

MOMMY'S STUCK

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A Mom gets stuck under her bed, is discovered by her son and...

Incest/Taboo

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4k words

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Summary: A Mom gets stuck under her bed, is discovered by her son and...

Note 1: This story is based on the silly plot of a woman getting stuck and needing a rescue... with strings. It's a pretty short story for me... so any of you who complain that mine are too long, hopefully you'll like this one.

Note 2: This is a NUDE DAY 2022 Contest story so please vote. Of course, the story doesn't take place on NUDE DAY, but the action occurs because of nudity.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven for editing.

Mommy's Stuck

Mandy was getting ready to attend a gala. This was her first major outing since her husband James had passed... during COVID... although from a heart attack, not COVID... like everyone assumed. Since she rarely got dolled up recently, she was going all out.

She'd gotten an almost full Brazilian yesterday, since because of her bright red bush, at least a narrow landing strip was a must... at the urging of her sister Heather, who said she had to get back out there... at only 44, she had to move on... James would want her to.

Mandy bought herself a new red dress that showcased her firm tits and great ass... having stayed in amazing shape, and had even lost the last of her baby-carrying weight (which she'd held onto for almost twenty years) during the two years the world had shut down.

Bowing to Heather 's influence, she'd even bought some new lingerie... her sister frequently urging her always to be ready just in case she ended up in a promising situation. Truth be told, Mandy wasn't sure she was ready to get back out there, nor was she expecting to hook up with anyone tonight or in the near future, but she did enjoy dressing up... James had always loved seeing her in sexy lingerie... garter-belts and stockings really driving him wild... so donning sexy lingerie underneath her short, sexy (but sophisticated) dress was a bit of a rush. She felt particularly naughty when she decided to go commando tonight, and she reminded herself she'd need to be careful not to inadvertently present any X-rated displays.

Mandy put on the garter-belt and carefully slid the silky sheer mocha stockings with the sexy seams down the back (James had loved the seams as well as the Cuban heels), and examined herself in the mirror. She had to admit she looked pretty amazing! Her 34B tits were still firm. Her trim figure was back to her early twenties, and her legs looked amazing in the dark mocha shade... her favourite shade, since it was as close as she ever came to showing off a good tan, since she burned so damn easy... the only drawback of being a redhead.

She examined at her ring finger. Particularly her ring... her wedding ring. Which she hadn't removed since her husband's tragic passing. She stared at it for a full minute, perhaps two, before she slowly and ceremoniously removed it.

But it slipped past her fingers, ricocheted off the linoleum floor, and rolled under her bed.

Mandy sighed. "Fuck!"

She got down on the floor and crawled under her bed, reaching for the ring. Luckily it was just within her reach. She clutched it between her fingers and slowly pulled her hand back.

Once she could reach it with both hands, she slid it back onto her finger, taking this misstep as a sign that she shouldn't stop wearing it yet, and went to continue backwards from under the bed. But then she realized she was stuck. Her pearl necklace, the last gift James had ever given her, had caught on something in the bedsprings. It was very special to her, so no way did she want to damage it!

She cursed rather loudly, "Mother fucker!"

Her son Blair was just down the hallway in his bedroom when he heard his Mom curse, and it was an odd curse, since Blair would love to become a literal mother fucker. His Mom was his number one stroke fantasy... in his opinion she'd always been hot, but she'd become amazingly so since the outbreak of COVID. Her habitually wearing nylons every day added fuel to his number one fetish.

He went silently down the hall to his Mom's room, the door slightly ajar, and peeked inside. His eyes went wide when he saw the last thing he could have expected... his Mom's amazing ass was bent over, with her pussy (and red landing strip) within full view.

Mandy sighed. Her son was home, but she didn't want to call out to him, since he would then arrive to find her in a very awkward (and exposed!) position. Yet she couldn't just remain here partway under her bed all night!

Blair pulled out his phone as he quietly tiptoed into his Mom's room. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't resist. He snapped a couple pictures from just inside the doorway.

His cock hardened in a heartbeat, and he quietly pulled down his swimming trunks (which was all he was wearing, since he'd just come out of the backyard pool), and so here he was, gloriously naked (but not afraid) inside his Mom's bedroom.

Blair still knew it was wrong... so damn wrong... but regardless, he shifted the camera to video and began filming as he slowly stroked his cock.

Mandy knew it would be terribly embarrassing, but she had no other choice, so she called out, "Blair!"

Blair kept silently and slowly stroking his cock as he admired his Mom's ass... his Mom's pussy... and the mocha soles of his Mom's stocking-clad feet.

Mandy, becoming very impatient, tried to wriggle herself out ever so cautiously... wiggling her ass... twisting her body back and forth... unaware that she was putting on a terrific show for her nineteen-year-old college son.

"Jesus," Blair whispered to himself, as his Mom flexed her ass around in a sensual way.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Mandy cursed, still stuck.

Blair, admiring the sexy seams up the back of his Mom's legs, took a deep breath, snuck out of the room and called back in from the hallway, "Are you okay, Mom?"

"Thank God," Mandy muttered to herself.

"Oh my," Blair said, acting surprised as he re-entered the room. "Oh dear, you're *not* okay, are you, Mom?"

"Blair, I'm stuck," the Mom said, humiliated to be caught half naked by her son, and frustrated at being stuck.

"Oh," Blair said, as he moved closer, moving a little closer as he kept filming his Mom... his eyes moving from her ass to the soles of her feet, to her pussy... her mostly shaved pussy... to her entire perfect pose.

"Call your Aunt Heather," Mandy said.

"Okay," Blair said, but actually he got right behind his Mom, then knelt down to film a closeup of her amazing ass and her even-better-than-shaved pussy.

"Hurry," Mandy urged, mortified to be stuck in such a predicament.

"Okay," Blair said as he bent down to admire his Mom's pussy from just inches away, instead of calling his aunt like he said he'd do. He set his phone on its side to continue filming.

To Mandy it sounded like her son's voice was much closer to her now... and then she felt a hot little breath on her thigh. Her eyes went wide. Was her son crouching right behind her so he could perv? "Blair?" she asked tentatively.

Blair froze. He knew he'd probably out himself if he didn't answer, but he was so transfixed by this view of his Mom's ass and pussy... that he couldn't speak.

"Blair?" she repeated.

"Yes?" Blair asked, carefully advancing his hands along the floor as he inched even closer to her pussy.

"What are you doing?"

"Your pussy is so pretty," Blair crooned dreamily, his lips and tongue now only a couple of inches away from it.

"Blair, I can feel your breath on my privates! So stop whatever you're doing, and phone your Aunt Heather so she can come and rescue me," Mandy ordered sternly. But unfortunately, feeling his breath on her pussy was making her tremble ever so slightly. So if she ignored the moral issues being compromised here... which she definitely mustn't do... his grossly inappropriate attentions weren't *totally* bad.

"Mom, I can't resist you," Blair said as he pondered what to do next.

He could lick her pussy... he fucking *loved* eating pussy... since once he'd eaten her pussy the girl was always appreciative, which usually led her to doing things for him she wouldn't do for any other

guys. Blair had just finished his first year of college, and although he'd fucked a few coeds, he preferred older women. So far he'd fucked two professors and a couple dozen MILFs, including the executive assistant to the Dean, a Russian janitor, and the owner of his favourite restaurant, a hot Afghan woman.

But now he had the chance to slide his cock into his ultimate dream MILF... his very own Mom! The idea of fucking her had long been his ultimate turn-on and his most compelling stroke fantasy.

"Blair, let's try another approach. I just need you to slide under the bed and unhook my necklace from wherever it's stuck," Mandy instructed, trying to get him to focus on her problem... even as she continued to feel her son's hot breath on her pussy... making her shiver... which confused her.

"Mom, your pussy's getting wet," Blair said, and he couldn't resist leaning forward and licking the wetness.

"Blair, what are you *doing*?" Mandy squealed when she felt her son's tongue on her pussy.

"Just relax, Mom," Blair said, knowing he had a gifted tongue that usually had women moaning with pleasure in almost no time... in his senior year of high school his Mom's friend... Barbara... had taught him all about the ways to pleasure a woman... when she took his virginity two days after he turned eighteen.

"Blair, stop that right now," Mandy demanded as his tongue parted her pussy lips.

"You taste so good," Blair said, knowing that complimenting the taste of a woman's pussy made her more comfortable... although this was an entirely new level of kink... being his Mom and all. That said, he wasn't lying... she did taste good... very, very good.

"Blair, what you're doing is wrong," Mandy said even though her body was betraying her, since his tongue felt so good... it was almost two years since her pussy had been touched by a man... by someone's tongue... her husband had been a great pussy licker, and her son seemed to have inherited the gift.

"Does it *feel* wrong?" Blair asked as he probed her pussy hole.

"Blair," she moaned, unable to complete a sentence with his tongue really working her long-neglected pussy over... she'd masturbated exactly twice in the past two years... coming only once... giving up the other time when she couldn't get herself off.

"Just relax, Mom," Blair said confidently, since his Mom's voice wasn't angry or furious, but confused and morally righteous.

"You need to stooooooooop," the Mom demanded, although she added a loud moan when she felt her son's finger begin tapping on her clit while he probed her pussy.

"I can't, Mom," Blair said. "I've fantasized about doing this forever."

"You have?" Mandy asked, so confused. She knew this was wrong... yet Blair was right... it felt so good. Learning that her son had fantasized about her was completely shocking... although she knew he appreciated her legs... having noticed him staring at them on multiple occasions... he must have a nylon fetish just like his dad had.

"Every day," the son said as he tapped her clit and licked her pussy.

"But you're my son," Mandy moaned, pointing out the obvious... even as an orgasm rose inside her.

"And I'll always look after you," Blair said as he really worked his Mom over... sensing she was close to coming from his aggressive tongue and his finger tapping on her clit.

"Oh God, Blair," Mandy moaned, knowing this was so wrong, yet unable to deny the pleasure he was giving her.

"Come for me, Mommy," he said, using the sexy, naughty term he'd read in so many incest Mom and son stories and faux incest videos, as he slid two fingers inside his Mom's very wet pussy, and although he usually ate a woman while she was on her back and the g-spot was easy to find, he probed his fingers around for a moment until he found her g-spot, and she climaxed almost instantly.

"Oh son!!" Mandy screamed as her orgasm hit her, and she trembled violently.

He felt her juices flooding his hand, so he quickly pulled his fingers out and lapped up his Mom's sweet cum.

Mandy couldn't believe the intensity of her orgasm... as her body endured wave after wave of euphoria... briefly forgetting it was her son who'd gotten her off.

Blair in his own rapture, thinking with his lower head, and after long moments of savouring his Mom's sweet nectar, scooted up, and without even a second thought, he slid his seven-inch dick into his Mom's leaking pussy.

"Blaaaaaair!," Mandy moaned in weak protest as she felt her son's cock... his very big cock... slide into her pussy.

"I have to, Mommy," Blair groaned as he started fucking his Mom.

"Oh God, son," Mandy moaned, as pleasure consumed her... her first orgasm not even completely faded away as a second one began rising inside her.

"Your pussy feels so good, Mommy," Blair said, as he pumped in and out of her... in awe that at long last he was fucking his Mom!

"You shouldn't be fucking your Mommy," Mandy moaned, turned on not only from her son's dick inside her, but the incestuous wordplay... each of them calling her Mommy sounding so nasty and taboo.

"I know, Mommy, Blair said. "But do you want me to stop?"

Here was Mandy's chance to halt this incestuous act, yet now she didn't *want* it to end. She wanted her son to keep right on fucking her... so... she replied with great eagerness, "No son, keep fucking Mommy. Give Mommy *all* of that that big dick!"

"Oh yeah," Blair said, in awe that his Mom was now enthusiastically agreeing to commit incest. He began fucking her faster... harder....

"Oh yeah, fuck Mommy, baby, fuck Mommy's pussy," Mandy moaned, always talking nasty in the heat of the moment... although never before quite like this.

Blair was in complete rapture as he did what his Mom wanted... slamming into her from behind... but wishing he could see her face while he fucked her. There was just something so sexy about a woman's expressions while she was getting fucked.

As her son fucked her hard, she suddenly noticed her necklace was no longer caught on the bed. Wanting to get into a different position, her back not fond of this position, she said, "I'm not stuck anymore. Help me out of here."

"Okay," Blair said, hoping this interruption wouldn't extinguish the lustful fire between them. He pulled out, and while admiring her ass, he lifted up the bedframe.

Mandy rolled out from under it.

Blair slowly lowered the bed back down.

Mandy saw her son's dick for the first time in years... his *magnificent* dick... glistening with her wetness... and she just had to taste it. She stepped close to him and asked, overwhelmed with lust, "Is it okay if Mommy sucks your big dick?"

"Okay? It's *more* than okay," he replied, and his Mom's lips were wrapped around his dick before he finished speaking.

He'd always found that older women gave better blow jobs, and that assessment was proven indisputably correct as his beautiful Mom bobbed on his dick with smooth precision... and to her credit, she took all seven inches in her mouth...

Her son's tool was about the same size as her husband's had been, so she could easily deep throat it... for thankfully sucking dick isn't a skill you lose after two years of not practicing. She'd always loved sucking cock... in college she'd been well-known for her cock sucking skill. Truth was, she loved controlling a man's orgasm, and right now, although she wanted his dick back in her pussy... she was also craving his load... since cum was something else she'd sorely missed for the last two years.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Blair groaned, as she expertly worked on his dick, and he watched her do it... looking so fucking hot with his dick all the way down her throat.

"MMmmmmm," she purred, wanting him to know how much she was enjoying his dick.

Blair knew he wouldn't last long, this blow job from his mother too intense for him to control his boiling balls, and he warned, "Mom, I'm going to come real soon!"

Mandy pulled back from her son's dick just long enough to say, "Then come! I want your load in my mouth, son," before she resumed sucking with even more hunger and lust.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Blair groaned, knowing he was about to erupt.

Mandy sucked on her son's cock with reckless abandon for another fifteen seconds, before she heard him grunt, felt his cock twitch in her mouth, and then the warm, creamy load erupted into her mouth, surged flavourfully across her taste buds, and glided smoothly down her throat.

"Oh Mommy," he moaned, his entire body trembling as he came in his Mom's mouth... rope after rope shooting into her.

Mandy kept bobbing until every drop of her son's sweet seed was in her belly before backing off, standing up and kissing her son... messily... and passionately.

Blair kissed his Mom back, and the two spent two or three minutes engaged in the lustful passionate kiss.

Mandy needing her son's dick inside her, her pussy still on fire, broke the kiss and said, "I hope you reload quickly. Mommy needs to get fucked right now."

"Oh, I'm ready right now," Blair said, able to reload two or three times without a break.

"Then help me out of this dress and bra... I assume you'd like me to keep the stockings?"

He agreed enthusiastically while he unzipped her dress.

Then once she was effectively naked, she resumed speaking. "Now come to bed and fuck Mommy," taking her son by the hand and leading him to her bed... the bed where she used to have sex with her husband.

Blair followed, and as his Mom climbed onto her bed and onto her back, he knelt between her legs and admired her body.

"What are you waiting for?" Mandy asked, expecting her son to fuck her right away.

"I'm just admiring your incredible beauty," he said.

"Oh my son," she said as she brought her left foot to his chest and slid her nylon-clad sole up and down. "That's so sweet!"

"I mean it, Mom," he said. "You're the most beautiful woman I know."

She grasped her son's hard dick with the soles of her feet and smoothly stroked it, saying, "I'm also very flexible."

"That feels amazing."

"Your dad loved my nylon foot jobs."

"Then I guess I get that from him."

"Along with your big cock," she smiled as she gave him a nylon foot job.

"God, I can't believe we're really doing this."

"You didn't seem very surprised when you licked my pussy and fucked me under the bed."

"I can't believe I did that either," he said. "It was a huge risk... and it could have gone a lot differently than it did."

"I can't believe you took advantage of Mommy like that either," the Mom said, although she was obviously pleased with the end result.

"You didn't put up much of a fight," Blair pointed out.

"How could I?" the Mom asked. "I was literally stuck and helpless."

"You're not stuck *or* helpless now," Blair smiled.

"No, I'm certainly not, you hot stud," she agreed, and she wrapped her legs around her son and pulled him closer to her. "What I am now is horny, and I need you to fuck me. Think you can fuck Mommy again right now?"

"I'm sure I can," Blair said, and he was suddenly on top of his Mom.

"Then fuck me," she said, wrapping her nylon-clad legs around her son, and he slid inside her wet pussy.

"Okay," he agreed, suddenly deep inside his Mom.

"Oh fuck," Mandy moaned, "you feel so good inside Mommy."

"So hot," Blair said as he rested deep inside her.

"Now fuck me, son. Fuck Mommy," Mandy said, looking into his eyes.

"Okay," he nodded, as he began slowly to fuck her while staring into her green eyes.

"Oh yes, baby, that feels so good," she moaned.

He leaned down and kissed her as he fucked her... her legs still wrapped around him... the fucking slow and passionate.

Mandy slid her tongue in her son's mouth, and he responded by reciprocating... while he slowly fucked her... or more accurately... made love to her.

For three... four... five minutes... they kissed.

They French kissed.

They slowly made love.

But then Mandy needed it faster... harder. She broke the kiss and said, looking into her son's eyes, and said as she spread her legs wide, "Fuck me, son. Fuck Mommy hard."

"Oh Mommy," he said as he cupped her firm tits and began fucking her faster.

"Oh, yes son, fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy with that big cock," Mandy moaned.

"You like this, Mommy?" Blair asked, loving how completely she was into the incest aspect.

"Oh yes, son," Mandy moaned. "Mommy loves being fucked by her son."

"Then this is my pussy from now on," Blair said as he grabbed her legs, pulled them together, and began to pile drive his mother... this angle allowing him to drill deep and make his woman go wild.

"Yes, baby," Mandy agreed mindlessly, "you can have Mommy's pussy whenever you want it."

"That will be often," Blair assured her, in awe that this would be more than just a one-time thing.

"It'd better be," Mandy moaned, loving how deep her son's dick was going into her and the way he was taking control.

"Oh, that's a promise," he assured her as he really began to pound his Mom.

"Oh yes, get that dick deep inside Mommy," Mandy moaned loudly, her second orgasm rising quickly.

Blair was really giving it to his Mom... and this position almost always led to an epic climax for the woman.

"Oh, I love your big fucking cock inside Mommy," Mandy declared as she began bucking her ass up to try and get her son's cock even deeper.

"Come for me, Mommy," Blair ordered. "Come all over my cock."

"Oh yes, harder, harder, harder," Mandy demanded, so close to coming.

A dozen more strokes, and Mandy screamed as her newest orgasm hit, "Yes, you mother fucker."

As his Mom's orgasm hit, he kept fucking her, his own second orgasm rising.

"Jesus," Mandy moaned weakly as she collapsed on the bed, her body on fire, as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her.

"You look so hot," Blair said, loving the vulnerability of this woman as she came.

"You too," she said, as she enjoyed the orgasm.

A couple dozen strokes later as Blair was about to come again, he said, "I'm about to come again."

"Come inside your Mommy, honey," she said, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him close.

"Okay," he said, and he almost immediately did just that... shooting his load into his Mom.

"Oh yes, fill Mommy," she moaned, loving the feeling of cum shooting into her pussy.

"Fuck," he grunted.

Once he was done, he rolled off of her and collapsed.

For a couple minutes as they both recovered, there was only silence.

That was eventually interrupted when Mandy's phone rang. She looked at the clock and said, "Shit, I'm late."

"For what?"

"The gala," she said, getting out of bed and answering her phone. "I'm on my way."

"You haven't left yet?" Heather demanded.

"I am right now," she lied, as she grabbed her bra.

She hung up, and Blair asked, "No panties, right? Because that's a new rule."

"You want Mommy commando at all times? I can do that."

"Perfect," he said, "I'll be commando with my entire body, and waiting for you when you get home."

"I can't wait," she said, already looking forward to the next round.

THE END