

"PET MOMMY": BECOMING A MOMMY-SLUT!

silkstockingslover

MILF Mom catches nerdy son masturbating and becomes obsessed

Incest/Taboo

4.65

11.6k words

Summary: MILF Mom catches nerdy son masturbating and becomes obsessed.

NOTE 1: This was a Nude Day 2012 contest story and with over two million reads, it's my second-most-read story of all time. So as I re-examine it in January 2019, I think it's worth some re-editing to see if I can improve on a good thing. And while I'm at it, I'll also update its four sequels with the help of Tex Beethoven.

NOTE 2: This is dedicated to Michael who suggested a story involving a son masturbating with his Mom's stockings.

NOTE 3: Thanks to Estragon for copy-editing and LaRascasse for plot suggestions.

"Pet Mommy": Becoming a Mommy-Slut!

If you're a parent, you've probably read, or even own, 'What to Expect When You're Expecting' and other self-help parenting books. Many of these have been very useful to me over the years as I raised two children on my own after my husband's premature death. He died of a sudden illness when Crystal was four and Michael two. The books were very helpful when I struggled to deal with my daughter's teenage rebellion phase, and they were somewhat helpful as I dealt with my son's coming of age, although truth be told, I let my brother help me out with that one.

Yet nothing in any book I've ever read could have prepared me for what I saw that one fateful day, because I'm pretty sure nobody has ever published a chapter called 'What to Do when you Catch your Son Masturbating in your Stockings with your Name on his Lips'.

I sell real estate, and for many reasons I'm quite successful; I'm hard working, a people's person, and although I'm in my early forties, according to many people's compliments I'm still very attractive. These three qualities working together for me are an unstoppable combination, and I've made a very comfortable living for myself and my two children. Sixteen years after Jake passed, Crystal was attending college on the West Coast, and Michael, who'd just turned eighteen two weeks before the incidents I'm about to describe, was in his final two months of high school.

While Crystal was the wild child who did way more partying than studying and who drove me to my first grey hair, Michael was shy, geeky, and was way more likely to play some computer game than go to a party. I worried about Michael, who was academically very strong, and who'd already been accepted by several colleges with all of them offering scholarships, but he was socially quite inept. He'd never had a girlfriend, and the only parties he'd ever attended had been with his three equally socially challenged friends. All of had been theme parties like Lord of the Rings Night, Star Wars Night (the original series and not the weak prequels... why does George Lucas attempt to write?), and most recently, at my house, a Harry Potter Weekend where they watched all eight movies plus all the extras, and then they made a list of the hundred things the movies got wrong (which they

read to me very enthusiastically while I attempted to listen politely and show a little enthusiasm). Of course, all these parties were just the four of them, with no pesky girls. Sigh.

Which brings me to what started it all...

I came home early one afternoon after two of my showings had been cancelled. I slipped out of my heels near the front door like I always do and was going to my room to undress and shower, when I noticed the door to my room was open and the light turned on. I knew I hadn't left things that way. Cautious of perhaps encountering a burglar, I crept up and peeked around the corner into my room.

On my bed, stroking his cock with one of my nylon stockings, was my son! I barely held back a gasp. My son was jerking off on my bed, and he was looking at something on his laptop as his now audible moans of pleasure became more intense. I was frozen in shock, and my feet felt like they were trapped in cement; I couldn't move, and I couldn't take my eyes off my son and his shockingly large cock.

I watched for only a minute, maybe two, before my son moaned, "Oh yes, Mommy, suck my cock, be a good Mommy-slut for me."

I couldn't completely contain a gasp this time, as I realized he was not only masturbating using my stockings, he was masturbating while imagining my servicing him! Luckily he was in his own fantasy world and didn't notice my faint sound.

A couple minutes later, while I continued watching and heard my son addressing his mental image of me as 'Mommy' three more times, he grunted, "I'm coming Mommy, swallow my cum!" Seconds later, his sticky white stuff shot into the air like a rocket.

I quickly retreated down the stairs, snuck out of the house and back to my car. I couldn't believe what I'd just seen and heard. My son fantasized about me! I was mortified, and doubly mortified when I noticed an undeniable dampness in my panties.

Why was I wet?

Why had I gotten so horny?

Had I really heard Michael call me a Mommy-slut?

I shook the thoughts out of my head and pulled quietly out of my driveway to see if a drive might help me to put what I'd seen into some perspective. Unfortunately, I didn't get anywhere.

An hour later, close to when I normally arrived home, I walked into the house and called out just in case, "Michael, I'm home."

Michael called back (from his own room, thank God), "Hi, Mom."

I went to his room, found the door open, saw he was on his computer and asked, "Want pizza?"

"Sounds great," he answered, appearing relaxed and therefore unaware of what I knew.

It was hard to believe that what I'd seen just an hour ago had been real. The rest of the evening was normal: supper, watching Jeopardy together, and his going to his room and his computer while I

continued watching television, planned a couple showings for tomorrow and relaxed with a couple glasses of white wine.

At bedtime I tossed and turned, as images of my son masturbating and pretending to order me around while doing it, refused to leave my mind. My pussy was tingling, and although I tried to withstand the temptation to pleasure myself, I eventually gave in. Closing my eyes, I fantasized, like I always did, about my late husband, my perfect man who'd had to leave me way too soon. He'd understood my submissive nature in the bedroom, which was the polar opposite of my personality in public where I was always in charge and a no-nonsense woman. A feminist in most people's eyes. I imagined myself on all fours... this was the way he'd usually fucked me. We'd both wanted him to fuck me in whichever hole suited his fancy, since when we were alone and getting intimate he treated me like the slut I craved to be. And yet in public or with our kids, he was always the perfect gentleman and husband as we presented a façade of a vanilla life, which was all anyone else would ever see. This fantasy, this reminiscing of the 'good times' always got me off quickest, and I was close in only a few minutes.

As I neared my climax, my mind played tricks on me, and now I wasn't seeing my husband pounding me from behind, but my son! So close to coming, I just went with it and continued pleasuring myself until the crescendo of pleasure washed through me while I heard my son ordering me to "Come Mommy, come on your son's big hard cock!"

This orgasm was more intense than most I self-created, and I collapsed into my bed, a puddle of sweat. As I recovered from my best orgasm in a long, long time, I gasped at what had turned the tide. I couldn't believe that my son had replaced his father in my fantasy! I also couldn't believe how hot and bothered Michael had gotten me both during the fantasy and when I'd spied on him earlier today. After some thought, I decided it must have been a mixture of exhaustion, loneliness, missing Jake, and being shocked upon seeing my son performing such a personal act while picturing me. Comfortable with my conclusion, I drifted off to sleep and had the best rest I'd had in a long time.

The next morning as Michael came down for breakfast, I noticed how much he looked like his father. Jake had been more athletically built, but he too had been rather nerdy in appearance and hid his naughty sexuality quite well.

Once my son had gone off to school, curiosity got the better of me. I went into his room and flipped open his laptop. I typed in his password (which was as predictable as could be, PrincessLeia), and checked out the sites he'd been on yesterday afternoon. I knew this was a major violation of his privacy, yet my desire to know what he'd been reading or watching while he was masturbating about me was driving me nuts. The websites he'd visited yesterday were mostly the usual geek sites, but one of them wasn't, and soon there were a few of them in a row, all hosted on Literotica. I'd never heard of the site, but as I opened the URL's I gasped. They were all stories about incest, with titles like Backseat Mommy, Making Mommy Mine, What Mom Doesn't Know Will Fuck Her, Riding on Son's Lap, and Mom's Stocking Stuffer.

I jotted down the titles, not wanting to leave behind any evidence of my violation of his privacy, erased my history and logged off the Internet. Still curious, I searched the word 'mom' on his files and found a plethora of stories he'd saved. I was shocked by the obvious conclusion that my son

wanted to have sex with me, or at least that was his favourite fantasy. Yet I couldn't even begin to fathom how to deal with this knowledge.

I shut down his computer and realizing the time, rushed out for my first showing of the day. Strangely, all day while I was at work, I couldn't shake off my new-found knowledge, couldn't shake off how obsessed I'd become with the need to learn more.

Once my day of showing houses and condos was done I headed home, hoping to catch him in the act again, although completely unsure about what I would do if I did, or for that matter, why I was hoping I would. I didn't want to have sex with my son, did I?

When I got home, he was downstairs gaming with his friend Frederick, the poster boy for geek if there ever was one. I ordered pizza for us and as they gamed, I fired up the laptop in my bedroom, curious to read the stories he'd been stroking to yesterday.

As I read story after story, I was shocked both at the content of the stories and by what these stories were doing to me. My pussy was on fire, and my left hand slowly pleased myself as I read each incestuous story. Some of the stories had dominant sons seducing their mothers, while others had powerful daughters dominating their mothers, while still others were more intimate and egalitarian in the sexual relationships between sons and mothers. I'd never even remotely considered my children in a sexual way, but yesterday's events of my son's masturbation and my own later one, as well as these vivid, hot stories, induced the thought that now entered my mind and that was exciting me as my fingers continued their work.

I was close to reaching orgasm while reading a story about a son fucking his mom's ass while calling her names, when the phone rang. I grabbed it, leaving the bubbling just beneath my surface to simmer and then gradually fade away as I talked to my overbearing mother about many things, including her never-ending topic about my finding myself a man. By the time I finally managed to get off the phone I was frustrated like I almost always was after a conversation with my mother, but thankfully I was no longer horny. Checking the time and realizing the pizza would be here any minute, I went downstairs to check on the boys who were still, as far as I could tell, playing the same game and sitting in the exact same places they'd been when I left. I got the boys some drinks and in a large mirror on the wall, couldn't help but notice my son checking out my legs as I walked away.

As I returned to the kitchen, conflicting emotions swarmed over me. Ever since yesterday, the more I looked at my son, the more I saw his father; knowing that I turned my son on was both flattering and yet wrong... but with the latter being the case, why didn't I feel mortified by it? Deciding to test whether my son was just turned on by the idea of incest or obsessed with the real me, I decided to showcase my assets somewhat.

After the pizza arrived I brought them slices on plates, being sure to bend forwards far enough to give Michael and his friend a quick flash of my breasts and, while I was standing back up, gave them just a quick flash of my lace stocking tops. After fetching my own pizza, I sat on a chair to the left of them and, flipping off my four-inch heels and saying dramatically enough to make sure I got their attention, which I was confident I already had anyway, said, "My feet are killing me."

Reclining my chair and leaning back, my stocking-clad legs and feet were now on full display for both of the eighteen-year-old boys. As I'd expected, my joining them was causing havoc between them, as if these Mensa candidates' boys' brains switched off the minute their erections began

growing. The thought that I could wield such power over teenage boys at my age was also quite a turn-on.

I'd already known Frederick had a thing for me, as he stammered practically every time he spoke to me and could never look me in the eyes, his own eyes always focused on my chest. But watching my son attempting to sneak quick glimpses at my legs every few seconds was amusing.

Once I finished eating, I stood up and stretched, my arms reaching for the ceiling in front of these two horny eighteen-year-olds, which caused my skirt to ride up higher than was socially acceptable, and which also showcased my breasts in all their grandeur.

Once I was confident I had their cocks begging for release from their pants, I added to their discomfort by bending down to retrieve their empty plates and lingering just long enough for each of them to peek down my ample cleavage. I dressed to impress for my job, professional but sexy, leaving enough to the imagination but also showing a fair amount of leg and cleavage, and I was still in my business attire, so with very little effort I could showcase more of my assets than usual.

Leaving the boys alone, I stopped where they would think I'd gone completely away, but I remained just within earshot. As I'd expected to hear, Frederick said, "Holy shit Michael, your Mom is such a MILF."

"Fuck off," my son countered, uncomfortable with his friend checking out his Mom.

"Seriously," Frederick continued, "I saw her stocking tops and her blue bra."

"No, seriously don't talk about my Mom that way," my son snapped, anger growing in his voice.

Frederick, a lot like Sheldon from the Big Bang Theory, couldn't read social cues, so he continued, "Sorry man, but you have to admit you have a hot Mom."

Snapping completely, Michael said, "Yes, I fucking *know* my Mom is hot, I live with her and see her every day, but I'm sick and tired of my friends and all the other losers at school talking about how they want to fuck her!"

Finally catching on, Frederick said, "Sorry, Michael, I didn't mean to insult you."

Suddenly calm, Michael said, dismissing the topic, "Forget it, let's finish this game."

I returned quietly to the kitchen, flattered at my son's adamant defence of me and surprised by the crap he had to deal with because I was his mother. I cleaned up the kitchen and dealt with some bills until Frederick left, and my son went up to his room.

I don't know why I thought this, but the first thought in my head was, *I wonder if he's going to jerk off*. The next thought surprised me: *If so, I wonder if I could see his cock again*. The third thought, which I quickly dismissed, was *Why am I so excited at the thought of seeing his cock again?* I was beginning to learn that when my pussy was tingling, my moral compass pointed due south. I quietly treaded up the stairs and listened at Michael's door, but I could hear nothing. Nevertheless it was at this moment, my cunt tingling like it hadn't in years, that I decided to turn my son's fantasies into a reality. With the first preparatory step beginning now.

I took a deep breath and opened his door without warning, not flinging it open rapidly like some detective about to cry, 'Aha!' but quietly. All to no avail: I was disappointed to see him on his laptop completely dressed, although he did quickly, and guiltily, close the lid. I began initiating my

seductive plan nevertheless: I walked over to his bed and sat on the edge beside him, my skirt again riding up just enough to tease, and opened with, "Michael, thank you for standing up for me."

"What?" he asked, confused and uncomfortable. I hadn't caught him in the act, but I'd caught him in preparation for the act, which the box of Kleenex sitting beside him attested to.

"I heard what you and Frederick said just after I left," I admitted.

"Oh, God," he said, his face flushed.

"I'm really sorry if my looks are causing you problems with your classmates," I said, my hand, apparently haphazardly, touching down on my son's leg.

This distracted him as he stammered, "I-i-it's ok. Better to have a pretty Mom than an ugly one."

"You think I'm pretty?" I asked coyly, as if I had no idea.

Still flustered, he answered, "Y-y-yes, and so does every friend of mine, and most of the guys at school."

"Well thank you, Michael. At my age such compliments don't come as often as they used to when I was a teenager in my prime," I smiled.

"M-m-mom, I-I-I think you're *still* in your prime," he complimented me, his face as red as a tomato. I could see why he'd never had a girlfriend, he was nervous as hell just talking to me, and I was his Mother, with whom he interacted every day.

I leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, lingering there just a second or two longer than I usually would, and complimented, "You know just the right words to say, my dear."

I stood up and said, leaving him with an insinuation he wouldn't yet understand, "Thanks again Michael, you're turning out to be just like your father."

I left his room and counted to ten before re-entering and seeing him furtively close his laptop for the second time. "Sorry honey, but could you be a dear and unzip Mommy?" I asked, my voice syrupy sweet, and using the word 'Mommy' instead of 'Mom,' just a subtle change in our relationship.

He moved his laptop off his lap, paused for a moment, trying to figure out how to hide his erection, before realizing he didn't have any options, so he simply stood up brazenly, blushing furiously as he came over to me while I pretended not to notice. I turned around and felt his hands trembling as he awkwardly unzipped my dress.

Holding my bodice in place with one hand, I turned around and kissed him again on the cheek. "Thanks honey."

He replied sheepishly, "You're welcome, Mom."

I considered allowing my dress to accidentally fall to the floor, but I thought that might give him a coronary, so I just left the room. Back in my own room, I undressed and jumped in the shower, where my shower head and I shared an intimate interlude while I plotted the next step in my son's seduction.

One thing about me is once I decide I want something, I do everything in my power to get it. And once I'd decided I was going to seduce my son, it was all I could think about... it became an obsession. Most of my prior relationships with men had begun as games of a sort where I allowed them to wine and dine me while I asked them about their lives, dreams and philosophy to learn everything I could about them. Then once I was certain I wanted to submit to them, I did my best to set up the perfect evening in a perfect location. Once everything was in place, I launched the Main Event, where I allowed my submissive side out to play. I decided to play my son's seduction in the same way. Although in this case I already knew everything about my target's life, dreams and philosophy, and the location would be here at home. All that remained was for me to invest some time planting seeds before orchestrating the perfect evening.

But I decided that perhaps I didn't know *everything* about Michael, especially his sexual likes and dislikes, so after he left for school the next morning, I returned to his laptop, and this time I checked his favourites. Most were game sites, but there were three Literotica addresses, as well as a pantyhose site. The first Literotica page was simply a list of new stories updated each day, the second was the top incest stories by score, but the third was one that gave me lots of information about my son's kinks. It was a search engine with the following tags: mom, son, and submission.

I clicked on the search button and was surprised to find 313 stories come up with those key words. I read a few of them, my pussy again on fire, and came to realize the three things he wanted the most: his Mom, in stockings, serving as his personal plaything. This knowledge should have appalled me, yet instead all I could think about was the wonderful prospect of my long dormant sexual needs being met like they hadn't been since my Jake, Michael's father, had died. I fingered myself to orgasm while fantasizing about my son becoming the dominant lover I'd been craving for so long. After another great orgasm washed through me, I put his computer away after erasing today's browsing history and headed out to work.

Remaining in my business attire that evening, I made supper and noticed Michael taking surreptitious glances at my legs all evening. Once the dishes were done, I asked, "Michael, can you do me a big favor?"

"Anything, Mom," he replied like the sweetheart he was.

"Will you give Mommy a foot massage?" I asked with a warm smile, again using 'Mommy' instead of 'Mom', which I noticed was the term used most often in stories about incestuous submission.

Michael's face went red and he stammered, "S-s-sure, Mom."

I grabbed both his hands, entwining them together like a loving couple would do, and walking backwards, led him to the couch. We then circled each other halfway before I gently pushed him down onto one end of the couch, seated myself on the other end and flipped my silky stocking-clad feet onto his lap. I could read the nervousness written all over his face as he froze.

I raised my left stockinged foot and tapped his nose playfully. "These feet won't get massaged by themselves, honey."

His face ruby red, he stuttered yet again, "S-s-sorry Mom." He nervously took hold of my left foot and began tenderly massaging it. Within seconds I felt his member growing underneath my right

leg. I couldn't resist smiling, knowing what I was doing to my son.

I separated my legs slightly, not enough to be slutty and show him my panties, but enough to offer him a glimpse of my stocking tops. We were silent for a few minutes as I watched him, amused at his concentration while he massaged my foot. Eventually I asked, "Could you do my right foot now, sweetheart?"

"Sure, Mom," he replied, switching feet and not stammering this time, enjoying the task.

I started the conversation. "So... do you have a girlfriend yet, Michael?"

He answered sheepishly, "No."

"Why not?" I asked, "You're a great catch."

"The high school girls don't think so," he sighed, continuing to massage my right stocking-clad foot.

"You're smart, sweet and very handsome," I complimented slyly.

"You have to say that, you're my Mom," he pointed out, brushing away my sincere compliment.

"Don't you do that," I scolded him.

"Do what?" he asked, startled by my abrupt tone.

"Don't put yourself down like that," I admonished, moving my foot away and leaning into him for a hug, my hand 'accidentally' landing directly on his stiff cock. My son's eyes went wide, but I didn't move my hand away as I leaned in close to his ear and whispered, slightly seductively, "You look just like your father, and he was the sexiest man I ever met. You have the same eyes, the same smile and..." I gave a gentle squeeze to his erect cock, "...apparently you inherited something else from your dad."

Before he could respond, I gave him a quick peck on the lips and stood up. Brushing my skirt back down, I said, "Thanks honey, your hands felt amazing on my aching feet, but now I'm going for a shower." I started to walk away before pausing, turning around, and looking directly at his crotch suggested, "You probably should look after that. I think it's about to burst."

My son stared at me in stunned silence as I left him high and hard.

For the second straight day, my shower head and I became intimate as I plotted the next steps of my plan.

The next morning I was dressed in a black skirt, a white blouse and beige thigh high stockings when Michael joined me for breakfast. We chatted casually about school until I stood up and said, having prepared for this, "Dammit, I have a run in my stocking." I placed my foot on the chair right next to my very captivated son, raised my skirt almost high enough to flash my panties and slid the stocking down my leg. My son's eyes watched the entire removal. Changing legs, I sensuously removed the second stocking complaining, "I don't have any more in this color, so I guess I'm going

shopping before my first showing." I kissed my son on the forehead and left the stockings draped across the back of the chair as bait, leaving him alone as I headed out.

I waited five minutes then returned into the house, hoping to catch him *in flagrante*. As I'd hoped and expected, he was pumping away on his big cock with one of my stockings wrapped around it. I watched him for a minute before walking in from behind and spoke from out of the blue, "I forgot my purse, Michael."

He jerked up his pants and stammered, "Oh my god, Mom, I'm so-so-so sorry."

Fighting my growing desire to grab his exposed cock, I replied, flirtation dripping from every syllable I spoke, "Oh honey, it's ok, masturbating is natural; I hope you did it last night, too. Truth be told, I did it myself last night... twice."

"Mom!" he gasped, still frantically fumbling to get his pants closed, my stocking still wrapped around his cock.

"And please feel free to keep my stockings, if that's your thing," I offered with a coy smile.

"Mom!" he repeated, still humiliated at being caught in the act.

"So you have a stocking fetish too?" I asked, with a sexy smile on my face. "You really are just like your father," I said, grabbing my purse and leaving before he had a chance to respond.

I drove away, knowing another seed had been planted.

I returned home after lunch, flipped open his computer, went to the Literotica website and opened the story What Mom Doesn't Know Fucks His Mom (as it was the hottest of the stories I had read). I left the browser on that story and returned to work, leaving yet one more tease for my son.

A long day of showings, including two last-minute additions, meant I didn't get home till after seven. I came in, slipped out of my heels, went upstairs and knocked on Michael's door.

I heard a nervous voice say, "Come in."

I entered and sat down on the edge of his bed and rubbed my stocking-clad feet. I wasn't even lying when I said, "My feet are killing me."

From his small desk across the room he was staring at my perfectly manicured feet and red toenails, unable to make eye contact with me.

I asked sweetly, "Michael, could you please massage my feet again, like you did last night?"

"S-s-sure, Mom," he stammered, standing up.

"Come to Mommy," I beckoned, my finger beckoning him over and my tone dripping with sultry seduction.

He shyly obeyed.

I scooted up on his bed to rest my back against the headboard and ordered, as I patted the bed, "Sit down and join me."

He did, never once making eye contact. He sat tailor fashion at my feet, took my right foot in his hands and began massaging me. My legs were parted further than yesterday and if he looked up, he'd get a very clear look at my black panties... which after only a few seconds he did. He quickly looked away, flustered. Over the next couple of minutes, he continued to take quick peeks up my skirt as he continued the massage, his face redder than the flames of hell. I deliberately opened and closed my legs slightly to entice him. As he switched feet, I asked, "So, how was school today?"

He sighed, "Boring as usual."

"Any hotties on the horizon?"

"Not even on the radar," he replied, his confidence still nonexistent.

"Why not?" I asked, uttering a soft moan from his massage, adding, "you certainly have the magic touch with your hands."

Surprised by the compliment he stammered, "R-r-really?"

"Yes really, you have me feeling so relaxed right now," I said, allowing another moan to escape my lips.

Just then my cell phone rang, and I cursed to myself. I grabbed it and was asked if I could show a house in twenty minutes. I agreed reluctantly and sighed, getting up and saying, "I have to go honey, but did you know that tomorrow is Nude Day?"

"It is?" he asked.

"Yep. I wonder how average people celebrate Nude Day," I said, my smile implying something naughty.

"I-um-I don't know," he answered, rattled by my odd question.

At the door I paused and asked, "While I'm gone, why don't you check that Literotica site and read some of those contest stories to see what regular people enjoy doing?"

His mouth dropped like it would hit the floor, and I turned and sauntered away, a new plan formulating in my mind. If all went well, tomorrow would be the Main Event.

The next day I scheduled myself off duty from three o'clock on, declining a four o'clock showing, determined to finish seducing my son. I arrived home, showered, dressed myself in only white thigh highs and an apron to cover my freshly shaved cunt and just over half of my tits but with a generous side-boob view, and started cleaning the house. At four o'clock, I put a casserole in the oven and an hour later was just making a salad when Michael arrived home. When he walked into the kitchen, he froze as he stared at me, my voluptuous breasts barely concealed by the apron. I greeted, "Hi, sweetheart. Did you remember what today is?"

He paused, trying to stare at the amazing sight of his mother almost naked without appearing to stare. It was an impossible task. "Um...."

I explained, "It's Nude Day."

"There really is a Nude Day?" he asked, "I thought that was just a Literotica fiction."

"Yes, there really is, silly," I flirted, before adding, "and Michael, you're now eighteen and old enough to celebrate Nude Day with your Mother. So for the rest of the evening, all clothing is forbidden."

Silence lingered for a while until he stammered, "M-m-mom, this is really weird."

I pouted, drawing him in, "Don't you want to celebrate Nude Day with me? Or is your Mother too old?"

He stammered, "N-n-no Mom, that's not it. It's just strange."

"Is it?" I shrugged. "I find it very liberating. It's been years since I went without panties." I lifted the apron to give him a quick flash of my hairless pussy.

"B-b-but you're my M-m-mom!" he stuttered, still trying to wrap his head around what was happening, his bulging pants revealing the impact my body was already having on him.

"And you're my son. I've seen you naked many times, baby, just not recently," I rationalized, before adding in my Motherly *do-as-you-are-told-young-man* tone, "Now get undressed, Michael."

"But you're wearing nylons," he pointed out.

"Yes, and I did that for you." I smiled, walking over to him and kissing his cheek. "Like your father, you clearly have a thing for stockings."

I pulled his shirt over his head and offered, "Unless you want me to follow the rules completely and take the thigh highs off? It's up to you, sweetie."

"N-n-no, p-p-please k-k-keep them on," he stammered, shivering at my touch.

"Your wish is my command," I teased, unbuckling his pants, hinting at my submissive nature. He was holding his breath, so I reminded him, "Breathe, baby, breathe," as I dropped his pants to the floor. His big hard cock wasn't being completely contained by his unflattering tighty-whities. "We've definitely got to get you some better underwear."

He nodded, unable to speak a word.

"Oh my, Michael, is that because of me?" I asked, my hand going to his prick.

"Oh God," he moaned and went even stiffer the instant my hand brushed against his cock.

As I pulled down his underwear his beautiful cock flopped into the open, giving me an eight-inch salute. It took every ounce of my willpower not to devour his cock then and there, but I wanted to make us both wait a bit longer.

I finished getting him naked, then stood up and went back to finish cutting the salad veggies. Michael hadn't moved an inch since I'd undressed him, so I asked, "Can you please pour us some wine?"

"Wine?" he asked.

"Today is a special day, Michael, so you may have some wine," I smiled, my tone implying we were soon going to create our very own Literotica story.

He did as I instructed, while I finished making the salad and pulled the casserole out of the oven. I noticed Michael taking quick glimpses at me every time he could, desperately trying not to be obvious, when in truth he was being just that. There wasn't anything at all covering my backside, so as I bustled around the kitchen, I took every logical opportunity I could find to face away from him. Finally, I suggested, "Michael, take a seat as Mommy fills your plate."

He sat down and I brought him his meal. I went back and grabbed mine, and after placing my plate on the table, I removed the final garment that was hiding my breasts and my recently shaved pussy. As expected, Michael stared, his mouth hanging open, literally watering. I sat down and began eating, creating conversation as if our nudity was the most normal thing in the world.

"So, Michael, anything exciting happen at school today?"

Trying to act nonchalant himself, he told me, "Aced my Calculus test."

"Excellent," I smiled. "You're such a good student and you've always been such a perfect son."

"Oh Mom," he said embarrassed, a crimson hue rising to his cheeks.

"Seriously, half the teenagers today are drinking, doing drugs, failing school and having sex, but you're a good boy, aren't you?" I asked, my tone demure.

"Yes, because everyone thinks I'm a loser," he pointed out, not exactly insulting himself, but just reporting the social hierarchy of high school.

"Well, based on that theory, Bill Gates was a loser too," I pointed out, before adding, "most of the so-called cool kids in high school end up peaking then, and afterwards doing nothing with the rest of their lives."

"You were cool," my son pointed out.

"I'm not now?" I pouted, luring him in.

"Y-y-you still are," he stammered, desperate to rectify any implied insult, "I-I-I just meant you're successful even though you were cool in high school."

"Aaaah thanks, sexy," I replied warmly, as he blushed at being called sexy, "but I'm successful partly because of my looks, not because of my academic prowess like you'll be."

"I hope you're right," he replied, letting out a soft sigh implying he wasn't convinced.

"Plus," I added, my seduction moving forward at full throttle, "once the girls see your fucking big cock and start gossiping about it, you'll have to beat them off with a stick."

"Mom!" Michael gasped again, shocked.

Continuing my sexual flattery, I added, "You've heard the saying it isn't the size that counts?"

"Yeah?" he answered doubtfully, not knowing my intent.

"That's total bullshit, and it's only said by nice girls to bolster the egos of insecure guys with small peckers," I announced.

"Jesus Christ, Mom!" he cried out, bewildered by this conversation and by the fact I didn't seem to mind he couldn't help staring at my big tits bouncing around in plain sight just across the table as I gesticulated, making my points.

"Trust me," I continued, "I had a wide variety of cocks back in the day, but your Dad's was the biggest and the best, and yours is even bigger than his."

"I can't believe you're talking about my penis," he said.

"It's called a cock, son. A big, *and* I am guessing, still really hard cock. Big..." I smiled, standing up. "...stiff..." I continued stalking slowly around the table towards him, "...cock," I finished, arriving next to him.

He stared up at me, speechless. Standing above him in a position of authority, I looked down past my naked breasts at his face, changed the subject and started asking a few rhetorical questions.

"So... you like erotic stories, don't you, my son?"

He attempted to speak, but I interrupted his stammer, reaching down to place my finger to his lips, my big tits just inches above him, my slightly wet pussy directly in front of him in plain sight.

"And you particularly like erotic stories about sons and mommies, don't you, my son?"

My hand reached down and wrapped gently around his, as expected, erect and ready-to-burst cock.

"And you seem to have a rather major fascination with women's stockings too, don't you?" I leaned back up, reluctantly letting go of his cock and placing my right foot on the chair next to his leg, which also gave him a very clear, up-close-and-personal look at the lips of his Mommy's cunt. "Do you like my thigh highs, Michael?"

So stunned he couldn't even speak coherently as my sexual attack on his senses overwhelmed him. "I-I-um-I-I-well-I..."

I took his hand and placed it on my leg. "Go ahead, son, feel Mommy's stockings. I've never heard that Nude Day is just for looking."

He obeyed, obsessed like a kitten with a ball of string by the feel of my silky leg.

I moaned, "Mmmmm, Michael, your hand feels so nice on Mommy's leg."

A moment later I put my foot back down, slid his dinnerplate aside and hopped up onto the kitchen table right in front of him. He watched, mesmerized, as both of my stocking-clad feet reached for his stiff missile. *Stand by, Houston, I thought, we have liftoff!* His dick quivered under my touch and I, without a word, began giving him a foot job. My knees were spread wide apart so I could wrap the soles of my feet around his cock, so my bare pussy was staring my stunned son in the face, my glistening inner lips clearly visible, a gaping invitation if there ever was one.

As I slowly stroked my stockinged feet up and down on my son's cock, he closed his eyes and let his long-held fantasy come true. In less than a minute he moaned and warned me, "Careful Mom, you're about to make me come."

I purred like the predator I was, "Then come for Mommy, baby, come all over Mommy's stockinged feet. I wore these just for you, baby... everything tonight is just for you."

Just as I finished purring, his white goo shot up in the air and most of it landed on my stockings, the rest on the kitchen table and the floor. I continued the sensuous foot masturbation of my son until the last droplet of his cum was released.

I asked, my voice still syrupy sweet, "Did you like that, baby?"

Michael finally opened his eyes and looked directly into mine. "T-t-that was amazing, Mom."

"Call me *Mommy*, Michael, isn't that what you want? A full-service Mommy?" I asked, lifting a foot to my mouth and gazing into his eyes, licked my son's cum from my foot.

His mouth was again wide open in shock as he watched this obscene act.

"Fuck, do you taste delicious," I smiled, switching feet and licking off some more of his cum before eventually purring to him, "Actually, I'd love to get more of this directly from the source."

I hopped off the tabletop and fell to my knees as my son watched me take his cock in my mouth.

"Oh God," he let out the instant my warm mouth completely swallowed his still erect cock. It had been a long time since I'd done a teenager, not since I was one myself, and I was grateful for his quick recovery time.

I bobbed slowly up and down on his cock for a couple of minutes before taking his cock out of my mouth and saying Betty Boop style, "Oo! I missed some." Continuing to set up the opportunity for him to take control, I leaned to the floor and licked up his cum. (Only submissive sluts lick their man's cum off the floor.)

My son, finally catching on, said with a confidence I'd never heard from him except for the time I'd watched him jerk off pretending I was sucking him, "Mom, you missed some over here on the kitchen table."

A smile crossed my lips at his calm, masterful tone as I sat back up still on my knees and looked back at the table. Seeing some white goo, I asked, eyes wide, "Does Michael want Mommy to clean up his cum?"

"Yes," he replied, although not with the aggressiveness I was hoping for.

I looked at him and said, my hand again wrapped around his stiff missile, "Mommy needs directions, my son. Please tell Mommy what you want. She promises to obey every command like a good Mommy, like a very obedient Mommy, a *Pet Mommy* like in those stories you love."

He looked directly into my eyes, something he'd been unable to do for most of the evening with all my charms on display, and ordered me, "Clean up my cum, Mommy."

I obeyed immediately, using only my tongue at first to retrieve his white seed. I finished by sucking it up with my lips before turning back to him and asking, my voice as submissive as humanly possible, "Mmmmmmm, did I do good?"

A smile crossed his face for the first time as he finally realized all the implications of what had been occurring and what I was so clearly offering him. He asked, slightly hesitant, wanting a final

declaration before proceeding any further (he always was such a linear boy) "Are you really offering to be my Mommy-slut?"

I looked up from my submissive position and answered, "I want to be whatever you want me to be."

"Really?" he asked, still struggling to accept his good fortune.

"Try me, give me a command," I suggested. "Anything at all."

He paused as if he'd just been given three wishes from a genie and had to come up with the best possible one. "Masturbate while I watch," he ordered, with a vague resemblance of confidence.

Without hesitation, still on my knees, I brought my left hand to my eager pussy and began fulfilling his command.

He watched from his position of newfound power, his mind moving a mile a minute at the possibilities. I let out a moan, this long-denied experience of obedience bringing me enhanced pleasure, and almost before any time at all I asked, "May Mommy come my son, or does my big boy have other plans for his Mommy?"

He was still coming to terms with the amazing reality that this wasn't a wet dream or some computer-driven fantasy. Still fingering myself, I looked up at him like a lost puppy looking for directions, desperately attempting to guide him in what we both needed: I needed a dominant man, and he needed a woman to dominate, but also to learn from. My moans were increasing and I warned, "Please tell me what you want Son, Mommy's cunt is getting really wet and I can't hold back much longer."

The last brick in his wall of resistance shattered, I watched as my son stood up, pulled me up and onto the table and without a word, he took what was now rightfully his as he buried his face in my hot lava box. I moaned as my inexperienced son licked my sticky wet pussy lips. This being his first time, he was a bit rough and all over the place and needed some direction. I moaned, "That feels good, baby. Now part Mommy's lips with your tongue."

He obeyed the instruction, and on his own accord he slowed down. For the next couple of minutes he continued to lick my pussy lips, bringing a constant teasing sensation to me. I moaned, "Is this your first time eating pussy, baby?"

He nodded, but he didn't stop what he was doing, enthralled by the taste of my cunt. Every man I'd ever been with, and two girls in college, had always commented on my unique, sweet-tasting pussy, although he wouldn't yet have anything to compare it with.

"Well, you're a natural, baby," I purred, adding, "do you want to help Mommy come?"

"Yeth," he mumbled, his tongue refusing to leave my snatch.

"Take my clit into your mouth, baby," I requested, "swallow it whole." Again he obeyed me, and the minute he sucked my swollen needy clit between his tight lips I screamed, "Oh God, fuck, son, now lick Mommy's clit, suck it hard, make Mommy come!" He increased the pressure and my screams became louder as my now inevitable orgasm began to rise. "Oh God, son. Make Mommy your slut, make me come and I'm yours unconditionally, baby. Is that what you want, son? Your very own Mommy-sluluuuuuut," I screamed, as without warning he surprised me by slamming two fingers deep inside me. Like a veteran pussy pleaser, he hooked his fingers inside me and found my g-spot in seconds. On contact, I wailed, and my legs stiffened.

The mixture of having my g-spot tapped like a drum and my long-ignored need for submission, finally twisted into the reality of the taboo incestuous act I was willingly committing, and I was a bundle of goo in seconds and babbling like a teenage slut. "Oh God Michael, you got Mommy, you got Mommy, oh fuck, oh fuck, yes Michael, uh, ah, uuuuuuuuh, fuuuuuuck, Mommy's coming baaaaaaby, don't stoooooop!!!" I screamed, grabbing my son's head to add even more pressure against my exploding cunt. It was easily the best, most intense, toe-tingling, leg-stiffening, cunt-dripping, mind-numbing orgasm I'd ever experienced! Pleasure pulsed through my very being, and I knew in this moment of euphoria what Heaven feels like: a brief moment of acceptance of what I'd just done and what I knew I'd now be doing over and over.

My orgasm finally done, no nook or cranny untouched by his assault, I begged my son, with his fingers still inside me and his mouth still devouring my clit, "Please stop now baby, I have to pee so badly."

As his fingers exited my cunt, I felt empty. As I pushed myself off the kitchen table, which I would never, ever be able to look at again and not remember the moment my life had officially and drastically changed, I stumbled, my orgasm having done a number on my now jello-like legs. I fell onto my son's lap face first, his cock almost poking me in the eye. I promised, grabbing his cock which was very ready for action, "I'll be right back to take care of this for you, son."

One last squeeze and I fled.

I returned a few minutes later, his cock just as hard and ready for action as when I'd left. I smiled, acting as demure and sweet as I could while naked, "Did you miss me?"

My son took control like I hoped he would and ordered, "Let's go to your room."

Coyly I asked, "And what could you *possibly* want to do there?"

His reply sparked the fire that had never completely flamed out after my orgasm. Deadpan, no trace of a smile crossing his face, he announced, "I'm going to fuck you, Mom."

"Oh my," I exclaimed, feigning shock.

Attempting to be dominant, a skill he would need to work on, since at the moment it sounded more like a request than an order, "Get your ass up to your room, Mommy."

"Yes, sir," I answered, prancing upstairs in front of him, my ass jiggling for him, my perpetual tease continuing.

Once we were inside my room I sauntered over to my bed and asked, "Is this where you want me, son?"

His confidence increasing, he surprised me by pointing to the floor directly in front of him and demanded, his tone hinting at annoyance, using my full name like I'd always done to signal he was in trouble, "Betty Cheryl Lodge, get your ass over here *right now*."

Startled and impressed, I scurried over to him.

His hands on my shoulders, he gently but firmly guided me down to my knees. His smile smug, an expression I'd never seen cross his face before, he said, finally using the term he'd used while fantasizing about me, "I assume a dirty Mommy-slut like you Betty, knows exactly what to do with this."

Reaching for his delicious cock, I shifted into my sultry seductress MILF mode and smiled, "Actually, I can think of several things I'd like to do with this."

"Such as?" he asked, attempting to learn all his options and to see how kinky I was willing to get.

My eyes never leaving his from my subservient position, I laid all my cards on the table, offering him four of a kind. "Well... I could give you another stocking-clad foot massage until your huge dick shoots its load all over Mommy's stockinged feet, or... I could suck your delicious cock into Mommy's mouth until you fill my throat with your yummy cum, or... you could slip that big fucking pecker of yours inside my fiery volcano until you erupt inside me, or... you could order me onto all fours like a pet, your very own Pet Mommy, and then do me doggy-style as your raging rod pierces my back door."

His eyes went big and wide as he listened to my shocking options. He finally spoke, although it was more of a whimper, "Oh God, Mom."

His cock begging for attention, I asked, my eyes hungry with lust, "What do you want Mommy to do for you, baby? Or rather, what do you want Mommy to do first?"

His hands grabbed my head and guided me to his cock. I happily opened my mouth and took my son's raging hard-on between my lips. I slowly bobbed back and forth, all the while creating a whirlpool of pleasure with my tongue and saliva. Although Jake had loved fucking me, he'd always said there was nothing he loved more than a slow swirling blow job from his slut wife. I'd taken pride in giving him amazing, earth-shattering blowjobs, and now I demonstrated those same skills on my son. I took my time, making sweet love to my son's cock with my mouth. Reading the warning signs of an orgasm on the build: his moans, his legs shifting, and his organ's subtle pulses in my mouth, I went for the kill as I shifted from a constant slow swirl to bobbing back and forth like some porn star cock sucking slut. As expected, the sounds coming from my son's mouth got louder and he warned, "I'm going to come."

I stopped and took his cock out of my mouth, again attempting to prompt him into his role as the dominant voice in our ever-changing relationship. I asked, "Do you want Mommy to swallow your cum, son?"

"Badly," he moaned, frustrated by my stopping.

"Just tell me what to do Michael. I'm yours to use as you please," I smiled. "If you'd rather, you can come all over Mommy's face."

Michael surprising me, and not a man of many words, grabbed my head and shoved his cock back into my mouth, but this time instead of my bobbing on his cock, he took full charge and began pumping his cock between my lips, literally fucking my mouth. He grunted, as his orgasm regained the steam I'd abandoned moments ago, "Swallow my cum, Mommy-slut, swallow it all."

Seconds later I was rewarded with a warm load of my son's cum as it sprayed against the back of my throat. He continued pumping in and out of my mouth at his own pace, albeit more slowly, until I'd savored every last speck of his addictive seed.

But pulling out of my mouth he apologized, "Sorry, Mom, I-I-I got carried away."

Still on my knees, I responded immediately and sincerely, "Michael, you don't ever have to apologize to me, baby. When your Father was alive, he was in charge in the bedroom and I was his

obedient wife. Until I learned about your fantasy to fuck me, my submissive side had lain dormant for too many years, but when I saw you on my bed that day masturbating with my stockings and moaning my name as you spurted, it all came flooding back."

"You saw me?" he asked, surprised by this new information.

I stood up, my knees sore, and continued, impressed that his cock was still stiff, "I did, and every moment since then I haven't been able to stop thinking of your big cock." I once again grabbed his swollen member and added, "*This* delicious fucking cock."

"Oh God, Mom," was all this academic genius could come up with, my sexual power to overwhelm someone still prominent.

"You're still hard, so what's next? Do you want to fuck Mommy?" I asked, my hand gently stroking his cock.

"Yes," he moaned.

"Please take charge and tell me everything you want... everything," I begged, explaining, "Michael, I'm not just a little bit submissive, I'm *a* submissive just like the ones in all those stories you like to read. In the bedroom that's the long and short of who I am, and I'm completely yours to use as you please." I leaned in and took his nipple in his mouth before adding, "And *whenever* you please." I moved to his other nipple before adding, "And *however* you please. But I know you're brand new at all this and I'm not, so you can always ask me for any advice or recommendations you want, too." Moving in to kiss him not as mother with son but as two lovers, my lips pausing just inches from his, I finished with, "I love you, Michael. I've always loved you as a son, and now I also love you as my Master. If you please Master, allow Mommy to take your virginity." Our lips touched, and our tongues began to explore each other's mouths. A couple minutes later, tangled in a sweaty embrace as our hands explored each other as well, my son placed an arm around my shoulders and another behind my knees, lifted me up and carried me over to the bed... just like a husband would do on our wedding night.

Reaching my bed, he didn't lean down, but just tossed me onto the bed and muscled my legs apart to stand between them. Determination now controlled his movements as he tried to become the man I desperately needed him to be. He asked, "Does Mommy want her son's cock?"

He rubbed his cock up and down my glistening pussy lips and I moaned, "Oh God yes, please fuck Mommy."

He smiled slightly, tapping his cock head on my clit, "A good Mommy-slut can beg better than that."

My stocking-clad legs wrapping around him and pulling him in, I begged earnestly, "*Pleeeeee* fuck your Pet Mommy, son. Shove that huge fuck stick up Mommy's wet cunt. Pound Mommy hard!"

His cock slid easily inside my inferno and I moaned loudly the instant he penetrated me, "Oh yes, son, thank you so much, baby. Now fill Mommy's cunt all the way up with your cock."

Slowly all of his eight inches filled me, and I watched as his face expressed how in awe he felt that not only was he losing his virginity, but he was losing it to his own mother, a woman he'd lusted after for years. Once he was all the way inside me, he paused, savouring the feeling of my cunt wrapped around his entire cock. Slowly, he began to make love to me. It was slow and tender, and

he leaned down and we kissed. This mix of dominance and romance was strange yet erotic, and it enhanced the intimacy of the moment. His hands cupped my large breasts as he began gradually fucking me faster. He broke our loving kiss and began to smother my tits with more kisses. He explored every morsel of my breasts with his lips, tongue and teeth, all the while keeping up a steady pace with his cock. Time stood still as I took my son's cherry and allowed him to explore his Mother in all the ways society would detest.

It was over fifteen minutes of Heaven before without warning, he pulled out and flipped me onto my side. As he repositioned himself I teased, "Are you going to try the other hole now, baby?"

"Shhhh," he ordered as his cock slipped back into my cunt. "I'm not done with this one yet."

"They're *all* yours, baby," I moaned. Unlike when we were in the missionary position just now, this time he fucked me. He wrapped his right arm around me, cupped my left breast for anchorage and began really thrusting in and out of me. His body slammed against my ass and his hard thrusts into me had me boiling hot in seconds, and my mouth came back into play. "Harder, baby, fuck your Pet Mommy harder."

He obliged, his cock going deeper with each push. "You like this, Mommy?" he asked.

"Oh yes, baby, I fucking love it. Promise me you'll fuck me again and again," I moaned.

His confidence building, "Don't worry slut, I have definite plans for you."

"You dooooooooo?" I moaned in delight, the promise making me even hotter.

He fucked me harder, he fucked me faster, I felt his legs stiffening, and I knew I was soon going to get a second hole filled with his cum. Unlike the previous two courteous warnings he'd given me before when he came on my feet and in my mouth, this time he announced, "I'm about to come inside you Pet Mommy, I'm going to come inside my slut."

His confidence a turn on, my orgasm was also close and I moaned, "Oh yes, baby, fill Mommy with your cum. Fill me with your seed. Make Mommy your cum deposit."

"Aaaaaaaaah, fuuuuuuck," he grunted, and I felt my pussy walls being sprayed, which triggered my own orgasm.

"Fuuuuck, Mommy's coming too, baby." He kept pistoning in and out of me as we both quaked with pleasure.

Suddenly he pulled out, pushed me onto my back and shoved his cock, shiny with my juices and his own seed, into my mouth. Although this position was awkward, I bobbed back and forth as best I could, desperate to prove my utter obedience to my son, my new Master.

He finally pulled out and collapsed beside me, sweat dripping down his forehead. Silence lingered for a long time as we both allowed the afterglow of what we'd done these past two hours to linger.

Finally, I rolled onto my side and shared, "Michael, that was amazing."

Michael turned to face me as well. "I still can't believe it."

"What?" I smiled, "that you just fucked your Mom?"

"All of it: that you saw me masturbating; that you're submissive, everything we just did," he responded, overwhelmed by it all.

I asked, "You don't regret this, do you?"

"God no," he replied, "I just can't believe how lucky I am."

"I'm the lucky one," I told him, "it's like having your father back," my hand gently caressing his chest.

"Oh Mom, I've fantasized about you my entire life. I still remember the first time I ever beat off, and I did it trying to picture what you'd look like naked. But it never occurred to me that it could ever be anything more than a long-term fantasy," he admitted, his expression one of utter delirium.

"Was our being together as good as you fantasized?" I asked.

"God yes," he answered.

"Better than the stories?" I asked, my hand ever so slowly moving lower, to his now only semi-erect cock. Taking a quick glimpse at it, I wondered whether it was on its way towards slumber, or once again on the rise.

"I don't need those stories anymore, Mom, we've just enacted our own," he pointed out.

I chuckled, "I guess we did." I looked at his cock, which was indeed growing again. "*You* my dear, are insatiable," I purred.

He shrugged, "My record is nine."

"Nine what?"

"I once came nine times in a single day," he revealed.

My hand reaching for his almost fully erect cock, I teased, "Well, I'm not sure I can keep up with our doing nine baby, but I can do at least *one* more, and I do have one remaining hole for you to fill."

"You sure, Mom?" he asked.

"I've never been more certain about anything in my life, *Master*," I replied, again stressing my utter submission to him.

As he sat up I informed him, "The lube is in the drawer of the nightstand."

He reached into the nightstand and found my small collection of toys, which included a couple of vibrators and a butt plug. He paused and looked at me questioningly.

I shrugged, "It's lonely being a single mother."

"You won't be lonely anymore," he promised, returning with the lube.

I coated his cock generously, not having had a flesh and blood cock in my ass since a couple of years ago when I'd briefly dated a co-worker. (I hadn't submitted to him, but we had gotten pretty kinky as we shagged each other a few times before deciding it was too risky: don't fuck where you

work and all that.) I got onto all fours and presented my ass to him, which was still very toned. "What do you think of my ass, baby?"

"Fucking awesome," he replied, as he knelt behind me. I preened.

"Now please go slow at first baby," I said, "your cock is pretty big for any girl's backdoor."

He slapped my ass playfully, but hard enough to give me a nice sharp sting and said, "I thought I was in charge here."

I played along. "Sorry, Master, do with your slut as you please."

"Good girl," he purred, which sent a chill down my spine, that being his father's trademark praise phrase to me.

"Fuck Mommy's ass, baby," I moaned, as the tip of his cock pushed past my tight puckered entrance.

As he slowly forged his way deeper, he moaned, "Holy shit, this is so hot and tight."

"It's all for you, baby," I moaned, as his cock slowly filled me deeper and deeper.

"So fucking tight," he grunted, as the final couple of inches filled my ass.

His cock feeling so perfect there, I finally allowed my mind to let go and simply to be controlled like I used to be all those years ago. "Fuck, your cock feels so perfect in my ass, Master."

"Master," he repeated, "I'm really starting to enjoy being called that."

As his cock began sliding in and out of my ass, I declared again, "Yes Master. In this house whenever the clothes start coming off, you're in charge, and I am yours unconditionally."

"Fuck," he grunted, "you're so hot, Mom."

"You are too, baby. You're a hot fucking stud, just like your Dad was," I moaned, beginning to buck back on his cock, wanting him to go deeper inside me.

"Bounce that ass on my cock, Mommy," he instructed. I obeyed, attempting to get into a solid rhythm.

"Good girl," he repeated the magic words, his hands roaming over my back and ass.

"Oh yes, son, your cock was made to fill me," I moaned. I bounced back on his cock for an eternity, Michael having already come three times tonight. My knees ached, but I was determined to feel his cum coating the walls of my ass, so I tried to go for the kill verbally. "Oh God, baby. I need your cum in my ass. I'll do anything for it, baby."

"What about Crystal, Mommy?" he asked, surprising me.

"What?" I gasped.

"I want you to seduce my sister so I can fuck her too," he negotiated, adding "I've always hated her condescending treatment of me."

"Oh God," I moaned, the unexpected thought of my daughter and me in the throes of lesbian lust bringing me to a boil again.

"Oh God, what?" he asked, beginning to fuck my ass harder.

"Oh God yes, Master, I'd love to help make her your submissive sister slut," I promised, as my hand went to my clit.

"Is the thought of dyking out with your daughter turning you on, Mommy?" he asked, now pounding my ass so hard that each thrust had me almost collapsing forward.

"Yes, baby, obeying your *every* command gets me off, but that one's a doozy," I admitted, rubbing my clit furiously, even as my mind played with the preposterous notion of seducing my strong-willed daughter.

As his cock tore apart my ass, I desperately tried to push him over the top. "Fuck, baby, do you want to watch me eat your sister's cunt?"

"Fuuuck, yes," he grunted, clearly close.

Pushing him over the edge, I asked, "How about if I fucked your sister's tight ass with my strap-on? I still have one from when I used to get fucked by the other girls in college."

That was the final straw and he grunted, and I felt his cum filling my ass and fulfilling the trifecta of coming in all three of my pleasure holes in one night. As his cum coated my rectum, another orgasm washed through me as the idea of seducing my daughter bounced around in my head, a ridiculous new fantasy that was already becoming an obsession.

"I'm coming too, baby," I screamed, "Don't stop pounding Mommy's ass."

He kept up the assault until my orgasm finished pulsing through me and I collapsed onto the bed out of utter exhaustion.

I could feel my son's cum leaking out of my ass as he joined me on the bed. As we gazed into each other's eyes, I smiled and said, "I love you, Michael."

"I love you too, Mom."

After a brief pause I smiled, "So we're going to do your sister, hey?"

THE END

As I write this in March 2019, the story you have just read is the first installment of a five-part series, the rest of them soon to be re-edited as well. By the time you read this, I may be writing part six... but no promises.

Next installment: "**Pet Mommy**": **DP Mommy-Slut!** in which Betty Lodge seduces her son Michael's best friend Frederick, and thus becomes his submissive slut too, before the two 18-year-old boys provide her with her first double penetration fucking.