

# "PET MOMMY": DP MOMMY-SLUT!

***silkstockingslover***

*MILF mom is trained to be a good SLUT for her nerdy son.*

Incest/Taboo

4.68

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**Summary:** MILF mom is trained to be a good slut for her nerdy son and has her first double penetration.

**"Pet Mommy": Creating a Mommy-Slut:** In the prior episode of this series, a mother learns that her son fantasizes about fucking her and, realizing how much he resembles her deceased dominant husband, decides to make his fantasy into a reality... by seducing her son and offering herself as his submissive Pet Mommy

**Summary:**

**Note:** A special thanks goes to Mab7991 for editing this story in 2012 and to Tex Beethoven for giving it another polish in 2019.

## **DP Mommy-Slut!**

I'm sure you've heard the saying about being careful not to awaken a sleeping giant. Well, I awakened the giant both figuratively and literally with my son Michael.

Before I seduced him he'd been a meek, shy and conservative boy who often secretly stroked himself to incest fantasies online. But once he had a taste of my forbidden fruit (peach, not apple), he turned from boy to man, from mouse to lion.

I knew I'd changed our relationship irrevocably that glorious first night when I gave myself to my son unconditionally, offering him the use of all three of my holes. I was still his mother and still loved him as a mother does with unconditional acceptance, but now I also loved him as a lover, as my Master.

In essence I felt like Shelley's Victor Frankenstein: I'd created a monster... oh, but what a beautiful monster it was: eight inches of hard meat and always ready to go... that's right, with a healthy eighteen-year-old's powers of rejuvenation... always.

The morning after the glorious seduction of my son, I woke up to the distinctive feel of a cock tapping my lips. I'm not a morning person and I swatted it away, trying to get a few more minutes of shut-eye, but was startled awake by the stern words of my recently shy son.

"Open your mouth, cock sucker," I heard him demand.

My eyes flew open wide, and I was staring at my son's fully erect eight-inch cock. I attempted to speak, but the instant I opened my mouth, I was silenced by my son shoving his cock into it.

He began slowly fucking my lips as he explained how things were going to be different from now on. "From now on Mommy, you're my pet. You play when I want to play, and unless secrecy or something else in our circumstances dictates otherwise, you obey me all the time. You never let me

have a dog when I was young and desperately wanted one, so I've decided it's time for me to get one."

I hadn't let him get a dog because I'm allergic to them, but it was impossible to argue my case with his big cock in my mouth. I was also surprised by his talking about getting a pet at the same time he was slowly pumping his cock in and out of my mouth... until he completed his thought.

"Do you know what kind of pet I want, Mommy?" he asked, taking his hard rod out of my mouth.

Gazing up lovingly at his stern countenance, hungry to get his cock back between my lips, but even more desirous of learning his wishes so I could fulfill them I replied, "What kind do you want, Michael?"

He chuckled softly as he filled my mouth once again with his lovely cock. "*You* will be my pet, Mom, my pet puppy."

My eyes went wide at his certainty, but of course I was unable to say anything with my mouth full.

He continued to explain. "This bed will now be our bed, we'll sleep in it together, and I expect all three of your fuck holes to be available to me at all times."

Hearing my mild son saying fuck holes was both shocking and a complete turn-on. Taking in his dominant, man-in-charge attitude had gotten my cunt wet. I was now wide awake and ready to be fucked.

"So starting today, panties are a no-no at all times, all your nylons will continue to be stockings or thigh highs (you good girl for already doing that), and you may only wear a bra while you're out in public," he said, continuing to scaffold the expectations of our new Dom-sub relationship.

"Fuck, do I love my cock in your mouth, Mommy," he moaned, before adding, "you look so fucking hot sucking my cock."

I moaned what I intended to be a thank you.

He asked, already able to read my mind, "Is Mommy horny?"

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and placed his hand against my wet, still-naked-from-last-night cunt and smiled, "Oh, my Mommy *is* horny."

"Please Michael, fuck Mommy," I moaned as he flicked my clit with his finger.

"I don't know," he said, "you swatted it away quite rudely when I first offered it to you."

"S-s-sorry, Master," I stammered. "I was still asleep, and I didn't know what was going on."

He shoved his cock back in my mouth and began fucking my face faster. With each of his thrusts all of his eight delicious inches filled my mouth and I could feel his balls bouncing off my chin. The incestuous act was so naughty and wrong, which made it so naughty and right.

I concentrated on not gagging as he roughly used my mouth for his personal pleasure, and I was soon rewarded with his warm salty seed coating my throat. He held still as he shot his load and I took over the action, bobbing back and forth, lavishly extracting any last remnants of my son's cum.

Finally pulling his cock out of my mouth, he shifted from dominant to apologetic. "Sorry Mom, I just couldn't resist."

Licking the last little drop of cum from the head of his cock, I smiled, my cunt already alive and hungry, "Like I told you last night Master, you never need to apologize; I'm always happy to serve you in any way you please."

"It still seems weird," he said, looking down at me.

"What seems weird?" I asked, surprised by his sudden change right after he'd fucked my face with wild abandon.

"All of this," he said, bewildered.

"It didn't seem weird last night when you were using my face as your personal cum canvas," I pointed out.

"It's just... I mean..." my genius son struggled to form a complete sentence as he tried to rationalize the shift in our relationship.

I interrupted him and took charge, "Michael, I am still your mother and you are still my son."

"Yes, but..." he began, but I sat up and interrupted him again.

"Shhhh, baby, your Mother is talking right now, not your slut," I said, putting my finger to his lips. I continued, moving to his ear, "And I still love you like a mother loves a son. I'm still going to care for you like a mother cares for her son. But now I also love you as a lover, as a very well-equipped, attentive and dominant lover."

I removed my finger from his lips, nibbling teasingly on his ear as I squeezed his stiff cock.

He stammered, a mixture of bewilderment and growing horniness, "But you're my Mother."

"Whom you just face-fucked, rather aggressively I might add, and I loved it. Your balls were bouncing off my chin like it was a hardwood floor and they were basketballs," I pointed out, my tongue swirling in his ear.

"I don't know what got into me; I woke up horny like I always do, and remembering last night turned something on inside me and before I knew it, my cock was tapping your lips," he explained through soft moans.

"I know what got into *me*," I whispered, my left hand squeezing his ready-to-go-again cock before adding, "which is also what Mommy now wants slamming into her wet cunt. And don't look now, but your Mother has just gone off duty and your Pet Mommy is back, so you're in charge."

"Oh Mom," he moaned, the dual pleasure of my mouth nibbling on his ear and my hand stroking his cock distracting him.

"Does my baby want to fuck me?" I asked, gliding my tongue down his neck and to his nipple.

"Aaaah, Mom," he moaned as I took the nipple in my mouth.

I teasingly nibbled his nipple before asking, "Aaaah, Mom, what?"

I moved to the other nipple and replicated the teasing as he stammered, "Are y-y-you sure we should keep doing this?"

Looking up at him, my hand stroking his big hard cock faster, I asked, my lips all pouty and my tone like some talking baby doll, "Does my sonny not want to fuck-y his Mommy?"

"Oh God, Mom," he moaned, his gentle demeanor shifting again to aggressive, like a sexual Hulk, as he forcefully shoved me back down on the bed.

Without another word, he climbed on top of me and slid his cock easily into my warm oasis.

"Oh son, your cock feels so good inside Mommy," I moaned the instant my son's cock filled me. For some inexplicable naughty reason, continually calling him my son and referring to myself as Mommy enhanced my sexual rush. It seemed that the greater my attention on the taboo, the greater the thrill.

He muscled hard, deep thrusts into my heat, which had my whole body striving to match him. "I want to see your breasts, Mommy."

I laughed, as I struggled to pull off the t-shirt I'd worn to bed, "They're called my boobs, baby. Or Mommy has tits, big tits just for my darling son."

"Or jugs," he added, cupping both of my voluptuous tits the second they were available.

"Yes, baby, play with Mommy's jugs," I moaned, another naughty word added to our sinful litany as he took my left nipple in his mouth. My breathing increased as my son kept pumping his cock in my cunt while pleasing my jugs. In only a couple of minutes and way quicker than usual, I could feel the bubbling rise of my orgasmic tide.

Pulling out and hopping backwards, Michael ordered, "On all fours, Mommy. Now."

My hunger both to submit and to come taking control of me, I obeyed without hesitation. I flipped into position, he knee-walked closer behind me and slipped his cock deep inside my pussy, but then stopped moving. I pleaded, desperate for release, "Oh God, Michael, fuck Mommy, please, baby."

"No Mom," he replied, his tone amused, "Fuck yourself on your son's cock."

"Ooooooooooh, you diiirty booooooy," I moaned, as happy again, I began bouncing back on his cock, each time forcing it to fill me completely.

"That's right, fuck yourself, Mommy-slut," he ordered again, slapping my ass.

His calling me Mommy-slut only enhanced the naughty reality of the taboo sin I was committing. My backward thrusts onto my son's missile got faster and harder as I used his cock to get myself off.

"Come, Pet Mommy, come for your new Master," he ordered, understanding my need to be controlled and used.

"Yeeeeeees, Master," I moaned, "thank you, Master, Mommy is so close."

"Now slut," he ordered, "come *now*."

"Aaaaaaaah!" I came on command, my every fibre wanting to be obedient. The orgasm hit me hard and fast, and I collapsed forward.

As I continued to ride out my orgasm, Michael had followed me down to the bed and returned to pounding me hard, and after a couple more minutes I felt him come inside me for the second time this morning.

"Fill me with your cum, baby," I moaned, loving the sensations and emotions of my son exploding inside of me.

Once he was spent, he slipped out and I felt his cum begin leaking out of my freshly fucked cunt.

"I love you, Mom," he said, still collapsed on the bed on top of me and reaching beneath me to shove his hands beneath my boobs and pinch my hard nipples. It hurt, but it was a good pain, even a loving one.

"I love you too, son," I replied, feeling so safe and secure in my son's embrace.

Michael rolled away and I closed my eyes and faded back into slumber, feeling contented and warm in a way I hadn't felt in years.

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When I reawakened, Michael had gone to school and I reflected on what we'd done. Many times in my life, the day after has begun with *Oh my God, I can't believe I did that*, followed by days of anxiety and guilt. Surprisingly, after committing a taboo act so contrary to society's standards, I felt no guilt, no anxiety, just contentment. I still couldn't believe I'd done that, but this time in a really good way.

The rest of the day was busy with several houses to show, and it was almost five before I got home.

Michael and Frederick were playing some video game involving killing and being killed, as usual. Seeing my son through the eyes of a lover made everything appear different. He was no longer my shy, geeky son, but was now a sexy, well-equipped stud whom I loved with all my heart and soul.

I loved him as a son.

I loved him as a lover.

I loved him as the sweet but assertive young man he had become.

I loved him as the dominant Master he was capable of transforming himself into.

I loved him unconditionally, and even after less than one full day, the line between mother and lover was greying and merging into a murky mix of complexity.

I left the boys alone and made supper, even as I craved more of the powerful intimacy of the past twenty-four hours.

I joined the boys briefly to ask, "Is Frederick staying for dinner?"

"If I may, Ms. Lodge," Frederick replied, polite as always.

"Of course, you're always welcome to dinner with us, Frederick," I smiled while giving Michael a quick meaningful look that hopefully signalled I was hoping to have him for a *digestif* after dinner.

During supper, I slipped my heels off and moved my stocking-clad foot under the table between Michael's legs.

At my first touch, Michael gave a surprised little gasp, followed by a slight smirk.

I slowly rubbed his cock through his pants throughout dinner, keeping him distracted, as demonstrated by his lack of completed sentences throughout the meal.

Dinner done, I cleaned up as the boys returned to their video game. Just as I was finishing putting the last dish in the dishwasher, Michael stalked into the kitchen. He paced over to me pantherlike, a devious grin on his face. He unzipped his pants, pulled out his stiff hot-and-ready cock and pointed at it. "Get sucking, Mommy."

"But Frederick is in the next room," I protested, surprised by his lack of caution.

"Was I asking your opinion?" he asked, placing his hands on my shoulders. Like a good little submissive, I allowed myself to be guided onto my knees. Thankfully, my kitchen island would block our act of incest if Frederick happened to walk in unannounced. My cunt was burning with hunger as I took his cock in my mouth and hungrily bobbed back and forth on it. I was on a quest to get him off quickly, the fear of getting caught in an act of incest enhancing the thrill.

He moaned softly as I frantically devoured his cock like a cheap porn slut. "Fuck Mommy, you're such a great cock sucker."

I moaned on his cock in agreement, as my left hand reached under my dress to my naked cunt (no panties of course, since my Master had declared them *verboden*) and began rubbing myself.

He continued speaking. "I bet if I told you to crawl out there like a puppy dog and suck Frederick's cock, you'd do it, wouldn't you Mommy-slut?"

The thought of outing myself like that terrified me, but the thought of obeying him to such an extreme turned me on even more, so once again I moaned and nodded my head vigorously in the affirmative as I continued to suck on his cock furiously.

"Such a fucking slut," he moaned, getting close. "You do know Frederick wants to fuck you? I know he jerks off thinking about you all the time. Do you want to fuck my friend, Mommy?"

Another moan, not so much in agreement to the question, but to the increasing pleasure I was giving myself with my hand, although the news that I was an eighteen-year-old's stroke fantasy added to the turn-on.

Seconds later my mouth was filled with my son's sticky seed, and I relished every drop as I worked to suck him dry.

Pulling out his cock, he looked sternly down at me and ordered, "Don't come, Mommy, I'll finish you later."

He tapped my nose with his cock as I stopped touching myself just seconds before an orgasm. He wrangled his cock back into his pants and I'd just stood up when Frederick entered the kitchen. I

silently thanked the Fates that my Master had allowed me to swallow this time instead of giving me a facial.

"Dude, what's taking so long?" he asked.

"I just had to help mom with a full load," he replied smoothly as he closed the dishwasher, even though the naughty implication was obvious to me and had my cheeks turning red.

"Dude, I'm dying on my own," Frederick complained as if the video game was real life and death.

Adding to the innuendo, the thought of fucking Frederick in my head, I quipped, "Sorry Frederick, but Michael needs to do his chores, which include unloading daily."

Michael laughed and Frederick looked confused, wondering what was so funny.

Soon I was alone with the sweet aftertaste of my son's cum lingering in my mouth, a constant reminder of my submissive position, and hungry for more.

I was upstairs on my laptop a couple hours later when Michael came into my room and asked, "Did Mommy obey me and not come?"

Closing my laptop, I placed it on the nightstand and turned to answer, "Yes Master, Mommy was a good girl."

"Does she want to be a bad girl?" he asked, moving to the bed.

"I can be whatever my big boy wants me to be," I purred, ready for utter submission.

He smiled and after a few seconds he replied, "Hold that thought, I have an idea."

"I just bet you do," I retorted playfully, getting down on all fours.

"Mommy, do you like role playing?" he asked.

"Sure," I smiled, crawling closer to him. "Last night I really enjoyed playing the horny Mother who becomes a dirty slut for her innocent, virginal son."

"I liked that one too," he smiled, before adding, "I plan on playing that scenario over and over and over again. Leaving out the innocent and virginal bits, of course."

I reached for his concealed weapon and purred, "You'd better not be teasing Mommy."

He put his finger to my lips. "Shhhh, Mommy. I *am* teasing you and I'm about to do it some more. I want you to check your closet and figure out how best to dress like a teacher with what's there, is that clear?"

I nodded in agreement as his finger remained on my lips.

"Good Mommy," he smiled, adding, "I'll be downstairs setting things up. Come down when you're ready."

I watched him stride out, impressed by his self-control (I was pretty much throwing myself at him) and his assertiveness (he was quickly transitioning into his new role as cock of the house).

I got off the bed and pondered how a teacher would dress. I decided to dress conservatively on the outside but sexy underneath.

I kept on my black thigh highs, discarded my bra (I'd been allowed to wear the bra this evening since Frederick was in the house, although panties had now become a garment of the past 24/7 no matter what) and put on a pencil skirt and blue blouse. I arranged my hair in a bun to add to the teacher look before finishing my preparations by removing my contacts and donning my seldom-worn glasses. Looking in the mirror, I thought I looked more like a librarian than a teacher, but it should do.

I went downstairs and was surprised that Michael wasn't in the kitchen or the living room. I called out, "Michael, where are you?"

He called back, "I'm in your classroom, Ms. Lodge."

That must mean my home office, as that was where his voice was coming from. I went into my office and was surprised to see he'd set up my desk in a different way and created a mock desk for himself out of a small table and a chair. My desk even had an apple on it... and a banana, strangely enough.

Realizing we were already role playing and acting out some naughty fantasy of my son's, I walked over to my desk and demurely sat on top of it, legs crossed, the tops of my thigh high stockings just barely visible. (Okay, kind of demurely.)

I began the role-playing scenario by saying, "Good morning class." That's what any teacher would say for openers, so it should work.

"Good morning, Ms. Lodge," my lone student replied, staring quite obviously at my stocking-clad legs.

"So where did we leave off yesterday?" I asked, cuing my son to control the scenario.

"You were discussing the underlying incestuous plot of Hamlet and his mother," he smiled.

I replied, trying to remember a play I hadn't read in twenty years, "Well to continue, there have been many Shakespearian experts who point out there is plenty of naughty innuendo about an incestuous relationship between the two."

"Isn't that wrong?" Michael asked.

Dangling my heel from my left foot, I answered, "Well, society tells us it's wrong."

Michael stood up and asked, "But do *you* think it is wrong, Ms. Lodge?"

"I'm not one to judge," I answered, being professionally unbiased and non-committal.

"But in your personal opinion?" Michael pushed, just as my heel fell to the hardwood floor with a thud.

"Well, throughout history, incest has actually been pretty common, particularly among royal families such as the Habsburgs," I began lecturing, opening the door for my smiling student.

He knelt on the floor and instead of retrieving my heel for me, he took my stocking-clad foot in his hands.



"Michael, what are you doing?" I asked, feigning displeasure.

"Just giving you a foot massage, Ms. Lodge," he answered as he began massaging my foot.

I stammered, "I don't think that's very appropriate, young man: I'm your teacher. If you continued, what would we do if your mother found out, for instance."

Ignoring my protest, Michael replied obliquely, "Speaking of whom, you know you look a lot like my Mother, Ms. Lodge."

"Michael, please stop this," I protested.

Instead he said, "Shhhh, Ms. Lodge, I know exactly what my teacher needs."

"Michael, enough," I objected, standing up and huffing, "*I am your teacher.*"

Michael also stood up and spun me around and unzipped my skirt as he said, "Yes you are Ms. Lodge, and you're also one hot fucking MILF."

I again feigned taking offense. "Please stop this, Michael," as my skirt fell to the floor.

"My, my, my, teacher, you aren't even wearing panties. Only sluts go without panties, Ms. Lodge," he purred, bending me over the desk.

I let out a surprised yelp as I once again protested, trying to sound adamant, "Michael, stop it this instant!"

"Shut up, Ms. Lodge," he said firmly. "Dressing like a slut all this time, going without a bra, teasing me with those big tits swaying around under your blouses, you've obviously wanted this for a long time."

I whimpered as I continued playing the helpless victim even as I felt something cold penetrating me from behind. "Nooooooooo!"

"Your mouth says no, but your wet cunt with the banana in it says yes, yes, yes," Michael smirked, as he pumped the slippery yellow fruit in and out of my undeniably wet box.

"Oh God," I moaned, as the orgasm I'd been forced to delay earlier began to bubble back to the surface.

"You like that, Ms. Lodge?" he asked as he stopped pumping, but with my pussy still filled with banana.

"Yes... I mean, no," I stammered, caught between the conflicting desires of continuing to resist in my role of teacher, or just giving in to my own very real carnal impulses.

He left the banana in my pussy as he strolled around the end of my desk to the other side and facing me, undid his pants. "Is teacher hungry?" he asked, releasing his firm cock.

Distracted by my own hunger to come, I moaned, "Famished."

"Beg for my cock, Ms. Lodge," he ordered, holding his cock inches away from my salivating mouth.

Giving in to my craving and to my submission, I begged, "Please Michael, let me teach your cock how to come."

"Teach away," he quipped, offering it to me.

I climbed up onto my hands and knees on my desk, the banana still inside me, as I took his cock into my mouth. Wanting him in my cunt, I teased him this time, using my mouth like an ocean of pleasure. I swirled my tongue around his mushroom top, I teased him relentlessly, but not allowing him any more than a slow build.

A few minutes of this cock-sucking teasing and Michael finally spoke. "You dress like a tease Ms. Lodge, and you suck cock like a whore. I think it's obvious that you want your student's cock to fuck your pussy, don't you Ms. Lodge?"

Looking up to him eagerly, I replied seductively, "Yes, Michael, please fuck your teacher's cunt. I've wanted you for so long."

He ordered, "Remain in place, Ms. Lodge."

I obeyed, remaining on my hands and knees on the desk and waiting for him to walk back around the desk and for my craving to be filled.

"Good girl, you're a very obedient teacher, Ms. Lodge," he said, patting my ass condescendingly. "Ever take a cock in your ass, Ms. Lodge?"

Back into acting mode, in real life he'd plugged my back door just last night after I'd almost begged him to, I pleaded with false fervour, "No, Michael, never that! Please shove that big cock in your teacher's cunt instead."

He chuckled as he rubbed his cockhead at my puckered back door. Even though I feigned resistance, the anticipation of his cock once more in my ass was delicious. He slowly pushed forward, penetrating my pucker and I whimpered, still playing the teacher and not the naughty Mommy-slut who craved his cock back in my ass, "Oh God, Michael, not there. That's way too nasty!"

"Your ass is letting me in pretty easily, Ms. Lodge," he pointed out as he slowly filled my back door.

"You're filling me so fuuuuuull," I whimpered, truthfully this time, as my being bent over and the banana still in my pussy made the sensation of his large cock in my ass feel even more intense.

"You like that, Ms. Lodge?" he asked, undoing my bun and grabbing a fistful of my hair.

"Nooooooo," I moaned, the need I felt for him apparent in my moan, saying the opposite of the actual word.

"You're such a fucking liar, Ms. Lodge," he accused, pulling painfully on my hair. "You fucking love it, the body doesn't lie."

"Please stop doing this," I protested weakly, as I felt his hips pressing solidly against me, his cock firmly inside my ass.

"Sure, why not?" he agreed, "I'll just stand here with my cock buried in your poop chute."

For a long moment he stood there filling my ass with his perfect cock, all the while reaching around and wiggling the banana in my pussy. Finally, desperate to be fucked hard like I craved, I... both teacher and Pet Mommy... gave in and whimpered, "Please."

"Please what, Ms. Lodge?" he asked, still not moving at all.

"Please fuck me," I begged.

"Fuck you where, Ms. Lodge?" he questioned.

Giving in completely, I'm sure like he'd fantasized some teacher doing many times, I admitted, "My ass, dammit, I need you to fuck your teacher's tight ass."

"Oooooohhh," he moaned, beginning to pump his cock in and out of me.

My hunger to come had been simmering for so long, it took only a few strokes before I was pleading, "Harder Michael, please fuck my ass harder."

He obliged, and as his thrusts slammed into me, I held onto the corners of my desk for support. "Oh God, yes, fuck my ass, you big-dicked stud," I moaned, encouraging him to increase his forceful aggression.

"You like that, teach? You like your student's cock in your ass?" he demanded, his tone dripping with smugness.

"Oh yes, Michael, make teacher your slut, make me your ass-slut," I confirmed, my orgasm on the rise.

"I'm going to fuck you every day after class, Ms. Lodge," he said, continuing to slam into me from behind.

"I'm all yours, Michael," I whimpered, before adding, "I'm going to come soon, please tell me that's ok."

"Are you going to come from getting your ass fucked on your desk, Ms. Lodge?" he tormented my teacher character, I'm sure loving the idea of humiliating one of his real teachers.

"Yes, your cock fits so perfectly in my ass, baby," I complimented, seconds away from utopia.

"Then come, Ms. Lodge, come like the slutty teacher you are," he demanded, as he yanked back on my hair, pulling my head back.

Almost instantly my orgasm shivered, quaked and exploded through me and I screamed, "Ooooooooooooooh Michael, I'm coooooooooooming."

He grunted seconds later, "Me too," as my juices flooded out of me with such force the makeshift banana cock was propelled out of me and onto the floor as my son's cum filled my ass.

Exhausted himself, he collapsed onto my back and held onto me as I continued to tremble from the pleasure he'd just given me.

He finally pulled out of my ass and turned me around. I smiled, "And, my dear boy, who were you really pretending to fuck while you fucked your Mommy's ass?"

He blushed, just like he had when his confidence had faded last night right after he'd come in me for the first time and then felt guilty. "No one," he whispered.

"Tell Mommy, is there a teacher you want to fuck?"

"Maybe," he admitted, not making eye contact.

"Michael, I raised you to look a woman in the eye when you're talking to her," I said, back in Mother mode.

"S-s-sorry," he apologized, looking into my eyes.

"Don't be sorry son, be strong. I need a strong man to be in control, and not just in the bedroom, but in my life," I explained, before adding, but first kissing him softly, "*You* are that man. Besides, you should know by now I won't judge you."

"Ok," he said, kissing me back with more force.

Breaking the kiss, I asked, "So is there a teacher you want to fuck?"

"Yes," he admitted, "Ms. Hughes."

"Your English teacher," I smiled, before adding, "That explains a lot."

He shrugged, "It's just an unreachable fantasy."

"So was fucking your Mother before last night," I pointed out.

He laughed, "That's true."

"And what is less likely, plugging your Mother's ass in her office, or getting your pretty young teacher onto all fours?" I asked, making it more simple than it was. Last night, I'd been the one putting the moves on him, at least at first.

"Well, when you put it that way," he smiled.

"I'm not saying you should throw her over her desk like a savage caveman, but nothing is impossible," I pointed out, lowering myself back onto my knees.

Looking down at me, my son asked, "So you think getting into Ms. Hughes' panties might be possible?"

I shrugged, "Maybe, especially if she learns how big her smartest student is."

"Mmmmmmm," he moaned as I took his cock back in my mouth, cleaning it off with my saliva, hoping for another good fucking fairly soon.

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Michael became insatiable. After the first couple days of taboo mother-son sex, he couldn't get enough of me. He continued sleeping in bed with me, and he could never get enough Mommy loving. It was like a child getting full access to a candy store, but this candy was his Mommy.

Over the next couple of weeks Michael and I played many different role-playing games. I was a nurse reviving a patient; I was a police officer interrogating a suspect; I was a queen disciplining a

peasant. They were all fun, and they greatly expanded our repertoire of sexual positions.

Michael surprised me in early May with a naughty twist to our already kinky Submissive-Dom relationship. By now Michael had comfortably fit into the role of Dom and no longer had bouts of guilt, although he was still insecure at school with girls his own age, and he hadn't attempted anything at all towards wooing his cute teacher. In our house it was clear he was the man and I was the slut. Well, almost always: sometimes I had to step up to the plate and be his Mother.

I'd come home from work exhausted from four straight showings. Michael and Frederick were in their usual spots, playing video games.

Michael called out, "Mom, can you get Frederick and me a couple of cokes?"

"Sure, honey," I replied, knowing full well Michael's intent. Last night after depositing a load of his salty seed down my throat, he'd suggested that I tease Frederick the next time he was over.

I took a moment to remove my bra and stuff it in a drawer, undid a couple of extra buttons, grabbed a couple of glasses, poured some coke into each, added some ice and sauntered out like their maid.

After handing Michael his drink without any fanfare, I sauntered over to Frederick and bent down, allowing him a very generous up-close-and-personal look into my ample cleavage. He wouldn't be able to say he'd seen my bra this time, I was fairly sure he could see my nipples.

Lingering there way longer than necessary, I asked, my voice all flirty, "Can I get you anything else, Frederick?"

He stammered, "N-n-no."

"That's too bad," I purred, placing my hands on his legs very near his crotch to push myself up. From start to finish, his eyes hadn't wandered for an instant from my cleavage. Or at least I think it was cleavage: if your blouse gapes open enough that a guy can pretty much see your entire boobs, is it still called cleavage?

I returned to the kitchen, a big smile on my face and a tingle down below from my naughty flirtation.

A couple minutes later, I decided to tease Frederick some more.

I returned to the living room and lifted my heel with a buckle strap onto the couch. "Michael baby, could you unbuckle Mommy's shoe?"

He smiled knowingly, "Sure, Mom."

As he took his time unbuckling the strap of my heel, I positioned myself so the tops of my stockings were clearly visible to the young Frederick.

Just as Michael got my shoe unbuckled, I sighed dramatically, "Damn stockings, this garter-belt doesn't hold them up at all." I kept my foot on the couch directly in front of Frederick, who was almost drooling at the sight, and adjusted my stocking.

I slipped my shoe off and offered my son my other foot as I said, winking at Frederick playfully, "The things woman have to wear to please men."

Once Michael had unbuckled my second shoe, I asked, again with a tone of soft playful banter, "Can I get you two studs anything else?"

"No, we're fine," Michael replied, a devious smirk on his face and a confident look in his eyes as he glanced at his rattled friend.

I returned to the kitchen and was just beginning supper when Michael came into the kitchen.

He arrived behind me, reached under my skirt and slid a finger inside my wet pussy. "Did you like teasing my friend?"

I shrugged and turned it back on him asking playfully, but not meaning it, "Why? Does my big boy want me to fuck his friend?"

"Maybe I do. Would my slut Mommy like to take another virgin's cherry?" he asked, turning it back on me again.

At the time I thought we were just sharing some harmless playful banter, so I answered, "I'd fuck his brains out."

He yanked his finger out of me and my skirt fell back into place just as Frederick walked into the kitchen.

Michael said, "Thanks Mom, we'll make sure that happens."

"What happens?" a clueless Frederick asked.

Michael informed both of us. "We're going to have our own prom."

"We are?" Frederick asked, surprised by the suggestion.

"Yes, we are," Michael repeated, before revealing his plan. "You and I will go out for supper at Welton's and then come back here for a marathon evening of Call of Duty."

"That's brilliant," Frederick said.

Welton's is a five-star, two-hour meal type of place, and hard to get reservations, but I knew the owner personally, having sold her two houses. I pointed out, "If you're going to have your own prom, we'll need to rent you guys a couple of tuxes."

"It's done, then," Michael said with finality. "We'll create our own prom."

"Rad," Frederick agreed excitedly.

"And Mom will chauffeur us around, won't you Mom?" he asked.

"Of course, son," I replied, obediently, "it'll be fun to see you studs dressed so sexy. I can be the lucky gal dating you two studs at your own prom."

Frederick's face went red at that, and I pushed it even a shade further when I added, walking over to a bewildered Frederick, "Plus? There's something so sexy about a handsome boy in a tux: that really gets me revved up."

I winked saucily at Frederick and disappeared upstairs, leaving Frederick with a pretty impressive tent in his trousers.

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That night as Michael fucked me in the ass, his favorite before-bedtime activity, he asked, as my increasing moans of ecstasy told him my orgasm was on the rise, "Will Mommy obey every order I give her?"

I moaned without hesitation, loving to do whatever my son ordered me to do, "Oh God yes, I'm yours to do with as you please."

His strong hands grabbed my hips and held me in place, his perfect cock deep in my ass. "You will do whatever I say?" he asked again.

"Fuck Michael, yes, whatever you want, always," I replied, frustrated at being denied the hard fucking I was craving.

As he began fucking me again, Michael asked, "We were kind of kidding around in the kitchen tonight, but now I'm asking you a serious question: would you like to take Frederick's virginity?"

I moaned, his cock feeling so good pumping in and out of my ass, "Is that what my big boy wants? Does he want his Pet Mommy to fuck his friend?"

"Now that you ask, that's exactly what I want you to do," my son informed me, his tone not nearly as playful as mine.

I looked him in the eye the best I could, since I was on all fours and his hands were firmly on my hips as he continued fucking my back door. "Are you actually serious, Michael?"

"Deadly," he smiled, revealing his plan to me. "We're going to have our own prom, which will include what usually happens on prom night."

"Dancing?" I quipped, trying to be funny.

"Nope. Fucking," Michael countered, smacking my ass.

"You've put some thought into this already," I smiled, the naughty ideas in my son's dirty mind both exciting me and scaring me.

"You ever been double penetrated, Mommy?" he asked, as casual as if he were asking if I'd ever been to Europe.

He slammed into my ass and remained there, his big cock lodged deep in my ass. I moaned, "No, that would be a first for me."

"Ever fantasized about it?" he questioned.

"Of course, baby," I replied, wiggling my ass, trying to entice him back into fucking me.

"You'll obey whatever I order you to do, Mommy-slut?" he asked again as he gave me one quick, hard, in and out.

"Fuuuuck, yes," I screamed, adding, "I *will* fuck Frederick, baby, if that's what you want."

"Good slut," Michael said before returning to pounding me from behind.

By now the idea of becoming a slut for my son's best friend was getting me really excited. I moaned, "Oh yes, baby, please let Mommy be a slut for Frederick."

"You may come now, Mommy," he grunted as I felt his sticky seed explode in my ass.

I obeyed, letting the rising tide flood over me, the sexy thought of being a virgin taker for the second time washing through my mind.

Pulling out, his white spunk leaking out of my well-fucked ass, he collapsed onto the bed beside me and looked me in the eye. "I'm serious, I want you to let Frederick fuck you."

"I understand and I agree," I acknowledged weakly as I gradually recovered from my orgasm. "Do you want him to learn you're a Mother-fucker?"

"I don't know yet, but I think so. It's a fucking amazing secret, and I'm dying to tell someone," he said, my shy nerdy Michael surfacing again.

"I do have a career to protect," I pointed out. "And you wouldn't want it to get around your school."

"I know," Michael said, contemplating my words.

After a couple minutes of silence, Michael promised, "I've got it covered, Mommy."

He wrapped his arms around me and even though the thought of the truth coming out scared me, I trusted him unconditionally.

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Prom was May 14<sup>th</sup> and as Michael had promised, he'd come up with a plan. I was just finishing smoothing on my mocha thigh highs, when Michael came into our bedroom dressed in a tux, looking hot as Hell, the spitting image of his father. Although I'd always thought my son was handsome, the tux moved him to a different level. He was downright sexy. He came up behind me, squeezed my ass possessively and said confidently, "So... I've decided what I'll expect from you tonight, Mommy."

I turned around in just my bra and thigh highs and asked, my hand reaching for his cock, "And what would that be, sexy?"

"At the restaurant, I want you to flirt excessively with Frederick under the table," he replied.

"Hmmmmm," I said.

He smiled, putting his hands on my shoulders and guiding me down to my very regular submissive position.

Without instructions, I retrieved his cock from his trousers and stroked him gently. "You're such a very naughty boy to whore your Mother out like this," I teased, before asking, "May I have an appetizer to get me in the mood?"

"Of course," he smirked, as I opened my mouth and took his cock in my mouth.



Knowing time was of the essence before we'd have to leave, I bobbed back and forth hungrily, eager to taste his addictive seed. As I sucked his cock like a dirty slut, Michael continued explaining his plans for me. "Then I want you to give Frederick a hand job."

I stopped sucking and took my son's eight inches of meat out of my mouth and asked, "Really? At the restaurant?"

"Yes," he said, adding, "Until he comes."

"How am I supposed to make that happen?" I asked, unable to fathom how I could accomplish such a daring task with such a shy boy.

"That's for you to figure out, Mommy-slut," Michael smirked, "now get back to work."

Over the past two weeks, Michael had become more dominant and his expectations of me had steadily increased. The line between son and Dom no longer fazed him, and his treatment of me had become bolder. Acknowledging my role in this power shift and pleased by it, I didn't argue but simply replied, "Yes, Master," and took his cock back in my mouth.

As I went for the kill, Michael continued, "Lastly, I trust Frederick and I know he can keep our dirty little secret. So not only will you take Frederick's virginity, but tonight you'll also receive your first double penetration."

The thought of Frederick's knowing scared me, yet the thought of my giving Michael unconditional control over me was exhilarating. I continued my furious assault on his cock and was rewarded with a load of my son's sweet seed, plus getting double penetrated had always been a fantasy of mine, one that Michael now was obsessed with ever since our earlier conversations on the subject.

Once I'd swallowed every last drop, I allowed his cock to slip out of my mouth and asked from my submissive position, "You're absolutely certain you can trust Frederick?"

"Do you trust me?" Michael asked, as he tucked his cock away for the time being.

"Of course, with all my heart and soul; you own me, Michael," I replied, meaning every word.

"Then trust me in this," he smiled, helping me to my feet. "I love you and I won't ever do anything to hurt you."

He kissed me passionately, like two lovers would do. It was soft and tender yet contained the fierce passion of a young couple in love.

Twenty-five minutes later we all arrived at the restaurant. It was obvious that Frederick was obsessed with my very generous display of cleavage as he continually took quick glances, which he thought were sly and discreet but were anything but. We were seated, and I surprised Frederick when I told him to "Slide over, good looking," and sat beside him instead of the obvious choice, my son.

"Kkkkk," he said, his face flushing both at my compliment and my hand on his leg as I sat down, pretending to use it for balance.

"Thanks, sweetie," I smiled, sitting down and giving his leg a friendly squeeze before removing my hand.

"N-n-no problem," he stammered, adorably flustered.

I ordered a bottle of wine; yes, they were underage, but when you know the owner, such trivialities can be overlooked. I was hoping the wine would help, both by providing an excuse for what was about to happen, and also to relax me a bit, as the task at hand was still a bit nerve-wracking.

Once we'd ordered our meals, I made a toast, "To the best prom ever."

The boys concurred and after clinking glasses, they each drank their wine and each made that first time tasting red wine face, and then tried to hide it... all of which was hilarious.

As we ate our salads a few minutes later, our first glasses of wine almost done, I placed my hand on Frederick's leg again, this time keeping it there. His eyes went big as he tried to process what I was doing. Michael smiled knowingly.

I chatted with my son casually as my hand slowly crept towards his best friend's cock. I was worried Frederick would pass out, as he was holding his breath.

Amused by Frederick's bewilderment, I boldly placed my hand directly onto his fully erect, and impressively sized, cock. He let out a gasp.

Michael asked, "You ok, Frederick?"

"Y-y-yes, f-f-fine," Frederick stammered as my hand continued resting on his cock.

Entertaining myself, I added, the innuendo obvious to us all, "So Frederick, what's up?"

"W-w-what?" he stammered, as I began rubbing his cock through his pants.

The waiter arrived with our main course, not ending poor Frederick's focused attention, since my motionless hand still lingered there, a constant tease.

Once our meals were placed before us, I gave Frederick one final squeeze before returning my hand to the table. We ate mostly in silence, each of us thinking different, yet similar thoughts.

I gave Michael a nod as we finished eating our dinners and accepting my cue he said, "I need to go to the washroom."

Seconds after my son was gone, I went to work. I returned my hand to Frederick's cock and after giving it a firm squeeze, I unzipped his pants. "Frederick dear, is it ok if I get some dessert from you?"

"M-M-Ms. Lodge?" he stammered again, overwhelmed by my suggestion.

"Yes?" I smiled, fishing out his fully erect cock from his trousers, which were still fastened at the top.

"W-w-what are y-y-you doing, Ms. L-L-Lodge?" Frederick stuttered, looking around, probably for some morality squad to show up and begin condemning us in loud voices.

Sitting in the back of the restaurant like we were, no one could see my hand stroking his cock. "Just whipping up some dessert, baby," I purred.

"Oh God," he moaned, watching me with frozen delight.

"Do you find me sexy, Frederick?" I asked, demurely.

"S-s-sexy? Y-y-you? Y-y-yes," he moaned.

"Would you like me to suck your cock later on, baby?" I purred as I continued stroking his cock.

"W-w-what?" he gasped at my shocking question.

Ignoring his rhetorical question, I continued, "Or would you rather fuck me?"

"Aaaaah," he groaned a moment later and I felt his warm liquid coating my hand as I continued pumping his throbbing cock.

"Hmmm, I'll take that nice warm rainfall as a yes, baby," I smiled, as I released his cock and brought my hand to my mouth. He watched in stunned silence as I licked all his cum up and swallowed it. "Hmmm, delicious, I think I may need a bedtime snack later tonight. You do provide refills, don't you?"

"I-I-I," he babbled.

Becoming the slut my son wanted me to be, I went even further than he'd instructed as I said, "Ohhhh, I missed some." I bent down below the tabletop and swallowed Frederick's big cock in one quick deep throat before just as quickly sitting back up. "Fuck, baby, you must have to beat the girls off with a stick with such a sweet cock."

Before he could reply, Michael returned to the table and asked, seeing my devious smile, "Did I miss anything?"

"Oh, no," I purred, "I was just getting to know your best friend a bit better." I glanced down and saw Frederick awkwardly putting his cock away.

"Really?" Michael said, "What did you learn?"

"That's my delicious little secret," I quipped, at which Frederick gasped.

Frederick stammered, "I-I-I have to go the washroom."

I stood up in the aisle so he could slide out of the booth, giving his ass a sly squeeze as he lurched past me.

He let out another gasp and was gone, and I burst out laughing.

"Obviously you completed task one," Michael deduced.

Still laughing, I reported, "The looks on his face were well worth the price of admission."

"I bet they were," my son smiled before adding, "By the way, I think you have a little leftover dessert on your chin."

Moving my hand to my chin, I felt a bit of overlooked Frederick goo, which got me laughing again as I retrieved the final remaining evidence and sucked it into my mouth.

When Frederick returned, Michael and I immediately stood up and I said, my innuendo playful and full of promise, "Well my virile prom dates, let's go home and share some yummy dessert."

We drove home, and the boys chatted randomly as I contemplated the upcoming DP my son was planning for me. Mostly I was excited, the thought of two cocks filling me simultaneously was a fantasy of mine (although not one I'd ever anticipated becoming a reality), yet I still worried that allowing another person to learn of my intimate relationship with my son was risky.

I pulled into the driveway and my son quipped, "Let's go continue our very special prom."

Frederick joked, "You make it sound like some made for TV after school special."

"Well, it will be special," I added, my tone dripping with sexual innuendo.

"Promises, promises," Michael quipped.

As I opened my car door, I winked subtly to Frederick, "It's already been a special night, hasn't it, Frederick?"

Frederick's face again went tomato-coloured as he stammered, "Y-y-yes, Ms. Lodge."

While we waited for Michael to unlock the door, I sidled up to Frederick and whispered, "Frederick, please call me Betty now, especially after all we've shared together." I slyly squeezed his cock briefly before entering the house.

Frederick stood paralyzed as Michael opened the front door for me like a proper gentleman.

Once we were in the house, I went into the kitchen and poured three glasses of wine as Frederick, still stunned, joined Michael and me. I walked over to the bewildered horny teenager and handed him a drink. Grabbing mine, as Michael grabbed his, I proposed, "A toast... to a prom to remember."

We all clinked, and Frederick drank almost his entire glass in a single swallow.

I asked, "So what are you two sexy studs going to do now?"

"Probably play some Call of Duty like we planned," Michael shrugged.

"Well, go play while I fix you two sexy studs some snacks," I suggested.

The boys left, and I made a big plate of appetizers as the set-up continued. I joined the boys in the living room and like I had before, I made sure to bend directly in front of Frederick so he could take a good long look into my cleavage. Not braless this time, I was saving some things for later.

"Shit Frederick, what are you doing?" Michael asked, even though he knew exactly what his friend was doing, staring at his mother's tits.

"W-w-what?" Frederick stammered, turning back to the game to see that he'd just been killed.

"Sorry, sexy," I shrugged, and asked, "But since you're dead, could you be a dear and unbuckle my shoes? My feet are killing me."

"S-s-sure," the adorable boy, so out of his league, stammered, as I rested my foot on the coffee table.

"Mom, move your ass, it's in my way," Michael complained.

I turned, wiggled it in his face and quipped, "Is this better?"

Michael surprised Frederick with some audacity for the first time as he smiled, "Actually Mommy, that's much better."

Meanwhile, Frederick had moved his hands, shaking noticeably, to my shoe and was awkwardly unbuckling it. Once he was done, I switched feet and he removed my other shoe. Both shoes off, I stood up, stretched towards the ceiling like that other evening, allowing my breasts once again to become the focus of attention before saying, "Thanks darling, I owe you one."

I collapsed on the couch beside the stunned teen and watched the two resume their game. I positioned myself so my feet were on the coffee table and stretched out so my dress rode up enough to show the tops of my stockings and a bit of skin.

Frederick continued taking quick glances at my legs as he attempted to focus on the game.

Finally, I complained, "Guys, this is boring. It's time to make this more like a proper prom."

Frederick asked, still unable to pry his eyes away from my legs. "How?"

Standing up, I announced, "We should dance."

"I don't dance," both boys said in unison.

I went to the stereo, put on a sappy ballad, then returned and grabbed Frederick's hands and pulled him up. I smiled, "Every boy should get at least one prom night slow dance with a hot girl," I said, before fishing, "Unless you studs don't think I'm hot?"

Frederick looked to Michael for help, but Michael just chuckled teasingly, "Go ahead, tell my Mom what you say about her when she isn't around."

Frederick's face went red.

I asked playfully, "What *do* you say, Freddy?"

Michael, setting up the alone time I needed to finish the easiest seduction ever, acted all concerned all of a sudden, "Oh crap, I left my wallet at the restaurant."

"You did?" I asked, turning towards him, my ass slyly brushing against the protrusion in Frederick's pants.

"Yes, I remember setting it down on the table before we left, and I don't have it now," he lied.

"Well, you'd better go back and get it," I suggested.

"Sorry Frederick, will you be alright till I get back?" Michael asked.

I answered for him, my ass moving back to make firm contact with Frederick to signal my intentions. "Don't worry Michael, I'll take very good care of your friend."

"You do that," Michael replied, Frederick oblivious to the full breadth of our plan.

Michael left and I turned around and smiled, "Now... where were we? Oh yes, your slow dance."

I pulled the befuddled teenager into me, his face literally inches away from my big breasts as we danced, if you could call it that.

A couple minutes of slow close dancing and I leaned into his ear and asked, "Are you a virgin, Frederick?"

He stammered, "Y-y-yes m-m-ma'am."

I bit his ear playfully. "It's Betty, sexy. Remember?"

"S-s-sorry, Betty," he babbled, his face again as red as red can be.

"So what do you say about me to my son that you'd rather I didn't hear?" I asked, my free hand squeezing his ass.

"N-n-nothing," he again stammered.

"Tell Betty," I purred, "Maybe I can make your fantasy into a reality."

"Ummm... I said you were hot... and that..." he began, then blurted out in a rush, "... that I wished I could f-f-fuck you."

"You'd like to fuck me?" I asked delightedly as if this were news, my hand going directly to his front bulge, "with this?"

"Yeeeeess," he whimpered the moment I touched him.

"Well, I think proms should end with everyone having sex, shouldn't they?" I asked.

"In the movies they do," Frederick agreed.

"Well then, shall we make our own movie version of tonight's prom?" I asked, dropping to my knees and fishing his cock out of his trousers.

"Oh God," the adorable teen gasped, as my hand wrapped around his nine-inch hard cock, even longer than my son's impressive fuck stick.

"Oh God indeed, I plan to worship this delicious cock, baby," I teased, my tongue flicking his cock head.

"Ms. Lodge," he whimpered.

"No, you need to call me slut," I purred back.

"W-w-what?" he gasped, not able to process the extremities of what was happening to him.

"Tonight, I am yours Freddy, and I want you to use me as you've fantasized doing all those times you were checking out my legs, tits and ass. You've even fantasized about me while you jerked off, haven't you, big boy?" I asked, taking all of his cock in my mouth and then slowly pulling back until his lollipop top popped out of my mouth.

"Aaaaaaah, yes, erm, Betty... umm, slut?... I fantasize about you all the time," he admitted.

"What do you imagine?" I asked, swirling my tongue around his mushroom top.

"Well... feeling your legs in pantyhose," he offered.

One quick deep throat. "Actually, I wore stockings tonight so you'd have easier access to my wet cunt."

"Shiiiiit," he whimpered, not used to hearing such words from a friend's mother.

"What else do you imagine, baby?" I questioned, licking all the way down his solid shaft.

"Your tits," he groaned, "I've always wanted to see them."

Licking my tongue back up to the tip of his prick, I then stood up, turned around and asked, "Whatever you wish. Will you please unzip me, baby?"

I felt his hands trembling as he awkwardly unzipped me. Once it was free, I allowed my dress to cascade harmlessly to the floor.

Turning around I smiled, and silently reached my hands behind my back to unclasp my bra. His eyes were like the ones in those Roger Rabbit cartoons, bugged out, and his open mouth was watering like the big bad wolf's. I allowed my bra to hit the floor as well. My firm breasts were now right in the face of the virgin teenager. He was so captivated by them that I thought it could be a long time before he'd even notice my naked snatch. Smiling coyly, I asked, "So sexy, do you think seeing them is enough for you, or would you like to touch them?"

His eyes never left my breasts as he asked, like a kid at a candy store longing for a treat he's never been allowed, "May I?"

"On two conditions," I said.

"Anything," he said in a trance.

"First, you have to suck both of my nipples, they're dying for attention."

"Ooooookay," he said, his thin propriety line being all that was remaining between him and doing whatever he wanted with me right now.

"And second," I said, cupping my breasts towards his mouth, "you have to promise to fuck me like a dirty slut."

"Kkkk," he agreed, I doubt really comprehending my words as I offered him my left nipple. But he did manage to open his mouth and take it between his lips.

"Hmmmmmm," I moaned, my voice over the top with sexy ups and downs, "Mommy likes."

He licked and sucked and explored like the virgin he was. What he lacked in experience, he made up for with his eagerness to please. He moved to my other breast and replicated the concentrated attention.

Finally I said, "So Frederick, I'm your prom slut tonight. What do you want to do to me?"

The shift from shy to stud seemed to have shifted sometime while he was making love to my breasts as he said, apparently having processed my earlier condition, "On your knees, slut."

I smiled and said while obeying his order, "I love a man who knows what he wants."

"Then I want you to suck my cock," he ordered, holding it out for me.

"Hmmmm, yes Master," I said, now giving him all the power possible before taking his cock in my mouth.

Unlike my teasing of before, this time I sucked him like the expert cock sucker that I am. I bobbed back and forth, taking his entire cock in my mouth while sucking it like a porn star on a deadline. I wanted him to come in my mouth, I wanted to be his first everything. I'd already given him his first hand job, and I hoped before the night was through to take his virginity and maybe even take him in my ass.

"Oh shit," he groaned, only a few bobs into my royal cock sucking treatment, and I already felt his load of cum spraying down my throat. I didn't slow down until long after every sweet speck of his seed had been deposited in me.

Finally removing his cock from my mouth, I asked, "Think you can go again, stud?"

"Um-I..." I stammered.

I took his cock back into my mouth for a quick couple of bobs, before asking, looking demure, "Will you fuck me, sexy?"

"Bend over, slut," he ordered arrogantly, surprising me. A welcome surprise, of course.

I climbed onto the couch and got on my knees, "Like this?" I asked.

He moved behind me and was about to slip his cock inside me when Michael's loud voice spoke up as if from nowhere. "What's going on here?"

Frederick jumped back and stammered, "U-u-um, I..."

"Frederick was about to fuck me, Master," I replied.

Frederick stared at me, struggling to comprehend my words.

"Get over here, slut," Michael demanded.

I obediently slid off the couch and crawled over to my son as Frederick watched, bewildered.

"How dare you start without me, Mommy-slave?" Michael berated me, pulling his pants down.

No instructions were needed as I pulled my son's semi-hard cock out of his Saxx underwear (I'd upgraded him since our first night) and took it into my mouth.

Frederick gasped.

Michael explained, while his cock grew in my mouth, "My Mom is my slut, Frederick. I am her Master and she is my personal fuck toy, my sex slave."

"But that's incest," Frederick objected.

"Sex is sex Frederick, and there's nothing better than my Mom's beautiful lips wrapped around my cock," Michael explained, before adding, "Well, other than maybe my cock in her cunt or her ass."

"You have sex with your Mom?"

"Every day I fuck one, two or all three of her holes, don't I Mommy?"



"Yes, Master, my entire body is yours to use whenever you want" I declared, and added, looking back to Frederick, "and with *whomever* you want."

Michael asked Frederick, as I returned to sucking my son's delicious cock, "You can keep this a secret, right?"

"I can't believe it," I heard Frederick say.

"That's not an answer," Michael said, before adding, "Mommy here wants to be double penetrated, and I thought you would be the perfect choice to help us make that happen. Plus, if you can keep our secret, you can have my Mom however you want and whenever you want."

"Seriously?" Frederick asked.

"Am I serious, Mother?"

Taking Michael's beautiful cock out of my mouth, I stood up and sauntered seductively, nakedly displaying all my charms, to the stunned Frederick. I said demurely, "Frederick, if you can keep our itty-bitty sinful secret, you can shoot your cum in my mouth whenever you want, you can fuck my cunt whenever you want, and you can bury that sweet cock of yours in my ass whenever you want. You can do lots of other things too, we'll just have to think of them."

"Fuck him now, Mother," Michael ordered.

I pushed Frederick onto the couch and straddled him. Lowering my cunt within an inch of his erect cock I asked, "So sweetie, do you think you can keep all this a secret?"

"God, yeeees," he moaned, an instant before my pussy swallowed his cock.

"You can't tell anyone at all," I reminded him, his cock now fully inside me.

"I swear," he whimpered.

"Not ever, baby," I purred.

"Kkkk," he barely got out.

"I ground my hips on his cock and added, "Good, because I'll do absolutely *anything* to make you happy enough to keep this secret no matter what." I leaned in and kissed him while I started slowly riding his cock.

For a couple minutes we kissed while I rode him, gradually going faster and faster.

As expected, Michael joined us. I felt his hands on my hips and he ordered, "Hold still, Mommy, it's time for your first double penetration."

"Yes, Master," I agreed, breaking my kiss with Frederick.

Michael's cock slowly filled my ass and I whimpered, the sensations of a cock in my ass feeling so different when another one was already in my cunt.

Frederick watched in voyeuristic awe as his best friend sodomized his mother.

Michael explained, as his cock filled my ass, "Frederick, it's a long crazy story, but Mom has become my unconditional slut, my very own sex pet, as obedient as any loyal puppy; isn't that right, Mommy?"

I barked in agreement.

"But how?" Frederick asked, still bewildered.

"I'll tell you the whole story later, but for now let's concentrate on making this the best prom ever," Michael said.

"Already there," Frederick smiled, finally beginning to get comfortable with the bizarreness.

"Ride us, Mommy," my son, my Master, ordered.

I obeyed eagerly, although I was stymied by how awkward it was to move with two cocks buried in me. I moved slowly, experimentally, trying to find a motion that worked, but after a couple minutes of constant awkwardness Michael suggested, "Maybe we should fuck you instead, Mommy."

"God, yes," I agreed, totally frustrated from all this stop and go, which also had my orgasm on hold, not building, instead it just being an infuriating constant tease.

"Hold still, Mother," Michael ordered.

I obeyed.

"You ready to really fuck my Mom, Frederick?" Michael asked, I assume with a big grin on his face.

"Fuck, yes," a growingly confident Frederick groaned.

"Buck your ass up Frederick, as I slam forward... on three, ok?" Michael instructed.

"Yep."

"One, two, *three*," Michael counted as they thrust into me, my breasts crashing into Frederick's face as I screamed, the double deepness bringing intense pleasure, "Yes, Fuuuuuuck meeeeeeeeee, boooooooooys."

And in perfect unison I rose and fell helplessly as my son and his best friend double penetrated me. When they both thrust deep into me, I felt so filled up that it almost felt like their cocks were touching. Each deep thrust had me making sounds I'd never heard escape me before.

After only a few deep thrusts, my orgasm, which had been simmering in no cum land forever, began rising quickly. "Don't stop," I whimpered as my orgasm continued its rise to eruption.

"Is Mommy close?" Michael asked.

"Yes, Master, your sluuuuuuut is sooo close," I answered, as another double thrust riddled my sexual senses.

After a few minutes of hardcore double pleasure, my breathing was getting erratic and Michael knew I was close. He softly instructed, "I want you to come for us, my pet."

Frederick added, surprising me as he barked like a drill sergeant, "Come now slut, come for your Masters."

"Yes! Harder!" I screamed, knowing the breakers were about to crash over me.

Both boys added something extra to their pummeling as Frederick bucked up into me reaching new unexplored depths, as Michael slammed into me, and as my tits crashed over and over into Frederick's face, my orgasm hit, one unlike any I'd ever felt before. "Fuuuuuuck, you mother fuckers, your sluuuuut is coming!"

Both of them continued their hardcore double penetration as my orgasm cascaded through me like a waterfall, washing through me, carrying me to a state of euphoria.

Watching me come was too much for the no-longer-virgin Frederick who grunted, "I'm coming too," and I felt my pussy walls sprayed with cum.

My son pulled out of my ass, walked around the couch and shoved his cock in my mouth. He face fucked me, his balls bouncing off my chin as he used my mouth as his cum bank. I desperately tried to control my gag reflex as he slammed into my mouth, and I was thankful when his grunt and spray soon followed. He slowed down immediately after shooting, allowing me to savour the taste of his cum before swallowing it down.

Pulling out of my mouth, he asked Frederick, who was being suffocated by my tits, "Was fucking my Mom as good as you imagined?"

I leaned back so Frederick could breathe and talk.

"God yes, but it seems like a dream," Frederick gasped, bewilderment still on his face.

I smiled, "Well then keep dreaming, baby, I want you in my ass before this prom is done."

"You can't be serious?" an exhausted Frederick replied.

Michael laughed, "That's why I had to get you involved. Mom can go all night and again in the morning and again the next evening: it's a vicious exhausting circle."

"You poor baby," I quipped, grabbing his still hard cock. "You sexy fuckers are young and virile, and thank God you have quick recovery time."

Michael agreed, "Well, let's take a few minutes to recover, grab some wine, and maybe some whipped cream and strawberries before going another round."

"You have ten minutes, and then I want you boys reloaded," I demanded, standing up to stretch my legs, cum leaking down my leg. "Fuck Frederick, you came buckets."

"Years of solo practice," he shrugged.

"Well, now you've joined the big leagues," I quipped.

Suddenly the phone rang. I walked, naked except for my thigh highs, to the phone and answered it. "Oh hi, Crystal."

Michael smiled at an earlier promise of mine to seduce my daughter, his sister. So far I'd been able to avoid doing it because Crystal lived three hours away, on the other coast. Michael whispered to

Frederick, who nodded in agreement and walked over to begin licking my cunt while I spoke with my daughter.

"Yes, dear, I'll pick you up at the airport. What time does your flight arrive, which airline and what's the flight number?"

She gave me the details while Frederick eagerly licked my wet pussy, making it hard to concentrate, and even harder when I realized with a barely suppressed gasp that he was probably licking up his own cum.

"Why don't you just email it to me, it's late, I've been drinking, and I can't concentrate," I suggested, just as I felt cold liquid sliding down my chest. I yelped, startled by Michael pouring wine down my front.

"No, no, I'm ok, sweetheart, just spilled some wine on myself; I told you I was drinking. Can I call you back tomorrow? I'm kind of in a sticky situation," I said, which made Michael laugh.

"Bye honey, look forward to seeing you," I said.

"To seeing *all of you* dear sister," Michael added, but thankfully Crystal had hung up by then. "So she's coming for my graduation?"

"Yes, she arrives neeeeext Thursday," I said, letting out a moan as Frederick slid a finger inside me.

"Delicious," Michael said.

"Yes, she is," Frederick agreed, licking my pussy mixed with wine, oblivious to the next naughty plan Michael had in store for his Pet Mommy.

An hour later Frederick had completed his triffecta of fucking, having fucked all three of my holes, and even a fulfilling a quadfecta if you include the hand job at the restaurant. After a long ass fuck, he shot his final load all over my face at the suggestion of my son, who'd already done the same a couple minutes earlier, following a long blow job from yours truly.

Frederick in the shower, Michael said to me, "Well that was fun."

"Fuck Michael, I haven't ever been fucked so thoroughly," I admitted, my knees sore, my jaw aching, and my ass and cunt raw.

"So I finally found a way to fuck you into submission," Michael smiled.

"You fucked me into submission long ago, Master," I smiled, noticing his cock was growing again and believe it or not I was still craving his cum, like an addict. I asked, "A midnight snack?"

"Snack away, my pet," Michael offered. "And pretty soon you'll be snacking on Crystal's cunt."

Stopping just before taking his cock back in my mouth, "About that," I said.

"Yes?"

"I'm not sure it's such a good idea."

"You're not going to disobey an order from your Master, are you?"

"It's just... how am I supposed to seduce my own daughter?"

"You seduced me," he pointed out, "and you did it very well."

"I know, but seducing a guy is pretty easy, and I already knew you fantasized about me," I pointed out. "Plus, we have no reason to believe Crystal is even bi."

"Well, I guess this time will be more of a challenge," Michael said, snapping his fingers.

Like a dog diving for a bone, I'd been conditioned to begin sucking at the snap of my son's fingers. As I bobbed up and down on his cock, I tried to figure out how I could go about seducing my daughter. The idea turned me on, obeying Michael turned me on, yet making his next fantasy into a reality was truly going to be a challenge.

That said, like all submissive sluts, I was always up for a challenge.

## **THE END**

Continued in part 3: "Pet Mommy": Fucking with Mommy-Slut where Betty must seduce her daughter.