

MY EX-BOYFRIEND'S HOT MOM

silkstockingslover

Coed gets revenge on cheating boyfriend in a surprising way.

Lesbian

4.69

9.6k words

Summary: Coed gets revenge on cheating boyfriend in a surprising way.

Thanks to the real SABRINA who requested this story.

Note 1: This is a Halloween 2016 Contest Story so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Dave, Robert, and Wayne for editing.

My Ex-Boyfriend's Hot Mom

When people first see me, no one makes eye contact... guys or girls... young or old.

The first thing they look at... usually unable to stop staring at is my tits... which come from a long line of big tits (my mother, my grandmother, my great-grandmother all are skinny (I'm 126 pounds and 5'4") and huge breasted (I'm a 38DD))... part of my Latina heritage.

Now although I have a great body with a small waist and a tight ass (I run every morning, and I tan every chance I get), I have a tough time holding onto a man.

Maybe it's the fact that I'm an extreme introvert. When I mention this characteristic, very few people believe it about me, since I work as a bartender and can flirt like a minx. Yet that is a façade... a persona I create to get great tips to pay my way through college. Truth is, I hate fake conversation and I'd rather go home and read a good book than flirt with guys, get drunk or get hit on.

Maybe it's because I'm not your stereotypical Latina. Truth is, I am quite shy (I was the only Latina in my elementary and middle school and found it easier to fade into the background than to try and fit in with the whites), insecure (people fall for my body, not my mind or personality... thus although I know my body is amazing, I still have an inferiority complex about who I am)... I wish people... including myself... could see me as smart, witty, pretty, athletic, Latina and beautiful.

I hide these insecurities by flaunting my body and being pretty sexually wild. I've often had oral sex in public (in taxis, at the beach, in washrooms, sometimes I even get eaten out while working behind the bar). I encourage guys to come on my face and tits. I actively enjoy being coated in cum; one of my wildest unachieved fantasies is being the centerpiece of a bukkake. I take it in the ass (only done this a few times, but my inner submissiveness makes me willing to do the things the 'good girls' don't do). I often think I can find love through sex... but in the end sex is just that...sex. Of course once the sex is done I go into a period of self-loathing, which I try to break out of through more sex as I repeat the same cycle over and over again.

Anyway, this story is not about my race... or my big tits... or my inferiority complex... no, it's about how I tried to get revenge on my asshole of a boyfriend and ended up doing it in an epically perfect way... and discovered I didn't have to stay locked in as a submissive for guys... but I could

play with girls in an egalitarian way and have lots of fun doing so. Oops, did I just give away the ending? Maybe so, but we're not there yet. I've got some hell to slog through first.

.....

I caught my boyfriend cheating on me at a party when I got off work early and went over there to surprise him. But no, it was me who got the surprise.

I couldn't find him anywhere, and he wasn't answering his cell, which wasn't anything new.

I was getting worried and annoyed, when I walked outside and saw him sitting on the ledge of a hot tub getting a blow job from some skinny white bitch with tiny tits.

Most Latinas would have walked over to the hot tub, yanked the white skank off their man's cock, bitch slapped her to kingdom come and then berated her man for the next 24 hours.

But that isn't me.

No, I stared for an eternity, paralyzed by the insecurity coursing through me.

It wasn't 'what a fucking asshole'... okay, yes, it was what a fucking asshole too, but my main thought was why wasn't I good enough for him?

I sucked his cock almost every day.

I swallowed.

I took facials.

I'd had cum spewed between my tits and then been made to go to class or work with his cum dried between my excessive money-makers.

I took it in the ass for him.

I let him spank me until my ass cheeks burned cherry red.

I allowed him to tie me up spread eagled on the bed while he finger fucked me, or played PlayStation or face fucked me... oddly the helpless feeling only enhanced my orgasms... misery apparently loving cum-pany.

I sucked him in a variety of risqué locations: in a drive-thru, in the back of a taxi, in a movie theatre, in the kitchen while his mom was in the living room, and under the table at a four star restaurant.

I rode him in the car with four others in it; I had let him fuck me in a crowded subway car; I had fucked him while talking on the phone with my mother; I had been double penetrated by him in my pussy and a vibrator in my ass while he watched sports highlights.

He also loved to roleplay. I played so many slutty versions of professions.

I played slutty superheroes and comic book characters.

I dressed up as animals... a dog, a frog (yep) and his favourite... a kitty... a super, slutty kitty meowing constantly because she was in heat.

I also played dozens of different slutty professionals: slutty cowgirl, slutty professor, slutty cop, slutty hooters girl (which surprisingly I didn't get hired for in real life!!!) and, of course slutty nurse... just to name a few.

He liked Disney princesses too, which I thought was odd, but his favourite was slutty schoolgirl where he played a teacher (he was going to school to become one like his mom) and I played his failing student trying to earn an A.

Besides all the slutty roleplay, he kept pushing me further into humiliation and submission including:

I had to walk down the beach with a load of cum all over my face. The humiliation somehow turned me on.

He had me go to a wedding with a vibrating egg inside my cunt... which he turned on during the vows... which made me moan out loud, drawing a surprised look from the bride just before she said, "I do."

I went to work with a butt plug lodged up my ass for eight hours.

I sucked his cock while his friend watched. He then came on my face and made me give his buddy a hand job.

I even got fisted while I was skyping with my nana... actually coming in front of her... thankfully she didn't catch on. I have no idea how.

In retrospect... he was a complete asshole.

Of course I had known this all along.

Yet I kept coming back for more.

I craved the humiliation.

I craved the obedience.

I craved the submission.

And of course from our long textured history, the asshole knew all this, so when he looked around and saw me he made matters worse.

He didn't stop her.

He didn't apologize.

He showed no signs of guilt or remorse.

He smiled.

He acted casual.

He asked, "Do you want to come over here and join Megan?"

I couldn't believe his audacity.

Yet his constantly growing control over me sexually and the increasingly greater power I had always given him should have made it no surprise. A threesome with another girl was the obvious next step. I had become his slut and he was treating me as such.

But for me this was the final straw. He had broken my cameltoe, so to speak.

I turned and walked away, hearing him calling to me, "Honey, I thought you would want to do this."

Tears streamed down my face as the last six months of my life crashed and burned. This had been the longest relationship in my life, we had even dated back in high school, and any fond memories I had retained were in ashes.

He didn't love me. Never had.

He had only used me.

And I had allowed it to happen.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

That night ended with ice cream, vodka and crying on my sweet roommate's shoulder. Karen had never liked my boyfriend and had often suggested that maybe I should switch to her team since all guys were assholes and only a woman really knew how to please another woman. She demonstrated this fact on many rotating coeds (she had brought home at least 50 girls this semester alone) and older women (she brought home a MILF every week too: from teachers, to married women, to even a nun (yes an actual nun, initially wearing an actual black habit, who amazingly had bragged, "once you eat black, you'll never go back" even though her naked skin was alabaster white). Karen's rationale was that she needed to share the wealth, a sexual wealth that she demonstrated having in abundance. Before long, every single one of these girls and women was screaming in euphoria.

The next night, Karen refused to allow me to drown in my own tears and self-pity party. Instead, she dragged me out to a nightclub that she frequented a lot... a place where she often hunted down someone to take home and dine on (she loved eating pussy... it was her favourite food group I think).

I protested, I complained, I whined, I played the victim, but she would have none of it. She really was a good friend, and in the end I relented. I always relented, whether to my asshole of a now ex-boyfriend, my parents, or my roommate.

She also insisted I dress like a slut and get some rebound sex... if not from her tongue or one of half a dozen strap-ons... then from some random big cocked stud.

So I did.

Dressing sexy did cheer me up and I had a good time at the bar... getting hit on by a lot of guys and a couple of girls... but I didn't want sex. I just wanted to live my Cindy Lauper philosophy of just having fun and then going home and 'She Bopping'.

One more crazy thing about me... I had never come from sex... ever. I always had to finish myself off. This was something Karen had often promised she could fix in ten minutes if I gave her the chance... an offer that was getting more and more tempting.

But I'd resisted the temptation so far....

Instead, I used my favourite rabbit vibrator. I often did this after I got home from getting laid... since my ex-asshole never got me off.

I began to wonder... is it me?

Why would he cheat on me?

Why would he assume I would do a threesome with him?

Why couldn't I come from sex?

What was wrong with me?

I went into a month of pitiful self-loathing, where I tried to find refuge by chatting and skyping with strangers online. My self-esteem had reached rock bottom and I was trying to avoid admitting the fact by flaunting my assets and talking like a cheap slut to strangers.

The cleavage displayed in the profile picture I put on the website meant I had hundreds of invites to chat; men are shallow and my tits were the bait.

But then this began to bore me... I still was only getting off with my toys, and online play was no fun after I came and returned to my baseline of self-loathing.

I wanted not only to be seen as a sexy siren, but also to be valued for my brains, my sensuality and my personality.

Online only achieved one of those....

Then fate intervened.

A fate that changed everything....

But at the time I simply thought it would be great to show my asshole of an ex that I had moved on... even though I hadn't.

By chance I bumped into Mrs. Walker, his mom, at the grocery store. She had also been my high school English teacher a couple years earlier. It's a strange but true coincidence that I ended up dating my favourite English teacher's son.

She greeted me warmly, "Hi, Sabrina," and pulled me in for a hug.

"Hi, Mrs. Walker," I greeted, having always thought she was a great person.

Letting go after an embrace lasting more than several seconds, she always gave long hugs, she sympathised, "Sorry about you and Jake."

I shrugged, trying to be strong, "Yeah, well college relationships often don't last."

"I suppose," she nodded, looking remorseful. "But I thought you two might be the ones who did."

Deciding I wanted to make it clear he was to blame for our end, I revealed, "Well, he made the choice to end it."

"He did?" she asked, clearly surprised.

"What did he tell you?" I asked, my anger already bubbling at the thought he pinned the break up on me.

"Just that you ended it," she answered. "I tried to find out more but he made it clear he didn't want to talk about it."

"Of course he did," I sighed... God forbid a man take responsibility for his actions. "He cheated on me," I told her, wanting her to know it wasn't me.

"Really? Well I'm going to have a little chat with him," she said, seeming to be as annoyed as I was.

I shrugged, "It is what it is."

"Either way," she said. "I expect you at the annual Halloween party, is that clear?"

"I don't know," I said, thinking how awkward it would be to see him again... especially if he was there with some skank.

"I won't take no for an answer, Sabrina," she said, her teacher tone suddenly there. She had pushed me in high school to get the 90s I had always fallen short of, and she was a woman I admired greatly.

"What about Jake?"

"You'll be my guest," she said. "He won't say a thing. That said, I expect you to look absolutely sexy as hell."

I smiled. "Mmmmm, I see where you're going with this."

"Let's make him regret his stupidity," she said, hugging me again, her smallish but very firm breasts again denting my ginormous ones.

"Game on," I joked, thinking the best way out of this funk was revenge. I thought about fucking one of his friends that night... like Mike or Dave... or that cocky, black stud, Jamal.

She headed off and for the first time in a while I felt better.

I would get my revenge by fucking one of his friends... or maybe two... or maybe I could even make my gangbang fantasy become a reality.

For the first time since seeing Jake getting blown by the anorexic Barbie doll, I was feeling good about myself.

Before heading home, I went directly to a Halloween store... determined to walk out with the sexiest, sluttiest outfit they had. One that would showcase all my assets and have every guy there drooling and maybe even some of the girls....

I spent almost two hours there, determined to find the perfect costume to showcase my tits, ass and legs.

I tried on slutty school girl (even sluttier than the outfit I had worn when I was being Jake's bimbo slut).

I tried on slutty pirate, slutty nurse, slutty cowgirl, slutty maid, slutty harem girl, slutty cop....

Finally, I found the perfect outfit. One that I was confident would make me the center of the party and easily entice Jake's friends to come to me, and maybe on me.

A nun.

A naughty nun.

A nasty nun.

A wicked nun.

And God, was I going to sin.

The costume was really nothing more than a skimpy, tight leather black dress, the head gear, and a cross.

I would add a pair of sheer thigh high stockings with the lace tops of the stockings completely in view... and a pair of five inch heels. An abbess would have swooned at the very sight of such a scandalous nun!

I was going to tempt every single one there.

Excited and confident, I headed home, suddenly looking forward to going out for Halloween and even to seeing my asshole of an ex-boyfriend.

....

Karen smiled as I walked out of my room all dressed up and ready to sin, "Ohhh Sister, may I come into your confessional and expose my sinful thoughts and deeds?"

"I think that's the job of a priest," I laughed, always knowing exactly how good I looked because of my lesbian roommate's frank assessment of me. Tonight it was obvious that I was indeed hot and slutty. There was no doubt she still hoped to convince me to sample how the other side lives... as she reminded me it's 2016 and being straight is so *démodé*.

"Well, then how about I just bury my face in your cunt and we can sin our way to heaven?" she bluntly rephrased.

"Tell you what," I smiled. "If I don't get laid by some stud tonight, you can get me off."

"I'm keeping you to that," she said, standing up and walking to me.

"I'm serious, if I don't get some big dick in me tonight, or two or three, I'll come home and let you show me what you got," I promised, confident that in this outfit I was going to get fucked.

"I'm not kidding either," she promised back, "give me half an hour and you will never want dick inside you again."

"Don't you fuck your women?" I asked, having seen her variety of strap-ons and heard many women begging for her to fuck them harder.

"I can get you to come in so many ways you will never look at a man again," she purred, leaning in and kissing my neck.

Her hot breath and the kiss on the neck sent a chill up my spine. I moved away before I could get any more hot and bothered, "Not yet. You get my cunt only if it isn't plugged tonight by some big, hard, man meat."

"Disgusting," she said, making a face as if she was about to puke.

"Maybe I'll let you eat my cunt after I get a load or two of cum," I added, enjoying pushing her out of her comfort zone for once.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" she protested dramatically, covering her ears.

I laughed as I headed out for my evening of revenge.

Once I reached the Walker house and the party, I took a deep breath and headed inside.

I suddenly got nervous, my insecurity hitting me the moment I was inside. I could feel eyes staring at me, but I couldn't tell if it was 'Holy shit, I want to fuck her,' or 'What the hell is she doing here?'

I saw Jake talking with a redhead dressed as Ariel from 'The Little Mermaid' (my favourite Disney movie), likely his latest prey and all the air whooshed out of me as if I had been gut-punched.

I was reconsidering my ridiculous plan of revenge when I heard my name called. "Sabrina."

I turned to my left to see Mrs. Walker in a costume surprisingly hot for a teacher. She was dressed as a schoolgirl, one oddly wearing thigh highs. I smiled at the irony of her dressed as her son's favourite fantasy, but of course being off limits.

I tried to hide my insecurity behind a big fake smile, "Wow, you look way different."

"Different good or different bad?" she fished, as she pulled me into a hug.

"How about different hot?" I answered, our tits pressing against each other, mine swelling noticeably around hers.

"You look sinfully delicious," she complimented.

I was flattered, and laughed, "I think I may look a little too slutty."

"It's Halloween, Sabrina," Mrs. Walker shrugged. "Tonight there is no such thing as too slutty."

"Not words I thought my English teacher would ever say," I laughed, a bit scandalised, thinking of my swooning abess.

"I'm *not* your English teacher anymore," she stressed, grabbing my hand. "Let's get you a drink."

"Another thing I never thought a former teacher would say to me," I said, following her, glancing over to Jake who was watching me with heart-stopping menace in his gaze. I quickly turned away and back to Mrs. Walker's reassuring smile, my self-confidence restored almost as quickly as it had faded.

"Oh sweetheart, you may hear me say a lot of things a teacher shouldn't say," she replied, giving my hand a squeeze.

I laughed, thinking it was neat to see a teacher in such a different light, "Looking forward to it."

"I bet you are," she said, in a tone that was ominous in a way I couldn't describe other than it being similar to how Karen would talk. I shook it off as paranoid and silly as she asked, "What do you like to drink?"

"Gin," I answered.

"Ooooooh, looking to get drunk and lower your expectations," she joked.

"Maybe a little of both," I shrugged, as I looked around to see if any of Jake's friends were there.

She grabbed an entire bottle of gin, some mix, two glasses, and asked, "Will you come and keep me company for a while? My asshole of a son has requested that I don't hang around down here all night, especially dressed like this, since many of his friends were also my students."

"It's your house," I pointed out, getting annoyed by the dickhead's pretentious expectations and treating his mother with such disrespect.

"It's okay," she shrugged. "I'd rather not watch college kids drink, make-out and fuck."

"Mrs. Walker!" I gasped.

"It's Jasmine," she reminded me of her preference for informality. "And I say fuck a lot, and asshole, and even, on occasion, the dreaded 'c' word."

"Cream cheese," I joked, knowing she hated cream cheese.

As she handed me the glasses and took my hand again, she smiled, "Well, that and cunt."

"Oh my God!" I said, both in awe and intrigued by seeing her like this. It was cool to learn that teachers had more dimensions than the one of prudish memory machines.

I followed her through throngs of college students dressed as sluts, drinking, dancing and groping, suddenly very happy to be with Jasmine rather than playing the game of hooking up. The screaming above the music, the fake compliments, the being objectified, the flirting, the cat and mouse game of will we or won't we hook up and if we do will it be awkward after.

Just as we were heading up the stairs, I saw Jake's black friend, Jamal and gave him a wink... he would help me win a couple of prizes with one fuck: get revenge and fuck a black guy.

She led me up the stairs and into her boudoir. It was so elegant there was no other word for it. Lush carpeting and draperies, King size four-poster canopied bed with the frilled blankets draped down to display satin sheets and pillowslips, oak dressers with delicate trim and other matching furniture... Wow!

She closed the door and asked, as she poured a couple drinks, "So have you met another guy yet?"

"God no," I shook my head adamantly.

"Why not?" she asked.

"They always end the same," I sighed, thinking of how many failed relationships I had been a part of... and how for over half of them I'd never seen the end coming.

"Men are exhausting," she concurred, as she handed me a drink.

"Tell me about it," I laughed, as I took a sip of gin. Well, truth be told, I downed half of it.... hoping to get some liquid courage to go back out there and flaunt my tits at Jamal.

Jasmine noticed and asked, "Getting some liquid courage?"

"Maybe," I shrugged, although of course that was exactly what I was doing.

"Sabrina, you are a beautiful young woman," she complimented, obviously sincere.

"I know," I nodded half-heartedly, knowing that I was ... yet also knowing that beauty was only skin deep. We both had another shot of our drinks... mine to almost finish my glass.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "I mean you're beautiful all over."

"Your son didn't think so," I sighed, insecurity again rising to the surface as I finished my drink.

She took my empty glass and went to pour me a second drink. She agreed, "My son is still a child who thinks with the wrong head."

"Isn't that the truth," I laughed, feeling completely comfortable with her as if she weren't my ex-teacher or my ex-boyfriend's mother, but a friend.

"If there's one thing that I've learned in my many years of watching my students struggle to find themselves, Sabrina, it's that young women like you are too sweet for guys your own age," Jasmine explained, handing me my second drink.

I laughed, "I've been with some older men too; they're even worse."

"Oh my dear," she smiled, standing directly in front of me. "I wasn't implying older *men*."

My eyes went big as the implications of her words dawned on me and as she placed both of her soft hands on my cheeks. "I mean it, Sabrina. You're the most beautiful woman I know."

My body was suddenly trembling at her sudden touch, the look in her eyes, and the sincere compliment.

I was speechless.

Overwhelmed.

Confused.

Excited.

Horny?

"My son is a good guy deep down, and he'll probably become a good man someday, but he doesn't deserve you now," she continued. "You need someone who sees through your outer beauty, into your soul and reveals the beautiful side of you that you most likely don't even know exists yet."

"I do?" I murmured hopefully, staring into her blue eyes, intoxicated by her words and seeing in her soft expression an earnest validation I'd been yearning for my whole life.

"You do," she smiled before adding, "just let yourself go and free yourself from your insecurities and doubts. They're of no use to you."

Before I had a chance to respond, she leaned in and kissed me.

I didn't kiss back at first; my head was spinning with what was happening. My ex-teacher was kissing me; my ex-boyfriend's mother was kissing me in his house while he was downstairs hitting on someone.

Then a revelation hit me.

This was going to be the perfect revenge.

I was about to fuck my ex-boyfriend's own mother!

As I began kissing back though, I realized this wasn't anything like kissing a guy... guy kisses were sloppy and rough... this was something entirely different.

It was soft and tender.

It was slow and passionate.

It wasn't about what would happen next, it was about each and every moment of the journey... a meandering journey with an unknown destination.

In just seconds I was wondering if perhaps Karen was right... I needed to cross to the other side. Sure, I had kissed a few girls in my life, but none had ever felt so intimate and so heart stopping.

My heterosexual self-image wavered as a chill went down my spine and I felt my clit stirring against my thong... a little gush of wetness leaking out.

As her tongue parted my lips, I realized I no longer cared about revenge. I yearned to make love with this beautiful and caring woman who had always been so kind and gracious to me. My thoughts drifted away for a while as I simply relished the moment to moment sensations of her soft lips pressing against mine and her warm hands stroking my cheeks with gentle caresses.

I mused over the reality that Karen would be thrilled I had crossed to her side, but also annoyed that she hadn't been the one to turn me... a term she often used when she'd made a straight girl eat pussy for the first time.

I responded to Mrs... no, to the lovely *Jasmine* by moving my tongue into her mouth, as her hands left my face and grasped my hips, pulling me closer to her... our breasts again pressing together.

I moved my hands to her hips as well, wanting to touch her, not really knowing what I was doing, but just following her lead.

Being with a guy is easy: show him your tits, let him maul your tits, rub his cock through his pants, fish out his cock, suck his cock and then fuck it, go wash his cum off your face, tits or belly... all this could be accomplished in under five minutes the majority of the time... and ten minutes tops, ninety percent of the time.

But this... this was different.

There was no map. I don't just mean that I didn't have one, Jasmine didn't have one either. Didn't want or need one.

We were just two travellers meandering as if taking route 55 and whatever detours might strike our fancy instead of the interstate.

When she broke the kiss, I felt a rush of disappointment... this brief moment of intimacy was unlike anything I had ever felt and suddenly it was over. My breath caught and I almost sobbed. Not a sob as in weeping, but one of inexpressible emotion.

She gazed deeply into my eyes and promised, "Tonight, dear Sabrina, I'm going to show you how you should always be treated."

"Mrs. Walker," I began to speak, even though I have no idea what my next words would have been if she hadn't corrected me.

"It's Jasmine," she reminded me again, moving into me and kissing my neck... which was, unbeknownst to her, my kryptonite.

I moaned as my entire body trembled from her hot breath and soft kisses.

"God, you smell so good," Jasmine purred, as she graced my neck with the lightest of butterfly kisses.

"It's Chanel Number 5," I whimpered, melting at her touch. Usually by now I would be having my tits used like bouncing balls, or already sucking dick... so this slow burn was driving me wild and had my cheeks and probably even my chest reddening.

"It's intoxicating," she complimented, as she slowly lowered herself to her knees.

I watched her as she smiled, looking up at me and said, "Sister, may I make a confession?"

I smiled, remembering Karen asking almost the exact same thing, although I answered much differently this time, "Go ahead my daughter, share your confessional."

Both her hands moved up my very un-Sisterly silky-clad nylon legs as she admitted, "I have wanted you ever since you were my student."

"Really?" I asked, surprised by this.

"Oh yes," she nodded, as her hands caressed their way back down my legs. "You were and you are such a sexy mixture of smart, sweet and sultry."

"That sounds scary, but I like the trepidation," I joked, not used to such compliments. The ones I usually got were slight variations on 'Wow, your tits are awesome'.

"Plus," she added, as she kissed my sheer nylon leg just above my knee, "I have a nylon fetish and you were one of the only girls who ever wore them."

I confessed, "I started wearing them for your son."

"And now you will wear them for me," she said, as she moved her hands to my thong and slowly pulled it down my legs.

As I mindlessly lifted each foot to allow her to remove my panties, I was entranced by her last sentence. Did she see this as more than just a one night stand? Did I want more than that? Did I really want this one?

I wasn't a lesbian... although I was enormously turned on by her touch and I found her incredibly attractive.

Once my panties had been tossed carelessly into a corner, she stood back up, took my hand and led me to her king-sized bed... so much grander than the twin I still slept in.

I still couldn't believe this was happening.

I was about to have my first lesbian experience with my ex-boyfriend's mom.

I had arrived here to exact revenge on the asshole, but now that I was doing it in the most epic way possible, I didn't care about the revenge... I just cared about the moment. I just cared about the thrills Jasmine was inciting in me. So when she playfully pushed me onto the bed, I allowed it... falling into the dark abyss of the unknown side of my sexuality... but ready to explore.

"Good Sister, are you ready to sin?" Jasmine asked with an evil grin, joining me on the bed.

"As God is my witness," I replied wickedly, as she lifted one foot up and removed my heel.

"These are sexy," she said. "Amazing fuck me pumps. But I'm a nylon-foot and toe gal."

"Then I'm happy I painted them today," I smiled, just as she took one of my toes in her mouth... something no guy had ever done.

"They look absolutely perfect," she complimented, as she moved her lips from one toe to the next, all the while massaging my ankle, calf and foot with her hand.

I just closed my eyes and enjoyed the double pleasing massage, the gentle, sexual attention flowing right to my pussy... which was very wet and needy.

Once she had done one foot thoroughly, she moved to the other and removed my second heel. "God, you have sexy feet. I remember trying not to stare at them as you slipped your feet in and out of your shoes the times you wore flats."

I didn't respond, still in awe that I'd had such an impact on the dignified Mrs. Walker in high school.

Once she had done all ten toes, she began moving up, kissing my leg the entire time.

I still was in awe. By now the guy would have fucked me, came and assumed that I had too. This journey of sexual awakening was a revelation not only of the reality of same-sex interaction, but that sex could be unimaginably more than wham-bam-thank-you ma'am.

"Have you ever had your pussy eaten out by a woman?" she asked, as she slithered her way up towards my nervously awaiting pussy like an erotic python.

"No," I trembled, her hot breath and teasing making my entire body quiver with anticipation. I had never been teased before, and this new experience was driving me wild.

"Do you want me to do the honours?" she asked, her face now directly between my legs and just a couple of inches from my pussy... so close I could feel her breath wafting soft waves of coolness to my hot, moist flesh.

"Yes," I whispered, knowing I wanted nothing more than to feel her tongue on my fevered pussy.
"Oh dear God, yes."

She smiled, looking up at me from the position I usually found myself with a guy, and added,
"Sabrina, I've wanted this for a long time. And my desire intensified exponentially when you first walked into the house tonight. I knew I had to have you."

I couldn't resist as I questioned with the worst pun ever, "You couldn't fathom having none... nun?"

"That was bad," Jasmine laughed, but then her expression grew achingly tender as I watched her lower her face... closer... so close... and then felt her tongue graze my pussy lips.

"Oooooooh," I moaned and twitched on contact.

"You're already quite wet," Jasmine correctly recognized. I had been slowly leaking ever since I entered her boudoir and realized her intentions.

"I could feel moisture ooze out of me as soon as you kissed me," I admitted, not feeling any insecurity with her... knowing I could entrust her with anything... feeling completely at home. Feeling lovingly nurtured. The idea that I was worth loving beginning to find a place in my heart. And I couldn't remember the last time my pussy was so wet.

"Mmmmm," she purred, "I've been looking forward to this ever since I bumped into you last week."

"Really?" I asked, even though it seemed obvious. She was, after all, currently nestled between my legs.

"God you're so cute," she chuckled softly.

"I thought I was beautiful," I quipped back.

"You're cute, beautiful, sexy and..." her tongue parted my pussy lips and slowly glided upwards, "...so delectable." she finished.

"Oooooooh," I moaned. This was unmistakably the very first time I had ever had someone between my legs who actually knew what they were doing. It made me wonder how many other women Jasmine had honed her skills on... or in.

She was going slow, teasing me, kindling a flame inside me, fanning life into it, adding the fuel of her skilled tongue, teasing it into a bonfire of passion! It was a completely cathartic experience and so utterly the polar opposite of being with a guy.

"Oh yes, so good," I moaned loudly, wanting to let her know I was enjoying what she was doing, as she painted the insides of my pussy lips up and down, up and down.

"Agreed, kitten," she purred, as she kept playing me like a sexual fiddle.

She licked.

She probed.

She sucked on my clit... which made me suddenly scream, "Oh my God!"

"Well," she bantered playfully, "you *are* wearing the right attire."

"I don't think most nuns end up in this position," I countered.

"Oh, I imagine they do. How else can they do the whole celibacy thing? They most likely go down on each other more often than hookers on Whyte Avenue."

I laughed, shocked once again by my ex-teacher's wicked mind... a lot different than when she had spent an hour talking about the lack of realistic female characters in Shakespeare's plays, particularly Hamlet.

That made me imagine Gertrude seducing Ophelia.

I pushed the silly thought away as I returned my focus to the pleasure building inside me.

"Oh yes, Jasmine, I'm getting close," I admitted, after only a few minutes of her licking... the idea that I could come from having sex suddenly a possibility. I added, "I've never come from sex with another person before."

"Men!" she retorted with disgust, as she slid a finger inside me and hit two things I thought impossible; she found my g-spot (which I had become convinced didn't exist) and she exploded my inner bonfire into an orgasm like the firefall off Glacier Point.

The instant her fingers tapped on my g-spot I erupted, flooding her with my cum even as I screamed, forgetting there were tons of people downstairs and perhaps even quietly making out in the hallway, "Yessssss, fuck, I'm coming! I can't believe it... God bless you Jasmine, I'm actually COMING!!"

She lapped up my river of juices as my head went light, I managed to retain consciousness, and I finally discovered just how good sex really could be... this orgasm so different from the ones with my fingers or toys... and so much more intense... my very being rocked to the core... and lasting so much longer, seeming to refuse to dissipate, draining every ounce of cum and every erg of energy from me.

Finally, lying limply, stroking her hair gratefully as her soft cheek rested against my mons, I summed up all that I was thinking and feeling in one word, "Wow!"

"I'm flattered," she smiled, her face gleaming with my cum.

"It's not flattery; the evidence of your powerful impact on me is all over your face. Apparently girls can give facials too," I joked.

"We should go and get facials together," she replied, as she moved up and kissed me.

I kissed her back, tasting myself for the first time... leading me to wonder what she would taste like. I broke the kiss and offered, "I think I'd rather have a facial right now."

"Mmmmmm," she smiled, her hands tracing circles on my breasts. "You don't have to."

"I want to, dear Jasmine, I really want to," I replied and I did. I suddenly wanted to cross to the other side. I wanted to taste her sweet nectar. I wanted to attempt to give her the same pleasure she had just given me.... And for perhaps the first time in my life, I was doing it with no preconceived

notions that this sex act was necessary to keep a man... but just to explore intimacy with another person, even if it was another woman, especially because that other woman was Jasmine, who right now I was feeling so much love for.

"Well, I'd be lying if I said that wasn't also one of my fantasies," she smiled, kissing me tenderly again, stroking my neck.

Breaking the kiss after a minute and feeling confident and eager, I said, rolling her onto her back, "Time to make your fantasy come true."

I felt her body tremble as I launched myself on top of her. I sat up and reverently removed her blouse, anticipating the moment I would see her breasts.

Once off, her firm, natural breasts framed perfectly in a black lace bra, she smiled playfully, "Do I get to see yours?"

"These things?" I cupped them over the nun's dress that I was still wearing.

"Yes, those adorable massive things," she nodded, her gaze wandering over my entire chest just like so many boys do.

I willingly pulled the dress over my head, revealing my own sexy lace bra. She nuzzled her cheek against it as she reached around me and unclasped my bra.

"They're even more amazing than I had imagined," she purred, instantly sucking my hard right nipple into her mouth.

"Hey, lover," I laughed, "*I'm* supposed to be pleasing *you*."

"You are dear, believe me, you are," she answered, enamored by my big breasts.

"Well then play away," I offered, greatly enjoying her infatuation with my breasts. When guys drooled over them it annoyed me or bored me, but somehow Jasmine's fixation turned me on... somehow I knew that yes, she loved my breasts and loved them very much, but also saw them as just a part of the physically and spiritually sexual being that I was.

She obviously adored them. Her attentions travelled over them endlessly, licking back and forth, sucking and cupping them... but in a tender, erotic, even respectful way, totally unlike any guy who had ever treated my breasts like two bouncing basketballs.

"Oh yes, Jasmine, suck on my titties," I encouraged, enjoying her tender attention. While she continued, I reached around awkwardly and unclasped her bra, tossing it on the floor.

She lavished my breasts with love for a few minutes before I decided I just couldn't wait any longer to have her. I playfully but aggressively pushed her onto her back and sucked on her very erect and diamond-like hard nipples. Although her breasts were half my size, they seemed to be the perfect handful.

"Oh yes Sabrina," she moaned, "suck on my tits."

I swirled my tongue around each nipple, I bit softly, I kissed, I sucked, before I started to meander down her body, scattering adoring kisses all over her body as I went. Reaching her skimpy school girl skirt, I paused and asked, "What is this still doing on?"

"Someone hasn't taken it off of me," she smirked.

"Well, we'd better fix that," I concluded, and as I reached for her hips, she lifted her ass up so I could tug down the skirt. As I did, I noticed she wasn't wearing panties. Smiling, I asked with stern theatrics, "Mrs. Jasmine Walker, I believe I've just discovered Exhibit A. Have you been planning to seduce me this entire time?"

"Only since you were my student, during the time you were my son's girlfriend, and planned it for this very evening when I encountered you shopping," she answered flirtatiously.

"Only then?" I questioned teasingly, as I tossed her skirt away recklessly, parted her legs, and did some hungry gazing of my own.

"And from the moment you walked in the door tonight, I've been dripping with anticipation," she finished.

I crawled between her legs. I had crawled between guys' legs so many times it had become robotic and mindless, just a task, a part of the cycle of fucking. Oh, but not this time. I was brimming over with excitement, curiosity and desire.

But as I stared at her pussy, I realized for the first time in years, that although I was in a sexual situation, I had no idea what I was doing. One thing I was confident of was how well I could get a guy off with my mouth, my tits, my hand, my pussy, and even my ass, but Jasmine was all woman... I really had no idea how to proceed.

Too bad I couldn't text Karen for an instruction manual. Although I was sure she would be delighted to rush over and walk me through it, so to speak.

Jasmine noticed my obvious insecurity, but mistakenly assessed it as trepidation since she offered, "You don't have to do this, Sabrina."

Breathing heavily in anticipation and nervousness, I quickly replied, "I want to Jasmine, more than anything, I really do. It's just... that... oh fuck, I feel so silly, but I'm not sure what to actually... *do*."

"Sweetheart, just do whatever comes naturally," she suggested reassuringly.

"Okay," I nodded, as I lowered myself slowly and steadily to her perfectly trimmed pussy. As I got close, I was surprised by the scent. Guys always complained about a woman's scent, although no guy, not even the disrespectful Jake, had ever complained about mine. Jasmine's scent... no, her *bouquet*, was faint and yet intoxicating... and it beckoned me closer as I realised I wished it were stronger.

I inhaled her tantalising aroma once more, leaned forward, extended my tongue and parted her lips.

"Ooooooh, yes," Jasmine moaned on contact, which sent a thrilling rush through my body.

Her taste, like her scent, was subtle and sweet, kind of like the flesh of a mango, but with many subtle nuances, including a hint of citrus; I was instantly addicted.

I tried to replicate what she had done to me, but I was still very unsure of what I was doing until I recalled a comedy act by Sam Kinison and his suggestion simply to lick the entire alphabet as a way to provide lots of variety as you stimulated your partner.

So I did exactly that.

A using my entire tongue to lave the majority of her pussy with wetness.

B done small, using just the tip of my tongue.

C along her left pussy lip.

D starting at her left and spreading her pussy lips open wide.

E backwards slowly, so I could give attention to her right pussy lips too, before three long drawn out horizontal tongue wags from the top of her lips to the bottom.

F a repeated **E** but starting in the middle of her pussy lips and doing the horizontals quickly twice.

"Oh yes, what you're doing is amazing," she moaned, her fingers of both hands combing aimlessly through my hair.

G starting at the clit, just grazing the tip of my tongue over it, before ending with a generous tongue swirl that finished inside her pussy entrance.

H done so slowly that it took thirty seconds for my tongue to worship each lip thoroughly.

Doing it this way kept me focused and her moans kept me encouraged... like when I sucked a cock, I wanted to be the best at it... I wanted to please my lover... and never in my life had I ever wanted to please a lover more than I did right here, right now. My physical approach may have been contrived, but I was putting my very heart and soul into my lovemaking.

I was done with the small 'i', and I did a quick lick between her pussy lips, then a sharp, quick tap on her clit for the tittle. She was noticeably wetter now than when I had begun.

J I did again lower case, starting with my entire tongue again but with extra pressure this time before again finishing with a vigorous tap on her clit.

K I had fun with this, doing three long, languorous paint brush up and downs before tracing the two opposite lines as a sideways 'v'.

L I did upside down and backwards as I went up her right pussy lip with the tip of my tongue before drawing a slow, deliberate line across her swollen clit and pausing there.

"Fuck," Jasmine moaned, as I put continuous pressure on her clit for the first time... just long enough to tease, but not enough to elevate her orgasm barometer.

M and **N** were done twice each, quickly back and forth, back and forth, getting a solid taste of her growing wetness. The inner mango providing her juices was growing riper and more flavourful. My taste buds were in heaven!

O I pushed my tongue between her pussy lips and directly into her funnel of love and swirled it vigorously in a circular tornado.

P as I kept my tongue deeply in her pussy, then pulled almost all the way out with a swirl before plunging back down.

Q repeated this, but counter-clockwise, before slowly dragging my tongue down diagonally.

R as I trolled all the way to her asshole, swirling around her puckered backdoor.

I loved having my asshole licked, although it had only happened a couple of times. I didn't enjoy licking a guy's asshole, but I sensed that Jasmine's would be perfect... and it was.

"Oh my," she purred, as I licked her asshole.

I spent only a few teasing seconds there, but long enough to let her know that I would do that kind of thing for her whenever she wished.

S with far too many curves as I swayed back up to her inviting bouquet of an aroused feminine sex.

T as I again parted her oasis of wetness and reaching her clit I paused, then went left, then returned, paused, and went right.

Again she moaned, "Oh... my... God... You're driving me wild, Sabrina." Her fingers were no longer gentle in my hair, but were clutching it spasmodically, almost painfully. I didn't mind a bit, knowing it meant that for a virgin pussy eater, I was doing remarkably well. My heart was almost bursting with delight at her response.

U as I went down one pussy lip and back up the other.

V as I replicated the same action, but this time parting the wet pussy lips as I went deep inside and back out and then replicated it the opposite way.

W I repeated, back and forth a dozen times, as her breathing grew ragged and as I triggered a fresh gush of wetness.

"Oh yes, you're getting me so close," she moaned, pushing my head slightly deeper into her pussy perfection.

X really marked the spot as I busily criss-crossed over the top of her trembling hole, anticipating an orgasm.

"Shit, Sabrina, you're amazing," Jasmine moaned, lifting her ass along with my face several inches upwards.

Y I did very quickly, knowing that when I was this close on my own I wanted my motions to be fast.

Z I repeated a few times as manically as possible, my head adding impetus to my tongue until I decided to go for the kill, or what I hoped would be a kill, as I leapt to her clit and sucked it strongly between my lips.

"Yes, yes, yes," Jasmine screamed, her legs flexing athletically, raising her ass half a foot off the bed until she moaned loudly, "Yessssssss," and her ass collapsed back on the bed, my face naturally falling down with it so I could keep licking... desperate to lap up her luxury of sexual excess.

"Keep licking," Jasmine moaned weakly, as I hungrily discovered that unlike the saltiness of cum, the taste of an orgasming pussy, at least her pussy, was now a mango ripe to the point of perfection, so wonderfully sweet, and the tantalising hint of citrus, now obviously orange, had grown into a downright leer.

I licked and lapped for another minute until she pulled me up and kissed me with fervent passion. I collapsed onto her, our breasts resting against each other as our tongues probed and our lips

writhed together like two brush fires becoming one.

When at long last she broke our kiss, she looked into my eyes and smiled, "Wow."

"Yeah, wow indeed," I agreed, giggling in delight.

"I hope I didn't wreck your Halloween plans," she said.

I chuckled, "I think you rebuilt them from scratch."

"Well, you definitely are a sexy nun."

"And you're a really sexy school girl; can I take you to the prom, then leave early for the motel room?" I complimented, before adding adoringly, my gaze traveling everywhere over her naked body, clad only in nylon stockings, "but Jasmine, you're even more beautiful like this."

"As are you," Jasmine smiled back, as she leaned back in and kissed me again.

"Mom," Jake called, knocking on the door.

"What?" Jasmine replied, annoyed.

"We're out of mix," he said.

"So?" she retorted, as she kissed me once more and got out of bed.

"Can you go and get some?" he asked.

"Are you not capable?" she complained, as she gestured for me to put my costume back on... our precious ecstasy apparently over.

I got off the bed and reached for my outfit, as he answered, "I've had too much to drink."

"Of course you have," Jasmine sighed, as she continued getting dressed... leaving her bra off.

I left mine off too as I pulled my nun outfit back over me.

"Will you go?" he asked.

Jasmine slipped over to me and asked quietly in my ear, "Are you okay if he finds out that you are in here?"

"Hell yeah," I nodded, surprised she would be willing to do that for me and oddly excited.

"You're not a student anymore," she said. "This can be more than a onetime thing."

"For real?" I asked, delight showing all over my glistening wet face, the sudden prospect of this new future shocking me more than everything else that had transpired tonight.

"Mom! Is that a yes?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's for real sweetness," she said quietly to me, ignoring his question, focused on mine. "He knows I'm a lesbian. It's why I'm divorced."

"Okay," I nodded, still unsure what this all meant, and at this point not intending to hurt Jake, but wanting to continue the pleasure she had awakened in me and keep this glowing feeling I had at the moment. Was this what love feels like?

Could I even *be* in love after one evening? I had heard of it happening, but never expected it to happen to me.

Jasmine went to the door, heels in hand, and opened it. "I told you to buy more," she said, instantly shifting from intimate lover to annoyed mother.

"Yes but we have more...." He defended before stopping mid-sentence as he spotted me putting my heels on at the edge of his mom's rumpled bed.

"Are you going to finish your sentence?" Jasmine asked, not acting at all like it was weird that his ex-girlfriend was getting dressed in her bedroom.

"I-um-I," he babbled, trying to process what he was seeing and likely trying to figure out if what he was thinking was actually the reality.

Jasmine said, still in full mother mode, "Your loss is my gain, Jake," as she extended her hand out and beckoned to me.

I walked over to her, giddy with excitement for whatever lay ahead and also, I can't lie, enjoying the stunned look on his face... my revenge plan achieved in the most unorthodox way... and eagerly took my lover's hand in both of mine.

He stared at me, utterly speechless, as Jasmine slid gracefully into her heels, led me past him and said, "Sabrina and I will go and pick up more mix, but after that we want to be left completely alone until we come downstairs in the morning. Is that clear?"

He continued staring, mouth hanging open, utterly stunned.

She repeated, "*Is that clear, Jake?*"

"Yes, Mom," he jerked as he arrived back in his brain and finally nodded.

"Good," Jasmine said, before adding, "I can't believe you let this treasure go."

I couldn't help it. I stopped, tugging gently on Jasmine's hand, "Jake, I need to thank you for cheating on me. If you hadn't, I wouldn't have discovered the grass is indeed greener on the other side. Plus, at least your mother can give me an orgasm!"

His mouth dropped open as I gave Jasmine's hand a squeeze and she guided me down the stairs and through the throngs of college students.

A few noticed we were holding hands, but I didn't care.

I was truly happy for the first time I could actually remember.

And although I had no idea where this would go, my lover being twice my age, I knew that I was forever changed now that I had discovered my true sexuality. In doing so I had discovered what love felt like. Perhaps Jasmine and I wouldn't be forever, that journey was still to come... hopefully with lots of delicious shared orgasms, but for now, I planned to live in this sweet afterglow for as long as I could.

The End