

MY SON'S BIG COCK

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Widow helps son cross dress for Halloween, and....

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Widow helps son cross dress for Halloween, and....

Note 1: This is a **Halloween 2020 Contest Story** so please vote.

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

My Son's Big Cock

"Mom, can I borrow a pair of pantyhose?" my son Mike asked me.

"Those are words I never thought I'd hear from you," I joked, as I looked up from reading my kindle, my ankles crossed on the coffee table.

"We've all decided to cross dress tonight for Halloween."

"We who?"

"Daryl, Eddie and I have."

"Pretty last minute," I pointed out, wondering if he had any clue his dad used to cross dress all the time when he was younger (although we never called it cross dressing)... even winning some drag queen competitions back in our wilder days in San Francisco. Unlike many people's stereotypes of drag queens, Barry had been straight, never involved in any sort of gay action at all. In fact many of the drag queens were straight, just loving the sensual experience and sensations of dressing like a woman... something he'd kept secret from everyone except me until his cancer overwhelmed his body. Well, he also told his parents, but the less said about that the better.

"I know," he nodded. "Which is why I'm asking you for them, instead of taking the time to go out and buy some."

"What are you wearing for a dress?" I asked, wondering if I should allow him into the back of the closet in my room, where I still had a trunk full of all his father's drag queen costumes, including the important accessories for under the dress.

"Well... I was wondering if I could borrow a dress, too," he admitted sheepishly.

"I don't know whether I should be amused or insulted that you think you could *possibly* fit into a dress that I wear," I said, as he was a starting football linebacker at his college, rather impressive for a freshman, and I was still at forty-eight years young, a petite woman... five foot four and 110 pounds, compared to his athletic six foot two and 190.

"Sorry, that was kind of dumb," he said, as I rose to my feet and looked *way* up at him to illustrate my point.

"But I do have something you can wear," I added.

"You do?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes, but if you're going to dress up like a woman tonight, we're going to do it right," I asserted, thinking it would be fun to relive the days of helping Barry to become Bárbara. I'd never had a daughter to do nails and so forth with, but maybe I could get my son into exploring his feminine side, and thus bond in a way most mothers never could with their sons.

I knew he loved nylons. I'd found cum stains on my pantyhose on more than one occasion, and every day I noticed him checking out my legs and feet in the always sheer and shiny hosiery I ordered from France... receiving a big discount for being a loyal customer for years, for myself and, of course, formerly for Barry.

"How so?" he asked, completely oblivious to the crazy idea spinning in my head.

"Do you trust me?"

"Well, I used to... up until the very moment you asked me that," he quipped, teasingly raising a suspicious eyebrow.

We'd been a family of two for the past two years, and fortunately we were as close as a mother and son could be. He'd told me about receiving his first blow job (I'd congratulated him and asked for all the juicy details, rather than freaking out), he'd asked my advice about going down on a girl (which also included all the juicy details, although I stopped short of Show & Tell), and we'd gotten moderately drunk together to celebrate, when he'd lost his virginity to a third-year college cheerleader, back when he was an eighteen-year-old high school senior. Maybe this makes me sound like a bad mother, but I wanted not only to remain his mother, but I also felt the need to try and be his worldly-wise father.

"Come with me," I said, walking upstairs to my bedroom.

"Okay," he said, clearly intrigued, but a bit confused by what was suddenly happening.

"I have a surprise for you," I said.

"You have me very, very curious," he said, as he followed me down the hallway.

"just *very*, *very*?" I smiled as we entered my bedroom. "Not very, *very*, *very*?"

"Well, now that you mention it," he laughed, stressing each 'very', "I am indeed *very... very... very* curious."

"You know your dad and I lived in San Francisco, right?" I asked, a dumb question because of course he knew that, since his grandparents still lived there, in the same house for the past three generations.

"What? No, really?" he mocked, as I walked into my walk-in closet.

"No one likes a smart ass," I tossed back over my shoulder, thinking not only how much he looked like his father, as he'd matured in the past year, now in college, and how sarcastic he was, also just like his father.

"You married one," he pointed out.

"Didn't mean I liked him," I called out insincerely from the closet.

I reached for the chest and realized it was really heavy. I called out, "Come help me with this."

"Okay," he said, entering the walk-in closet, then asking, "What is that?"

"It's a chest, silly," I replied, able to be just as sarcastic as my husband and son.

"What's *in* it, smart ass?" he said, as he hefted it up on his own.

"Don't you go calling your sainted mother a smart ass," I scolded playfully as I followed him out.

"I'm certainly not going to call you a *dumb* ass," he smiled.

"You bet your *sweet* ass you're not," I said, as he set the chest down on the bedroom floor.

"So, what *is* in it?"

"Okay, so there's something about your father we never told you," I preambled.

"You're scaring me," he said, looking concerned.

"It's not a bad thing," I said, "although some people judged him harshly for it, including your grandparents."

"And now you have me scared, confused, *and* concerned," he embellished.

"So..." I paused, reconsidering whether this was the right time to tell him.

"What, Mom?" He asked. "Just tell me. Nothing you can say will make me think any less of him."

"Your father liked to wear women's clothing, and even performed as a drag queen during most of his college years," I revealed, before adding, "and after we moved here, he did it monthly at Jake's, almost until the day he died."

My son was shocked.

Speechless.

I added, needing to clarify, "He wasn't gay or anything. He just liked to wear feminine undergarments and outfits to explore his feminine side."

"Oh," he said, his mind seeming to be spinning, as he tried to process this unsettling news... although his tone not revealing what he was thinking, good or bad.

"Don't judge him poorly for that," I urged, now worried I'd tarnished his father's image for his only son.

"No, it's not that," he said, looking like he wanted to say something more, but couldn't find the words.

"What is it?" I asked defensively. "He was very comfortable with his feminine side, and it made him a better man, a better husband, a better father, and even a better lover."

"It's just that..." he began and stopped. "Lover?"

"Yes. By exploring his feminine side, he was better able to understand my needs," I explained, thinking I might be giving him too much information; he probably never needed to know what we'd done in the bedroom.

"Oh," he said again, clearly still struggling with something.

"What is it?" I asked again, as he was looking insecure and vulnerable... the only time I'd seen that in him before was when he got dumped from his girlfriend of six months, by cheating on him with one of his teammates.

"I, um."

"Just spit it out," I said, now rather desperately. "You know you can tell me anything. I mean, just last month you told me about butt fucking that older woman."

"I was drunk when I told you that," he pointed out.

"Hey, no judging," I said, "I don't judge you for things, I know you don't judge me, but right now I'm hoping *like hell* you're not judging your dad," not disclosing that I too liked a dick in my ass, although that hole had cobwebs over it, not literally of course, after years of neglect. Other than a magic wand I bought at a sex party, my sex life had died when Barry had.

"It was *my* idea to cross dress tonight," he admitted nervously.

"Ooooooh," I nodded, as I suddenly realized where he was coming from. I then smiled delightedly, "So you're saying like father, like son?"

He laughed awkwardly. "Maybe. So Dad really used to be a drag queen?"

I opened the chest and said, "See for yourself. I kept all his outfits, and some of the accessories that enhanced his sexy look."

"Sexy look?" he asked, as he knelt down and peered into the chest with me.

"He made a very sexy woman."

"Really?"

"I'm still worried. You're not judging him?"

"No," he said. "I'm absolutely not. If anything, my own curiosity and confusion are beginning to make a bit of sense."

"Would you like me to help you get all dolled up for tonight? Just like I used to do for your Dad?"

"Will you?" he asked, looking both excited and nervous.

"I helped him get dressed up nice and gorgeous lots of times. I bet you'll look just as cute!"

"I can't fathom."

"And... we had some of our hottest sex when he was all dolled up," I admitted, having never shared that with my son or anyone before... but recalling how feeling his legs in sheer nylons as I sucked his cock, sometimes through the special men's pantyhose we'd ordered, where he slid his cock into

a special sheath for it... he'd even fucked me many times while wearing pantyhose... with some lube, it felt pretty damn amazing.

"Mom!" he gasped, as he pulled out an upper body piece that served as tits.

"What? Your dad and I had sex," I said, before adding, "a lot. It's kind of how you got here."

"Lol, fine," he said, as he examined the special 'male mammary' accessory.

"Your dad liked his tits big," I joked.

"Who wouldn't?"

"Sometimes I thought he liked his own tits better than mine," I said, as I stood up and ordered, "Get undressed."

"Here?"

"No, outside in the street while the neighbours take pictures," I adlibbed. "Of course, here."

"Really?"

"I've seen you naked lots of times, and I've laundered your stained underwear," I pointed out.

"That was years ago, and those stains were after my marathon sessions with hotties," he denied.

"I know you *still* jerk off," I said and then added, enjoying this frank conversation, "I can hear you when you jerk off."

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

"You often moan that," I teased, "presumably when you come. I'm not complaining, mind you."

"This is surreal!"

"No, it's *really* real," I corrected, as I went to him and pulled his t-shirt over his head. Fuck, he had a muscular chest. If he weren't my son....

He laughed, "so it is."

I then added, enjoying this frank conversation, that went deeper than our usual frank conversations, which were... well... pretty frank, "I also know you sometimes wear my pantyhose when you touch yourself."

"Oh my God, you do?" he gasped.

"Yeah, cum leaves stains when it dries, especially in black pantyhose," I pointed out.

"Shit, duh," he said, shaking his head. "I'm sorry, I've just always liked the feeling of nylons."

"Not to worry, I'm not judging you. 'Like father, like son'," I repeated, before ordering, "Take off your pants."

"What?"

"You heard me," I said, actually dropping down before him and yanking down his rather convenient sweats. "You'll need my help getting dressed from scratch, if you're going to pull this off."

I then gasped at the following observations:

1. He wasn't wearing any underwear.
2. His penis was hard as a rock and pointing right at me.
3. His cock was huge... easily eight inches.

"Oh my," I said, unable to hide my surprise before he attempted to cover his cock with both hands... his big... hard... thick... cock. And his large hands, perfectly suitable for snagging a football out of the air way down field, were totally inadequate for this purpose.

"Mom, I... um..." he said, his sweats at his ankles, and his hands (as I said, inadequately) hiding his cock, as he looked completely embarrassed.

"Oh, honey, I've seen your penis before," I said, trying to calm him down. Acting casual, like I wasn't at all startled to discover my son was very well hung, "Step out of the sweats."

"This is weird, Mom," he said, clearly uncomfortable at being naked in front of me.

"It's just a penis, honey," I said, as I grabbed a pair of 'mantyhose' and added, I don't know why, "Although it's a lot bigger than I recall."

"Mom," he said, still covering his penis.

"I'm sure the ladies love that thing," I said, before again adding, clearly my lengthy dry spell leaving me not thinking straight, "you're even bigger than your father was."

"Mom," he repeated, stunned by the direction this conversation was taking.

"Honey," I sighed, as I rolled up a leg on his brosiery, "look, just pretend I'm your Dad. This is a conversation you'd have with him if he was still here."

"It's just so weird," he said, as he finally stepped completely out of his sweats.

"Socks too," I added, as I dropped back down in front of him, unable not to take another furtive look at his impressive cock... and at his thick cock head, and at the slight upward curve to his cock. It was indeed a very impressive member, and if Mike weren't my son I'd already have it in my mouth.

"Are you *actually* going to put this pantyhose on me?"

"*Actually*," I parroted back, including his emphasis, then standing back up and setting the 'guyllons' down on the bed. "If we're going to do this, we have to do it right."

"What does *that* mean?" he worried as he stood there completely naked, his cock still hard I noticed... clearly his discomfort and awkwardness in this situation wasn't deflating his inner excitement.

"Sit down on the edge of my bed," I instructed, feeling a bit of rejuvenation as I got the chance to do something I used to do all the time... feminize my man. Or at least my son.

"Okay," he said, still clearly shocked, yet also secretly intrigued, since he was no longer protesting, and all of his protests had been weak in the first place... no more than words, without any supporting actions.

I went to my dresser and grabbed my reddest fingernail polish, and walked back to him. I knelt before him as he asked, even though it was obvious exactly what I was doing, "You're not painting my toenails, are you?"

I smiled as I said, shaking the bottle, "Cross your legs for me, and actually I'll be painting your fingernails, too."

"Isn't that too much?" He asked, even as he obeyed and crossed his legs, having to adjust his raging rod.

"Like I said, if we're going to do this, we'll do it right," I repeated, thinking how much fun it would be to take him to the club where his father had performed during the last few years of his life.

I began painting his toes as he asked, "So Dad was really a cross dresser?"

"Not a cross dresser, a drag queen," I corrected, the two terms quite different.

"What's the difference?" he asked, allowing me to paint his toes.

"Cross dressers usually dress in female underclothing beneath their male outer clothing. They often do it secretly, are very insecure about their sexuality, and from my experience, they're usually either cock suckers, or wannabe cock suckers," I explained... still being completely frank.

"I'm not into that," he said.

"Good," I said, not that I was homophobic, I just wanted grandchildren one day. I continued, "On the other hand, a drag queen is proud of exploring his, or sometimes her, depending on how they prefer being addressed, sexual identity, doesn't hide it at all whenever they're in full flaunt, and revels in the admiration of other people as they push back against the boundaries of a boring, judgmental society."

"Wow, you're really passionate about this," he said, as I completed the last toe of his first foot.

"I hated the stigma your father had to swim upstream against," I said. "As far as I'm concerned, anyone should be anything they want to be. Gay. Straight. Bisexual. Transgendered. Drag queen. Or anything else imaginable, so long as they aren't hurting anyone. Narrow-minded conservatives assuming he was a cock sucking faggot because he wore women's clothing and looked gorgeous, really pissed me off." I realized I was getting a little hot under the collar, as I'd had to defend Barry many times, and sometimes hadn't gotten very far with some blockheaded bigot.

"I'm definitely straight," he clarified, then added, "but I've always had a thing for ladies' panties and nylons."

"I've long known about the nylons," I smiled, as I tapped his leg, and he uncrossed and recrossed his legs, allowing me to snatch a quick glimpse at his cock (still hard), which had gotten me undeniably horny. I silently cursed myself for thinking of my son in such an inappropriate way.

"You have?" he asked, surprised.

"You don't hide your attraction to my legs and feet very well," I said, beginning on his second foot, and realizing what I was saying would embarrass him.

He surprised me as he said, "Well, it's your fault I have a nylon fetish."

"My fault?" I asked, a little surprised.

"During my entire life, you've walked around the house or lounged about wearing sexy nylons," he said. "Which has been driving me crazy ever since I was twelve."

"Like father, like son," I said again. "Your dad insisted I wear them day and night."

"I tried to insist that Kimberly wear them too," he said. "But she was pretty reluctant to, and she whined about how uncomfortable they were every time she did wear them... making her 'terrible sacrifice for my demanding boyfriend' very clear."

"Girls today put almost no effort into their appearance; they think their youthful beauty is all they need," I said, and added, "but that eventually fades."

"It hasn't faded at all for you, Mom," he said, looking down at me.

"That's so sweet of you to say," I said, really wishing he wasn't my son, because that big dick would have been in my mouth or my pussy half an hour ago. "It isn't true, but it's sweet."

"Mom, it's the *truth* that you're really hot," he insisted as I was finishing his last toenail. "All my friends talk about you, saying things I find super awkward."

"Really?" I asked, as it was my turn to be surprised.

"Trust me, you don't want to hear the things they say about you," he said.

"Well, following that warning, I definitely want to know now," I said, enjoying this frank conversation and our slow-burning, sexually charged, interaction. My wand could look forward to a really good workout tonight.

"They're pretty crude," he warned, as I stood up.

"How crude? For instance do they want to fuck me?" I asked bluntly, for some reason feeling the need to shock him right back.

"Mom!" he gasped, obediently shocked.

"I hope they aren't talking about spit-roasting me or gangbanging me," I added wickedly, enjoying making my son uncomfortable like this. I hadn't been spit-roasted or gangbanged since my college days, when I was rather wild. I also hadn't munched a pussy since then... truth be told, I would likely allow any of those to occur if the opportunity presented itself. And I was sure Barry would be very understanding if he happened to look down from wherever he was.

"I can't believe you're talking like this," he said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"I haven't been fucked since before your dad passed," I pointed out, before adding, "and just like my sexually active drag queen wannabe son, a woman does have her needs."

"Well," he said, shaking his head incredulously, "I know that James, Hank and Wally would all love to help you with them."

"Good to know," I smiled, as I grabbed the pantyhose.

"I was kidding," he said.

"Maybe I am too," I shrugged, returning to the floor, and beginning to drape the nylon onto the first foot I'd done his nails.

"This is the most surreal conversation I've ever had," he said. "With anybody! Ever!"

I agreed mockingly, "I imagine learning your mother is a sexual being with needs is crazy difficult to process," as I couldn't help stealing another glance at his (still hard) cock.

"I know you must have sex, Mom," he said. "I just didn't know we'd ever be talking about it."

"I can stop," I said, before adding, trying to guilt him, "talking about it, that is; it's just nice to have someone caring to talk to about such things. Since your father passed, I've been pretty lonely in that regard."

"I'm sorry," he said, as I slid the nylon up his leg.

"It's not your fault," I said, but added, "your dad was a great man, and a great lover. I miss that."

"You know it's okay to date again," he said, as I moved to his other foot and blew on it to make sure the polish was dry. "I wouldn't even fault you if you brought someone home for the night. And please note I didn't specify a gender."

"I don't know," I said. "I can't fathom going out and playing the field again."

"It's pretty easy to hook up in 2020," he said, before adding, "well, except for the whole COVID thing."

I laughed, "Yeah, but then he or she might want romance. I'd rather just have a fuck buddy."

"Jesus," he said.

"What, *you* don't have a fuck buddy?" I asked. "I thought that was the in thing."

"I didn't say I didn't," he said, as I pulled him off the bed and his hard cock actually swung around and slapped me in the face. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry!"

"That monster seems to have a mind of his own," I joked, having his hard cock hit my face making me dampen a little. God, I wanted that cock. "He seems to like me."

"I'm so sorry," he repeated, as I pulled his pantyhose up.

"I imagine it's hard to control such a large cock," I said very inappropriately, as I gazed at it admiringly, before reaching up and actually grabbing it.

"Mom!" he moaned, while I didn't stroke it like I wanted to, but I did feel his entire body tremble, as I couldn't help considering how convenient it would be to have a fuck buddy who happened to live in my house.

"Sorry, honey," I apologized, "I just need to slip it into the cock pocket." I then positioned his dick in the special pouch made for a penis, and once it was inside, pulled the pantyhose the rest of the way up.

"Cock pocket," he moaned, as obviously my hand on his cock had stimulated him.

"See?" I pointed out. "Pantyhose made specifically for men."

"Oh," was all he said, looking down at his rigid cock, now encased in nylon.

"Legs look amazing in pantyhose, but so does a penis," I said, not so subtly admiring his cock.

"It does look nice," he said, admiring his penis through the mocha-coloured hosiery.

"Yeah, there isn't anything hotter than a big dick in nylon," I said, in the past this often being the point when I'd suck a load out of my husband before finishing dressing him... it helped keep him flaccid, which was pretty important when (s)he was onstage.

"Do you really think so?"

"I do," I nodded, deciding to throw caution to the winds and cross every motherly line there was, as I offered, "Would you like me to help you deal with the hard-on issue that comes with being a drag queen?"

"Sure," he nodded. "How would you do that?"

"It's a little unorthodox," I warned, as I took his cock back into my hand, and this time I *did* begin stroking it.

"Oh, Mom," he moaned, not pulling away, but clearly shocked.

"I usually swallowed your father's load before finishing getting him dressed up," I explained.

"Is this really happening?" he asked, looking down at me with his eyes so big and blue.

Deciding to ask the question, wanting this to at least be partly his idea, and really, really, *really* wanting to feel this big, throbbing cock in my mouth, "Have you ever fantasized about Mommy sucking your cock?"

I then licked his shaft through the nylon.

"Oh, God," he moaned, and trembled slightly.

"Tell Mommy, son," I said, as my tongue swirled around his cock head through the silky sheer 'brosiery'. "Have you imagined your Mommy on her knees with this big cock deep in her mouth?"

"Mom, I..." he moaned.

"Tell Mommy," I repeated, somehow getting turned on by using a term that should never be used in such a way, "Do you ever fantasize about Mommy sucking your big cock, or about slamming this fat dick in Mommy's pussy?"

"Oh God, I can't believe this," he said, as I wrapped my lips around just his cock head and sucked it.

"Tell me what you want son, and Mommy will do it," I offered. "Just tell me."

'Suck me, Mommy," he finally said, after a few seconds.

"Really? You want Mommy to suck her good boy's big cock?" I asked sexily.

"Yes please, Mom, suck my big cock right now," he finally ordered, "just like I've always wanted you to," finally taking some ownership and control.

"Yes, my son," I purred, as I took it into my mouth and began bobbing on his nylon-covered cock.

"Oh God," he moaned, as I sucked on my first cock in a couple of years... and my first different cock in almost three decades.

"You have such a great cock, son," I said hurriedly, before immediately returning to worshipping it.

"I can't believe you're sucking me, Mom," he said.

I backed off again and said, "Sorry, it's just so big and attractive, and it's been so long, I couldn't resist. I hope you don't judge your Mom as being some cheap slut."

I returned to his cock as he said, "Mom, I'd never think of you like that."

I again responded, wanting to make it clear I was okay with this, even though my gobbling down a mouthful of his cock made it pretty obvious, "Baby, with that said, I'm more than willing to be your Mommy-slut."

Again I took his cock back into my mouth and bobbed furiously, wanting to suck a load right out of him.

"Oh God, Mom," he moaned after another twenty or thirty seconds, "I'm going to come."

I pulled back for another moment and said, "Go ahead; give Mommy that full load," then I pulled the pantyhose down and took his cock back into my mouth, wanting to feel that warm load gliding down my throat.

"Oh, fuck, Mom," he moaned, as I devoured this entire cock as if it was my last meal.

A dozen bobs later, give or take, he grunted, and a rush of sexual adrenaline coursed through me, as my son's sweet cum filled my mouth, and I eagerly swallowed down his massive load.

I kept bobbing, albeit more slowly now, nursing on his cock to extract any slow swimmers.

"Get onto the bed, Mom," he ordered, surprising me with a sudden firm order.

I allowed his cock to slip out of my mouth as he bent down, pulled me up, effortlessly lifted me into the air, and placed me gently on the bed.

"What are you going to do to Mommy?" I asked playfully, looking at my handsome son, who was pulling off the pantyhose.

"It's Halloween," he reminded me. "And I think I deserve a tricky treat."

"I do have some fresh, warm homemade pie hidden here somewhere," I smiled, as he reached down and pulled off my skirt.

"I do love pie, pumpkin," he quipped, as he parted my legs, reached between them to the crotch of my pantyhose, and ripped a large hole in them.

"Those are twenty dollar hose," I pointed out, as he lowered his face to my wet pussy.

"I'll buy you a new pair for Christmas," he offered, as he tugged my panties aside and dove into my wetness.

"You'd better, Santa," I moaned as his tongue made contact.

"Such a delicious pie," he said, as his tongue explored my entire pussy region.

"Please don't stop, son; Mommy hasn't had anyone down there for so long," I moaned, forgetting how amazing being eaten could feel... having only self-induced orgasms with my fingers, my vibe, and now my wand, were okay, but nothing came close to the authentic raw power of a living person.

"I won't until you come all over my face, Mommy," he pledged, as he attacked my pussy... clearly having paid attention during my advice on how to service a woman... having never thought at the time I'd be the beneficiary of that advice.

"Oh yes baby, keep licking Mommy," I moaned, as my orgasm began rising quickly.

He licked me.

He probed me.

He sucked me.

My moans increased, and as my breathing became erratic, he slid a finger inside me and did something that hadn't happened since an older woman had finger banged me in her hotel room back in my college days: he found my g-spot and tapped on it. I hadn't taught him *that*!

"Oh fuck!" I screamed, an instant orgasm erupting out of me... ten times more intense than any I'd had in years.

"Good girl; come all over my face," he encouraged, as he pulled his fingers out of me and hungrily lapped up my gushing cum.

I was already doing that, and I continued doing it, until I collapsed on the bed, just savouring the aftermath of euphoria.

After a couple minutes of very necessary down time, I asked, "Does my sexy drag queen son have time to fuck Mommy before we finish dressing you up?"

"I believe I can fit your tight cunt into my tight schedule," he agreed, as he moved between my legs... his cock still hard.

As he positioned his cock between my very wet, still slightly leaking pussy, he asked, "You sure you want to do this, Mom?"

"Mommy hasn't been fucked in years," I said, adding, "I need you so bad."

"You understand," he cautioned, as he tapped my clit with his hammer, "there's no way I can only fuck you today, and not ever again."

"Now that we've broken the ice, why would I ever want this to be a one-time thing?" I asked, knowing that since the line had been crossed and neither of us had freaked, there was no reason to go back.

"Good," he said. "Because I plan to fuck you in every room of this house."

"Well, you're now the man of the house in every way," I said, "so I guess I'll need to start doing whatever you want, whenever you want it," as I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him into me. "Ooooooooooh!"

"Fuck," he moaned, as he plunged all the way inside me.

I leaned up and kissed him, and for a couple minutes he slowly fucked me as we kissed not as mother and son, but as lovers.

When I broke the kiss, I looked up into his eyes and said, "I love you so much, son."

"I love you completely, Mom," he said, as he squeezed my tits through my blouse.

"Do you want to see Mommy's tits?" I asked, as I began to unbutton my blouse.

"God, yes," he said.

"Don't rip this open, you impulsive stud, it's my favourite blouse," I smiled, as he looked down at me longingly, even as his cock kept slowly sliding in and out.

"I'll try to be patient," he said, as I finished unbuttoning the blouse.

He helped me get it off, then tossed it aside as I unclasped my bra. "You used to love these things," I teased, as he bent down and took my hard right nipple in his mouth.

"I imagine back then I just wanted the milk, but I still love them," he said, as he spent the next few minutes slowly fucking me while he worshipped my tits.

I then said, my entire body by now on fire from his lengthy tit attention and low teasing fucking, "Fuck Mommy hard, baby, fuck me just like one of your cheap college sluts!"

"You want it hard?" he asked, as he grabbed my wrists and stretched them both over my head.

"Yes son, use me however you wish," I said, looking up at him lustfully. I loved a man who knew who he was. A man who paid women all due respect outside the bedroom, but who also knew how to take charge of a woman inside the bedroom.

"I love this pussy," he said, beginning to fuck me hard.

"This pussy loves your cock," I said in a moan.

And for a few minutes, he fucked me... hard.

He pulled out, flipped me onto my side and slid back into me, as he cupped my tit with his left hand and really pounded me from behind.

"Oh yes, fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy good," I moaned.

"Then Mommy had better come all over my dick," he ordered as he drilled me.

"Oh yes, dick me, dick me like the Mommy slut I now am for you," I moaned, loving the idea of being my son's slut anytime, anyplace (anyplace safe that is, but I knew I could trust him).

"You'll be taking this dick all the time," he promised, as we were both getting close.

"Come in Mommy's cunt, baby, I want to feel your big load deep inside me," I begged, several years past any possibility of getting pregnant.

"You want my load, Mommy?" he asked, his body slamming into mine.

"Yes, give it to me, give me that load, you dirty Mother fucker!!" I screamed, as my second orgasm ripped through me, just as he unloaded his second load deep inside me.

"Oh fuck," he grunted, as cannon blast after blast of his cum filled my pussy.

"So good," I moaned as I thrilled to the orgasm.

When he pulled out a moment later, I rolled onto my back, and he kissed me tenderly.

"I love you so much, Mom," he said, looking lovingly into my eyes.

"I love you too, Mother fucker," I replied wickedly.

"That's a merit badge I should add to my Scout uniform," he smiled.

A couple minutes later, his phone rang.

He was late.

I helped him get ready... even quickly painting his fingernails, and once he was all dolled up: nails, dress, heels, wig and face, I smiled, 'You look fucking hot, my daughter.'

"Not as hot as you do, Mommy," he replied.

"Well, that goes without saying," I smiled, still naked except for my torn pantyhose.

He kissed me goodbye, and I added not so subtly, "If you decide to do some late-night trick or treating, just feel free to knock at my back door."

"Mom!" he gasped, his eyes going wide.

"What? You don't want a three-hole Mommy slut?" I asked.

"I do, but now I'm about to leave, and you've gone and made me hard again," he wailed with crocodile tears.

"No worries, I can fix that in a jiffy," I said, as I dropped before him and sucked on his pantyhose-clad cock again.

"Now I'm *really* going to be late," he moaned.

"True, but you won't arrive looking like a pretty girl sporting a hard-on," I sympathized.

THE END