), "I'm about to come, Mommy."

She pulled back and said lustfully, "It's your call, baby. You may come down Mommy's throat, or all over Mommy's face, as you please," before she dove back forwards and resumed sucking the dick.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, both choices equally appealing and fantasy fulfilling.

She bobbed, and just like her son, was torn between swallowing his load or feeling it on her face.

Alex decided to do a little of both, as he exploded his first big rope into his Mom's mouth, and then pulled out, surprising her, and shot the following four ropes all over her face, the first one right into her open left eye.

Once he was done shooting, he slid his cock back into his Mom's mouth, and she resumed sucking it, albeit more slowly now, as she nursed any last remaining cum into her mouth, enjoying the aftertaste of the cum she'd swallowed before her face was plastered with his warm, creamy cum.

After another full minute, she backed off and asked as she scooped cum off of her eye, "Did you enjoy Mommy sucking your big cock, sweetie?"

"That was the most amazing blow job I've ever experienced," he replied sincerely, gazing down upon his cum-coated Mom.

"Well, get a job and I'll reward you again," she promised, as she licked his thick shaft.

"Well, that certainly is motivation."

"This cock is a pretty big motivation for me too," she smiled, still stroking the still hard cock.

"I'd be the CEO of something by now, if I'd had this motivation years ago," he joked.

"Well, go for it; but I need to go clean up before work, and check my eye," she said.

"Sorry, giving you that facial was a very last-minute impulse."

"Oh, I loved it, son," she said, "I just wasn't expecting it after I felt your cum exploding in my mouth."

"Yeah, I figured two birds, one stone."

"Well, you were certainly decisive," she said as she stood up, and Alex noticed her black stockings were thigh highs.

"I expect you to be in thigh highs from now on," he said.

"You do, do you?" Stephanie asked, liking a man who took charge.

Alex couldn't tell whether she was being playful or not, but sensing it was playful, he nodded as he stood up, "Yes, I expect my Pet Mommy to dress up properly for her son."

"Yes, my son. I'll dress like a sexy, slutty, properly improper Pet Mommy for you," she agreed, her pussy on fire, before adding, "but only if you're my Good Boy and get a job."

"What happens when I land one of those jobs?" he asked with supreme confidence.

"Then Mommy will serve as your submissive Pet Mommy for an entire night," she said, not believing what she was promising, but God, did she want to fuck him right here and now... and was exercising all her willpower not to just bend over and demand he fuck her.

"Oh God," he said, unable to believe what had happened and was still happening.

"Is that enough motivation for my son?" she asked, reaching down and fondly stroking his cock.

"Oh God," he repeated.

"I'll take that as a yes," she smiled, giving his cock one firm tug before leaning forward and kissing him on the lips once, and turning to leave, saying, "I need to go clean up. Someone just came all over my face."

"I think that might have been me," he joked.

"I think it might have been," she smiled as she disappeared into the bathroom.

In the shower, Stephanie got herself off with her showerhead, and after coming, scolded herself for what she'd just done.

She'd not only crossed the line, she'd blown it to smithereens!

What was coming over her?

What had she just promised?

She got out of the shower, knowing she'd really fucked up... but she also knew the genie was out of the bottle, and there was no coaxing it back in.

.....

At work, she received a few queries about the red in her eye, cum usually did that for a day or two, and she just said she must have gotten some blowing dust in it.

She was unbelievably horny.

She was also super nervous, when her son suddenly showed up at the Hooters. A few minutes later she went on her break, and he sat her down at a table and announced, "I got a job."

"You did?" she asked, both excited and terrified by those four words.

"Yeah, I start on Monday."

"That's great," she enthused, very happy for him, but still fearful for herself.

"It was all because of your motivation," he added with a smile.

"Oh, you just needed a little push," she brushed it off, knowing she needed to put a halt to things before they went any further.

"Here," he said, handing her something.

"What's this?"

"A key."

"For what?" she asked, and then realized exactly what it was... a hotel key.

"Haley will be home so we can't go to your place, and Andrew will be home so we can't go to mine," he explained.

"Alex, I...." she began, but he cut her off.

"The Cosmopolitan is five minutes from here, so I expect you to be there ten minutes after your shift is over," he said in a firm voice, noticing she was wavering, and he couldn't have that. And then he handed her a bag she hadn't noticed before.

Stephanie was in a daze, as he added, "The extra five minutes is for you to change. I expect you to arrive dressed in this outfit I bought for you."

"You bought me an outfit?" she asked as she went to open it.

"Don't open it, or even look at it, until you've finished work," he ordered.

"Okay," she said, her natural submissive nature taking control, as some wetness gushed into her panties.

"Good Mommy," he said as he stood up.

Stephanie was speechless! Curious! Horny! Guilty!

"See you soon, Mommy," he said, as he took a moment to admire his Mom in her sexy Hooters attire.

"Okay," she agreed, in a daze.

He left. She went to the back, and wanting to check out what her son bought for her, she resisted the impulse and stored it in her locker. She had a bite to eat, and completed the final three hours of her shift with a complex cocktail of thoughts and emotions spinning through her over and over again: curiosity... lust... guilt... anticipation... intrigue... hunger.

When her shift was done, she went to her locker and opened the bag. It was all-white virginal, but very sexy lingerie. A lacy chemise with garters, and sheer white silk stockings. And to her surprise... it was the perfect size for her: generous ass, tiny waist, and more than generous boobs.

She rushed to get out of her uniform and into the sexy lingerie, keeping her panties off (they didn't make sense with this sexy lingerie, and besides, Alex hadn't provided any), and then she paused to admire herself in the mirror. She looked fucking hot! She put on her jeans and t-shirt (she'd have

used a long coat if she'd had one with her, but she didn't) and only wished she had a pair of white heels to match the sexy lingerie.

She made the five-minute drive to the hotel... the Cosmopolitan was a nice one... and parked.

What was she doing?

Was she really going to obey her son?

Well, she already had, by putting on this lingerie for him, and driving straight to the hotel. But...

Would she go into the hotel?

Would she go into his hotel room?

Would she allow herself to become his Pet Mommy?

Well, she already had, when she'd sucked his cock and taken his load in her mouth, and on her face.

Even while she asked herself these questions, she felt herself getting out of her car.

She *needed* to do this.

She *needed* his dick.

She *needed* to get fucked.

She *needed* to reward her son for fulfilling his end of the deal.

This was what a good mother does... she motivates her son... she guides him in the right direction. She demonstrates her love and approval when he succeeds.

In the stories she'd read, the mother always questioned her lust for her son, she always denied it, she always resisted it, and yet she always gave in, and thus discovered the truly raw pleasure of committing incest with someone she loved more than any other.

She arrived, and paused outside her son's room, feeling oddly giddy with excitement... and not any regret at all.

The door was ajar, so she walked into the room and to Alex, who gave a quiet sigh of relief to himself, and said the instant he saw her, "Get undressed, Mommy."

"Yes, my son," she said, loving his firm voice, her submissive persona assuming complete control of her actions and emotions.

She did feel a little nervous. She knew she had a great body, but she wasn't sure a 42-year-old could compete with the young women she assumed he'd been banging. She slipped out of her shoes and her jeans, and posed nervously, saying, "I'm not sure I can compete with the young women you must be used to."

"Oh Mom, you're way hotter than any girl I've *ever* been with," Alex said as he watched his Mom undress, and noticed she wasn't wearing panties, and he was soon staring at his Mom's neatly trimmed pussy for the very first time ever. (He assumed he'd been born with his eyes closed.) She was a natural blonde.

"Really?" she asked, noticing he was staring at her pussy. She wished she'd have shaved completely, but she hadn't done that for years, since she hated the feeling of being completely shaved... It was fine for the first several days, but then she hated the stubble.

"Yes Mom," he said. "You're a hot MILF."

"MILF," she smirked as she pulled the t-shirt over her head, as flattery was getting her son everywhere.

"Wow," he said.

"Yeah, you did well, and got pretty lucky," she said, as she posed for him, almost in the nude.

"You're so hot!"

"Why are *you* still dressed?" Stephanie asked, seeing he was still in his jeans and t-shirt.

"Good question," he said as she stood up and he ordered, "Come and undress me, Mommy. Just like when I was a little boy, but then everything will get very different."

"Yes, my son," she acknowledged, as she walked over to him and pulled his t-shirt over his head. She tossed it away, and then bent down slightly and sucked her son's nipple.

"Oh yes," he moaned, "things are already getting different," having never once had his nipple sucked, and discovering it felt fucking amazing.

Stephanie then went to the other one and sucked it too... she'd discovered every man loved having his nipples sucked, even though he typically didn't know that until she did it to him.

"That feels amazing," Alex said, stunned by how good this felt.

She then unbuckled his belt and tugged his pants down. She helped him out of his pants, and then squeezed his hard cock through his tighty whitey underwear, observing, "We need to buy you some sexier underwear."

"Okay," he said as he looked down at his mother, with her mouth so close to his confined dick.

"God, you have such a big cock," she said as she pulled his underwear down. "And it always seems to be hard."

"When I'm around you, it is."

"You flatter me," she crooned as she stroked his cock.

"So, what's my reward for getting that job?"

"I'm only your obedient Pet Mommy; what do *you* think it should be?" she asked, as she slid her tongue up his long shaft.

"Well, you've already given me a foot job and a blow job."

"So, are you thinking this time we should go all the way, and you should be allowed to fuck Mommy for getting that job?" she asked wickedly.

He pulled her up, spun her around and pushed her onto the bed, "Actually, that's *exactly* what I'm thinking," he agreed, as he spread her legs, "but only after I've eaten your sweet pussy. You wouldn't mind, would you?" he finished, knowing full well she wouldn't mind that a bit!

"Oh my," Stephanie said, as she watched her son dive into her pussy, something her useless ex never did, and only two guys ever had.

"You taste and smell so good," he said, going for the gold in charm, as he began to lick her pussy.

"Oh yes, son," she moaned, her body beginning to tremble the moment her son's tongue made contact with her fevered, long neglected, pussy.

"I've wanted to do this for years," he said.

"Then you should have gotten that job and turned me into your Pet Mommy years ago," she moaned, as she ran her fingers gently through his hair.

Then for a few minutes, four or five (but no one was counting), Alex licked his mother, listening to her moans, enjoying her sweet nectar, and doing his utmost to get her off with just his tongue.

"Oh yes son, don't stop, Mommy is so fucking close," Stephanie moaned, as her orgasm rose inside her.

"Come all over my face, Mommy," he said between licks, "just like I did to you," and knowing she was close, he attacked her clit, knowing from experience that usually set a woman off.

"Oh fuck yes, son!" she screamed as her orgasm exploded out of her.

Alex lapped up his mother's cum, excited he'd gotten her off this way.

Stephanie was overwhelmed with the pleasure swarming through her, and she knew she had to have her son's dick inside her! "Fuck me son, fuck your Mommy *right now!*"

Alex didn't have to be told twice, which was a rarity in his life, as he leapt up and quickly brought his hard cock to his Mom's leaking pussy. "You sure?" he asked, as his cock just barely parted her pussy lips.

"Yes son, I've never wanted anything more," Stephanie begged, looking into her son's eyes with raw hunger.

"Okay," he said as he slid into his Mom's pussy.

"Oh yes, son, she moaned, "it's been so long since I've had a real dick inside me."

"Really?" he asked, having assumed based on where she worked and how hot she was, she never had any problem attracting men.

"Yes," she said, wrapping her nylon-clad legs around her son, and pulling him deeper into her.

"Well, I'm always here for you now," he trothed, balls deep inside his Mom.

"Oh yes son, fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy with your *big cock*," she begged, desperate to get fucked, pounded, drilled....

"Oh yeah," he said, in awe that he was actually fucking his Mom, and actually in awe of everything. But one thing he was good at was fucking older women, and he was going to give his Mom everything he had!

For the next three or four minutes, Alex fucked his Mom without a lot of talking from either of them... just moaning... both enjoying their own pleasure, as well as the other's.

As a second orgasm rose in Stephanie, she begged, "Harder, son, really fuck Mommy like you've always imagined doing."

Alex, taking that as permission to be more aggressive, pulled out, flipped his Mom onto her stomach, and slid back into her from behind.

"Oh yes, son, take whatever you want," she moaned.

"You love my cock, don't you, Mommy?" he asked, triumphant in the wild reality of what they were doing.

"Oh yes, baby, Mommy loves your cock deep inside her pussy," she agreed, so enthralled with lust, she could only think of his cock.

"I want you to come all over my cock," he said.

"And I want you to come inside Mommy," she added, dying to feel a load of her son's cum shot into her pussy.

"Oh fuck," he moaned, that request making his balls boil.

"Yes, you nasty mother fucker," she cried wickedly, as her son slammed into her, the wickedest words she'd ever uttered.

"Oh fuck," he grunted from hearing those words, and exploded inside his Mom.

"YES!" Stephanie screamed, the feel of her son's cum shooting inside her triggering her second orgasm.

Alex collapsed onto his Mom's back, and they both trembled and shook, as euphoria cocooned the two of them, transforming them forever.

"Wow," Alex groaned, as he lay on top of his Mom, his cock still inside her.

Stephanie was speechless... she hadn't come so hard in years... and she felt so at home with her son inside her... pushing out the guilt that had been lingering in the back of her head.

"I love you, Mom," he said.

"I love you too," she returned sincerely, but unsure of what should happen next. She knew everything had changed. She knew she couldn't go back. She wasn't certain she'd ever want to. Yet she also knew they were both flirting with fire.

Yet those concerns and decisions... and those problems, if problems they were... were for another day. Tonight she was simply her son's lover... his slutty and obedient Pet Mommy... and the long night had just begun.

THE END...*for now.*

Do you want to read about Stephanie's second son?

If so, let me know... already partly written is:

Mom's Manipulation: 2nd Son

After days of fucking her younger son, she gets caught by her eldest and...