

# WHAT MOM DOESN'T KNOW WILL FUCK HER

***silkstockingslover***

*Son masquerades in Dad's costume to fuck unsuspecting Mother.*

Incest/Taboo

4.67

6.9k words

**NOTE 1:** This is a Halloween 2011 Contest Entry so please vote!

**NOTE 2:** A special thanks goes to Estragon for his copy editing work! A massive rewrite occurred in Dec 2018 by Tex Beethoven.

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Until I began reading stories on Literotica I had no idea how many sons had fantasies... or sometimes even realities... of having sex with their Mother. I mean it isn't really a conversation one has with his buddies. Imagine this:

"Dude, you know who I would really like to fuck?"

"Anyone who moves, I imagine."

"True. But do you know who is the most constant late-night focus of my daily stroke-fest sessions?"

"Beth, the head cheerleader?"

"She's in the top five, no doubt."

"Well, who would be number one then?"

"Promise you won't judge?"

"No, you do some crazy shit; so do I."

"Seriously, this is really embarrassing."

"Fine, I promise not to ridicule you too badly."

"My Mom."

"That's not so bad. I was expecting Big Bertha or Old Woman Burgess. First, your Mom is ridiculously hot and second, I've stroked about my Mom lots of times."

"You have?"

"Of course, and my Mom is nowhere as hot as your Mom."

"So it doesn't make me a freak?"

"Oh, it makes you a freak all right. It even makes you a perverted little freak. But hey, at our age every guy is a perverted little freak. Christ, even Hamlet was supposed to have a thing for his Mother."

*Remember the Ophelia song? 'Ah, ah, when I was young, I, I should've known better.' He's got to be singing about his Mom!"*

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Anyway the point is simple. The older I got the more obsessed I became with the thought of sleeping with my Mother. My fantasies shifted from cheerleaders and hot blondes to my forty-three-year-old, blue-eyed, chestnut-brown-haired Mother with the big tits.

As far as calming me down she wasn't any help, either. She was a real estate agent and always dressed in skirts, hose and heels. All three of which had become fetishes of mine, probably because I'd grown up seeing them worn on the hottest woman I knew. I was sixteen when I started giving my Mom foot massages after a hard day at work. She always kept her stockings on and my cock always rose whenever her stocking-clad legs were resting on my lap. She had to know what it was doing to me, but she never let on and it never progressed any further than a son giving his Mother a respectful foot massage, at least not outside my own fevered brain.

Mom knew she was still hot. She flirted with my friends and loved the compliments they threw back at her. She was a MILF and she knew it, she even revelled in it. That said, I never thought I'd ever have the chance to do more than just her feet...but then *that* Halloween happened.

Every Halloween my parents would get dressed up as a sexy matching couple and go to some big party. (Mom was sexy anyway, speaking as a hetero guy I don't think there's *anything* a man can do to look sexy.) Every year I could see their excitement growing for the big day; Mom's creative juices always came alive for Halloween. She always designed and made the two costumes, often starting months in advance. I can't recall all the outfits but do remember a few recent ones: Bonnie and Clyde with Mom dressed as a hot flapper (Mom looked stunning in fishnets and the cute bob haircut with her toy tommy gun and an evil grin ready to shoot someone's balls off), Fred and Wilma Flintstone, which had my dick thinking Bam Bam all night (Mom as Wilma with her tattered neck- and hemlines with almost a nipple and almost her naughty bits showing was memorialised in a photo still hidden under my bed for stroke sessions), her fifties icons Marilyn Monroe and James Dean (which I also have a picture of hidden for play time), and last year she was Princess Leia while Dad was Luke Skywalker (her diaphanous, almost transparent white dress with no underwear that year kept my light sabre erect for months). This year they were going as Beauty and the Beast. As always, Mom refused to reveal her costume to anyone until Halloween Eve, if that phrase isn't redundant.

I have always been a believer in whichever you like to call it... destiny or fate. And it could only have been through destiny that the dominos could have tumbled the way they did...giving me the perfect opportunity to fuck my Mother and live to tell the tale (to you, I don't kiss and go around shooting my mouth off). First off, my Dad phoned at five o'clock to tell Mom that due to some late bargaining (Dad is a high-powered mediator...the guy you hire to negotiate the ends of long-standing feuds), he wasn't going to make it home in time, although he might get in early enough to join her at the party later. Mom was furious, because this was *the* night she always looked forward to, and had put hours upon hours into making the costumes perfect for. Although she was mad at Dad, she still planned to stomp out the door and attend the party and make the best of things she could.

A couple hours later, seven o'clock, Mom came downstairs in her Belle costume, making my cock want to be her guest (id you know that song)

I've always secretly thought Belle was the hottest cartoon character, in the same way I think Betty is easily the hottest Archie girl. But seeing my *Mom* dressed as Belle, in an off-shoulder blue peasant dress displaying a generous expanse of her flawless upper chest, although nothing quite illegal if she remained upright, her hair exactly the same shade as Belle's, plus wearing the darkest brown pantyhose I've ever seen other than on Hooters waitresses, was the sexiest moment of my young life.

I did what I always did when talking to my Mom. I complimented her. "Wow Mom, you could be the real-life Belle. This is your best costume yet!"

"You think so?" she asked, smiling and posing seductively.

"I know so. Dad would have loved it."

My Mom's smile faded. "I can't believe he ditched me for a *transportation union* of all things."

"I'm sure he'll make it back soon."

She shrugged and snorted, "He'd better!" but then relented and told me, "But it's not your fault honey, it was sweet of you to say that." She gave me a kiss on the cheek and let me kiss hers like she always did and was off, leaving me standing there in a cloud of testosterone.

All the stars were lined up perfectly, even though I didn't know that. Even the fact I was home in the first place was because of a string of fateful moments. Usually after seeing my parents off (not ever wanting to miss how my Mom would look that year) I would usually leave for a Halloween party as well, but this year I just didn't feel like it. I'd been dumped a couple weeks before by my girlfriend of eight months Pamela and didn't really want to see her there. So I was watching Halloween for the umpteenth time when the phone rang again.

"Is your Mom still home?" Dad asked nervously.

"She left an hour ago," I replied.

"Shit," he swore, "was she mad?"

"Think PMS cubed and you may be close," I warned.

"Double shit," he cursed, "I tried her cell and she didn't answer."

I walked into the kitchen and saw it sitting in the charger. "She couldn't. It's right here being charged."

"Triple shit," he swore, knowing he was indeed wading in deep shit. After a pause, "Well, can you leave her a note? This is going to be an all-nighter."

"Shit," I parroted, which got me a nervous chuckle from Dad.

Mom was sexy and caring, but you never wanted to get on her bad side.

"I'd better get her some flowers," he rationalized. I noticed an address on a pad of paper in my Mom's handwriting and assumed that was to tell Dad where she was.

"Better get her a whole garden. This year's costume was her best yet!"

We said our goodbyes and I returned to watching TV. About ten minutes later, a light bulb flickered on in my head. A few seconds after that and the bulb was shining bright as the sun!

I dashed upstairs and into my parents' room. Laid out on the bed was Dad's Beast costume.

I stripped to my undershorts and put it on and was pleased at how comfortable it was. My Mom had thought of everything as it even had two battery-powered mini-fans in it to keep the beast inside the Beast cool. I also noticed she'd created a Velcro opening at the privates so Dad... no, so I... could take a piss without removing the costume. I looked in the mirror through a mask that was covering my entire head (with cut-outs for my eyes and ears, the ear holes covered by long Beast-hair). No one would have a clue it was me. I was the same height as my father; I had the same blue eyes as my father; I even had the same voice as my father. I went downstairs, grabbed the address, jumped into Dad's Mercedes (the first thing a good negotiator negotiates is his fee) and sped off to the party.

I arrived at the party a few minutes after nine-thirty and was met at the door by the hostess of the party Gloria, dressed in a Snow White costume improved by a deep scoop neckline. Her face brightened when she saw me. In her usual giddy voice she said, "If Alexis is Belle, you must be Ted. Thank God you're here, Alexis is really mad at you!"

"I know," I acknowledged, "That's why I hightailed it over here as soon as I got home."

"She's had a few glasses of wine and you know how she gets when she's into her wine," she warned me with a wink.

Thinking about the few times I've seen my Mom intoxicated, usually on New Year's Eve, I recalled my Mom being extra touchy feely and very flirty, even with me. The sexual innuendo wasn't remotely subtle. I responded vaguely, "Tell me about it."

Gloria, another of my MILF stroke fantasies, took my hand and led me into her house and downstairs into her party room. There were a dozen people there, all of whom I recognized from my parents' gatherings. It seemed to be a sexy Disney Princess theme party, each sexy MILF costume more outrageous than the last. The dark-skinned Elma who worked in real estate with my Mom was ridiculously hot, came as Mulan, covered only in with several layers of diaphanous material which, if the light was just so, you could peer all the way through to her milk chocolate skin. Mom's assistant, the chunky but very pretty Cassidy, was wearing a too-tight Cinderella costume with a slit in one side of her long ballroom gown up to her waist, and her blonde wig really brought out her blue eyes and dimples. Nice leg! No sign on the exposed hip of any panties. The wife of Dad's partner, a trophy wife twenty years younger than he, was dressed as Ariel with mermaid non-legs and everything, so whenever she needed to go anywhere she had to be carried, a service she rewarded with wet kisses. Her vibrant red hair, hypnotic green eyes and bright green lipstick stood out even more in her mermaid costume. But her upper body was best: it was covered only by multi-hued aqua body paint which kept no secrets. Everywhere I looked were reasons for my dick to get so stiff I desperately wanted to give it some attention. My Dad's best friend's wife, Katie, six months pregnant, was dressed as Sleeping Beauty. She looked incredibly uncomfortable in the ill-fitting sleep-rumpled costume (unless she'd been doing something else in bed for the past hundred years). Would it be neat for thorny Prince Phillip to kiss awake an Aurora who was already two thirds of the way to delivering a baby and to make her his bride? Could such a baby become crown prince or would he be known as His Highness the Royal Bastard? The implications were like a Disney soap opera!

Wearing the always hot Jasmine harem girl outfit which also didn't conceal much if you enjoyed looking *through* as opposed to *around* fabric, was my Mom's old college roommate, the big-busted high school teacher Ellie. Whenever Mom and she got together they were incredibly touchy feely and I'd had many a stroke fantasy picturing them in college munching on each other's cunts. Whenever they got together they talked like drunken sailors and hinted at a time when they'd been really crazy. Right now my Mom, still in her fucking hot Belle costume, was sitting on Ellie's lap and giggling drunkenly. Her face was flushed in the same way Pamela (my recent ex) had always gotten when she was horny from my fingering, licking or fucking her pussy. I couldn't see where Ellie's left hand was and I wondered hopefully whether my sick imagination was right. Just then one more sex object (at a party like this, objectification was unavoidable) walked in from the bathroom. My mouth dropped. It was our locally famous weather girl Miranda Collington. Tonight she was dressed in a painted-on Jessica Rabbit costume (not actual body paint this time) that took your (all right, my) breath away. I don't think Jessica Rabbit is a Disney princess, but who the fuck cares? Dressed in black thigh highs, one of them showing way past the top, and I think they must have been five-inch pumps, I took one look at her and got weak at the knees (yes, and breathless).

Miranda had been the local weather girl since she was eighteen, back in 1988. She was famous for her long legs which were always, and I mean always, in hosiery, which had been pretty common in the eighties but was incredibly rare in 2011. Like my Mother, she was a constant focus of my stroke sessions.

Distracted by the sight of Miranda, who stood out even in that sea of pulchritude, I barely noticed when Gloria announced my arrival. "Ta-Dah! Look at the beastly man who has graced us with his presence!"

Everyone looked up and I was greeted warmly, and in many cases flirtatiously. My Mom got off the gorgeous Ellie and wobbled towards me. She fell into me and hugged me tight. She slurred slightly, "You finally made it, honey."

Attempting to sound just like my Father, I replied slyly, "Baby, I never planned to miss this. I got here as soon as I could!"

She grabbed my hand and whispered into my ear, "You are soooooo lucky you showed up when you did; Ellie has me so fucking horny!"

My cock flinched at hearing my MILF Mother talking so slutty and confirming a long-held assumption and stroke fantasy about her and Ellie. Pushing the envelope, I asked, "How did she get you so horny, honey?"

Mom just shrugged. "You know how she gets."

Stunned but delighted by Mom's clingy attentions, I asked, "So what's the plan now?"

Before my Mom could answer, and interrupting so many nasty possibilities spinning in my head, Gloria announced, "Charades time!"

My Mom smiled and whispered, "I guess your blow job will have to wait." She gave a quick subtle squeeze to my already stiff and eager cock, looked at me with a strange look and wiggled away. My Mom sat back down in Ellie's lap and patted the couch, indicating I should join her. I obeyed like an obedient puppy dog, sitting beside my Mom. I hemmed and hawed whether I should put my hand on my Mom's silk-stockinged legs. The decision was made for me a minute later when Mom grabbed my hand and put it there herself! I had touched and massaged her nylon feet many times,

always fantasizing about my hands being all the way up on her thighs and now she'd just put one there! It was happening! I just sat back, stroked my Mom's smooth soft leg and enjoyed the moment.

The game started and it was couple against couple. I watched vaguely as the other couples acted things out. When it was our turn, Gloria called me up and handed me a card displaying a quote: 'two heads are better than one.' I was happy to get an easy one. As soon as my time began I went to work and Mom quickly got it right.

My Mom slyly added to the room, her tone dripping in sexual innuendo, "I've always thought two, even three heads were better than one." Everyone laughed and Mom winked at me. The wink and hearing my Mother use such an innuendo made me want her even more.

Ellie got up to go to the washroom and I sat back down beside my Mommy princess and she repositioned herself to lean on me in such a way that her voluminous skirts completely hid what she was about to do. She slowly ripped open the Velcro so it wouldn't make that telltale noise, slipped her hand inside my costume and fished my cock out of my underwear! I thought I might come right then, but somehow I didn't.

She gave me an odd look again and said, "Interesting."

I asked, suddenly nervous, as I worried she knew it was me, "How so?"

There was a long silence where my Mom seemed to space out before asking me, seemingly sincere, as she gave me a solid how-do-you-do squeeze, "Did I get you that hard, Baby?"

Without hesitation I confirmed, "It's all you Alexis."

Her smile went wide and she began to slyly and unknowingly give her son a hand job. "Baby, your cock is so fucking *hard*." I looked around the room and I can't actually testify to anything specific, but it *appeared* as if various other couples *might be* similarly engaged.

She kept gently playing with my cock until Ellie returned to the couch. Mom gave me one last squeeze before whispering, "We aren't done here, Baby."

I tried to calm down, my head spinning from the fact Mom had just been playing with my cock. For the next few minutes I watched others play out their charades and now more confident, I put my hand back on my Mom's thigh. I moved it up and down gently, the touch of her pantyhose-covered legs the ultimate tease. The sensual tease continued until it was Mom's turn to do me... I mean to act out a charade for me.

As soon as she looked at the card she laughed and gave me a wink. This led to yet another twitch down below. As soon as her time began, she made the film symbol before falling to her knees and crawling sensuously towards me like a panther in heat. It was incredibly erotic. Once she got to me she used my thighs to push herself to her feet and started dirty dancing in front of me. I was so in awe of my Mom's naughty moves I forgot we were playing a game! She turned around to grind her ass on my lap and I whimpered in pleasure. Suddenly the answer was obvious and I shouted/moaned "Dirty Dancing!" She stood up, slyly squeezed my cock with her hand and gave me a full-on flirt, fluttering eyelashes and all, moaning, "I hope now you're ready for some dirty fucking, Baby."

One of the guys high-fived me after hearing that offer and Mom leaned into me cleavage first and whispered, "Meet me in the upstairs bathroom in a couple of minutes."

My MILF Mom walked away and I took a deep breath. If I wanted, I could just waltz upstairs and fuck my Mom! The majority of me was screaming '*Go for it!*' while my conscience reminded me she was my Mother and drunk and unaware that I wasn't her husband. My cock-head doing the thinking for me, I felt myself standing up and heading *nonchalantly* (yeah, right) upstairs to the bathroom.

At the door I took one last deep breath, one last brief hesitation, before I knocked on the door. Mom opened it and tugged me in.

She smiled, making her look even more beautiful, and dropped to her knees. I watched, frozen in shock, while she pulled my fully-erect cock out of my convenient Velcro opening and took it in her mouth.

While I enjoyed the best blow job of my young life, I pondered the obvious fact that Mom thought she was sucking her husband's cock. I tried to get my head wrapped around this stunning development, but it was very difficult with Mom's lips wrapped around a cock that had stolen all the blood from my brain. Pamela had never given me head for more than a couple of minutes and had never finished me, so Mom's eager blow job was amazing. I just watched from above as my beautiful Mom bobbed up and down on my cock, devouring it whole.

After only a couple of minutes of constant deep-throat cock sucking, I could feel my balls bubbling, I warned, "I'm going to come soon!"

She took her luscious lips off my cock and smiled, "Do you want me to swallow it Baby, or would you like me to jerk you off so you can shoot your cum on my face?"

I couldn't believe the choice she was giving me! I had come in a couple of girls' mouths, but had never had a chance to play out every guy's fantasy, the porn movie finale. I mumbled like the first-time teenager I was, worried I was giving myself away, "Can I come on your face?"

She smiled, "Just tell me when you're close, Baby." She took my cock back in her mouth and bobbed back and forth with even more reckless abandon than before.

She was sucking my cock furiously fast, desperate to get me off. It didn't take long before my balls were boiling and I moaned, "I'm gonna come soon!"

She took my cock out of her mouth and jerked me off with her left hand. Her nasty words both shocked me and led me to my eruption: "Come on, Baby, shoot that hot cum of yours all over my slutty face. Come on me, Baby, coat my face with your hot cum!" I spasmed and shot a large load all over my Mom's beautiful face. My cum landed in her hair and on her forehead, nose and chin. Once I'd finished spraying her face she took my cock back in her mouth. After a couple minutes of her heavenly stimulation my cock was still fully erect. She took it out of her mouth and smiled while standing back up, "Fuck, do I love your cock, baby."

I replied, shocking myself, "And I love your cock sucking lips."

She said, "We'd better get back. But when I get you home you owe me a good tongue-lashing for keeping me waiting so long."

I stammered, "O-o-of course," while cramming my still erect cock back into my costume.

Mom asked while she was bent over the sink trying to clean my cum from her face, "You're still hard, honey. What's got into you? You're like your old eighteen-year-old self."

Wanting to end this conversation before she caught on to what she had just done, I answered, "You bring out the best in me, Honey," and opened the door, leaving her to finish freshening up.

Returning to the party, all eyes were looking at me, some with envy, others with hunger. I went and grabbed a drink from the bar and Ellie came up to hug me from behind me and whispered, "Fuck Ted, I was *that close* to seducing your wife and you had to step in and ruin it!"

"What?" I asked, confused by the complaint.

"I *am* going to fuck her again one day Ted, and that's a promise," she guaranteed, before harem-girling her cute, kind of visible ass away, going directly to my Mom, all sultry.

The next hour was excruciating. All I wanted to do was get home and hopefully get to fuck my Mom. Instead we played bobbing for Barbie parts and actually, believe it or not, attempted to do the Thriller dance as a group, which was either damn funny or ridiculously absurd, depending on how you looked at it.

Finally my Mom, who'd ignored me for the rest of the night, came over to me all flirty again and asked, "So big boy, are you ready to take me home?"

I inwardly flinched. 'Big Boy' was the name she'd called me when I was young. I stammered, "L-I-let's go."

She winked at me and said, "I'll meet you at the car in five."

She gave my rigid cock a squeeze and turned away to say her goodbyes. I did my thirty-second byes and waited outside. Each second felt like an eternity as I waited for my Mom to come to me and become an unknowing participant in furthering our incest.

Finally she arrived and instead of getting into the car she grabbed my hand-paw and led me to the backyard. As soon as we were in a secluded spot she lay down on the grass, lifted up her skirt and begged, "Get down here, Baby, I need to come so fucking bad and I want your expert tongue munching on my pussy." She pulled her pantyhose apart, ripping them open to reveal she wasn't wearing underwear, and I was now staring at my Mom's naked, wet, beautiful, inviting cunt.

Realizing this was probably a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, I tried to make every fantasy I'd ever had come true. Instead of diving into her glistening shaved pussy with its sexy trimmed patch above, even better than I'd ever thought it would look, I took off her heels and took a stocking-covered foot into my hands and began to give her one of my famous foot massages. After I'd begun, I worried she would realize I was her son and not her husband.

She moaned, "Oh Baby, that is so nice."

Instead of talking, I lifted my Beast head up just enough past my chin so I could take her stocking-clad toes in my mouth, something I'd fantasized doing to my Mother so many times.

"Oh my Baby, that feels so fucking good," my Mom purred, her breathing changing to something throatier.



I spent a few minutes kissing, licking, nibbling and massaging both of my mother's perfect silk-covered feet before I slowly moved up her leg, my tongue teasing her ever so softly, wanting this fantasy-come-true to never end. I reached her pussy, her scent speaking eloquently of her excitement. My tongue grazed her clit and she shook involuntarily. She begged, "Please Baby, lick my cunt. I need to come so fucking bad!"

It took all my willpower to resist the temptation to bury my face in her pussy. Instead, I detoured past it and continued down her other leg.

"Damn you, Baby, you're fucking driving me nuts!" she whined.

I smiled to myself and took her left foot in my hand and mouth. She moaned again and her begging became desperate pleading. "Please, that feels so good, you've got me sopping wet, Baby. I need you so bad!"

No longer able to resist, I crawled between the legs of my beautiful Mother and buried my face in her pussy, as well as one could while wearing a Beast head. It was awkward, and slightly uncomfortable, but there was no way I was going to stop licking this cunt I'd fantasized for years. Her taste was heavenly and I used my abnormally wide tongue, something genetic I'd gotten from my Father, and licked her puffy pussy lips. Her moans were loud and her body spasmed from my touch. Her juices were flowing excessively like a constant stream. I sucked her clit into my mouth and she screamed, "Oh my God Baby, I fucking *love* your tongue! Shove your finger in me, baby!"

I obliged her request slipping not one, but two fingers into her gaping cunt. As soon as my fingers were inside her beautifully tight cunt, she got truly animated, "Oh fuck, Baby, finger-fuck my box! Make me come all over your hand!"

I pumped her pussy with two fingers while sucking and licking her clit. I felt her legs stiffen and knew her orgasm was imminent. I took my free hand and did something I'd seen in a porn movie last week: I slapped her clit sharply with my hand. That was the final spur as she screamed "Yes, Baby, I'm coming, keep spanking your slut! N-n-n-n-nnnng!!"

Hearing her call herself my slut was surreally hot! I kept spanking and pumping till her orgasm finished running its course. As soon as it had, she then begged, "Fuck me Baby! Fuck me with that big hard cock of yours!"

It was like every fantasy I'd ever had was cumming true on the same day. I repositioned myself and slid my raging hard-on into her soaking wet cunt! It was heaven! Luckily I'd already come once or this would have been the shortest fantasy-come-true in history. She wrapped her stocking-clad legs around me and pulled me deeper inside her oasis of pleasure. I leaned forward and awkwardly kissed my Mother. She shoved her tongue in my mouth for a sloppy and passionate kiss. Getting aggressive, she surprised the shit out of me when she flipped me over onto my back and straddled me! She engulfed my cock and began riding me, leaning forward so her very impressive breasts were in my face, barely covered by the thin, shoulderless costume. I desperately wanted to rip her bodice off and suck on those puppies like I had so many years ago, but the hand-paws of my stupid costume prevented that fantasy from coming true. Instead, I watched mesmerized at my gorgeous Mother sitting on top of me riding my cock with eager enthusiasm. A few minutes more of hardcore bouncing and I knew I was going to come. I mumbled through the costume, "I'm gonna come soon, Mo..." I caught myself just in time and attempted a cover, getting aggressive, "Where does my slut want my cum?"

I was surprised once again when she continued riding my cock and begged, "Come inside me Baby, fill my cunt with your hot seed."

Such nasty talk was the final straw and I exploded jets of cum into my perfect slut Mother, another long-lived stroke fantasy coming true. She continued riding my cock as my cum coated her pussy walls. Finally spent, she got off my cock and took me back in her mouth, cleaning me up with her amazing lips and tongue, something no other girl had ever done. After a couple of minutes, she quit cleansing my cock and collapsed beside me.

She looked into my eyes, well, into my costume eyes, and complimented me, "You've always been an amazing lover, but tonight was a new high."

"You bring out the best in me," I complimented slyly.

Hand in hand, we lay there in silence for a while before she suggested we head home. She left her car at Gloria's as she was too drunk to drive and I drove her home in my Dad's Mercedes. Halfway home, I felt Mom's hand gliding over my leg before fishing my cock from my costume. I let out an involuntary moan when my cock, still hard, was released from its solitary confinement.

I sped home, hoping to fuck my Mother one more time. For the remainder of the drive my Mother slowly stroked her son's cock.

Once we were in the garage, Mom crooned, "You're still hard, Baby; I can't remember the last time you could get it up even twice, never mind three times."

I replied, "It's your costume, Baby, it's brought out the Beast in me."

She laughed, "And now you're being witty. What's gotten into you?"

Feeling confident, "I don't know, but I know what wants to get into *you*."

She giggled like a schoolgirl and purred, "You are *such* a bad boy."

"The baddest," I responded confidently, getting out of the car and then going to the other side to pick up my Mother and carry her into the house like the dominant man I currently felt like thinking, *The Beast can do no less for his lovely Belle. Aarrghh*. I carried her all the way to my parents' bedroom and tossed her onto the king-sized bed.

My Mother, clearly still very horny, with a strange smug smile on her face, her voice syrupy sweet, "Do you want Mommy to suck your big cock again, big boy?"

I gasped. She knew it was me! I stammered, "W-w-what do you mean?"

"Oh, Curtis, did you really think I couldn't tell the difference between my husband and my son?" she asked, her voice still sexy, her hand reaching for my cock. "For one thing, *this*..." she bestowed a light kiss on the head of Exhibit A, "...is about three inches longer than your Dad's, and tastier, too. I knew you weren't your Dad as soon as I touched it. Remember when I called it 'interesting'? And if it wasn't him, there was only one other person on the planet it *could* be! Ever since then you weren't the only one play-acting, although the hunger I felt for you wasn't acting at all!"

I apologized, "I am *so sorry*, Mom. I didn't come to the party to take advantage of you. I came because you looked so upset that Dad wasn't going to make it."

Her smile never faded as she began stroking my hard-as-rock cock. "Baby, don't be sorry. I love your Dad, but he's gone so much, and even when he *is* home, he can't ever keep up with my sex drive. But you, young man..."

She took my cock into her mouth and, unlike the last time, she sucked my cock slowly. She made love to it with her mouth, slow and gentle. She continued that for a few minutes before she took my cock out of her mouth. She asked coyly, "Do you want to see your Mommy's breasts?"

"Y-y-yes," I stammered.

She slowly, seductively, pulled her entire costume over her head, leaving her naked except for her ripped-apart pantyhose but particularly her breasts, still firm even though she was twenty-five years older than I. I stared in perverse awe at my Mom's perfect breasts. I was brought out of my sexual trance when she began attempting to remove my costume. "Well, son, don't just stand there. Let's get you out of that costume. This Jocasta can't wait to see her hot Oedipus naked!" After some fumbling and stumbling, I was finally freed from my not-so-secret identity and now was only in my boxer briefs in front of my Mom, who was now totally naked. Suddenly I felt self-conscious, my confident persona whisked away with the costume gone. Mom, maybe sensing my insecurity, built me back up, "Looking good! Has my baby boy been working out?"

In two short sentences, my confidence was back. I replied, attempting to be funny, "Yeah, trying to buff up for the ladies."

She smiled, "Well, I know one lady who's very impressed." Her hands pulled my underwear down and off. She fell backwards onto the bed, pulling me on top of her and finally our lips were touching while we could see each other's faces. Soft and tentative at first, the kissing became passionate and eager. Time stood still as we kissed like two horny teenagers. Without a word we scrambled around on my parents' bed and ended up in my first-ever sixty-nine. I was on my back, my cock standing erect like a flagpole while my Mom straddled my face, her legs draped over each side of my head. Her glistening pussy lips were directly above me. I stared like one would at a car crash, unable to look away.

I felt my Mother's hand getting a grip on her son's cock and a few seconds later felt her mouth back on my cock, teasing my mushroom top. The slow rotation of her tongue around my cock was tease heaven. I grabbed my Mother's firm ass and pulled it closer, her pussy now right in my face so I could begin licking. I savoured each lick, her sweet juices as addicting as any drug. As she got wetter, she also began to get more aggressive on my cock. Meanwhile I lapped her juices like a man who'd finally found water in a desert. I wanted to make Mommy come! I began to suck on her clit and pull it down and let it snap back up. She took my cock out of her mouth and moaned, "Keep doing that Baby, Mommy *loves* that."

She kept her hand on my cock, but as I repeated the clit pull her moaning began to get very loud and she got animated. "Oh yes Baby, you're making Mommy feel so goooooood!" and "You're going to make Mommy come!" and finally her moans became so loud I thought she might wake the neighbours, "Fuck, Curtis, I'm coming! My son is making me *commmmmmmmmmmmmmme!!!!*"

Her juices poured out of her pussy and onto my face and mouth. I continued lapping my Mom's pussy, eager to swallow every last drop of her juice! As soon as her orgasm subsided she turned around, straddled my cock and engulfed it completely. Our eyes met and she smiled, "Do you want to suck on Mommy's titties again, like you used to long ago?"

I moaned, her warm, wet, flesh cocoon gliding up and down on my cock, "Yes please, Mommy."

She leaned forward, dropping her left breast into my mouth. I sucked on my Mom's nipple and heard her moaning from my touch. In this amazing position, my Mom fucked me forever. I moved from her left breast to her right and back and forth while Mom continued slowly milking my cock with her pussy. Somehow she was able to tighten her cunt muscles around my cock, making it even tighter.

She whispered, "I love fucking you, son. Your cock feels so good in my cunt. Do you like fucking your Mommy?"

I moaned, "I've longed for this forever, Mom. I've *never* felt such pleasure."

My mom smiled, "You know this is just the beginning, Baby. We're going to do so *many* naughty things together. What do you think of Miranda?"

"She's the second hottest woman I know," I replied.

"I'd better be the first," she teased, beginning to ride me faster.

"Mom, *you* are perfection personified," I moaned.

"Would you like to fuck Miranda too?" my Mom asked.

Surprised, I moaned, "What? Of course I would!"

"She and I have been playing together on the side for years," my Mom revealed. "She is one amazing cunt muncher."

"No way," I grunted, this revelation seeming to make my second greatest fantasy come true, not to mention the thought of my Mother doing lesbian things was fucking hot.

"Way," she joked, "and she loves young cock and she can go all night long. She's like the energizer bunny of pussy, she fucks all night long."

"Oh my God," I moaned, "I can't believe it."

Mom began bouncing on my cock, taking it completely and said, "Believe it, stud. She is my little sex kitten and she will eagerly be your plaything too. Now tell me when you get close Baby, I want to taste your sweet load."

"Yes, Mommy," I moaned. Watching her ride me like a complete slut, her breasts bouncing around in sweet mirror images, my balls began to bubble in a few minutes so I warned, "I'm gonna come soon, Mommy."

Mom leaped off and gobbled my cock whole, bobbing up and down, desperate to taste my seed. Her fast-paced bobbing was amazing and in less than a minute I was shooting my third load of the evening, the trifecta of coming: on her face, in her pussy and down her throat. Unlike most women, she swallowed my cum down completely and kept bobbing till long after the last drop had been extracted. Finally she took my shrinking cock out of her mouth and collapsed beside me. I wrapped my arms around her and held her tight.

I whispered in her ear, "I love you, Mom."

She turned around and looked into my eyes, "Curtis, I love you too." She kissed me again, sweet and gentle.

She broke the kiss, looked back into my eyes and said, "I also love fucking you."

I chuckled, "I love fucking you too, Mom."

She let out a yawn and said, "Sorry Baby, you've fucked me to exhaustion and I need to crash. Will you stay in bed with me?"

"Of course Mom, I never want to let you go."

She rolled over to face away from me and I reached around to hold her tight, spooning lovingly with my naked Mother while she crossed her arms over mine to hold them close to her breasts. In a couple of minutes I heard her soft snores and I too faded into darkness, knowing that everything had changed.

**The end...**

Continued in part two: **What Mom Knows Fucks Her Again**