

# "PET MOMMY": NERD ORGY

***silkstockingslover***

*Son sets up gangbang for submissive Mom at Comic-Con.*

Incest/Taboo

4.6

9.1k words

**Summary:** Son sets up gangbang for submissive Mom at Comic-Con.

**Recap:** This is part five of a series. Obviously in my opinion, you should read parts 1, 2, 3 and 4 first, as they will help you understand how the mother ended up where she is now; but in case you have already read the first four parts and need reminding of the basic plot, or just want to start here on part five for whatever reason... here is a very brief summary of the story so far.

**"Pet Mommy": Creating a Mommy-Slut:** A mother learns her son fantasizes about fucking her, and realizing how much he resembles her deceased, dominant husband, she decides to make his fantasy a reality by seducing her son and offering to become his submissive pet mommy.

**"Pet Mommy": DP Mommy Slut!** The mother's dominant son makes another fantasy come true... her first double penetration.

**"Pet Mommy": Fucking with Mommy Slut:** The mother's task is to seduce her daughter and give her to her son as a present for his high school graduation... alas, the plan goes terribly astray when the daughter claims the mother for herself.

**"Pet Mommy": My Daughter Submits:** The mother assists in completing the task she failed in part 3... getting her daughter to submit to her son. After a failed attempt, this time she succeeds.

**Notes:** Thanks as always to my editors Wayne, goamz86, Robert and Mike in 2015, and to Tex Beethoven for a fresh polish in 2019.

## **Nerd Orgy**

It was a crazy few days with both my daughter's and my being fucked by my son, her brother, our Master. (In case that's confusing, all three of those guys were the same eighteen-year-old. Kind of like the time a rural gentleman introduced me to "my sister and my wife" when there was only one gal with him.)

Michael revelled in his power over us, particularly over his sister, who'd treated him so badly for most of his life. They say payback is a bitch, and this was definitely the case both literally and figuratively as Michael dominated his sister for the rest of her visit. On the day she was leaving, he shot three loads on her face and required her to wear his cum all day, not allowing her to wash her face at all until she arrived in her home on the west coast. She was required to send pictures while in line at security, on the plane, in the taxi on the way home, and finally from her own bathroom. To my complete astonishment she obeyed this command and texted us the evidence, even though she was no longer in Michael's presence and wouldn't see him again for at least several months.

Once she flew back to her summer job, it was again just Michael and me, and on occasion Frederick joining in to make us a threesome.

As summer began, Michael asked, after depositing a load deep in my ass, "Mom, what's a fantasy you'd really like to come true?"

"I'm already living the fantasy," I answered, which was true. Finding a man I loved and trusted enough to be my Master was all I'd ever wanted. I had never been so completely content as I was on the day I submitted to my son, and every day since.

He smiled, "Me too, Mom. But what's the greatest fantasy you have yet to fulfill?"

I pondered this. I supposed I could give him lots of answers. Now that I'd committed incest with both my son and daughter, the thought of my brother popped into my head. I also liked the idea of being seduced and dominated by an entire sorority house. Yet, my biggest fantasy ever since high school had always been to be gangbanged. The idea was hot for several reasons:

- I wanted to have all three holes filled at once

- I love having cum shot into my mouth, cunt and ass (each of those feeling different)

- I also like a guy calling me a dirty slut when he coats my face with his sticky white stuff

- I wanted to see how many cocks I could take in one night, and how many times I could come in one night

Finally, I answered, "Once I tell you, you may think I'm a bigger slut than you already do."

He laughed, "Sluttier than incest?"

"Maybe, you judge," I shrugged, "I want to be gangbanged."

"Of course you do," he smiled, not remotely surprised by my answer.

I asked nervously, "Am I a bad Mommy?"

"So bad," he purred, as he slid his ready-to-go-again cock in my mouth.

After a couple of minutes of my sucking his cock, he pulled out and slammed into my cunt as I quipped, "Of course, a perfect gangbang would be a bunch of virile young men, each of them able to shoot a few loads in a single night."

"Hmmmmm," he groaned, contemplating my fantasy.

During the next week I met with Frederick's mom for coffee, but I couldn't even begin to fathom how I might seduce her. I complimented her on her hair and touched her arm twice, but all in all the conversation was very vanilla.

On Friday Michael announced, as I knelt in front of him sucking his cock while he watched Dr. Who, "Tomorrow Mommy-slut, you get gangbanged."

"P-p-pardon?" I stammered, stupefied by such an unexpected declaration.

"I've set up a gangbang for you tomorrow night," he paraphrased himself nonchalantly.

"With whom?" I asked, very curious and eager, although worried about protecting my identity.

"Nerds," he answered.

"Do you mind being more specific?" I countered, slowly stroking his cock.

"Actually yes, I do mind," he countered, before adding, "now finish me off; Frederick will be here soon, and I have to get into my costume."

I returned to sucking his cock, completely loving to have it in my mouth, as I pondered what his plan might look like. I knew comic con was in town this weekend, and thus the community was swarming with geeks and nerds of every stripe. Yet, how could an event so G-Rated become the setting for a gangbang with yours truly in the starring role? (Well okay, maybe PG-13: some of those costumes got pretty sexy, but nothing you could get arrested for.)

Even though I didn't know how Michael would pull it off, my cunt leaked at his promise as my son shot his load down my throat, completing the trifecta like he did almost every day (one load each in my ass, cunt and mouth in no specific order).

He finished watching the episode as I gave his cock a nice warm-down after his climax.

Finally he said, "Get some rest tonight, Mommy-slut, tomorrow night will be a marathon."

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By the way, it's pretty much impossible to get much sleep when you know one of your biggest lifetime fantasies is about to come true.

My mind was a mess, from complete excitement and a burning cunt, to utter panic at the prospect of getting fucked by who knew how many complete strangers. That said, the idea of being fucked by any strangers at all, and used however they pleased for their pleasure, was also a major turn-on.

I'd always craved being a slut, but now that I was a Mommy-slut, as Michael loved to call me, I craved this scenario where I could become an even bigger slut.

Thankfully, after masturbating to another orgasm, I finally fell asleep.

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Saturday morning, for only the second time since submitting to my son, I didn't get a load of cum in any of my holes for breakfast.

Michael hadn't come home last night and I can't deny it, not getting my morning load of cum threw me off. It had become my version of a morning coffee, and without it I felt lethargic and crabby.

I showered, ate breakfast and read the paper, wondering where he was, and what exactly he had in store for me.

It wasn't until after two o'clock when he finally texted me.

*Mommy-slut*

*You need to go to Comic Cosmo and choose from one of the three costumes I left with your name on them. Ask for Joey.*

*P.S. I'll be picking you up from home at 5:30 to be my date at Comic Con.*

*P.P.S. of course, you'll wear thigh highs with whichever outfit you choose.*

*P.P.S. of course, no bra or panties.*

*Have fun.*

I reread the text, my pussy tingling, having felt neglected by Michael's absence today.

I sighed as I wondered what Michael thought would be an appropriate outfit for his mother to go to Comic Con in... and likely to get gangbanged in.

I drove to the shop and entered it, briefly flashing back to my earlier adult store adventure where my daughter had fastened a slave choker around my neck. Although this wasn't your typical adult store, this one specialized primarily in racy and comic book themed costumes and videos.

Arriving inside, I went to the desk and asked for Joey. To my surprise, Joey was female, a very pretty, voluptuous young lady.

"You must be Betty," she smiled warmly.

"That's what my birth certificate says," I responded, feeling a bit flirtatious for some reason.

She laughed, "So, your boyfriend left you three outfits to choose from. He wants you to try each of them on, and have me take a photo with your phone and send it to him."

"Okay," I said tentatively, noticing her come-hither smile. She was clearly intrigued by me.

"Follow me," she ordered, as she added, turning to an older brunette, "Please look after things; I'm doing a personal fitting."

"Yes, ma'am," the brunette nodded.

I thought it strange that a woman in her forties would call a girl half her age 'ma'am'.

Yet I followed her like the submissive I was, past the changing rooms and into the back, that was in itself a large changing room.

Joey walked over to a table and picked up the first outfit. She handed it to me.

"Seriously?" I asked; even after all the excesses I'd submitted to, this seemed to be pushing it.

"Your 'Master', as he called himself, chose these three ensembles himself," Joey stated bluntly, her tone amused and yet authoritative.

My face burned red with the realization that she knew I was a submissive to a much younger man. I prayed she didn't also know he was my son. I nodded, trying to appear casual but I don't think doing very well, "He's a creative Master."

"Setting up a gangbang for you is indeed creative," she nodded matter-of-factly, as she handed me the ridiculously revealing 'Princess Leia' outfit.

I took it and asked, as I looked around the room, "Where do I change?"

"If you're feeling modest, there's a washroom right over there," she pointed.

I went into the washroom and got undressed. I changed into white thigh highs and white four-inch heels and finally the dress, and once I was dressed in the ridiculously revealing outfit and looked

into a mirror, I gasped. Just like the costume the Princess had worn in the movies it covered me from neck to ankles, but this version was clingy, and it looked as if it had been shot through with dozens of fist-sized projectiles which miraculously hadn't penetrated my skin. So even though my nipples or pussy weren't quite exposed (if I didn't move around very much), fully revealed were large and seemingly random portions of my breasts, legs, hips, back, ass... everything was more or less on display. It would be obvious to anyone at first glance that except for my thigh highs and heels, I wasn't wearing so much as a thong underneath the dress. And just like they had done at Michael's graduation, my unsupported breasts were shifting around freely whenever I moved. It looked like I was a porn actress on a very closed set.

"Come out and let me see it," Joey called.

Joey had suggested I might feel modest about changing in front of her. That would have been nothing compared to this! I was mortified for her to see me in this outfit! As I walked timidly towards her, I could tell from the movements of her eyes that the fabric of my dress was shifting around constantly, giving her frequent glimpses of all my goodies. And she didn't try to hide that she liked everything she was seeing.

Yet, knowing that Michael was expecting photos, I forced myself to walk out, leaving the last shreds of my dignity behind in the washroom.

Joey nodded, "Wow, you have a better body than I do. And I love how everything is moving in and out of view like you're a walking peep show."

I had mixed feelings about the compliment, too complex to explain even to myself. I managed, "Um, thanks, but I feel completely naked in this."

"There's one more piece to the ensemble," she offered.

"I hope it's a long cape," I joked.

Joey retrieved something from the table and walked over to me. "Your new hair."

"I don't think that's what they'll be looking at," I pointed out, realizing I would be every repressed geek's wildest fantasy.

"I'm sure you're right," Joey agreed, "but at Comic Con they want as much authenticity as possible."

"I don't think Carrie Fisher ever had tits this big," I suggested.

"There," she declared, backing away. "Wow!"

"Wow, what?" I asked,

"You look a lot like her," she answered.

"I do?"

"Yes, there's a full-length mirror just past the door leading back towards the store, go take a look."

I was worried I might have to walk back into the store, but thankfully the mirror was in the corridor between the two sections.

Seeing myself in the mirror, I too gasped. I did indeed look a lot like Princess Leia... a particularly slutty version of her, but Carrie was never secretive about having adventurous sex, so I was sure she wouldn't mind my portrayal.

Joey said, startling me by her sudden appearance as I stared at myself, "I think we have a winner."

"I look like a slut," I pointed out.

"You *are* a slut, aren't you?" she asked, an unmistakable slap in the face. It was one thing to be called a slut by my son, but this was different.

"I guess," I said sourly.

"I apologize if I offended you, Princess; I'm pretty slutty myself, so I meant that as a compliment. Let's take a few pictures to send to your Master, and then you can try on outfit number two," she instructed, snapping her fingers and directing me back to the oversized changing room.

I followed her obediently and stood for the picture.

"Pose sensually," she ordered, "not like you're going to a funeral."

I again obeyed, and as the flashes began (both mine and the ones from my phone), I was drawn into my posing, enjoying the brief attention of being a model.

After a dozen or so photos, she approved, "That was much better." She went to the table and selected a Wonder Woman outfit, "Now go try this one on."

I grabbed it and went to the washroom. I slipped out of my first revealing costume and put on the next. This one wasn't nearly as blatant as the other, even though it had far less fabric; it was a thong bikini version of the Lynda Carter costume, with a narrow red bandeau made of spandex more or less containing my generous breasts, and a powder blue thong that made me very glad I shaved down there. It also had a gold rope around my waist and a long but filmy red cape that covered my back whenever I or the air stood still, but which floated in the air to display my ass whenever it encountered the slightest waft of moving air. The ensemble was completed by powder blue thigh highs and four-inch high-heeled red sandals held in place with thongs wrapping around my legs almost up to my knees. I didn't look like a walking peep show this time, but I still looked slutty, especially with the thigh thighs completely exposed top to toe.

I walked out, less nervous than I'd been in the Princess Leia outfit.

She nodded, "You look good in that one too, I love how it displays the upper and lower slopes of those tits of yours."

"Thanks," I replied, noticing how the form-hugging spandex did really display my breasts perfectly, including the way the shape of my hard nipples was apparent even though they weren't technically visible.

"Pose," she ordered, as she lifted my phone to her face.

I again posed, enjoying her dominant approach to me.

"Here's the next one," she handed me a very colourful outfit. "Daisy."

"Okay," I nodded, having no idea who Daisy was.

I went back to the change room and began putting on the colourful costume. This one didn't make any sense to me at all: it was a short bright yellow dress with white trim, and the very opposite of sexy: it was downright prim, I wasn't sure the fabric wasn't even flannel. The skirt was short but not obscenely so except for the fact that my orange thigh highs (with prominent white seams down the back) were visible top to bottom except for my clunky white ankle boot two-inch heels. The only other feature about the costume that could be considered remotely sexy was that my arms were bare, up to and including part of my shoulders, so if someone had a fetish about seeing naked arms, then it was game on. Once the weird costume was in place, I put on the strange mushroom head hat that came with it, and returned to Joey.

"Hmmmmm," she mused, as she looked at me.

"Who the hell am I?" I asked.

"Daisy," she answered. When I looked at her blankly she added, "From Mario Brothers."

"Oh," I said dully, vaguely recalling Michael playing those games on the wii before he moved on to a playstation.

"You can't portray her if you don't know who she is," Joey declared, as she snapped a couple photos of me anyway.

"So, Star Wars peep show or superhero beach babe," she pondered.

"Definitely Wonder Woman," I declared, having felt slightly more comfortable in that one than I was in the Swiss cheese Princess Leia costume.

"We'll let your Master decide," she shrugged, as she typed on my phone.

"Okay," I nodded, knowing he'd pick the Princess Leia costume because he was a Star Wars nut. Our last cat had even been called Chewbacca.

"And while we await his response, why don't you come and give me my tip for assisting you?" she said, as she sat down on a chair and spread her legs.

I could have protested, or at least feigned objection, yet my natural desire to submit took control as usual. I removed my silly headgear, walked over to her, dropped to my knees and tugged her panties down. Once they were off, I leaned forward and began licking her overly hairy pussy.

"You really are as obedient as he said you'd be," she moaned.

I wondered what else he'd said about me, although mostly I was just thankful he hadn't let on that I was his mother.

Joey's abundance of hair was annoying and awkward at first, but once my fingers had parted a path to her pussy lips it became pleasant; her scent, very like ocean spray, was a lot stronger from being captured in her pubes.

"That's it, lick my cunt," she moaned, enjoying my tongue.

As her pussy got wetter and her breathing heavier, I moved up to her clit and took it between my lips.

"Oh shiiiiit," she moaned, grabbing the back of my head and pressing my face fiercely into her cunt.

I kept licking until I felt a gush of wetness coat my entire face. I hungrily lapped up her pussy juice, which had such a unique day-at-the-beach taste to it.

When she released my head, she asked, "Could you taste your Master's cum in my cunt?"

I was jealous that his first load today hadn't been shot in me, but I gave her another slow lick, savoured the taste briefly and answered, "A little."

She checked my phone, which had buzzed a couple times during our sexual encounter. She reported, "He wants you in the Princess Leia outfit and to be ready at your home for him to pick you up at five-thirty."

"Of course he did," I nodded, nervous about being seen in public in such an outfit, even though the expectation of my gangbang was really exciting me.

"Of course, he also wants you to buy all the other outfits you tried on," she added, standing up.

"Of course he does," I smirked, already imagining many hours of role play ahead. But who the heck was Daisy, and would role playing her include jumping up and down on a trampoline and dodging flying objects?

Ten minutes later I'd paid for the outfits, happy I didn't have to be seen in any of them until Michael picked me up at 5:30, and I was just getting to my car when my phone rang. It was Michael.

"Hi, my little slut," he greeted.

"Hi, Master," I responded, thankful no one was around to hear me.

"Did you enjoy your afternoon snack?" He asked.

"I'd rather have gotten your cum directly from the source."

"Oh, don't worry, tonight I'll make sure you get lots of it directly from various sources," he tossed back.

Nervously, I confronted him. "Honey, are you sure this is a good idea?"

"Mom, trust me. Tonight will be the night of your life," he promised.

"That night already happened the first time we fucked," I pointed out bluntly.

"Oh Mom," he sighed, "That amazing night was for me, too; you really rocked my world and neither of us have been the same since. But we both know you want this. I'm not going to let you back out now."

True, I'd long fantasized about being gangbanged, the double fucking with Michael and Frederick only enhancing my fantasy, but getting fucked by a group of strangers, although it was exciting, was also utterly nerve-wracking. "Fine," I said, my tone contradicting the meaning of the word.

"Just be ready at five-thirty," he said, "tonight's going to be a lot of fun for both of us. I can't wait to see you in action."

"I'll be ready," I agreed, although I still wasn't that sure what I was getting ready for. Yes, I assumed there would be some sort of gangbang with numerous dicks taking part, yet how and where were



still total mysteries.

"See you soon, Mommy-slut," he finished, before hanging up.

I drove home, my mind spinning with the possibilities, both the good and the bad... yet, like getting DP'd by Michael and his best friend Frederick, or seducing my own daughter, I was going to do whatever my son, my Master, told me to. The moment I seduced him and became his slut, I had accepted that he owned me mind, body and soul, and regardless of my occasional trepidation, I wouldn't change a thing about that. And the best part was that whatever happened I needn't worry about the consequences; I could just go with the flow and invest myself wholeheartedly in whatever my son wanted me to do... and be able to trust he'd look after me.

So, as instructed I drove home, my cunt dripping with anticipation of a night of craziness.

Looking in the mirror in my slutty Star Wars outfit, I knew Michael would love it, and I even felt ten years younger... okay, the thigh highs didn't go with the outfit, although I suppose she *could* have been wearing some under that long white dress, but those plus the Swiss cheese effect of the dress, definitely made me the sluttiest Princess Leia ever.

Michael showed up five minutes late, before coming in and saying, "Fuck Princess, you look even hotter in person than in those pictures."

"Thank you, Mr. Skywalker," I smiled, loving to get such sexist compliments. My cunt on fire and suffering from extreme cock withdrawal, I asked, my words dripping with sexy naughtiness, "Does my son want to pound his pet Mommy first?"

"Of course, I do," he answered, walking up to me, my cunt leaking with anticipation.

"Good, because Mommy needs her cunt pounded so fucking *baddddd*," I purred, rubbing his cock through his pants.

"Did you enjoy the afternoon snack?" he asked again.

"It wasn't the snack I'm accustomed to," I countered, dropping to my knees, willing to do anything to get his dick in me.

"It was just an appetizer for tonight," he responded as I hastily fished out his cock.

"Now can I have the full course meal?" I asked, before devouring his cock.

"You can get a nice load in your mouth," he groaned, "but your cunt and ass are still off limits until we launch tonight's gangbang. The hornier you remain until then the better: as they say, hunger is the best seasoning."

I sighed as I bobbed back and forth on his delicious cock. I wanted to be fucked... and fucked now, but until tonight's festivities I would have to settle for a yummy load of his cum.

As I continued taking all of his cock over and over in my mouth, he tantalized me, "Tonight is going to be your ultimate fantasy come true."

Again, part of me was horny as hell with the idea of being gangbanged, a fantasy I'd been revisiting for years during solitary sex, yet the risk of being caught by someone I knew, or of someone there learning I was fucking my son, had me nervous.

"You want to be triple teamed don't you, Mommy-slut?" he asked.

Horny as hell, I took his cock out of my mouth and agreed, "God, yes, and Mommy wants to be fucked all night."

As soon as I finished answering his question I resumed bobbing on his cock, and as the clock kept ticking towards blast off, the idea of this gangbang was getting more and more appealing.

"I have a dozen guys ready and willing to give you their young, hard cocks," he continued. "And some of them may bring friends."

I moaned on his cock, the vision of a fleet of young, naked men lining up to fuck me, my biggest fantasy.

"Oh yes, you *will* be fucked for hours," he continued, "loads being sprayed and dribbled all over your body."

I took his cock out of my mouth and asked, "No coming in my mouth, cunt or ass?"

He smiled, "Nope. I promoted it as MILF cum bath."

"Oh my God, you didn't?" I gasped, while continuing to stroke his hard cock.

"I did," he nodded, before shoving his cock in my mouth, holding my head still and beginning to fuck my face. I'd gotten very good at not gagging when my mouth was roughly fucked, his whole cock filling my mouth so fully, his balls bouncing off my chin... which made the act so much hotter.

As usual, in less than two minutes my throat was being coated with cum, the face fucking almost always the finale of a blow job.

I swallowed it all like a good Pet Mommy always does, although I really wished he would have filled my cunt with that big load and made me come.

Pulling out, he asked, "Do you *want* the boys to come inside you?"

The question was adorable because it was so sincere, yet any part of this conversation would sound utterly absurd in 99.99% of households.

I flicked my tongue over his cockhead to retrieve one last remnant of his seed and replied, "I suppose I do, but only kinda. You're the Master. Like I told you that first night, the thing that gets me off more than anything else isn't some specific action, but my being totally under your control and just letting go of myself."

"Fuck, do I love you Mom," he replied, pulling me to my feet and kissing me.

My body warmed at the sweetness and the gentleness of the kiss. If one could look past our incestuous acts and the very strict master-submissive relationship we had, they would see a mother and a son who would literally do anything for each other and who loved each other without reservation. I knew what made him happy and he knew what made me happy... and that's what I call love.

Although many people would call it sick, twisted, immoral and illegal, I saw it as a mother giving her son everything he needed, and a son doing exactly the same for his mother, although in a very different fashion.

Breaking the kiss, he said, "By the way, you'll have a mask over your face the entire time to conceal your identity."

"Thank God," I gasped, relief rushing through me as the only concern I had, my identity being revealed, was now resolved.

"But you would have gone without one for me, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"I'll do anything for you," I pledged, although I'm pretty sure I'd already proven that.

"You're the best Mom ever," he smiled.

"Some people would call me a criminal," I smiled back, no longer remotely concerned about social expectations or legalities.

"Well, if that were the case," he smiled, putting his cock away, "I'd definitely be charged with aiding and abetting."

"Hopefully they could find an incest prison where we'd be put in the same cell with time off for bad behaviour," I joked.

"Hilarious," he laughed, as he said, "I need to go change; I'll be ready to go soon."

"I can't wait," I said, my cunt begging for attention.

"I know," he nodded as he headed upstairs to his room.

Fifteen minutes later he returned dressed as Darth Vader. I said, "I'm effectively almost naked, and you're covered up from head to toe."

"I know, life is so unfair," he joked, his voice distorted.

"And even your voice is disguised," I sighed.

"Here's a trench coat for when we're in public," he said, after taking off the mask, which fortunately contained the voice modulator, so at least for now he once again sounded like the man I loved.

"Although that only means *public* public, not while we're in the hotel."

"You're so kind," I teased sarcastically.

"I am! I set up a gangbang to make my true love's ultimate fantasy come true," he pointed out.

I countered, reminding him again, "I'm already living my greatest fantasy just by being your Pet Mommy. Tonight will just be a high point, although a very high one."

"Fuck, you're the hottest woman in the world," he said.

"Don't you mean the galaxy?" I fished, giving him a sexy pose.

"Good call," he laughed, as we headed out.

During the drive he told me about Comic Con and all the cool celebrities there... none of whom were familiar to me.

When we arrived at the hotel hosting the nerd fest, he told me, "Time to lose the trench coat, Mom. Ready to be drooled over?"

"Am I going to be the oldest woman at this thing?" I asked as I climbed out of the car, 'lost' the trench coat and exposed almost my entire body, occasionally even the best bits.

"Not even close," he answered. "Comic Con has attendees from newborns to near death."

"I'm not sure if that makes me feel better or worse," I quipped playfully.

"Oh, I almost forgot, here's your mask," he said, pulling out a red and green mask. It covered most of my forehead, my eyes and part of my nose, leaving my mouth, cheeks, and the rest of my lower face available for whatever.

As he handed it to me, I pointed out, "It looks like a teenage mutant ninja turtle mask."

He smiled with his usual geeky smile, "That's because it *is* a teenage mutant ninja turtle mask, a Raphael mask, to be precise."

"Good, I'd hate not to be precise," I quipped, adjusting the mask over my eyes.

"Now you're practically unrecognizable," he joked.

"Yep, just like when Clark Kent puts on his glasses," I shot back, "totally different," as I looked in the mirror.

"Trust me, they won't be looking at your face," he smiled.

I cupped my varyingly exposed breasts, "That's for sure."

"Let's go," he said, with an adorable look of teenage excitement in his eyes.

"Yes, Master," I nodded, as he put his Darth Vader helmet on.

He took my hand and we walked into the hotel as a couple, which was surreal and romantic, even if the end result would be anything but.

I whispered as we reached the lobby entrance, "I love you, Michael."

"I love you too, Mom," he said, although the tender sentiment emerged in his sinister Darth Vader voice, which made me laugh.

As we waited in line to go in, I could feel every set of eyes roaming over me. I don't know if they actually were, but it sure felt that way.

Once we were inside, he explained, "We'll do a couple hours of touring first, then have dinner before your special surprise."

"I have to walk around like this for two hours?" I asked, suddenly mortified.

"The surprise is scheduled for nine."

I looked at the clock and saw it was just after 6:30. *Fuck*, I cursed to myself.

The next two hours were a whirlwind. I met other geeks, had my picture taken with over fifty fans who wanted a picture with the sluttiest Princess Leia ever, fended off numerous groping hands with Michael's help, and was propositioned a few times (two younger women dressed in Star Trek gear even offered to take me back to their hotel room immediately). To be honest, all this attention was flattering, and by the time Michael told me it was time, I was ready and willing to take on as many cocks as he could find me.

Michael asked, just after watching me get hit on by two very attractive younger women, "Should I invite them along too?"

I smiled, "I'm your whore Mommy-slut, you can invite anyone you want."

To my surprise, he went over to them and started chatting. I don't know what he said, but I could feel a rush of shame accompanied by its inevitable excitement coursing through me. Tonight I wasn't Betty Lodge, mother of two; no, I was just a no-name three-hole cum slut willing to suck, fuck and eat anybody served up to me.

He returned with a smile on his face, "They didn't want to attend the main event, but I have their room number in case you decide you want a cunt-cap after your orgy."

"You're such a sweetheart," I smiled, both playfully and sincerely at the same time.

"I know," he nodded, taking my hand and leading me out of the nerd-a-thon and into an elevator.

A rush of adrenaline gushed through me as I realized that the gangbang, which I'd fantasized about my whole life, would begin at any moment.

"Ready, Mommy-slut?" he asked as the elevator doors closed behind us.

I dropped to my knees in front of him and asked, "May I have a quick suck?"

"There are cameras watching us," the voice of Darth Vader pointed out.

Deciding, *fuck it*, I went ahead anyway and fished out his cock through the thin fabric and quickly shoved it in my mouth.

"Goddddd, you slut," he groaned, running his fingers through my hair.

Almost immediately I felt the elevator slowing down, so I allowed his cock to drop out of my mouth, stood up and teased, "You should probably put that thing away, there are cameras in here."

He shook his head and I was treated to a voice-modulated chuckle as he put his dick away just before the elevator doors opened.

He got out and went down the hall to room 1217. I followed.

Once he'd used his key card, I followed him through the door and laughed. "You booked the honeymoon suite?"

"I go all out when I set up my Mommy-slut's gangbang," he said in his regular voice, after removing his Darth Vader mask.

"So I see," I smiled, going to the chilled champagne and popping the cork. The bottle fizzed over and I joked, "A rather premature ejaculation."

"You may get a few of those tonight, you sexy thing," he laughed.

I poured myself a glass and quickly downed it before pouring a second, thinking some liquid courage to loosen me up wouldn't hurt.

"We have about ten minutes before your playmates get here."

"Just enough time to have an appetizer," I purred, "without a camera this time," dropping to my knees and taking his cock in my mouth.

"You really are insatiable," he groaned.

I moaned on his cock, bobbing hungrily.

"So do you want them to come in you or on you?" he asked as I sucked.

I took his cock out of my mouth, "I already told you. You're the Master."

"Then I think all over the outside of you just like I advertised will be hottest," he said, shoving his cock back in my mouth.

I moaned on his dick in response, wanting at least one load of his sweet cum to go in my mouth where I could taste it.

There was a knock on the door. He ordered me, "Stay," as he put his helmet back on.

"Yes, Master," I nodded, realizing this was really happening.

He went to the door, opened it and asked, "Are you here for the cum bath?"

"Yes," two voices replied in unison.

"Great, come in," Darth offered chillingly.

I watched as two nerds, both looking to be in college and dressed as Mario and Luigi, entered the room. Michael walked over to me and shoved his dick back in my mouth. He said, "Sorry guys, you're a tad early. I'm just giving my cum slut an appetizer before the starting gun."

"Holy shit, that dress might as well not be there, except to first promise and then deliver," one said.

The other added, "She's even hotter than I imagined."

The compliments excited me, as did having them watch me suck my son's cock, oblivious to the incest they were witnessing.

I bobbed even faster and enhanced my sucking and gagging sounds, wanting to put on a real show for these two strangers.

"That's it cum slut, suck me like the fucking whore you are," Michael cheered me on, knowing how such dirty talk gets me going.

Another knock at the door.

"Don't you dare fucking stop," he ordered.

I obeyed as I imagine one of the other two guys got the door.

"Hello sir, is this the cum bath?" someone asked, sounding shy.

"It is," someone else said.

Michael greeted, "Come on in, I'm just getting the slut's mouth warmed up."

"Wow," the new guy said.

"Wait till you're using one of her three fuck holes," Michael predicted, clearly enjoying the shock and awe being expressed by the nerds watching.

I kept bobbing, taking all of his big dick in my mouth and throat.

"Ready for my load in your mouth, cum slut?" Michael asked.

I moaned on his cock in response, hoping he'd deposit his seed down my throat.

"Here it comes, fuck slut," he grunted and instantly exploded... Yes!... in my mouth! I kept bobbing, milking every drop of his dominant seed.

As soon as he pulled out, I purred, looked at my audience of three, and asked, "Who's next?"

Michael interrupted the proceedings, holding up a forbidding palm to the three guys and reminding me, "You're wearing the only dress you have this side of your house. Unless you want to go home tonight wearing lakes of cum, I suggest you set it aside someplace."

"Good point, Master!" I gasped, and indeed it was. I lifted my dress over my head, folded it neatly and walked across the room feeling eyes on my butt, to set the dress on the windowsill before returning to where I'd been, cupped my naked breasts to offer them to the trio of guys standing in the entranceway who'd watched every move I'd made and purred, "Okay studs, I'm ready for you; are you ready for me?".

The guy I hadn't seen yet, dressed like 'Where's Waldo', walked over to me and asked, "Where big cock? Can you find?"

I laughed and joked, rubbing my hand all over the front of his pants, "Oh, where oh where could big cock be?"

He groaned while I rummaged.

"Slut find big dick," I bragged, impressed by the completely hard cock now in my grasp. I pulled his pants and underwear down and quipped, "I free Waldo. Is hard. Is good."

The others laughed as I took the decent seven-inch cock in my mouth.

My son asked, "Are you two here to watch or to get involved? The slut has two unoccupied holes at the moment."

"You're saying we can even fuck her ass?" one asked disbelievingly.

"Sluts have three holes for service, and she's definitely a slut," Michael answered, "isn't that right, slut?"

I took Waldo's cock out of my mouth and nodded, "Yes Master, all three of my fuck holes are available to anyone who has your permission."

I then took Waldo's cock back in my mouth.

Soon I felt hands on my hips and I asked, "So who wants my cunt and who wants my asshole?"

Waldo spoke up first, "I take cunt."

"Then lie down, big boy," I ordered, and then leaving my torso upright, straddled his erect flagpole, leaving my mouth and my ass open for business.

"Shiiit," he groaned as his cock disappeared inside me.

"Now Mario, let's see what's hiding in those trousers of yours," I smiled, pulling the shocked nerd to me. I pulled his sweat-like pants down, tugged down his Spiderman underwear without even breaking a smile, and took his five-inch fully erect cock into my mouth.

"Remember boys, no coming inside the slut. You can come on her face, ass, tits, hair, back, legs... or anyplace else on the outside," Michael reminded everyone in his Vader voice.

Another knock at the door.

I ignored it... not my job!... as I rode one cock while sucking on another, wishing the other guy would get over his shyness and just shove his cock in my ass.

"Hi boys," Michael greeted, I guess addressing more than one.

"It's already started," someone else said.

"Still one hole available," Michael announced like a Star Wars carny barker (as if there were such a thing), as I heard a couple of voices speak up.

"Dibs," someone said, and I hoped my ass would soon be filled.

"Rock, paper, scissors," another someone said, which almost made me laugh... the very idea that they were playing such a simplistic game over who'd get to fuck my ass first.

To my surprise, they actually did it: I heard the hand-slapping.

"Yes!" one of the someones exulted a moment later, just as Mario groaned, pulled out of my mouth and became the first nerd to shoot his cum on me, spraying it all over my face. I saw some dripping off my eyebrow and imagined how depraved I must look already, and that was only the first load of what promised to be many.

I moaned, "Mmmmmm, what a nice big load."

"Oh Goddd," he groaned.

"Where's your friend?" I asked, a moment later.

Sheepishly, Luigi shuffled over to me.

I greeted, "*Buonasera*, Luigi. Do you want me to suck your *pene*?"



"Yes, ma'am," he nodded, as I felt hands that weren't his on my hips.

"Ready to have a cock in your ass, slut?" someone asked from behind.

I looked around to see a guy dressed as Austin Powers, right down to the bad teeth.

"Shove it right in my asshole," I offered, as I stopped riding the cock in my cunt and pulled down Luigi's pants. "Oh myyyyyyyyy," I said, as I stared at a nice big nine-inch cock just as my ass was being filled.

"Fucking tight," Austin grunted from behind me as I leaned forward slightly and took the nine-incher in my mouth.

I was being triple-teamed! Air tight for the first time!

Another fantasy coming true! Fist pump!

Although it was difficult to get into any sort of rhythm at first, I was soon taking both cocks deep inside me while also bobbing forward to serve the cock in my mouth.

Another knock at the door.

A moment later I was only remaining upright because Luigi was supporting my head with his hands as he fucked my mouth. The challenge to my balance was that I now also had a cock in each hand, so I was servicing five cocks at once, something even I had never fathomed as a possibility.

It was exhilarating to please so many hot dicks at once as I moved and was being moved in all directions.

Michael reminded the new guests, "Remember guys, you can fuck any of her three holes, but only come on her outside."

"As you wish," the guy in my ass said, pulling out before immediately spraying cum helter skelter on my backside.

"My turn," someone said, as whoever I'd just been stroking with my right hand kneeled behind me and soon I had a different cock in my ass.

Seconds later Luigi pulled out, I got my second facial of the evening, and fuck did this kid cum buckets, as he spray-painted my entire face, his volume totally overshadowing any facial I'd ever received before. I could hardly see for awhile because of the white goo that was now dripping off my eyelashes.

As soon as he moved away, a much smaller cock replaced it and I was again triple filled, while I was still stroking an anonymous cock with my left hand.

"Shit, what a mouth," someone dressed all in green groaned.

"Slut, you ride me now," the forgotten Waldo with his dick still imbedded in my cunt demanded.

I again struggled to get into some sort of rhythm, as three cocks pumped in and out of me. I soon gave up and just remained still while my three transient paramours did all the work, which worked much better.

After a couple more minutes, there was another knock at the door.

"I want to come on her face," someone said from behind me (I think it was still Austin Powers), as he pulled out of my ass. The guy in my mouth pulled out too, and I was soon being coated both front and back at the same time. I opened my mouth wide, wanting to get at least a taste of someone's cum.

The thought of how my face must look, now with four loads on it, made me feel so fucking slutty. Wanting to change positions, I stood up, shoved some random guy face up onto the bed with his calves hanging down, impaled my ass on his cock, leaned way back so my back was resting on his chest, beckoned some other guy to my mouth and called out, "Waldo, come find pussy." He climbed off the floor, climbed between my legs, grabbed my knees and slammed into me just as whoever I'd beckoned lay down next to my head and jammed his cock down my throat. From rising to my feet to resuming my status as an air tight whore had taken less than fifteen seconds!

"Oh yes, now find slut's orgasm," I moaned, the triple penetration feeling amazing, but not allowing me to get off, due to everyone's awkward lack of coordination.

Waldo fucked me hard, likely in a similar state as mine: desperately needing to finally come after too long of a wait. In spite of all the sexy things I'd been doing today, I hadn't actually come since yesterday!

My mouth cock shot a sticky mess in my hair in less than a minute and walked away. So now with no cock in my mouth, I could finally see everyone there. At least ten guys were in a variety of costumes, including the gold robot guy C-3PO from Star Wars, who was now playing with my breasts, but incredibly awkwardly.

In a satisfactory DP position and being fucked hard at least in my pussy, my first orgasm in probably twenty-four hours was rising quickly. "Pound cunt, Waldo," I begged.

"Oh God," the icon groaned, slamming into me hard.

"Oh yessssss," I screamed a moment later as my orgasm finally hit.

Seconds later, he pulled out and his cum rocketed onto my belly, my tits, and a bit onto C-3PO's right hand. The robot didn't seem to notice.

But it wasn't ten seconds later when the guy in my bottom shoved me aside and shot arcs of cum into the air and onto my belly, then immediately afterwards, the robot guy flipped me onto my side and slid his cock into my recently vacated ass.

Another large guy I hadn't seen yet, dressed in a giant Yoda outfit, moved onto the bed and moved his flaccid cock onto my face. Although the position was awkward and he was somewhat disgusting, I used a hand to take his cock in my mouth.

The golden gun in my ass roughly pounded me, while I struggled to suck the cock that was... well, it was at least growing in my mouth, is the best I could say for it.

Eventually the robot guy pulled out, flipped me back onto my back and coated my tits with his cum.

"Come sit on my cock," demanded a guy lying on the carpet who was just naked, no costume at all, and very handsome.

I got off the bed, paced over to him and, facing his feet, lowered myself onto him.

He repositioned his cock at the last moment while I lowered myself, and I was surprised to be taking all of his cock not in my cunt, but in my ass. "Ohhhhhh," I moaned, "you bad booooooy."

I began riding his cock, enjoying the position and control.

After a couple of minutes someone said, "Let's DP her."

I moved my feet onto the naked guy's strong legs, spread myself wide and offered my open cunt to whomever wanted it.

A guy in a Lone Ranger outfit with a mask moseyed between my legs and placed his long thin dick against my cunt.

"Fuck me, Kemosabe," I smiled, wanting to try getting double penetrated in this more challenging position.

As he slid his cock into me, the naked guy's cock still buried completely in my ass, I began bucking back and forth fucking his cock, while keeping the other lodged deep in my back door.

The sensation of having a dick buried in my ass while I ground myself on it, simultaneous with getting my pussy pounded, caused my second orgasm to hit me hard.

"Ohhhhhh fuck!" I screamed, leaning back onto my mysterious naked, hot stranger.

The Lone Ranger kept fucking me and like most of the guys tonight, he had a quick trigger and shot his load high up in the air, raining back down on various locations on my belly, tits and neck.

"Keep riding me, slut," the guy in my ass demanded and I did, even as the last tremors of my second orgasm were still rippling through me.

A couple of minutes of fucking him, and he lifted me up, flipped me face down, positioned me on his cock and began fucking me, now in my cunt, which I didn't like, ass to cunt, while he supported my upper body with his hands pressed against my shoulders. Germs or no I screamed, as his cock filled my cunt over and over, the unique position creating a unique pleasure, "Fuck, yes."

He somehow kept fucking me while holding me up, and my third orgasm began building.

I wrapped my legs around his, and just enjoyed the ride until he carried me over to a chair and shoved his cock in my mouth. This fucker, I realized, had just orchestrated his own trifecta of being in all three of my holes. He roughly fucked my face until he pulled out and spewed his cum just above my hairline.

I could continue giving details of the next hour, they're etched in my memory (albeit chaotically), but instead I'll list them:

- I was triple teamed once more

- I was a rocking horse, fucking one guy doggy style while simultaneously sucking another

- I was tit fucked

- I was fisted, which almost made me pass out -- guys' hands are larger than women's

-and I had so many orgasms I couldn't even tell you how many...

Then I was finished off on my knees going clockwise from cock to cock, until the eight guys still remaining standing all did a circle jerk, coming on me from all sides.

I was literally drenched in cum. My hair, my face, my tits, my ass, my back, and my nylon-clad legs were all sticky and white.

Once they had all gone, Michael asked, "So?"

"I've never been so exhausted in my life," I answered, lying bonelessly on the carpet.

"Was it all you imagined?" he asked.

"And more," I nodded, before adding, "although I'm not sure I could do it very often."

"I'm happy you enjoyed it," he said, "but I have to admit I was a bit jealous of all those guys fucking you."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes, you're *my* pet Mommy," he said.

"And always I'll be," I promised, crawling to him and taking his flaccid cock in my mouth... knowing that I would always love Michael as a son, a lover and a Master.

## **THE END**

Coming one day...maybe:

Pet Mommy: Porn Movie

Pet Mommy makes an incest movie where no one knows they are actually Mother and son.

Pet Mommy: Road Trip

A cross country drive gives the son and daughter lots of opportunities to play.

Pet Mommy: Seduction

Pet Mommy has to complete her seduction of Frederick's Mom.

Pet Mommy: The Mile-High Club

Pet Mommy and son and join the mile-high club.