

MOM'S STOCKINGS: MY SON'S CUM BUCKET

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Mom gives her son the best present ever... a live-in slut.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Mom gives her son the best present ever... a live-in slut.

Note 1: This is a Holiday 2015 Contest Story so please vote.

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Mom's Stockings: My Son's Cum Bucket

I have wanted to fuck my son for a while, ever since he graduated high school this year and really buffed up over the summer working construction.

It was then, one random day, while he was in swimming trunks to go for a dip in the pool that I noticed that my son had turned into a man.

In fact, my son had grown into a very handsome man, a virtual replica of his deceased father (who died serving his country two years ago).

I didn't only want to fuck my son, no, I wanted to be his submissive fuck toy.

When I first had these feelings, I went online. First I read a lot of erotic stories of moms seducing sons, of sons seducing moms or, even better, sons dominating moms. I am completely submissive, always have been, and all my fantasies have always revolved around complete submission.

The more I read, the more intrigued I got. And although I knew these were just fantasies and likely mostly written by men, some were written by females, some read by females and thus I wasn't the only one.

It took some doing, but I also found websites that had women talking frankly, and although I didn't join, I read the many comments and was both surprised and excited to learn that incest was much more common than one would assume.

Although the idea of fucking my son made my kitty purr, I had no intention of doing anything about it.

Then one fateful early morning, December 19th, 2015, an inconvenient pee wake-up call triggered the shift from fantasy to determined reality.

I got up and was heading down the hallway to the bathroom when I heard my son question, rather loudly, "Ready to suck my cock, slut?"

Hearing my son's voice, sounding like his father's, and saying words similar to what his father would say to me back when he was alive had me freeze in the hallway.

"What about Elizabeth?" A voice questioned... a voice I recognized instantly. It was Mrs. Young, his girlfriend's mother and a complete bitch who lived across the street from me.

"She's a sound sleeper. Plus, you didn't seem concerned about my mother when you texted me begging for my cock."

"I needed your big dick in me," she purred, before she added, "I thought we would be fucking in the garage as we usually do."

"Didn't your small dick husband satisfy you?" My son asked, his voice so firm and authoritative.

"You know his tiny dick can't get me off," she said, bashing the husband she always raved about at our weekly women's night.

"I guess I have widened that old cunt of yours and gaped your ass so much you probably don't even feel his needle dick," my son continued, ridiculing the husband.

I couldn't believe Mrs. Goody-Goody, Mrs. Gossip Queen, Mrs. Prude was not only in my son's room, not only willing to be his slut, but also took it in the ass.

Instantly, my long neglected back door was calling me as I remembered getting ass reamed by my husband regularly back when he was alive.

She laughed, belittling her husband, "I need a real man, with a real cock."

"Is that why you're texting me at 2am, sneaking into my house, and on your knees eager to suck my dick with my mom in the next room?" He questioned, loving to humiliate... just like his father... always pushing the submissive to the extremes of submission.

My hand went to my tingling pussy as I moved closer to the slightly open door. I wanted to see this. No, I needed to see this.

"I can't resist you," she answered.

"What can't you resist?" My son asked, as I reached the door.

"Being your cum bucket," she answered, sounding like a complete slut.

I couldn't help but smirk. The most pretentious woman in our neighbourhood. A mother of two, head of the community council and choir leader at church was calling herself a 'cum bucket'.

"And why are you here now?" My son asked.

"To suck your cock, get fucked like the dirty whore I am and then get your yummy cum," she answered, sounding more like a teenage slut or a porn star than a happily married mother of two.

Just as I peeked in the open crack accidentally left open for me, I heard the slobbering sounds of rough face fucking... something my husband often used to do to me, something I loved... being used for the pleasure of another.

Somehow they were positioned perfectly for me to get a great look at an almost naked Jemma Young, in nothing but thigh high stockings, and her face full of cock.

Seeing the thigh highs surprised me for a couple of reasons.

One: I didn't fathom Mrs. Young as a woman who would wear such sexy stockings... she seemed more a pantyhose type of woman.

Two: my husband had a nylon fetish and made me wear thigh highs, a garter and stockings or crotchless pantyhose every day. Something I had continued doing every day the past two years since his tragic death.

Did my son have the same fetish?

Then he pulled his cock out of her mouth.

"Can you taste your daughter's pussy on my cock?" He asked, as I stared at the massive cock.

My eyes went big.

My pussy got damper.

His dick was huge. Long and thick.

My mouth watered, as all my late night incest fantasies became more authentic.

I wanted that cock in my mouth, in my cobwebbed pussy and in my long forgotten ass.

I wanted to be on my knees in front of that magnificent cock.

I wanted to be the slut that obeyed his every order.

I wanted to be his Mommy-slut.

"I thought it tasted like her," she said, seeming to not be bothered to have just tasted her daughter's pussy juices.

"What would she do if she knew her supposedly good mommy was a cum bucket for her boyfriend?" He asked.

"I was your slut first," she pointed out with pride.

"True enough," he laughed, before he ordered, "Get on all fours on my bed, slut."

"Yes, Master," she said, as she scurried on the bed like a slut in heat.

Hearing the word 'Master' again shocked me. A term that was common between my husband and me in the confines of our bedroom. In public no one would know he was Master and I submissive. He got teased by his buddies and family that he was whipped, as I was pretty confident, seemingly feminist, in public. But once the bedroom door closed, the feminist disappeared and a wanton cock slut emerged.

"Did you pre-lube that fat slut hole of yours, ass slut?" My son asked, as he moved onto the bed.

"As always, Master," she replied like the submissive she was. It made me smirk to see this pretentious bitch not only willingly coming over to get ass fucked, but also pre-lubing herself... that was something I had never heard of before.

"Good," he said, as he moved behind her and slammed his cock deep in her ass in one hard thrust.

"Ohhhhh, fuck," she screamed and then covered her mouth.

"You're going to wake up my mother, ass slut," he laughed, as he began fucking her ass hard.

"Oh God, you're so bad," she moaned, as she used the headboard to balance herself from the rough ass fucking and to prevent it from banging against the wall.

"Says the married cum bucket sneaking into a neighbour's house to get ass fucked by her daughter's boyfriend while her husband and kids are sleeping," my son pointed out, clearly loving to remind the bitch just how big a whore she was.

"I got to have that big cock of yours," she admitted.

"In your once virgin asshole," He added.

"Yes," she moaned, as she began bouncing back to meet his forward thrusts.

They fucked for a few minutes like this.

I rubbed myself the entire time... although slowly because I didn't want to come.

Then, she did. She came from getting ass fucked by my son. She muffled her sounds in his pillow as her orgasm obviously hit, trying to avoid waking me up.

Then he asked, a couple of minutes later, "Which is the cum bucket hole tonight, slut?"

"I want to swallow it all," she answered without hesitation.

"As you wish, cum bucket," he nodded, pulling out.

I watched as she quickly turned around and took the cock that was buried deep in her asshole back in her mouth... that was something I had never done.

My husband came in my ass, on my ass, on my tits, but mostly he loved coating my face. I remember him saying how much of a turn on it was to see a sweet kindergarten teacher with her face coated with cum.

"Oh yeah," he groaned. "Only the dirtiest sluts ever suck a cock that was just in their shit hole."

She moaned on his dick as she impressively took the entire massive rod in her mouth. She looked like a porn star. I had never heard the ass called a 'shit hole' which somehow made it nastier and hotter.

I wanted to be that porn star; I wanted to be sucking that made for porn cock.

Suddenly, he grunted, and declared, "Here comes my cum, cum bucket."

She didn't slow down, apparently a rather impressive cock sucker, as he obviously deposited his load down her throat.

When he pulled out, he said, "Could you imagine if the neighbourhood knew the truth, that you're just a cum bucket for big dick?"

"If all the lonely housewives knew you were packing nine inches of cock I doubt I would be the only one texting you at 2am to be your cum bucket," she said, as she stroked his cock.

'Nine inches' I thought to myself, that's a good two inches bigger than his father's impressive cock.

"Maybe I should go door to door offering my services," he said.

"No, I'm your cum bucket," she protested playfully.

"Well, your daughter is a two hole cum bucket and you are a three hole cum bucket," he said.

"I imagine you plan to change that soon," the mother said.

"That I do," he nodded. "Now go back to your husband and kids, cum bucket."

"Yes, Master," she replied, getting off the bed.

I moved to hide as she looked my way, just getting out of the way in time.

I hurried to my room, my need to pee replaced with my need to come.

I grabbed my rabbit from the side table, turned it on high and on my favourite pulsations, pulled my pajamas and panties down and slid it inside my wanton cunt.

I closed my eyes and imagined that I was my son's slut. I imagined him face fucking me; I imagined his cock slamming into my pussy; I imagined his dick gaping my asshole; I imagined being his unconditional fuck toy... his cum bucket.

I came quickly and as I lay there in the afterglow of self-pleasure, I pondered how I could possibly replace his cum bucket.

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It was December and I had decided his Christmas present was going to be a live-in cum bucket... me!

I also wanted to test a few assumptions. The first being if he had a stocking fetish like his father. And if he did, which I assumed he did, did he also have a stocking-foot fetish like his father. James loved lengthy nylon foot jobs and could come just from that and often did. He loved watching sports while I gave him long nylon-clad foot jobs. In these scenarios he either came on my feet and had me lick the cum off my feet (I wondered if I could still do that now) or he would have me finish him with my mouth before usually coating my face with his cum. He also loved to have me keep his cum on my face.

That made me recall our honeymoon, when he shot his load all over my face in the hotel before dinner and had me keep it on me while we went out for dinner. He then shot a second load on me in the bathroom of the restaurant before we went out dancing. A final load was shot back in the hotel room and I answered the door for room service in lingerie and a face completely coated with cum. Such humiliation only enhanced my desire for complete submission.

God, I missed that.

And now, maybe, I could have it again.

The next morning, well early Saturday afternoon actually, when he came downstairs, I was purposely still in my robe, but with thigh high stockings. I was pretending to read the newspaper, my

stocking-clad feet up on the table, the robe riding up high enough that he could definitely see the top of my lace top stockings.

Cody walked in and stopped dead in his tracks. There was no doubt he was staring at my legs. I pretended I didn't notice he was there as I feigned reading the newspaper. I even began to slowly move my left foot over my right leg seductively, as if dealing with an itch.

Although I knew he was in the room, he didn't move. I wished I could have seen his face, but I wanted to act as innocent as possible. I wanted to start the tease. I wanted him to get the idea that his mother was a sexual being. I wanted to slowly plant the seed that his mother would make a great 'cum bucket'.

It didn't last long, maybe thirty seconds, before I decided the tease was enough and moved the paper down and, being an actress in high school went into full actress mode, as I said startled, "Oh, God, you scared me! I didn't hear you come down the stairs."

"Morning, Mom," he said, breaking his eye contact from my legs and looking at me.

"It's actually one in the afternoon," I pointed out, again acting like a mother.

"Sorry, late night," he said.

"So I heard," I said.

His face went white. "You did?"

"Yes," I nodded, as I moved my legs off the table, noticing him watch. Hiding my knowledge that it was Mrs. Young, I added, "And I'd appreciate it if you didn't fuck Brittany in the room beside me."

"S-s-sorry," he said, clearly shocked by my frank language.

"I mean," I said, standing up and walking directly in front of him, noticing the erect cock poking at his sweats, "you're eighteen and an adult so I understand you have needs and I'm sure you and Brittany are fucking like bunnies, but your mother hasn't gotten any for two years and hearing you two going at it only reminded me how long it's been."

He was speechless.

Before he could respond, I left the kitchen, loving the impact I had over him.

I went to the bathroom, got out of my thigh highs, into the shower and used the shower head for a different purpose as I imagined dropping to my knees, pulling out his stiff cock and devouring it.

I imagined him grabbing my head and fucking my face.

I imagined him bending me over the kitchen table and fucking my needy cunt.

I imagined him making me beg him to ream my shit hole.

I came hard in the shower, almost falling to my knees.

I wasn't ready yet to commit the ultimate taboo, I had to know he wanted it too. But, a plan was beginning to form in my mind.

I was going to give him the greatest Christmas present ever... ME.

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Sunday at church, I stared at Jemma, still unable to fathom how she could be so pretentious, judging others. I wanted to walk up to her and tell her I knew her dirty secret.

I wondered if she was wearing thigh highs under her very conservative dress... like I was.

I even considered blackmailing her. Although I was a complete submissive to men, I had, on occasion years ago, a few lesbian encounters, including a few where I was in charge. Then it hit me. The perfect way to seduce my son was through the bitch.

When church was over, I walked over to her when she was alone and asked, quietly, "So you like taking my son's dick up your ass?"

Her smug smile disappeared instantly as her face went white.

"You had a lot to say in my house at two in the morning," I continued.

"Elizabeth," was all she could muster.

"We'll talk more, later," I promised, not sure how I planned to play this with her.

When I got home from church, Cody was watching NFL football on the couch. I went to him, put my foot on the couch beside him, and asked, "Could you please undo the buckle? Mom's back is killing her."

"Um, sure," he said, glancing to my leg and the top of my lace top stockings.

"You okay?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"Um, yeah, just got distracted by the game," he lied, as he moved his hand to the small buckle.

It took him a bit to unbuckle the small strap with his big fingers, but eventually he did. I slid my foot out and wiggled my toes right in front of him. I then switched feet and asked, "Can you do this one too?"

"Of course, Mom," he nodded, as I glanced at his crotch which was saluting me secretly.

"You're such a sweetheart," I said.

He again took a lengthy look at my full nylon-clad leg before unbuckling my strap.

Once it was off, I again wiggled my toes and watched as he stared at them. He was indeed a nylon foot fetish freak like his father.

Deciding to push it further, I asked, "My feet are killing me from wearing these heels. Would you be willing to give your old bag of a mother a foot massage?"

"Sure," he nodded, before adding, "and you're hardly old, Mom."

"Thanks honey," I said, "but I feel ancient."

"Mom, you need to get back out in the dating world. It's been two years," he said, his eyes never leaving my legs.

I sat on the end of the couch, flipped my legs up onto his lap, right on his crotch and said, "Finding a good man is nearly impossible."

He groaned, but covered well, as I felt his cock flinch under my heel, "But you have to at least try."

As he took my left foot in his hands, I said, "Just the thought of it exhausts me. Plus, any man I dated I would compare to your father. He was one of a kind."

"Yeah, he was," he nodded, the tone quickly shifting to sadness.

We were both silent for a couple of minutes while he massaged my feet. I noticed him take many quick glimpses up my legs. But I pretended to not notice. Eventually, I said, "So are you and Brittany serious?"

He replied, "Not really."

"Just friends with benefits?" I asked, a term I had learned recently.

"Yeah, something like that," he said, smiling for the first time.

"I could use a friend with benefits situation," I sighed.

"Mom!" he said, surprised by his usually conservative mother's words.

"What?" I asked, "your Mom has needs too."

"Oh my God," he said, "I can't believe we are having this conversation."

"It's your fault," I accused.

"How?" he asked, surprised I was blaming him.

"Listening to you fuck your girlfriend woke up my sleeping," I paused for the right word choice and dramatic effect, "kitty."

"What's got into you?" he asked, even as he kept massaging my feet and checking out my legs.

"It's not what's gotten into me, it's what hasn't," I quipped playfully.

He laughed, "This is not a conversation I thought I would ever have."

Hinting at what I really wanted, I said, my foot ever so subtly pushing down on his iron hard cock stuck in his pants, "Well, you're the man of the house now, Cody."

I could see his head spinning. I could tell he was wondering if my foot move was on purpose. He was wondering what exactly I meant by my words.

I continued, "Now that you're eighteen and an adult, I do need you to be the one in charge here sometimes."

"Okay," he nodded, clearly confused by what I meant.

"And that means listening to frank conversations with your mother," I finished, before adding, "even if those conversations gross you out."

"They don't gross me out," he said. "They just came out of the blue."

"Well, so did you ass fucking your girlfriend in the room beside me," I quipped, as I moved my feet away and stood up.

He actually laughed.

"What?" I asked, now standing up in front of him.

"I have never heard you swear before this past couple of days other than 'shit' a couple of times," he said.

"Well, hearing you treat Brittany like a complete whore made me realize something," I said, letting my words linger as I didn't finish the sentence.

"What did it make you realize, Mom?" he asked, glancing down at my feet.

"No, I've said more than I meant to," I said, starting to walk away.

"Mom, you can't say something like that and then leave," he protested, standing up too. "You can say whatever you want to me. I am the man of the house."

The way he said 'I am the man of the house' made my pussy tingle. He sounded exactly like his father.

"It's just," I began, trying to look shy and nervous, a hint at my submissive side.

"Just tell me," he ordered.

"You sounded just like your father," I finally revealed.

"When?" he asked, confused.

"When you were dominating Brittany," I answered, looking down as if trying to avoid eye contact.

"Oh," he said.

I continued, "Your father was very demanding in the bedroom. I even still obey him now."

"What?" he asked, as he was clearly processing the strange revelations.

I didn't plan to let him know this yet, but I figured what the heck. "I still wear nylons for him every day."

"Oh," he asked, looking down at my stocking legs and feet.

"Your father insisted I wear nylons every day for him and I..." I paused again.

"And what?" he asked, drawn into my seduction, completely unaware I was seducing him in an attempt to make him take control of me.

"It's just, I don't want you to think less of me, Cody," I said, looking nervous and embarrassed. My years of acting in drama productions were finally paying off.

"What Mom, nothing you say can make me think less of you," he said, all compassionate.

"Well, its, just, um, your father was my Master," I blurted out.

"Oh," he said, the new revelation marinating in his head.

"And although neither you or anyone else saw it in our day to day lives, except that I always wore thigh highs or a garter and stockings or even crotchless pantyhose underneath my conservative teacher attire," I continued, wanting to lay it all out on the proverbial table, "in the bedroom he was the Master and I the obedient submissive."

"I can't believe it," he finally said.

Wanting to pile shock onto shock, I added, "So hearing you be dominant to Brittany, calling her names and pounding her asshole, or what did you call it? Shit hole? Well, that brought back memories of your father using me as his three hole, his three hole, um..."

"You've said this much, Mom," he said, hanging on my every word.

"His three hole cum bucket," I quickly said, before sitting back down and dramatically putting my head in my hands... attempting to win an Oscar for best performance in an incest seduction.

"What's wrong, Mom?" he asked, sitting down beside me and putting his hand on my leg.

"You must think I'm some kind of fucked-up slut," I answered, tears forming.

"Oh, Mom," he said, his hand moving slowly up my leg. "I could never think that."

"You couldn't?" I asked. "Am I too repulsive to see as someone fuck worthy?"

He got defensive, "No, no, Mom that is not it at all. You're a very beautiful woman. If you weren't my mother...."

This time he stopped.

I looked up into his eyes. "If I wasn't your mother, what?" I asked, trying to look vulnerable and insecure.

"I can't say it," he said. "It's wrong."

"You can tell me anything," I said, as I tried not to smile, knowing my plan was working... I was planting a plethora of seeds for my end goal.

"Well, I...." he started but stopped.

"Just say it, Cody," I demanded. "Act to me like you would to Brittany."

This made him laugh.

"What?" I asked.

"Do you realize what you just told me?" he asked, his hand still on my leg.

"No," I said, playing dumb.

"You just told me to treat you like I do my fuck toy," he said back.

"Oh," I said, still playing dumb. Yet, my next words made my response seem trivial and probably left him even more baffled. "Well, I guess that would be wrong, wouldn't it."

He laughed awkwardly, just as the doorbell rang. "Shoot, that is probably Mike. I invited him over to watch the Dolphins vs Green Bay game."

I sighed, "Well, we will continue this conversation later. You never did tell me what you would do if I wasn't your mother."

He looked into my eyes and answered, the same exact dominant tone his father used to use, "Mom, do you want the truth?"

"I think I can handle the truth," I joked, looking nervous even as I slightly parodied my husband's favourite movie.

He looked me directly in the eye and said, just as the doorbell rang a second time, "If you weren't my mother, I'd make you my three hole cum bucket."

He then walked away, as my pussy gushed into my panties.

I headed to my room needing to dress a little less slutty for my son's friend, but first I needed to come.

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It was the 21st of December, four days before Christmas, when I came up with my next naughty idea. Cody was at the hardware store where he worked in the summer. And during the holidays

I unwrapped all the candy canes, and began fucking myself with each one for a good minute or two each, when the doorbell rang.

I sighed, still having three to go and getting quite horny doing it.

I went to the door and was not overly surprised to see Jemma standing at my door.

Instantly, I knew what I was going to do.

I opened the door, smiled, and greeted, "Well, if it isn't the anal cum bucket."

"May I please come in?" she asked, so much more timid than her usual smug self.

"My son isn't here," I said, making her wait longer.

"I came to see you, Elizabeth," she explained.

"Oh, well come on in, then," I offered.

She walked in and I asked, "Have you had breakfast yet?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Are you still hungry?" I asked, as I led her to the kitchen.

"A little, I guess," she replied, following me.

I returned to the kitchen table where I was sitting, spread my legs and ordered, "In that case, come and get it."

"Elizabeth!" she gasped, surprised.

"Ass slut," I retorted back sarcastically.

"I came to talk," she continued, grimacing at the name calling.

"You can talk once you have gotten me off," I said, snapping my fingers and pointing to my spread legs and wet pussy.

"Please, Elizabeth," she pleaded, looking so uncomfortable. I was enjoying this immensely.

"Begging," I smirked. "You did a lot of that the other evening too, if I recall."

"I'm so sorry," she apologized.

"For what?" I asked, before adding, "for fucking my son, for being his, what did you call yourself, cum bucket, for fucking your daughter's boyfriend or for taking my son's dick up your ass in my home?"

"All of it," she whispered.

"And what are you willing to do for my forgiveness?" I questioned.

"It won't happen again," she said.

"Really?" I asked. "You sounded pretty much in love with my son's cock."

"I lost my way," she explained.

"I'll help you find it," I replied, as I snapped my fingers and pointed to my cunt.

"I'm not a lesbian," she said.

"Oh, I know," I laughed. "You're a slut. And sluts who cheat on their husband with their daughter's boyfriend should know when they are being blackmailed."

"Elizabeth, please," she pleaded again.

"This is getting old, ass slut," I sighed. "Get the fuck over here and eat my cunt or I tell your husband and daughter how big a whore you are."

"Are you blackmailing me?" she asked, which was ludicrous, of course I was blackmailing her.

"Call it what you want, bitch," I said. "Just get over here and let's see if you're as good as munching cunt as you are at sucking cock."

"If I do this, will you not say anything?" she asked.

"If you obey like a good slut and serve me as I wish, then yes," I nodded, having no real intention of letting out her secret. Instead, I would use it to my advantage.

"Okay," she nodded, moving to me. "But I think this is so wrong."

"Isn't getting ass fucked by your daughter's boyfriend, in another woman's home, while your husband is asleep at home wrong too?" I asked, as I watched her kneel in front of me.

She sighed, as she stared at my pussy, "Yes, it is."

"Get licking, slut," I ordered, grabbing her head and shoving it between my legs and into my wet pussy.

I held her head there for a few seconds until I felt her tongue start licking.

"Good, slut," I moaned, somehow enjoying the power. I was undoubtedly a submissive to men, but I could definitely be a dominant to a woman.

She just licked.

I leaned back and enjoyed the tongue lashing as I closed my eyes and imagined Cody's last words yesterday ... 'If you weren't my mother, I'd make you my three hole cum bucket.'

I was confident that if I made it obvious I was willing to be a cum bucket, he would likely take me. If any of the incest stories I read were true or any of the forums I read, most boys fantasize about fucking their mothers. We are their first loves, their first lusts and their first masturbation fantasies.

As I imagined being his slut, my orgasm built quickly and I came on the bitch's face. Once done, I said, "You may leave now."

Still on her knees, her face coated in my cum, she asked, "Are you going to keep it a secret?"

Deciding I wanted to remember this moment forever, I grabbed my phone and said, "Don't move, slut."

She went to protest, but I had already taken the picture.

"You look super slutty with pussy juice all over your face," I smiled.

She got up and repeated, now pissed, "So you'll keep it a secret."

"Of course," I nodded, before adding, "although I expect you to be at my beck and call."

"Seriously?" she asked, disgusted.

"Of course," I said, "it's good to have a cunt muncher across the street."

"I'm not a cunt muncher," she said, trying to be dignified, which was hilarious considering her face was coated in my cum.

"You just munched cunt," I pointed out. "that makes you a cunt muncher."

"You made me," she countered.

"Semantics," I shrugged. "You still did it."

"Whatever," she sighed, "as long as you won't tell my husband or daughter."

"Your secret is safe with me," I said.

She left. I finished coating the candy canes with my pussy juice and put them on the tree.

I decided to go to Cody's room and check what kind of porn he watched. All boys, all men, have porn on their computers... including Reverends.

I logged into his laptop and went to his browser history and smiled. He was on the same site I often used... Literotica.

The last story he had pulled up was not only one I had read before, but one that implied he was thinking of me the way I wanted him to. "'Pet Mommy': Becoming a Mommy Slut'. Although I had just come, my pussy was already wanting more.

I began rubbing myself as I looked at other stories he had searched. They were all son and daughter incest stories other than one called "Mommies Make Good Pets" which was actually a lesbian incest story... another one I had read before.

As I searched more, I noticed that all his incest searches were from yesterday. Earlier browser history was more gangbang stories, anal stories, etc. He also had hundreds of pictures of women in nylons, almost all without heels on (he indeed had the same fetish as his father... nylons, but particularly nylon feet). He also had tons of videos, again almost all of them with women in stockings: gangbang, couples, lesbians, etc, but always in nylons.

I smiled as I obviously had triggered exactly what I had wanted to in him... the idea of fucking his mother.

I then noticed a video downloaded last night. It was called Cory Chase in Mother Mouthfuls. I had to click on it. The mother sucked his cock, took it in her pussy and her ass before taking a thick load mostly in her mouth and on her chin.

I wanted to be that Mom. I wanted to be a Mommy-slut. I wanted a mouthful of my son's cum.

I came a second time, before I got dressed and headed out to do some last minute Christmas shopping, including a stop at an adult store for some new toys.

That night, he came home right at supper time and I was again in thigh high stockings and a red dress that barely hid them.

Cody asked, as he checked me out slyly (or so he thought), "Why are you so dressed up, Mom?"

"I like to look good," I said. "Is that okay?"

"Of course," he nodded, before complimenting, "you look very good, Mom."

"You're just saying that because I'm your mother," I said, fishing for more compliments, as I brought a plate to him.

"Trust me, Mom," he said, glancing down at my stocking-clad feet. "I'm not saying it because you're my mom."

"You really think I'm pretty?" I asked, as I moved away far enough to give him a chance to check out my entire body.

"Mom, you're hot. A MILF," he said, checking me out very unlike what a son should do.

Although I knew what a MILF was, I asked all innocently, "What's a MILF?"

"A Mom I'd Like to Fuck," he answered.

"Oh!" I said, acting surprised, again in full actress mode.

"All my friends want to fuck you," he continued.

"No way," I said, actually surprised by this.

"All throughout high school that was all I heard," he continued, "how hot my mom was."

"Well, I guess it's better than having an ugly mother," I joked, as I went to the table with my plate and sat down.

He laughed, "I guess."

I asked about his day. He asked about mine. We kept the conversation generic.

He told me he was going out with Brittany tonight just as dinner was finished.

I couldn't help it, I felt jealous. I asked, "Do you plan to bring her back home tonight and fuck her ass again?"

He was surprised by my question.

"You can if you wish," I continued. "This is your house too, and you are the man of the house. You should be able to fuck who you want, when you want."

"Really?" he asked, still in surprised mode.

I couldn't tell if he could tell that I was offering myself to him or not. My innuendo was getting less and less subtle.

"Yes," I nodded, standing up. "You're eighteen. You're an adult."

"Um, okay," he nodded.

I decided to push the boundaries even more. "And as man of the house, I'm expecting you to man up more around the house."

"Yes, Mom," he nodded, taking it as helping around the house more, when I meant fucking the woman of the house's three fuck holes.

"Good that's clear," I said, before adding, "and feel free to fuck her in your room."

"Really?" he asked again.

"Yes, I may not be getting any, but at least I can live vicariously through your ass slut girlfriend," I added.

"Mom!" he gasped.

"What?" I asked. "I'll pretend you are your father and I am the slut."

"I can't believe we are having this conversation," he said, again looking at my nylon clad legs and feet.

"I've been holding this in for years," I explained. "Adult talk. But hearing what I heard the other night woke up my sleeping kitty."

"Oh my God!" he said, standing up.

"Isn't that what Brittany screamed as you reamed her ass?" I teased.

Suddenly he quipped, apparently wanting me to know he was well equipped, "All the sluts I fuck scream that."

"Mmmmmmm," I smiled, before adding, "its great to be able to talk so frankly with you, honey." I moved to him and gave him a hug. I felt his hard cock poking my leg.

"Oh my, apparently you're already ready for your date," I said.

His confidence oozing, obviously realizing he was free to say whatever he wanted, "I'm always ready, Mom. Always."

"Oh, to have my own eighteen year old," I sighed dramatically.

He laughed, "I have a few buddies who would eagerly fulfill that role."

"Are you offering to whore out your mother?" I teased.

"God, no," he said. "I wouldn't let any of them touch you."

I put my hand on his arm and said, "Oh, I have my own knight in shining armour."

He laughed, "Sure, Mom. But I need to get ready, Brittany will be here any minute now."

"Okay," I nodded, before asking "Do you plan to bring her back home tonight?"

"Weirdest conversation ever, Mom," he said, shaking his head as he left the room.

Brittany arrived a few minutes later in a plaid skirt, tight blouse and white nylons. I smiled, he obviously made his women wear nylons for him.

He came down and said, as he kissed me on the cheek, "Don't wait up, Mom."

I joked to both of them, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Once they were gone, I went to my room and pulled out the new toys I had bought that day. One was an eight inch wall cock. I was hoping to have his entire cock in me soon and I wanted to get my long neglected holes ready for the biggest cock ever to fill me.

I put the suction cup on the wall after lubing it up, pulled up my dress, tugged off my thong, and got on all fours. I moved behind it and had it part way in, riding it slowly, getting used to it in me, when I heard Cory's voice. "Mom!"

I looked up and Cory was at my open door.

Not embarrassed, I shrugged, not stopping fucking myself, as I moaned, "Sorry, honey, but our conversation got me pretty horny and this cock is a lot easier than dating."

"I forgot my wallet," he explained, still watching me. Since I was wearing a dress, all he saw was me riding a cock.

"Okay," I moaned, before adding, "could you please close the door."

"Yes, of course," he said, pulling out of the lustful trance he was in.

"Have fun tonight," I called out once the door was closed, a big smile on my face at the accidental act of voyeurism.

"You too," he called back.

So horny now, I began bouncing back on the big cock, taking all eight inches inside my fevered pussy. I closed my eyes and imagined that instead of leaving, he walked over and shoved his cock in my mouth.

Of course, I came quickly and kept riding the cock to multiple orgasms.

Interestingly enough, he didn't bring her home that night, or if he did he used the garage.

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Tuesday and Wednesday were crazy days as I went to spend some time with my mother, who lived a couple hours away. She would be coming over for Christmas supper on the 25th, but I went and spent a couple of days helping her wrap presents, bake and so forth.

The entire time, all I thought about was my son.

I got back Thursday afternoon, and the first thing I did was shave and shower. The second thing I did was put a butt plug in my ass. The third thing I did was put a vibrating egg in my pussy. The fourth thing I did was text Cody.

When are you going to be home? I have an early Christmas present for you.

He texted back a few minutes later.

About an hour. I have a Christmas present for you too.

I had no idea if his present was anything inappropriate, but I hoped so.

I typed back:

Cum home soon.

I then texted back, explaining my spelling of cum, which I had done on purpose:

Sorry, stupid auto correct!

He texted back:

LOL!

I put on thigh high stockings, a thong to keep the plug in my ass and the egg, set on low speed, in my cunt, and a sheer black teddy, and headed downstairs. I noticed that there were only two candy canes left.

I couldn't help it, I texted him back, likely giving away everything before he even got home:

Did you enjoy the new flavoured candy canes?

He texted back:

They were very addicting.

I smiled. He knew. I didn't respond though. I went and put the remote for the egg on the ledge where he would walk in with a big note:

Present 1!

Go to the kitchen.

I went to the kitchen, pulled out a bunch of sex coupons I made and put them into one of my thigh high stockings and hung it up on the table so he couldn't miss it.

The coupons included:

1 coupon for a rough face fucking of your mother

1 coupon for a marathon fucking of your mom

1 coupon for a tight ass to fuck

1 coupon to coat your Mommy's face with cum

1 coupon to deposit a load in your Mom's warm mouth

1 coupon to use a pair of handcuffs

1 coupon for a nylon-clad foot job

1 coupon for a pegging from your mother's strap-on (if you are into that sort of thing... your Daddy was)

1 coupon to have your Mother and the bitch Mrs. Young in a 69

1 coupon for a blow job while you drive

1 coupon for a three hole marathon night with your long neglected mother

1 coupon for a bath with your Mommy

1 coupon for a tit fucking

1 coupon for a fist fucking of your Mother's cunt

Present 2!

A bunch of coupons to use as you wish in our very own 12 days of Fuck-mas.

Now, come to the living room.

I then went to the living room, and began the very difficult task of wrapping myself. I considered calling Jemma over to help, but I wasn't willing to have her know of my incestuous intentions.

I wrapped my legs and waist, leaving my stocking-clad feet open. I wrapped my upper body as best I could. I put tinsel on my head, so much I couldn't see a thing, and waited.

Anticipation coursed through me.

The egg teased me relentlessly.

Then the door opened... and closed.

I heard him walk into the kitchen. I suddenly felt the vibrations get faster.

A couple of excruciating minutes later, where I had no idea how he was going to respond (the longer he took, the more anxiety I felt), he was in the room as he said, "Holy crap, it just keeps getting better."

I remained silent.

"This is the best present ever," he said, as he got closer to me. "Although the wrapping job needs work."

"You try wrapping yourself," I protested.

"Fair enough," he laughed, as he reached me, before adding, "The coupons were an interesting touch."

"I expect you to use every one," I said, my mother tone in effect.

"Even the pegging one?" he asked.

"I'd love to fuck that tight ass off yours, baby," I purred.

"Definitely me first," he countered.

"Yes, Master," I answered, giving myself to him completely.

My body shivered as I felt him rip off the wrap that covered my tits.

A chill went up my spine as his hands cupped my breasts. "Are these mine now, Mom?"

"Yes, Master, every part of me is yours now," I trembled, as I felt his hot breath and then his mouth on my nipple. "Ooooooh."

"I've imagined this for a long time," he said, as he bit my nipple.

"You have?" I asked, surprised as his browser history did not give me that impression.

"Of course," he said, going to the other nipple. "Who do you think is to blame for my nylon fetish?"

"Me?" I responded in the form of a question.

"Of course, you have worn them every day of my life and paraded around, teasing me relentlessly," he continued.

I protested, while revealing the truth, "I only started purposely teasing you when I caught you dominating that bitch Jemma."

"That explains everything," he laughed.

"How so?" I moaned, as he tugged hard on my nipple.

"It was like an overnight complete 180 turn around in your personality," he said. "I couldn't fathom how hearing me fuck who you said was Brittany would trigger that. But seeing it, well, my cock is hard to resist."

"I couldn't even wait until Christmas to get my present," I purred, reaching for it.

He unwrapped me completely and kissed me.

I melted into him, my hand reaching for his cock, his already stiff cock, in his jeans.

We kissed not as mother and son, but as two horny lovers.

Breaking the kiss, he asked, "You sure about this?"

I smiled, as I unbuckled his belt, pulled down his jeans and boxers, "Son, I have never wanted anything more in my life."

"Oh, God," he groaned, as I stroked his perfect penis.

"May I suck your big cock, son?" I asked, looking up at him.

He handed me the coupon for swallowing a load.

"Mmmmmmmm, a good start," I purred, taking the coupon, tossing it on the floor and taking his cock in my mouth.

"Oh yes," he groaned, as I instantly began bobbing. I wasn't going to make love to his cock, I was going to suck it like a cum hungry slut... like a submissive slave.

I bobbed furiously, trying to get used to having a cock in my mouth again... determined to get it all in my mouth.

"Who needs Jemma," he groaned, after a couple of minutes. "I have my own live-in cum bucket."

I moaned on his dick in response, as I desperately wanted that first load.

"Take it all, Mommy-slut," he ordered, as he began moving his hips to meet my forward bobs.

And I did. I took his entire nine inch cock in my mouth. I gagged briefly, but recovered quickly.

"Oh yes, Mom, this will be a regular thing from now on," he groaned.

I bobbed faster, sensing he was close.

"Yes, Mom," he grunted, and spewed his load in my mouth. I kept bobbing, swallowing it all, remembering how much I loved the feel of cum sliding down my throat.

When he was done using me as his cum bucket, he pulled out and said, "Get on the couch."

"Yes, Master," I purred, crawling to the couch.

He said, "There wasn't a coupon to munch that pussy."

"I didn't know if you liked doing that, your father didn't," I answered.

"Well, that is just wrong," he said, as he dropped to his knees in front of me.

"Do you want to eat Mommy's cunt?" I asked.

He didn't answer with words, but instead by actions as he buried his face in my cunt.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned, as his tongue went to work. The tongue, mixed with the egg vibrating inside me, had me fevered and ready to erupt in a couple of minutes.

"Yes, baby, suck Mommy's clit, make Mommy come," I moaned, as I put my hand in his hair.

He demanded, "Come for me, Mommy-slut."

"Oh yes," I moaned, watching him between my legs, the fantasy becoming reality. "Don't stop. Yes, yes, Mommy's coming, yes, yes, yes!"

And my cum flooded out onto my son's mouth and face.

He kept licking, seeming to savour my cum as much as I had savoured his.

Once my orgasm was done, I demanded, "Use another coupon."

"So many to choose from," he smiled. He then surprised me, by handing me the one I least expected.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"I need some food if this is going to be the marathon evening I think we both want it to be," he said.

"Oh, I want to see how many loads you can fit in your Mommy cum bucket," I purred.

"Then I definitely need to eat. I mean your cunt is delicious, but it lacks the calories I need," he joked, standing up.

"What do you have you mind?" I asked.

"Grab a blouse, keep it unbuttoned and then head to the garage. Don't bother with a skirt."

"Oh my," I smiled, liking his kinky idea.

"Oh Mom, this is only the beginning," he said, as he pulled me up.

"It better be," I said, in my best Mom tone.

"Hurry up," he ordered, "I'm hungry."

"Me too," I quipped, reaching for his cock.

"You're insatiable," he said.

"I have to make up for lost time," I said back.

"Oh, we will," he promised, spanking my ass. "Now go get a blouse. We can't have you naked driving around town in plain view."

"At least not above the waist," I smiled.

"Of course," he said.

I grabbed a black blouse, put it on and headed to the garage.

Cody was already in the driver's seat.

I got in the passenger seat, naked except for thigh highs and an unbuttoned blouse. "Where are you taking me, Master?"

"Swiss Chalet drive-thru," he answered, as he backed out of the garage.

"I see," I smiled, as I fished out his cock, eager to prove how much of a slut I could be for him.

"So, were you this submissive and slutty to Dad?" Cody asked.

"In the bedroom, yes. Or when alone," I admitted, as I began to stroke my son's cock. "But in public, many thought he was whipped."

"I did," he laughed.

"Perception and reality are often two different things," I explained, as I lowered my head onto his cock.

"So I see," he groaned.

This time I took my time. I swirled my tongue around his thick mushroom top. I created extra saliva to create a different sensation.

He groaned, "Shit, your mouth is like magic."

"All three of my holes are like magic," I responded.

"I still can't believe this," he said, as my tongue slid up and down his shaft.

"That your mother is a cock hungry slut?" I asked.

"That you're my cock hungry slut," he countered.

"I've been looking for a master for a couple of years, son. But no one came close to your father. But when I heard you dominating that bitch and then watched it... I knew I had found my perfect

Master."

"And I have been using a couple MILF's to distract me from what I really wanted," he said. "My own personal Mommy-slut."

"Please call me your Mommy-cum-bucket," I asked. "I want to be everything to you. I want to be your only MILF."

"You think you can keep up with me?" he asked.

"I'll die trying," I promised, as I resumed sucking his cock.

There was no more talking for a couple of minutes until he said, "We're here."

I stopped and asked, "Am I to keep sucking throughout the drive-thru experience, Master?"

"Yes, Mommy cum-bucket," he answered.

"Yummy," I purred.

He said, "I'll order a family pack. I want you to be completely nourished before I deposit loads in your two remaining holes."

I moaned on his cock, the idea of getting fucked, especially in my ass, really turning me on.

He ordered.

And then we were at the first of two windows. The pay window.

He rolled up slowly and a guy's voice began, "That will be... um... eighteen twenty-five."

I got sucking, knowing this teen was watching the back of my head go up and down.

"Shoot, I didn't bring my wallet," Cody said. "Slut, pay the man."

"Yes, Master," I replied, sitting up, flashing both of them my tits and reached down into my purse. I pulled out a twenty, leaned over so my tits were completely in the open and said, to the drooling college age kid, "Keep the change, cutie."

He took the money and I returned to sucking my son's cock.

Cody said, as if in explanation, "She is having an appetizer before the meal."

He rolled forward and laughed, "I think the guy may have a heart attack."

I teased, "I can't believe you treated me like such a slut in public."

"And you loved it," he said.

"Maybe," I replied, returning to sucking his cock as we reached the food window.

This time things got awkward.

"Hey, Cody," a female voice greeted. "How are you... oh my God!"

"Hey Kimberly," Cody greeted casually. "How are you doing?"

"Um, fine," Kimberly said, before saying, "Apparently you are too."

"She couldn't wait until we got home," Cody replied.

"Yeah, okay," she said and handed him the food.

"Thanks Kimberly," Cody said, before adding, "Take this."

"Yes, Master," I obeyed, as I sat up, my tits now in view for a girl Cody knew.

I looked up and smiled. "Hi, Kimberly."

"Um, hi," she said, clearly shocked, but looking down at my son's impressive package.

Cody waited a second, allowing the girl to really get a good look at his dick, before he drove off and we both laughed. "She's in my Philosophy class."

"Well, she's cute and wants your cock," I smiled.

"Want to munch her pussy?" Cody asked.

"I want to do whatever you want me to do," I answered. After a pause, "but I sure wouldn't mind some college pussy to munch on."

"You're insatiable," he said again.

"Years of withdrawal will do that to a person," I countered.

"Well, it's time to make up for lost time," Cody said, as he snapped his fingers.

"Yes, Master," I obeyed, returning to his cock, which I sucked the entire way home.

As soon as he were in the garage, we got out and he ordered, "Bend over the car, Mommy cum-bucket it's time for deposit number two."

"Yes, Master," I obeyed, surprised, but more than happy to oblige.

He moved behind me and asked, "Ready to get fucked?"

I quipped, wanting to sound nasty, "Ready to become a real mother fucker?"

"Shit, Mom," he groaned, "you're the nastiest, hottest slut I know."

"And a complete cum bucket, don't forget," I moaned, as he slid his cock in me.

He laughed, "I don't think I'll ever forget that."

He grabbed my hips and began fucking me... hard... deep.

"Oh yes, baby, pound your Mommy's neglected cunt," I moaned.

"It won't be neglected anymore," he said, as he slammed into me.

"I'll keep you to your word," I said back.

"Trust me," he said, "you will have so much cum in and on you; you will likely get sick of it."

"Never," I moaned, my orgasm building.

He fucked me for a few minutes, me coming once, before he asked, "You want this load in your cunt, Mommy cum-bucket?"

"I have three buckets for you, Master," I moaned, "each eagerly wanting to be lubricated."

"Here it comes, Mommy-slut," he grunted, and deposited his second load, in my second hole so far.

"Two down, one to go," I moaned, as I milked his cock for all his sweet cum.

"In round one," he said, as he kept spewing his seed deep inside me.

Pulling out, he said, "Let's go refuel, before we continue the marathon."

"Yes, Master," I said, suddenly hungry.

I followed him in, even as I felt his cum leaking out of me. I said, "Christ, you come buckets."

"That's why I need so many holes to fill," he shrugged, as he opened the food.

We ate in silence as we watched the news. Me only in thigh highs and my blouse.

Once I was done, I decided to take the initiative and moved to him on the couch. I pulled his pants and underwear off, moved a stool directly in front of him, sat on it and moved my stocking-clad feet to his flaccid cock and started rubbing.

"This," he began, with a smile, "is my biggest fantasy ever,"

"A foot job from Mommy?" I asked, looking demure.

"A stocking foot job from Mommy," he corrected.

"You really are your father's son," I smiled, as I tried to wake up my son's cock.

"That I seem to be," he nodded, as he kept eating and allowed me to tease him. I reminisced all the times I had sucked my husband or given him foot jobs while he watched television, worked on his laptop or read. I even sucked him off in the bath tub and once, while quite drunk, while he was on the toilet (the only thing I ever did that I found disgusting).

I slowly rubbed his cock until it grew. Once hard, I moved my feet so I could give him a foot job, which spread my legs awkwardly, presenting a very wide open pussy or my son to stare at.

"This is literally the hottest thing ever," he groaned.

"What, the foot job or my gaping pussy?" I asked, as I stroked his cock with my feet.

"Both," he said, as he put his hands on my feet and started masturbating himself using my nylon-clad soles.

"Your cock looks so hot wrapped in my feet," I purred.

"My cock looks great in your mouth, and pussy too," he added.

"Not my ass?" I questioned with a pout.

"I haven't seen that yet," he pointed out.

"Well, maybe you should fuck your Mommy's asshole," I suggested, talking dirty.

"I don't know," he joked. "This is feeling pretty good."

"Fuck Mommy's tight shit hole now," I demanded.

"Fine," he sighed, all dramatically, "If I have to."

"You do," I said.

"But you are doing all the work," he said.

"Sounds like usual," I smirked, as he let go of my feet.

I grabbed the lube I had left near the television stand and asked, "How do you want me?"

"Riding my cock," he answered.

"Oh, I see," I smiled, "you really meant I would be doing all the work."

"Yep," he nodded, as I came to him and poured lube all over his hard cock.

"Such a dirty boy," I purred, as I stroked his lubed cock.

"Such a dirty slut," he countered, as he grabbed the lube, turned me around and poured lube on my ass cheeks. He then slid a finger inside my ass.

"Oh, you bad boy," I moaned.

"Want to make sure your ass is ready for my cock," he said.

"I was born ready," I replied, as he added a second finger.

"That you were," he said, and fingered my ass for a couple of minutes. Pulling his fingers out, he ordered, "Now ride my cock, Mommy cum-bucket."

I eagerly obeyed, excited to have a real cock in my ass for the first time in years. I backed up, straddled him slowly, facing him, wanting to look at him as we fucked.

I put my hands on his chest for balance and slowly lowered myself onto his big cock. I wasn't in as good a shape as I used to be, so it was more awkward, but soon I was lowering my asshole on his cock.

"You look so hot, Mom," he said, watching me lower myself on his solid sword.

"I want to be your hot three-hole Mommy cum-bucket," I moaned, my ass widening for his thick cock. A slight burn that I knew was temporary hit me, but I kept lowering until I was sitting on his lap, his entire nine inch cock buried deep in me.

"Wow, that was impressive," he said.

"As is your cock," I said, trying to get used to having something so huge in my ass.

"I know," he smiled, then surprised me by bucking his ass up quickly, his cock reaching new never explored depths in my asshole.

"Oh my God," I screamed, a mixture of pleasure and pain coursing through me.

"You like that, Mommy cum-bucket?" he asked, as he allowed me to return on his lap.

"Fuck, yes," I whimpered, a searing pain still burning, even as a rush of adrenaline at being used hit my very being.

"Now ride," he ordered.

"Yes, Master," I nodded, as I slowly began moving up and down on his cock.

"Oh yeah, ass slut, ride my cock," he groaned.

I moaned. "Did you ever fantasize this?"

"What?" he asked, making me say it.

"Having your mother ride your cock like some cheap slut as a Christmas present?" I asked.

"I've fantasized it lots," he admitted, "but never thought it would happen."

After a moment, he added, "It is the best Christmas present ever."

I moaned, "I couldn't agree more."

As I got used to having his cock in my ass, I began riding faster and faster, eventually bouncing on his cock, taking it as deep in my ass as humanly possible. The pleasure overwhelmed the pain and I was in heaven.

"God, Mom, this feels amazing," he groaned.

"It's heaven on earth," I replied, riding his cock like I was on a bucking horse.

Suddenly, he lifted me up, keeping his cock deep in me, turned around, put me on the couch and took control of the ass fucking.

"Oh yes, baby, ass fuck Mommy. Pound her shit hole with your massive hammer," I babbled, my orgasm building.

"One last bucket to fill," he grunted, as he slammed hard into me.

"Oh yes, cum in Mommy's asshole," I begged, as I moved my hand to my fevered pussy. "Shoot your cum up my shit hole."

"Oh, God, fuck," he said, a few hard strokes later as he spewed his third load of the day in my third hole.

"Yes, baby." I moaned, rubbing my clit furiously as I felt my asshole filled with cum.

"Come now," he ordered, as he kept coming in me.

"Call me names," I moaned, so close.

"You like that, don't you?" he said.

"Yes, Master," I admitted, as I began bouncing back on his cock, wanting it as deep as possible inside me.

"Come now, Mommy cum-bucket, ass slut, slave, three hole incestuous whore, submissive Mommy-slut, son fucker," he listed off, until I erupted.

"Yessss, Mother fucker!" I screamed as another orgasm hit me.

He fucked me for another minute of my orgasm, before pulling out as we both collapsed side by side, completely spent.

As I cuddled into him, a strange calmness after the recent intensity warmed me.

He was my Master, I was his cum bucket.

But, he was also my son and I his mother.

Somehow we had combined the best of both worlds together.

He whispered, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, son," I said, with a smile to myself.

"Merry Christmas," he said.

I looked up at him, a wicked smile on my face, and added, "Wait until New Year's Eve."

THE END