

# PROM 2020: MOMMY HELPS OUT

***silkstockingslover***

*Mom serves as virgin son's prom date and...*

Incest/Taboo

4.64

9.7k words

Summary: Mom serves as virgin son's prom date and....

Note this is **A Love The One(s) You're With 2020 contest story**.

## **Prom 2020: Mommy Helps Out**

David wasn't the least bit surprised when this year's prom was cancelled, but he was nevertheless very disappointed. Truth being told, he originally had no intention even to *go* to prom... he hated everything about all the juvenile high school traditions, and he couldn't wait to leave his little backwater home town and attend college, where he would have the chance to hang with other academics... but his sweet girlfriend had really wanted them to go together, and she had even made it clear she wanted to do what everyone else (said they) did at prom... lose their virginites... and thus he had taken a complete about face, and had been really looking forward to it.

But alas, COVID-19 reared its ugly head.

And instead of her at least being available to do 'prom things' (hint hint) without the actual prom, Debbie had gone to the lake with her family, where the great outdoors gave them plenty of room for having fun even with social distancing, leaving David home alone with his mom. Not that that was *entirely* a bad thing. He loved his mom, it had only been the two of him since his dad died unexpectedly when he was a baby, so being stuck quarantined with her wasn't much different than the life he had already been living with her for as much of his life he could remember. Besides, he was mostly an introvert, and would rather be quietly at home, than out at a party or school event.

"So I have an idea," his mother Pamela... who felt she was way too young to be facing empty nest syndrome at her tender age of 37... said.

"What's that?" David asked, setting down a book from the upcoming fall's college syllabus: War and Peace, which was ridiculously long, and had a large cast of people, all with unpronounceable and quickly forgettable names.

"The two of us can have a home prom together," Pamela said, having found her husband's tux he had worn nineteen years ago when they had gotten married; it was classic black, and thus it never went out of style.

"How?" David asked, looking at his mom in her pantyhose (well, plus all her other clothes), and like he always did, his cock getting hard. Fortunately for him, she had continued wearing them every day, even when quarantine had required her to begin working at home. She was a psychiatrist, and she still cared for a full schedule of clients, although now she did it from home, using Skype or video calls, and emailing prescriptions to pharmacies. She still dressed up for work as if she was leaving the house, although she could have been naked below the waist and her clients would never know. (Although her grown son most *definitely* would, on the rare occasions he walked silently off-camera through their living room!) But of course she never would, for a multitude of

reasons. One reason being that she refused to get complacent and lazily casual during these stressful times, but instead, attempted to live her life as if she weren't now living it almost entirely at home.

David's mom was a very pretty big-boned woman, which unfortunately in today's social media-obsessed, size-zero culture, meant many people considered her fat. She wasn't fat, just ask her son. Chubby perhaps, but truth was, she was a very attractive full-figured natural woman... with huge tits, a big ass, and great legs. She also had enticing blue eyes you could sink into and drown, and her smile could be sexy or sweet, depending on who she was aiming it towards.

"You want to know how? Come with me to my bedroom," Pamela said.

Those were, verbatim, the very words David had fantasized hearing many, many times, from various women and girls. He really liked Debbie of course, but he also had a secret crush on his English teacher Mrs. Walker. *And* he dreamed of fucking Beth, the blonde-haired, blue-eyed cheerleader... who oddly resembled his mother. But his greatest fantasy, just like many other boys (this next being something he had discovered through massive research in the form of reading endless online porn) was to bone his mother. He had been stunned when he realized that the stories about incest on Literotica were by far the most popular, that there were forums where people, mostly guys of course, but also more gals than one would expect, chatted about their fantasies or even realities of having sex with their mothers. (Yes, of course he assumed most of these so-called true life episodes were lies... but nevertheless, the idea really excited him, and his *ad hoc* surveying gave him a 0.01% chance (that's only one in ten thousand, but still more than zero) that he might one day sleep with his own mother.) And then he began watching and reading incest porn (most of it was step-mom, but some was staged or written as being authentic).

"Okay," he said curious to know what she intended, and needing a break from the endless book, that could also be used as a weapon for bludgeoning, it was so thick and heavy. He still hadn't decided whether he loved or hated the novel... he figured it would depend on whether the ending turned out to be worth the endless read.

Pam took her son's hand to lead him down the hallway. This was something she had always done, although now he was pretty much grown, not in public anymore. She did it not because she was some pervert, but because it was touch, which she missed greatly ever since her husband's passing, and it provided her with a natural, intimate connection between her and her son.

David far from minded holding his mother's hand... it had used to make him feel safe and secure, and now he simply enjoyed any opportunity to touch his mother... his cock rock hard, from admiring her cute feet and legs in their sheer pantyhose.

Reaching her room, Pam said, pointing to the tux laid out on her bed, "Try this on."

"You rented a tux?" David asked, surprised to see one in their house.

"No, it was your father's," she explained, pointing at the picture on her wall of their wedding day, where his dad was wearing the same exact tux.

"Wow," David said, as he looked at the tux.

"I think it will fit you," Pam said.

"Okay," David nodded, appeasing his mother.

"I'll give you a few minutes to try it on while I start getting dinner ready," Pam said. "Call me when you're ready to model it for me."

"Okay," David nodded. Once the door was closed, he got undressed and put it on. He didn't have a proper dress shirt on hand to go with it, but the pants and jacket fit him perfectly. He opened the door and called downstairs, "Mom!"

Pam returned a moment later and smiled warmly, her heart beating a bit faster as she gushed, "You look just like your father!"

"I do?" he asked, only having pictures to remember his father by.

"So much," she nodded, amazed at the resemblance.

David looked into the full mirror on his mother's bedroom wall. He couldn't believe how different he looked in this tux. Somehow it made him look more handsome, in the same way he always thought a pair of nylons made a girl look hotter.

"Your dad would be so proud of you," Pam said, admiring her son. She was so proud of him. He had worked hard in high school, and as a result had been offered scholarships to just about every major school in the country. He had also performed the man's work at home (he was great with tools just like his dad, and had become a great cook, preparing most of their dinners, because of his mom's erratic work schedule... which had become even more intensely erratic with this whole COVID-19 crap taking over the world).

"Think so?" David asked, this mother not talking about his dad very often.

"Oh honey," Pam said, coming over and giving him a tit-crushing hug. "You know he would be *amazed* at how well you've turned out."

"That's mainly because of you," David complimented back, loving the feel of her huge tits against his chest. His cock, that had deflated, was back up to full mast in a cock-beat. He knew his mom felt insecure about her parenting skills at times, and he also knew reassuring her was a good idea.

"Oh honey, I love you so much," she said, tears beginning to roll down her face upon remembering he'd be leaving home in a few months.

"I love you too, Mom," he replied, feeling a little guilty that he so loved feeling her big tits against his body, and because his cock was so fucking hard right now. He couldn't help it, but his cock flinched against her leg.

Pam was surprised to feel what was obviously her son's penis twitch against her leg. She wasn't sure how to react to that. Was he getting hard because of the hug? For some reason was he hard because of her? Was he simply hard because he was an eighteen-year-old boy?

She released her son, the hug having continued way longer than any she'd given him since he'd been a young boy, feeling very emotional because seeing him in his dad's tux made it obvious her son was turning into a man, and because in this tux he struck such a striking resemblance to the only man she'd ever loved. She couldn't explain it, but at this moment, for the first time ever, she was seeing her son as a man.

David didn't understand what he saw in her eyes, but he definitely saw *something*, so he asked, "Are you okay?"

Pam glanced down to see how obvious it was that her son did indeed have an erection, and the answer was very, as she answered, "It's just sometimes I still miss your dad, and I just remembered that *you'll* be gone pretty soon, too."

"Oh, Mom," David said, knowing it had been just the two of them for a long, long time. "Maybe I should find a school closer to home."

"No, no, no," Pam said, wiping her tears and feeling bad for making her son feel bad. "You've worked way too hard not to go to Harvard like you've always dreamed of."

"You're not wrong, I *have* always had my sights set on going there, but I hate the idea of leaving you here all alone," David said, which was true. For his entire life, all he'd known was living with just his mom, and conversely, that was all she had been doing for eighteen years, as well.

"To tell you the truth, I hate it too," Pam admitted. "But I'll figure it out." Changing the subject as she wiped a few tears from her eyes, "but let's not dwell on that; let's plan our Prom 2020."

"Okay," he agreed, not very excited about it, since there was no way their festivities would include what he had previously been planning... to lose his virginity with Debbie. But he knew his mom wanted to do this, so for her sake, he'd put on his big boy tux tomorrow evening and show his sweet mom the best time he could.

"Okay," she nodded. "Tomorrow is prom. We'll both get dolled up, dine on a delivered dinner from the best restaurant in town Le Chateaubriand, have a dance or two together, maybe even take some pictures, and do whatever else you want."

*I'd love to lose my virginity to you*, he thought to himself, but he just nodded, as he glanced down at her nylon-clad feet, "Sounds great."

"Sweet," she said, a word that had long fallen out of popularity, yet was still his mother's go-to word.

"Yes, Mom, *saccharine* sweet," he teased, something he did every time she said it.

"Teasing your old mother isn't very sweet," she objected mildly.

"You're not old, Mom," he pointed out the obvious. "There are women at your age who are just starting to have kids."

"Maybe that's true, but I still feel old," she sighed.

"Well, you're not," David said. "And I don't want to hear any more about it, unless you're fishing for compliments; in which case I have plenty to choose from."

"Fine," she smiled, She then posed playfully, "Then I'm a hot babe."

"You're joking, but I hope you know that every guy in my school, even the assholes, or rather *especially* the assholes, all think you're hot," David pointed out, having on many occasions seen guys checking out her big tits and ass.

"I can't imagine," Pam said, flattered to think so. Truth was, she had been oblivious to men ever since Sam's passing, focusing on just her work and her son. She had been in two rather brief and anti-climactic relationships over ten years ago, but both had failed; mostly because she couldn't

help comparing the men to her deceased husband. Although at a medical conference a couple of months before COVID had hit, she had daringly tried out her first experience with a woman. A younger woman had hit on her at a bar where the conference was hosting a poker night. So tipsy, lonely and horny, she allowed herself to get fingered in a bathroom to orgasm, subsequent to which, curious, she went down on the girl, licking her to a rather loud orgasm while some other women were in the bathroom. It was exhilarating, even the walk of shame when she and her paramour emerged from the stall to be greeted by some playful applause, and the experience had made her feel sexually alive for the first time in years.

"Mom," David said, noticing his mom a bit distracted, decided to cross a line he likely shouldn't cross, yet felt the need to do something excessive to make his mother feel better, "please don't be offended by this, but if you weren't my mother, I'd be completely in lust with you."

"Really?" Pam asked, flattered by her son's words, and not interpreting them in the inappropriate way he'd meant them.

"Mom, you're incredibly sexy," David added, before figuring he may as well throw this next thought out there too, "plus, unlike all my classmates, even unlike most of my teachers other than Mrs. Walker, you wear pantyhose."

"You like pantyhose?" Pam asked, that having been his father's fetish. She had actually hated pantyhose as a teenager, until she met Sam. He revealed he liked them after a few dates, and thus she started wearing them all the time for him. He appreciated it, as he would massage her nylon-feet at school, in the car, and at their homes. She discovered there were various qualities of pantyhose. The kind she wore originally had been cheap and itchy; but the kind she wore in her senior year of high school and ever since, were sheer silk stockings... and once she could afford them, including many luxury brands from Europe, where hosiery was still fashionable, unlike here (although over there, they call pantyhose tights, and thigh high stockings are called hold-ups).

"Yeah, I do," he nodded, glancing down to her nylon-clad feet, and doing it quite obviously for the first time, and he added, "it's probably your fault."

She had long noticed her son checking out her feet in nylon, and this time she felt flattered. She knew as a psychiatrist that some sons become sexually aroused by their mothers (although she hadn't applied that thought to David until this very moment). She responded, "Actually it's your father's fault; his fetish was nylons, and I've worn them in memory of him ever since."

"So it's like father, like son, so if I check out your legs, I'm just honouring my dad's memory?" David joked, now not even *pretending* he wasn't staring at his mother's nylon-clad feet.

Pamela knew it was a little wrong, but she was enjoying the attention, so she wiggled her toes, as her husband had been particularly obsessed with her toes in sheer nylons... although she hadn't bothered to paint her toenails since the quarantine began. She would definitely make a point of doing so for tomorrow evening! As she recalled her husband's eight-inch cock, that used to bring her to multiple orgasms, she couldn't help but wonder if her son had also inherited that impressive gift, and with that thought secretly in mind, she said, "There is no one I'd rather you be like."

"And there is no one I'd rather have for a mother, not even some hot movie star," David said, his dick dying for attention.

"I'm going to finish making dinner, and then while we eat, let's watch Wheel," she said.

"Sounds good," David nodded, that being his favorite hour every night. Partly because he really enjoyed Wheel of Fortune and Jeopardy, partly because he loved how excited his mom got when she knew an answer, and partly because it usually meant an unbroken hour of his getting to stare at his mom's nylon-clad legs and feet.

Twenty-five minutes later they were eating dinner, guessing puzzles, and David was slyly admiring his mom's legs.

Pamela had never paid any attention to his fixation in the past; although she'd been vaguely aware of it, she had just focused on answering the puzzles, and then on answering the clues by forming questions. Yet tonight, she couldn't help but view her son in a different way. For one, she noticed he was *constantly* admiring her legs and feet, not just from time to time, like she had thought. For two, she now couldn't stop noticing the many similarities between her deceased husband and her son. The slightly crooked smile, the dimples, his constant glances at her, the affectionate (and even slightly horny, she now saw) look in his eyes. She couldn't explain it, but more than once she thought she was looking at her husband instead of her son.

Usually his mother was so focused on the puzzles and questions that she was completely oblivious to his constant glances and stares. But this evening, every time he admired her legs in the beige nylons she usually wore (4 days a week, black two days a week, and cream colour on Sundays... not that he kept track or anything, no, *certainly* not), she seemed to catch him looking... or sometimes instead, when he turned his head, she was already looking at him with what he could only describe as a perplexed look.

For them both, it became a strange game of cat and mouse, although neither quite realized they were playing it. David would get caught admiring his mom's feet, so he'd look away; Pamela would be looking at her son instead of watching the show, and then when his head began turning her way again, *she* would turn away.

Pamela, for a couple of reasons, decided to wiggle her toes and move her legs far more than she usually did. At first just to test her theory that he was checking out her legs and feet; and then once she had decided he definitely was, to tease him... she knew it was wrong, and she had no idea why she was enjoying her son's attention (other than because of her being physically isolated from the rest of the world, she was quite naturally starved for attention), but she was enjoying it... especially when she saw him adjust himself on more than one occasion; which brought her to the third reason: she was antsy herself, and a little horny.

David was confused by his mother's reactions, and by her slightly flushed cheeks.

Pamela was confused by her own reactions, and by the way that tonight she was constantly seeing her late husband in her son, who was very alive indeed.

That night David jerked off while reading erotic Mom and Son stories, while unbeknownst to him, his mother masturbated while imagining her husband was still alive, and he was fucking her like he had all those years ago: hard, rough, deep... although as she came, three fingers in her pussy while she spanked her clit with the other hand, it was her son's face that popped into her head!

David went to sleep, curious about what his mom would look like tomorrow, all dolled up... her very words.

Pamela went to sleep disgusted with herself. *What kind of horrible mother has such twisted thoughts about her very own son?*

.....

The next day, Pamela painted her fingernails and toenails red for the first time since the quarantine had begun. She applied her make-up with great care. She put on some glossy, bright red lipstick. She didn't know why she was going the extra mile with her undergarments, she certainly wasn't going to try and seduce her son, but she wore a fancy garter-belt and stockings for the first time in months. (She did wear the ensemble on occasion, just to feel sexy while she was out and about, even though no one else would know.) And tonight she even wore a thong (which she often wore, as she liked them... always had).

In the early evening David put on his tux, with a powder blue dress shirt and a sparkly button cover at his neck this time, thinking that based on his mom's plan... that she would be his prom date... he knew that afterwards he would be jerking off tonight, but even before then, that the evening would proceed in a wild kinky way where, like with his original plan with Debbie, he would lose his virginity tonight, if only in his late-night fantasies.

Pamela walked out, wearing a red dress and matching five in open-toed heels, and mocha stockings (a darker shade of beige that really showcased her legs, and contrasted so perfectly with the red). She knew she looked pretty hot, and even her huge tits were well showcased, while still being appropriate for the family pictures they'd be taking.

David was already downstairs, getting the tripod and the timer on the camera ready in front of their bookshelf. When he saw his mom, he was so startled by how sexy she looked, that he actually said what he was thinking, "Wow, Mom, you look amazing!"

"And you, my dear man, look absolutely dashing," she smiled, flattered by the compliment, even thought she was expecting it, and admiring her son, who was looking so stunning himself.

"I know," David said, posing seductively, or at least he tried to look seductive.

"You're no longer my little boy," Pamela said, which made her memory of his cock flinching against her leg yesterday pop into her head. *I bet it's as big as his father's was!*

David was tempted to make a quip about his eight-inch cock (8¼" to be exact... he'd measured... which although he was a virgin, he knew from porn and research was considered pretty impressive, so he was indeed no longer anyone's 'little boy'), but instead he gave a subtler hint, "Well, I *am* the man of the house."

Pamela smiled, as she thought to herself, *I definitely need a man in my house*, "Yes you are."

Neither realized the other was entertaining inappropriate thoughts about them. David thinking about his hot mom like he always did, and Pamela trying to process the new confusing feelings inside her.

"Well now that we're agreed that we both look as good as James Bond and whichever beauty he's with in this movie we're taking their place in, let's take some pictures," Pamela declared, trying to ignore the innuendo she'd thoughtlessly put forward... Bond invariably had sex with his beauties... and she also tried to push away the thought that her son looked fucking hot, and to ignore the confusing tingling in her pussy and the inexplicable slight wetness that had leaked into her thong.

"Sure," David said. "I have it all set up."

"You're amazing."

"I really am," David joked back.

"And humble, too," the mother smiled, as they headed to the living room.

"I really am," David repeated.

"Brat."

"I really am."

Pamela shook her head, *His ebullience is just so cute!* as they reached the spot for the photo shoot. She said, "And the camera can be timed?"

"Already done," David said, and he added, "I have it set up so after I press the button, it will take the first picture in twelve seconds, and then the next ones every seven seconds, until I go over and stop it."

"So this could be a real photo shoot with endless shots," Pamela said.

"With you as the hot model," David slyly said, tonight easily being the most flirtatious attempt in his life.

"Wait a minute, it's *your* big day," Pamela pointed out, even though she appreciated the compliment.

"Okay, it's my big day because I get to pose with a hot model, and it's your big day because you get to pose with your *own* hot model named David. So it's *our* big day," David embellished sweetly. "I couldn't have done any of this.. schoolwork, scholarships, being the hottest man in this entire room... without you right by my side."

"And don't you forget it," she said, poking her nose in the air and asking *faux* snootily, "so camera lackey, where do you want me?"

*On your knees sucking my cock*, was his first thought, but he said out loud, "Well, standing right beside me makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does," the mom smiled, loving how sweet her son was being

"All right," David said, as he went to press the button. "Are you ready?"

"As ready as I'll ever be," she said, wondering how to pose.

"Okay," he said, pressing the button and going to his mom. "Now just look at the camera and say 'limburger'."

"Okay," the mother said, as they stood side by side.

"And smile," David added, as he draped his arm around his mother's waist.

The gesture was harmless and normal. Yet feeling her son's hand on her waist excited her. She put her arm around his too, looking away from the camera just as the first picture was snapped.

"Oops," Pamela said.



"Just keep smiling," David laughed.

"Okay," the mother said... just as the next photo clicked. "Damn it."

"Maybe we should have gotten an actual photographer," David laughed, as he moved his hand ever so slyly lower down her hip.

"No more talking," she said, looking at the camera with her big smile, even as she noticed her son's hand moving ever so little lower.

They took three pictures in a row, all of which seemed successful, and then several more in other poses, before they were done.

Pamela asked, knowing her son loved seeing her nylon-clad feet, and her feet already sore from the heels she hadn't been wearing regularly, "Do you mind, honey, if I take the heels off?"

"Your feet sore?"

"A little; it's been a while since I've worn heels," she said, slipping out of them and wiggling her toes.

"Do you need a foot massage?" David asked, having wanted for years to give one to his mother.

"You don't have to do that," Pamela demurred, recalling how her husband had done that every single day during her pregnancy, and how amazing it had felt.

"I know I don't *have* to," David said, "but I think you deserve it."

"I do miss your dad doing them," Pamela said, as she compliantly sat down on the couch.

"So you're saying you haven't had one in eighteen years."

"I guess not."

"Well, since I'm the man of the house, I should be taking over the duties dad would be performing if he was still here with us," he said, as he too sat down on the couch ... having just given her a not-so-veiled hint that he'd be willing to assume the so-called 'duty' of fucking her.

"Well then, once you finish doing my feet, you'd better hop to fixing the leak under the sink; chop chop!" she teased, as she swung her legs around and settled her feet on his lap.

David couldn't believe this was happening... sure this wasn't anything anywhere close to having sex with his mother, but it was the closest he'd ever come. He moved his hands to her left foot and said, "I'll do anything you need me to, Mom."

"I'll keep you to that," she said, as she let out the slightest of moans at his soft touch on her foot.

"You okay?" David asked, loving to hear his mother moan.

"Yes, what you're doing just feels really nice," she said, explaining her moan. *It wasn't anything sexual... certainly not!*

"Then just relax and let it happen, Mom," David said, as he began massaging the sole of her left foot.

"Okay," she said, enjoying the foot massage... her first in almost two decades; she didn't even realize the tops of her lace-top stockings were within clear view of her son.

David massaged her for a few minutes before he noticed his mother wasn't wearing pantyhose like he had thought, but a much sexier garter-belt and stockings, which of course made his cock twitch under his mother's leg... which in turn, she couldn't help but notice.

Pam did indeed notice her son's cock twitch against her leg. She asked, "Is my leg too heavy on you, honey?"

"No, no, no," he replied, likely far too urgently and quickly.

"Okay," she said, before adding, "Can you do my toes, too? Your dad always did the toes, and I loved that part more than anything!"

"Your wish is my command," David said, again offering her anything and everything... sky's the limit... as he rubbed her pinky toe.

"Your dad used to say that too," Pamela said, unable not to see her husband in her son.

"Well, since I'm the man of the house now, I'll happily do everything he'd be doing if he was here," David said, even more bluntly implying he would fuck her if she just gave him the word.

Pamela, for the first time, sensed that David was actually flirting with her. Deciding to push the envelope a bit and also tease him, she said, "Well, you can't perform *all* of his manly duties."

David caught on, and yet pretended he didn't, saying, "I'm serious, mom. Whatever you need, I'll do it. A man's job is to make sure his woman is taken care of, and that he makes her happy."

"I agree with that sentiment wholeheartedly," she enthused, as he continued massaging her toes... one at a time... endlessly... before moving on to the next one and giving *it* a little bit of heaven... before... "Yet you *really* can't do *everything* I need," she added, stressing the pertinent terms.

"Try me," David asserted, as he moved to her right foot and replicated his tiny toe massaging.

"Well you see, since you're my son..." she explained, and as he continued looking at her with a confused expression, *Is he actually this naïve?* "and since I'm your mom..."

"Okay, and...?" he played dumb, knowing exactly where she was going while hoping his penny would drop, and having the time of his life watching her struggle against having to come right out and say it.

"And there are some needs a son can't fulfill for his mother," she continued, reluctantly doling out words that really shouldn't be necessary, as his fingers sent small waves of pleasure into her vagina by way of her toes. After a long pause, while her idiot son *still* looked blank, she added, "Things only a married couple do... in the privacy of their bedroom."

"Aaaaah," David nodded as if he'd finally figured out what she was getting at, as he moved one of his hands to her calf and began rubbing. He then added, "You're talking about what I was supposed to be doing *tonight* for the first time!"

"You were?" she asked, surprised... although it made sense. He had been dating Debbie for a while, and it was prom night... the same night she had lost hers. She also noticed his hand going up to her

calf, which felt very nice, and even slightly seductive.

"Yeah, you know, the typical prom bullshit," David shrugged.

"Losing your *virginity* isn't bullshit *at all*," she objected with some heat. "It's actually pretty special. That just happens to be the night when *you* were conceived."

"So pretty special, then," David smiled.

"A little," she smiled. She then added, "It's really too bad you're stuck here with your mother, on the night you were supposed to lose your virginity."

"Well, there's no other place I'd rather be," the son said, glancing to the top of his mother's stockings... wondering why she would choose those to wear for a night at home with her son. Was there any chance she was thinking the same inappropriate thoughts he was?

"You're sweet," she smiled. "A liar, but sweet."

"I'm *serious*, Mom," David insisted. "You're the most important woman in my life."

"You really are so sweet," she said, her pussy dampening her thong... completely seeing her husband in his son.

"Great," David sighed. "Every man wants to be called sweet... high praise indeed."

"Well, you've turned into a very good-looking young man," she added, noticing him looking a little insecure.

"You're my mom, so you have to say that," David said, playing the insecure card and sensing, as surreal and unlikely as it seemed, that his mom was having her own inappropriate thoughts.

Pamela swung her feet off her son, slid across the couch to sit very close to him and said, as her hand went to rest on his leg, "Honey, I'm serious. You're a very attractive young man; and I'm telling you that as a woman, not as your loyal old mom."

"Really?" David said, enjoying the compliment, enjoying his mom's hand on his leg, and enjoying his mother sitting hip to hip with him.

"Well, like I keep saying recently, you look just like your dad, and I've never found anyone hotter than he was," she said, her lips just inches from her son's.

"So you're saying I'm hot?"

"If you weren't my son and weren't half my age, I'd be all over you," she said wickedly, knowing she was crossing a line, and yet not saying anything more daring than he said yesterday. But she wasn't prepared for what he said next!

"If that's the case, and since I feel exactly the same, then let's make a decision. Tonight you're not my mom," David said, deciding to go for broke, "you're my prom date."

"I am, am I?" Pamela asked with a playful smile, her hand moving up his leg just a bit.

"Yes," he said, building some confidence as his mom's hand wandered a bit closer to his very hard cock. "Tonight Pamela, you're my hot prom date."

"In that case, I think you're looking very sexy tonight, David," Pamela said, moving her hand closer to his cock and her lips closer to his.

Pamela asked, as she repositioned herself slightly to give him easier access to her nylon-clad legs, "Do you like the nylons I wore for you?"

"They're so soft," David said, caressing them... both of them so close to crossing the forbidden line, and yet neither wanting to be... quite.. the one to do so. He then asked, "Why garters and stockings?"

"To feel sexy for me, and to look sexy for you," Pamela answered, drawn to her son like a moth to a flame.... Years of missing her husband, years of ignoring her pussy and her feminine needs, but now Sam... or rather David... was lighting a fire inside her that was suddenly consuming her, and had her ready to break every taboo there was.

As David took a risk and moved his hand ever so slowly beneath his mother's... or rather his date's... dress, Pamela took a risk too, as she quite rapidly moved her hand to the large bulge in her son's trousers, needing to feel her son's cock, and to confirm it was as big as she imagined.

"Ohhhhhh," David moaned as his mother's hand suddenly landed on his cock. Any lingering fears that he was reading things wrong flew out the window, as he moved his hand directly to his mom's panty-clad pussy, and found she was very wet.

"Is this weapon hard because of me, David?" Pamela asked, happy to confirm her son's dick was as big, if not even bigger, than she had imagined.

"It's been hard for you every day for several years, Mom," David admitted, as he traced his finger between her wet pussy lips over the flimsy panty.

"Really? Then you couldn't have just been looking at me as if I were a pretty statue, you must have pictured some sort of interaction going on between us. So tell me, my hot date... what naughty things did you imagine doing to your Mommy?" Pamela moaned, her son's fingers driving her fevered snatch crazy... beginning to frequently use the term Mommy, which made this completely taboo act she was now committed to doing, somehow even worse and more wickedly taboo, and therefore hotter.

"In my imagination? I've done everything *conceivable* to you," David answered, which was the most accurate answer ever.

He had imagined crawling under her sheets and eating her pussy while she slept.

He had imagined sucking on her big tits like he had as a small child.

He had imagined her giving him a nylon-clad foot job.

He had imagined her giving him a blow job.

He had imagined fucking her huge tits.

He had imagined losing his virginity to her.

He had imagined coming all over her face.

He had even imagined fucking her ass.

In truth, just like he'd said, he had imagined being with his mother in every possible position and sex act.

"Well, that 'everything conceivable' is pretty large in scope," she said, giving his cock a firm squeeze through his tuxedo trousers. "Maybe you can narrow that down to some specifics, baby."

He slipped his finger inside her panties, which he realized might be a thong, since he couldn't see it at all (he really wanted to switch positions, and yet he wasn't about to do anything that might startle his mom into coming to her senses) and he slid his finger inside her very wet pussy (which wouldn't startle her, since it was asking him to).

"Ooooooooooooooh," Pamela moaned, as she allowed her son to finger her.

"I've always wanted to do this, to reveal one conceivable thing," David said, his confidence brimming now that the invisible line had been crossed.

"You're fingering Mommy," Pamela said, realizing how dumb that sounded even as she said it... but it was really her processing that was happening.

"You're so wet, Mommy," David said, as he slowly slid his finger in and out of his mom's pussy, the term 'Mommy' sounding so fucking hot, no matter which of them was saying it at the time. It was a hot term he had read many times, in many erotic stories.

"It's been so long," Pamela admitted, as the finger felt so amazing inside her, but it only made her want more.

"Lift up your dress, Mommy," David ordered.

"You want to see Mommy's pussy, baby?" Pamela asked wickedly with a soft moan.

"Yes, Mommy, that's *exactly* what your dirty son wants," David said, enthralled at what was happening... the real thing so much hotter than the plethora of fantasies he'd stroked himself to in recent years.

Pamela raised her dress to let her son see her pussy. "I wore a thong just for you as well, baby."

"So sexy," David said, his eyes going wide as the dress was lifted to unveil the thong, black unfortunately, but extremely fortunately, with his finger still inside her pussy.

"Should Mommy pull her panties down for the man of the house, baby?" Pamela asked as she looked at her son, whose eyes were as big as they'd been a dozen years ago on Christmas morning.

"Yes, please, Mommy," David said in a trance, now *sounding* very much like he had a dozen years ago. A real pussy, a real woman, was so much more excitingly raw than any of the wild porn he had watched.

Pam gave her son's cock one more firm squeeze, then she stood up, allowing his finger to slip out of her, and said, "Actually, do you want to see the lingerie I picked out just for my prom king?"

"God, yes," David said, now sounding more like himself, as he adjusted the raging rod trapped in his trousers.

Pamela lifted her dress over her head and tossed it across an easy chair, now standing in front of her son in her sexiest lingerie.

David was speechless.

"Do you like, David? Is this anything like you fantasized?" Pamela asked, as she posed for him.

"There's no way I could have imagined *this*! You're so hot, Mom," David said, as he stared at her full figure. Her huge tits seeming to be struggling to get out of the lace bra. Her sexy garter-belt and stockings. Her thong. Her red-painted toenails.

"This is all for you, baby," Pamela said, as she turned around to give him an up close and personal view of her ass.

"Oh fuck, Mom," David said. "Your ass is so amazing."

"Your dad *loved* my big ass, and often said so," Pamela bragged, as she wiggled it playfully.

David reached over and gave both big cheeks some appreciative squeezes. "I can see why."

"Yes, squeeze Mommy's ass, baby," Pamela urged, loving to have her ass squeezed, and unbeknownst to anyone but her deceased husband, she also loved taking a cock inside it. It was, until what she expected to do tonight, the kinkiest thing she had ever done (the lesbian bathroom encounter taking a close second).

David leaned forward and kissed her ass cheeks.

"Ooooooh, that feels nice," Pamela said, that not something her husband had ever done. Telling someone to kiss her ass would be so insulting, but David doing it because he wanted to, feeling like such a special treat!

"This ass needs to be worshipped," David said, reading her mind, as he began splattering kisses all over her ass cheeks, while squeezing them both.

Pamela allowed the words to slip out of her mouth before she even realized she was saying them, "It also loves a good fucking." Shit, did I just say that?' Pamela thought to herself.

David's eyes went wide. Yes, he had imagined fucking his mom in the ass. Yet he had never imagined his mother as someone who'd ever take a cock in her ass for real! Of course he had also never imagined she would willingly show her body off to him in lingerie, and then allow him to touch her in ways a son never touched his mother. Or rather, he amended, in ways an *unfortunate* son never touched his mother.

"Sorry," Pamela apologized. "It's just been such a long time."

David deciding to pursue this topic he asked, as he pulled the thong down her legs, "Does Mommy like a cock in her ass?"

"Oh, David, I shouldn't have even *said* that," Pamela bemoaned, as her entire body trembled.

"No, you definitely *should* have said that. So tell me, Mommy," David said, as the thong was now on the floor and he pulled her big ass cheeks apart to admire her asshole. "Does Mommy like a big cock in her ass?"

"Yes, baby, Mommy *loves* a big cock in her ass," she said, then added, "or at least she used to."

David had never really considered doing what he was about to, although he had seen the odd rimming video online, but at the moment, it seemed like just the right thing to do if he wanted to assure her he'd be onboard for anal, so he leaned forward, extended his tongue, and gave her asshole a nice firm, wet *lick*.

"Oh David, that feels soooo nice," Pamela crooned, never having her asshole licked before. Fingering and gaping in preparation for being sodomized, yes. But rimmed... never. For such a kinky-sounding act, it felt surreally intimate.

"Such a juicy asshole," David said, as he swirled his tongue around it.

"Now you're taking a virginity of *mine*! Eat Mommy's asshole," Pamela moaned, only a couple of people knowing that once she got revved up, her sweet side faded, and she would talk quite nastily.

"Mmmmmm," David moaned at his mother's dirty words, as he probed her asshole with his tongue.

After a minute or so, Pamela needed to see her son's uncovered cock (he was still fully dressed, tuxedo jacket, patent leather shoes and all), she needed it *al dente* in her mouth, and then in her pussy and ass, so she spun around, pulled her son up, dropped to her knees and yanked his pants down like a bitch in heat... which at the moment was exactly what she was.

David watched in awe at his mom on her knees, the deep and scenic valley between her bra-clad tits in clear view, as she fished out his hard cock.

Pamela pulled her son's boxers down, and gasped at the fat, eight-inch cock suddenly staring back at her. "Oh God, son, your cock is fucking HUGE!" she cried out in awe as she took it in her hand.

"Oh Mom," David groaned, as his mother stroked his cock.

"Do you want your hot Mommy/prom date to suck your big, fat cock?" she offered, looking up at her son.

"Yes, Mommy, suck my big cock," David ordered, as they made eye contact, both seeing each other's lust. "Nobody's ever done that before!"

"God, it's so fucking big," the mother admired, before she leaned forward and took it in her mouth.

David had jerked off hundreds of times imagining this moment, but nothing imaginary can ever compare to the real thing. Her mouth was so warm, her lips were wrapped around his dick so tightly, that in just a few seconds he could feel his balls boiling. *No, no, no!* he thought to himself, *I can't come so quickly!* Yet the decision wasn't within his control, the pleasure his mother was giving him was too intense,

Pamela bobbed on the cock hungrily... wanting to please her son, wanting to get him off just as soon as she could! She knew, or she assumed, he would be a quick reloader at his age. She wanted to taste his cum. She wanted to be the first to swallow his load. The first to take his cock in her pussy... and in her ass. She wanted to be his first everything... she wanted to be his perfect prom date.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to come, Mom," David moaned weakly, mortified that he was coming so quick, maybe thirty seconds, yet wanting to warn his mother.

Pamela took the cock out of her mouth and said, "Don't be sorry, that's what I *want* you to do. This way you'll last longer once you're in my pussy! So hurry up and fill Mommy's mouth with your cum, baby."

She then devoured his cock, taking all eight inches in her mouth like the cock-hungry slut she was at the moment... like the cock-hungry slut she'd used to be for his father.

"Oh, God, Mommy," David groaned, closing his eyes, and moments later erupting into his mom's mouth... the orgasm so much more intense than any he'd ever managed with his hand. And the intensity kept increasing throughout the orgasm, as his mother kept sucking as he deposited his load in her... as his usual orgasm that lasted several seconds stretched and stretched its duration, continuing to keep coursing pleasure through him.

Pamela felt the warm cum explode in her mouth, and she didn't slow down at all, swallowing every drop of her son's sweet creamy cum... which conversely, made her gush some wetness out of her pussy and directly onto the living room carpet.

Pamela slowed down as she continued nursing her son's cock, until she backed away and asked, "Was that like you imagined?"

"And so much more," he said, looking down at his mom, but added, "although in my dreams, I last a lot longer before I pop."

"Well, I'm hoping you're not done for the night," Pamela said.

"No, I'm just getting started," David reassured her. "I can reload quickly, and with a lot."

"You'd better," Pamela said, then added the wickedest thing a mother can likely say to her son, "I still have two holes that need your cum."

"Oh, God," David said, but then added, trying to be as kinky as his mother, "and you could also use loads on your tits, feet and face."

"Are you telling me you have five more loads in you?" she asked, as she stood up, put one leg on the couch and offered her hairy pussy (in retrospect, she should have at least trimmed it) to her son.

"Given enough inspiration, I should have at least that many, and with you onboard, I'm feeling *plenty* of inspiration," he reassured her, his record of self-love being ten, as he stared at his mom's wet pussy.

"Then why don't you have a little snack until you're ready to fuck Mommy," she said, as she reached for the back of his head and guided him the few inches to her pussy.

"I am kinda hungry," he said, as he extended his tongue and began licking... captivated by the strong, sexy scent.

"Now that our prom night has revealed so much to us about each other, I expect the man of the house to eat my pussy regularly," she said, her husband having gone down on her just as much as she went down on him... which was usually daily, back in the day.

"Anytime, Mommy," David agreed willingly, as he eagerly licked his mother's pussy.

"I'll keep you to that," she moaned, as she enjoyed her son's eager tongue.



"I mean it, Mommy," David said. "I'll eat your pussy, and service you any way you want, anytime."

"In that case, your tongue and cock are going to be very busy," she said, as she pushed him backwards onto the couch and straddled him. She asked, as her pussy was poised immediately above his erect cock, "You sure you want to lose your virginity to your mother?"

"I want to lose my everything to you, my MILF Mommy dearest," David said, as he reached out his hands to her hips and guided her onto his cock.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned, as she took his cock in her pussy. "I'm going to make every fantasy of yours come true, baby."

"You already have," David moaned, as his mother sat on his cock, her huge tits now just a couple feet above his face.

"Oh, my big boy, we're just getting started," she said, as she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. "Case in point: do you want to see Mommy's tits?"

"Yes, please, Mommy, always," he said, his cock deep in her pussy, and now her tits about to be revealed right in his face.

She tossed her bra aside and said, "Now suck on them, baby, suck them as Mommy rides this big cock."

"Yes, Mommy," he said, as he reached up, cupped both huge tits and sucked a very large, hard nipple into his mouth.

"Oh yes," she moaned, as she began slowly riding her son... her nipples and tits major erogenous zones. "Suck on Mommy's tits."

"All night long," he sang playfully, as he sucked, licked and played with her huge tits.

"You like Mommy's big tits?" she asked, as she continued slowly riding her son's fat cock.

"I love them," he said.

"Ever imagine fucking them?" she asked.

"All the time," he admitted.

"You never did tell me what you meant by 'everything' earlier," she said, as she got into a smooth rhythm of slowly fucking him... wanting to build up to her orgasm slowly.

"It's a long list," he said.

She pushed him back onto the couch, used his chest for balance as she fucked him, and said, "We have all night, and then some. Tell me every dirty fantasy you have about your mother."

"A nylon foot job," he said, as he looked up at her.

"Mmmmm, you want to come all over Mommy's nylon-clad feet?" she purred.

"Yes," he moaned, as she seemed somehow to be tightening her pussy muscles around his cock.

"What else?"

"I want to fuck those huge tits and come between them," he said, admiring her huge tits as they slowly swayed... imagining how much they would bounce when he took control and fucked her on her back.

"These tits were made for fucking," she said.

"I want to face fuck that pretty mouth, until my balls bounce off your chin, and I come all over your face," he said wickedly.

"Well," she said with a smile, "I do like a man who knows what he wants, and takes it."

"You want a man who takes charge?" he asked.

"Yes, I want a man who's in control, knows what he wants, and fucking takes it," she said, almost challenging him.

"Let's take this to your bedroom," he said, stripping off the rest of his clothing.

"Yes, baby," she said, as she got off his cock, bent down and sucked her wetness off of it, "fuck, I taste good."

He slapped her ass and said, "Hurry up, I have a pussy to fuck."

"And a nice fat ass, too," she added, as she took his hand and led him to her bedroom.

"And your lovely ass," he agreed, admiring it as he followed her.

Halfway down the hallway he tugged her to a stop, pushed her against the wall and kissed her passionately.

Pamela moaned into his aggressive kiss, this somehow feeling naughtier than everything they had done so far... kissing was intimate, and as such, it was even more taboo and therefore hot, than the sucking, licking and fucking they had indulged in so far. She returned the kiss as their tongues explored each other's mouths.

Breaking the kiss after a minute or so, David took the lead and led his mother to her bedroom. Pamela loved her son's aggressive behavior, and she felt wetness leaking down her leg.

In the room, David pushed his mother onto the bed, spread her legs wide, and slid inside.

"Oh yes, fuck Mommy, baby," Pamela moaned, as her son began fucking her.

"I'm going to be fucking this pussy all the time," David promised, as he watched his mother's tits bounce around as he fucked her hard.

"You want to fuck Mommy's cunt every day?" she asked wickedly through her moans.

"And also your mouth, tits, feet and ass," he listed, as he grabbed her ankles and spread her legs even wider.

"You want to turn your sainted Mommy into your cum bucket?" she asked, as she admired her handsome, take-charge son.

"Well, I *do* plan on using you to deposit a lot of loads," David promised, as he pumped his cock into his mom.

"The next load better be in Mommy's cunt," she said, as she added, "and don't worry, I had my tubes tied a few months after your father passed. Now slam that big fat cock in Mommy's pussy, and fuck Mommy hard!"

"And I want *you* to come all over my cock, Mommy," David ordered, as he fucked his mom hard, loving to see her big tits bouncing all over the place.

"Oh yes baby, fuck me, fuck Mommy," Pamela moaned, her orgasm rising quickly from the hard fucking, and enhanced both by her long time without cock, and by his face constantly reminding her she was fucking her son.

"Your cunt is so hot and tight," David said in wonder, as he moved his hands onto her nylon ankles, admired her huge tits bouncing everywhere, watched his cock disappearing over and over in his mom's pussy, and listened to his mother's increasing moans and nasty tongue.

"Oh God, fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy's cunt," Pamela moaned loudly, her orgasm imminent.

"Come, Mommy, come all over your son's big cock," David ordered a couple dozen strokes later, as he could tell she was very close to coming, and his second load wasn't far away, either.

"And *you* come inside *me*, baby, fill Mommy's cunt with your cum," she moaned, about to erupt.

"Let's come together, Mom," David said, holding back for as long as he could.

"Oh yes, fuck!" Pamela screamed, a couple deep, hard strokes later.

"Yes, come together..." David grunted, "right now," as he spewed his load deep into his mother.

"Yes," Pamela moaned as she felt her cunt being filled with cum.

David collapsed onto his mother, his face planting itself between her tits, as they both experienced intense orgasms.

"I love you, baby," Pamela said, as she wrapped her arms around her son, even as she kept coming.

"I love you too, Mom," David said, as he moved up and kissed her tenderly.

"So how long before you can fuck my asshole?" Pamela asked, a couple minutes later.

"Let's order supper from Le Chateaubriand, I'll pound your asshole while we wait, and then we can dine on our gourmet supper in our very own exclusive clothing optional restaurant. And then how about a sweet 69 for dessert?" David suggested.

"And *then* if you're still up for it, a nylon foot job, some more fucking, and a tit job," she suggested.

"Best prom anyone has ever had," David said, as he flipped his mom over onto all fours and said, "Maybe the ass fuck first, and then we can order the food."

"Definitely the ass fuck first," Pam said. "I want that big cock buried deep in Mommy's asshole."

"If you insist," David said, as he positioned his cock in his mother's last unplumbed hole.

"I do insist," Pam said, as she pushed back to get that big fucking dick into her ass.

THE END