

# WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER AGAIN

***silkstockingslover***

*He has hot Mom again and her MILF friend.*

Incest/Taboo

4.71

5.7k words

*Summary: The day after Halloween son fucks his Mom and her friend.*

**Note 1:** This is a sequel to the story **What Mom Doesn't Know Will Fuck Her**. Although this story can stand on its own, I highly recommend you read Part One before reading this one. But just in case:

*Summary of Part 1: Eighteen-year-old Curtis attends a Halloween party in his absent Dad's costume and tricks his Mom into fucking him.*

**Note 2:** A great big hug of gratitude goes to Estragon for his editing.

**Note 3:** Another 'thank you' goes to all who voted for part one and requested a sequel to a story I never intended to have a sequel. I hope you enjoy the further adventures of Curtis and his attractive Mother as they expand their horizons.

## **What Mom Knows Fuck's Her Again**

Have you ever woken up and let out a sigh as you realized the vivid, enthralling experience you remember so well was just a dream?

As I attempted to open my weary eyes, that was the exact empty feeling rolling through me. My dream had felt so real! I dreamt I had fucked my Mother last night...twice. It was the most intoxicating experience and the most alive I'd ever felt, so now, having to get up and face the real world, realizing it had only been a dream was completely devastating. Many of my fantasies have always been about fucking my ridiculously hot Mother, so such dreams weren't at all new, just how authentically real this one had felt was new. And like now, I had also woken up many times all sticky after an all-too-real dream.

But then the bed moved.

My eyes went deer-in-the-headlights big as I slowly rolled to my other side to look directly into the eyes of... of my Mother. My naked Mother! My naked Mother lying in bed next to her eighteen-year-old naked son! Me!

"Good morning, lover," she smiled and leaned in and kissed me. Not a dream this time, an unbelievably wonderful reality. My cock woke up and flexed his muscles. *Time to go again? I'm ready!* Breaking the kiss she reached down and grabbed my little man teasing, "It seems you're happy to see me." Totally unlike me, my Mother was relaxed and serene, easily taking in stride this scandalous awakening with all its taboo implications.

I stammered, thrilled it wasn't a dream, but at the same time nervous about what to do now, "I-I-It really h-h-happened?"

"Twice," she smiled, gently stroking my cock.

"Wow," I blurted out, sounding like a fool.

"Wow indeed," she responded and disappeared under the sheets. A second later I felt her lips wrapped around my cock. She slowly bobbed up and down, lavishing my cock with her warm saliva. I closed my eyes, still trying to process my good fortune and coming to grips with the reality that my Mother, now sober, now having had plenty of time to reconsider our incestuous tryst, was placidly sucking my cock with no regrets. The slow blowjob lasted for a few minutes as she seemed in no hurry to get me off. I was disappointed when I felt her perfect cock sucking mouth abandon its task as she returned above decks to face me.

She smiled and asked, "Is my big boy ready to fuck his Mommy?"

"Very much so," I responded suavely, or rather *acting* as suavely as I could, as I pushed my naked Mother onto her back and scrambled beneath the covers and between her legs.

"Oooh, I love a man who can take control," she purred.

I pulled her legs apart and buried my face in my Mom's cunt. I licked, probed and nibbled her sweet hole for a few minutes until her juices were flowing and she begged, "Please fuck me, son. Shove that big cock of yours in Mommy's cunt."

Feeling confident and sensing my Mom had an inner need for submission, I asked her, "Who's my slut?"

She didn't miss a beat, responding, "I'm your slut. Mommy is your little fuck toy."

I lifted her legs up high in the air, held them pushed together and ordered, "Then beg me to fuck you."

Her face flushed with excitement and horniness, she begged like a slut, like *my* slut, "Oh please son, shove that big hard cock in your Mommy. Shoot your cum deep inside your Mommy slut."

Her nasty words were too inviting to resist any longer and, still holding her ankles together, I easily slid my cock into her wet cunt.

As soon as my cock filled her pussy, she began moaning, "Oh yes son, fuck me. Fuck Mommy hard!"

Using her legs to balance, I leaned in and rammed her cunt. Deciding I wasn't making love to her this time but fucking her, I was relentless with my deep hard thrusts. I could feel my balls slap into her with each deep thrust and her moans escalated with each powerful stroke.

She got more animated as the hard pounding continued. "Oh god yes, Curtis, your cock feels so good inside Mommy," and "Yes, son, harder, fuck me harder," and "Your cock fills Mommy up so good, baby," and "Pound me baby, pound Mommy's cunt," and finally "Oh my God, yes son, you're making Mommy come, *don't stop, baby, don't stop, fuuuuuuuck!!*"

I wish I could say I came at the same time she did, but my morning orgasms take time. I kept hammering away at my Mother's soaking wet cunt throughout her orgasm. Once her orgasm had finished coursing through her body, I pulled out and presented her with my cock, sticky with her cum.

She asked, all demure, "Does my son want his Mother to suck his big hard cock?"

I responded smugly, "A better question is, 'Does my Mom want to suck her son's cock all coated with her cum?'"

She purred, reaching for my cock, "Hmmmmm, yummy."

After a couple of hand strokes, she took my cock back in her mouth. Unlike the sweet and slow wake-up call, this time she bobbed up and down with purpose. Watching my hot Mom suck my cock with such reckless eagerness was the hottest sight ever, and after only a few minutes I could feel my balls beginning to bubble.

Like a gentleman I warned, "I'm going to come soon, Mom."

Her left hand, gripping my ass, slithered to the crack and I was stunned when I felt her finger slide between my ass cheeks and stop at my rosebud. I was about to say something about that being a no fly zone when I felt her *penetrate* my ass. The violation was like an electric shock direct to my cock and I instantly felt my cum explode out of me and down my Mom's throat! She didn't slow down or remove the finger until long after every drop of my cum had been extracted by her perfect cock sucking mouth. At the same time, she pulled her finger out of my ass and took my cock out of her mouth, leaving me feeling empty but sated.

We both collapsed back onto my parents' bed. We both allowed silence to linger as we silently processed last night's and this morning's debauchery. We both knew we had changed everything!

Finally, I broke the silence by attempting to see where this could go after we got up today. "So, you and Miranda Collington?"

Her eyes went wide as she asked, "What do you know about her?"

"You're her Mistress. You pretty much offered her to me last night," I reminded her.

"Oh," she sighed, "I vaguely remember that now."

Pushing the envelope, I asked, "So is she the only one you play with?"

"Yes," she replied, before adding as if it explained something, "she's impossible to resist."

"I imagine," I joked, before stirring the pot some more, "And what about Ellie?"

"What *about* her?" my Mother asked defensively, rolling onto her side to give me a worried look.

"Well last night, when she thought I was Dad she gave me crap saying, 'Fuck Ted, I was *that close* to seducing your wife and you had to step in and ruin it!' The words kind of burned themselves into your innocent impressionable son's brain; I may be scarred for life!"

My Mother smiled as she said, "Poor baby, once we get our strength back would you like your Mommy to fuck you and make it all better?"

"Yes please Mommy; and while you're at it I have a skinned knee that could use some attention," I playfully joked.

We both kissed each other affectionately, chuckling, before Mom addressed the other subject, "Ellie said that, did she?"

"Yes, she made it sound like you two used to be lovers," I explained, "which, by the way, I've long suspected, and now that we're sharing all our secrets..." trying to get more out of her.

My Mom gave a cautious laugh. "Curtis, Ellie's and my history is very complicated."

Taking a major risk, but a calculated one based on my assumptions, I decided to take over. For starters I moved my hand down to her cunt and requested, "Tell me, Mommy."

She let out a sigh-moan and replied, "No, I can't."

My finger slid inside her cunt as I explained with a no-nonsense attitude, "I wasn't *asking* you to tell me Mom, I was *telling* you to."

Her face went red, and I knew I was right. She was submissive. She was *my* submissive. Mom weakly tried to resist the power shift with, "Curtis, please don't."

"Don't what, Mommy?" I asked, fingering her pussy slowly.

"Don't make me be your slut," she whimpered.

"You don't want to be my slut?" I enquired, my finger stopping deep inside her wet box.

Her breathing was getting heavier and she pleaded, "Curtis, I can't go there again. I've resisted for so long!"

Suddenly confused, I asked, very curious, "Resisted what for so long?"

"Being a slut," she moaned even as slut-like, she moved her ass back and forth trying to fuck herself with my finger.

"But you fuck Miranda," I pointed out.

"Yes, but *I'm* the one in charge in our relationship. She's *my* slut," my Mom explained.

I snatched my finger out.

Mom pleaded urgently, "Curtis, please don't stop, put it back in."

I put my sticky finger to her lips. "Shhhhhh, Mother. I think I figured this out. You were Ellie's slut in college, but once you met Dad you broke away from your submissive lifestyle and attempted to be a good, faithful, heterosexual wife happily ever after. I even bet Dad isn't dominant in the bedroom and before I showed up last night and distracted you with my big dick, you were weakening to Ellie's sexual advances, weren't you? Another thing burned into my impressionable young brain from last night is one of the first things you said to me last night when you still thought I was Dad was, 'You are soooooo lucky you showed up when you did; Ellie has me so fucking horny!' So Dad knows, right?"

"Yes," my Mom replied, flustered and frustrated, "Are you happy? I was Ellie's 'Personal Pleasure Pet', her words, all four years of college. But once I met your dad, I quit cold turkey until a crazy weekend in Vegas with Miranda last year."

I returned my hand to my Mom's wanton pussy and slid two fingers rather easily inside her drenched cunt. "So do you want to be Ellie's pleasure pet again?"

"No," my Mom answered. "*Hell* no."

"Why not?" I asked, beginning to pump her pussy with my fingers.

"Because although we stayed great friends after we quit our Mistress/slave relationship, she'd always warned me that when I came back to her, which she was confident I would some day, she would own me completely."

"What does such a declaration even mean?" I asked.

"Unlimited! I never submitted to find out what that meant in practice, but even back in college she was a very demanding lover," my Mother answered. Her soft smile implied she was reminiscing about a different time that she'd loved and still missed.

"Is she strictly a lesbian?" I asked, reflecting on the fact that I'd never seen her with a man, which is incredibly hard to believe for someone as hot and big-breasted as Ellie.

Mom, catching my real question, teased, all baby talk, "Does my wuvving sonsy wunsy want to fuck my best friendsy wendsy?"

"Well, in a perfect world I would watch you two in some hot lesbian action and *then* I'd join in."

"All men are the same," she joshed, shoving me playfully.

"So is she a dyke?"

"Not completely, but I've never seen her get what you could call *excited* about any man. She just fucks them and leaves them. Actually she treats sex with men like a chauvinistic man would treat women," my Mother concluded.

"Would she fuck me?" I asked bluntly.

My Mom considered this before responding cautiously, "Probably, but there would be strings attached."

"Strings?" I asked.

"Yep, she must always be in control. That's one of the reasons she doesn't keep any men for long; she burns them out."

"What would Ellie say if she knew what we did?" I asked, "or rather what we're doing?" trying to understand their relationship better.

"I don't know. But I'm sure she'd try to use it in some way to lure me back into her web of submission," she worried, her eyes showing a trepidation I seldom saw in her confident persona. It made me very curious to know lots of further details about what kind of relationship the two of them used to have.

Seeing my Mom's trepidation, I decided to let it go for now, even though I'd already decided to go and visit with Ellie at school later on today.

Instead, I decided to focus on the relationship Mom had owned up about this morning far more willingly. "So you and Miranda, hey?"

Her face went red as she explained, "Well, I missed a woman's touch, but knew going back to Ellie was way too dangerous for my marriage, so when a drunken Miranda hit on me three years ago at Gloria's Halloween party, I gave in to the long burning temptation, although not that night. We had some long talks, arranged to meet each other in Vegas with both of us dressed up to tease, and after quite a few cocktails and lots of flirting... one thing led to another and we hadn't even made it up to our room before she was between my legs in the elevator! She's a nymphomaniac and extremely submissive. Luckily, Ellie doesn't know about our secret trysts."

"And you think she'll fuck *me*?" I asked. "That would be amazing!"

"She will devour you whole, dear boy. She will literally fuck you to exhaustion," Mom promised. "And if you compliment her legs she'll be yours forever."

"Can you set it up?" I asked.

"Anything for my new fuck toy," she smiled, getting out of bed. "But I need to get ready for work."

I watched her disappear into her bathroom; I lay in my parents' bed, a variety of nasty upcoming fuck sessions scrolling through my head like trailers for porn movies.

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I was just arriving at Ellie's high school, my Alma Mater, when I received a text.

It was from Mom: **Meet me at 847 Wisconsin Drive NOW!!!**

I texted back: **Why?**

Mom's response: **Miranda's house.**

Although I was dying to talk to Ellie, it would have to wait. I adjusted the erect cock that had appeared awkwardly in my pants and started the longest twenty-minute drive of my life. My mind spun and spun with the upcoming possibility that I might get to fuck Miranda Collington, the pantyhose-wearing dream girl of so many of my stroke sessions!

I arrived at the house and Mom's car was in the driveway. I parked and tried to tone down my anxiety. I took a few deep breaths and walked up to the door. It was opened a moment later by Miranda herself dressed in a black skirt, matching pantyhose and a blue blouse. She looked like she was ready to deliver her weather report tonight.

Her radiant smile greeted me. "Come on in Curtis, I've heard a *lot* about you."

I walked in, still really nervous, and followed her into her living room. Mom was there and greeted me. "Hi, Curtis."

Unsure what Mom had in mind, or what she may have told Miranda, I played it casual. "Hi, Mom."

Miranda sat on the couch and I sat on a lone chair as Mom explained, "I was just telling Miranda here that you're her biggest fan."

I blushed.

Miranda patted an open spot on the couch invitingly and asked, "Is that so?"

I glanced at Mom who gave an affirmative nod, so nervously, like a virgin approaching a prostitute, I walked over to the couch.

As I sat down in the designated hot seat Miranda's hand went instantly to my leg, her voice dripping with seduction, "So tell Miranda, what do you like most about me?"

Her hand ever-so-slowly moving up my leg was a major distraction as I stammered, "Um-I-I-I grew up obsessed with your legs. I have a nylon fetish and you were one of the only women on the planet that always wore them."

"Ah-um," my Mom pointed out.

I smiled, "Well, other than my hot Mom, who is probably to blame for my fetish."

"So you want to touch my nylons?" Miranda asked.

I nodded my head like some lovelorn boy.

She took my wrist and placed my hand on her knee.

"And your Mother was telling me about your little charade last night, Mr. Beast." she began. "But don't just park there stud, roam."

My confidence, despite the surreal situation, began to grow and I slowly moved my hand up her leg, my fingers tracing around on her sexy nylon-slick thigh.

Her hand wasn't roaming, it was hovering... until it landed directly on my erection. "Hmmm, nice! Alexis wasn't exaggerating."

I let out an uncontrollable moan. Wanting to replicate her aggressiveness and sensing nothing but encouragement from her, I reached her pantyhose-covered crotch and cautiously cupped her pussy.

She apologised! "Sorry, if I'd known I'd be entertaining guests, I would have worn stockings...for easier access."

I let out another aroused moan. I looked at Mom, who was smiling perversely, enjoying the torment of my uncertainty but also my progress.

There was a moment of silence as we each had our hands on the other's private parts through clothing.

The silence was broken when Miranda said, "So, young stud, your mom also told me that you really want to fuck me."

I let out a shocked moan.

"Is that true, Curtis?" she asked, giving my cock a squeeze, as she leaned over and bit my ear.

Weakly, I replied, "Yes, ma'am."

"Ma'am? Ma'am is for old people. Am I old?" she asked, pouting.

I stammered, attempting to rectify any insult, "No, sorry, you're one hot bitch."

She burst out laughing, "From one extreme to another!"

I apologized again, seeing my fantasy come true beginning to fall apart. "Sorry, I...."

Thankfully Miranda herself rescued me as I was shut up by her lips pressing against mine as she kissed me long and hard! I closed my eyes, losing myself in her. I felt hands unbuttoning my jeans. Once my cock was released from its cocoon, it sprang to life and while I was still kissing Miranda, I was surprised to feel a mouth wrap around it. I opened my eyes to see my Mother sucking my cock in front of TV personality Miranda Collington!

Miranda broke the kiss and watched the incestuous act with fascination. "I never would have believed it," she acknowledged in wonder, standing up.

I watched her unzip her skirt, mesmerized. She allowed it to drift down her legs, showcasing her perfect legs in black pantyhose. Holding my gaze with hers, although mine kept flickering downward, she slowly unbuttoned her blouse as my Mother just as slowly sucked my cock.

The two working together had me in fits: a striptease by my fantasy older woman while my other fantasy woman, Mom, sucked my cock. It was completely enthralling!

Soon Miranda was only in pantyhose and a bra. I noticed she wasn't wearing panties.

Noticing me noticing she smiled. "I haven't worn panties since I was a teenager."

She slowly sauntered over to me, leaned her chest close to my face and asked, her hands cupping her bra, "Can you help me with this?"

I reached behind her back and fumbled with her bra strap. After a few seconds of frustration, it popped open and her perky breasts were revealed to me. Instinctively, I leaned forward and took a large, erect nipple into my mouth.

Her pantyhose-covered leg touching mine, her breast in my mouth and my Mom's slow but superb cock sucking were too much and I unexpectedly shot a load of cum down my Mother's throat.

Hearing swallowing, Miranda cautioned me, "You'd better have a second load for me, stud."

Mom got off her knees and got undressed herself. Once she was naked except for stockings, she sat on the couch and took control. "Ok, enough of this silly foreplay Miranda, let's get that pretty face of yours where it does its best work, between my legs."

Miranda obeyed in a heartbeat and I watched in voyeuristic glee as Miranda Collington, the pantyhose-wearing weather girl, crawled between Mom's stocking-clad legs and began licking her pussy.

Mom continued in her drill sergeant role as she instructed, "And you Curtis, get behind her, rip open her pantyhose and plug her cunt."

Turned on by Mom's filthy mouth and watching my dream woman on her knees eating Mom's pussy, I sprang to obey.

Kneeling behind Miranda Collington, I stared at her perfectly curved ass, worshipping her perfection.

Mom joked, "Are you going to hang out there and drool all day or are you going to fuck her?"



Trying to be witty I responded, "Can't I do both?"

"Touché," she moaned, Miranda doing wonders with her tongue.

I rubbed my hands over Miranda's pantyhose-covered ass. Her pantyhose was the softest I'd ever felt. I could have done this forever and been content, but I finally ripped her pantyhose apart to get free access to her pussy.

I surprised her and Mom, when instead of just burying my cock in her pussy I laid on my back, shoulder-walked between her parted legs, reached up to pull down her hips and attacked her pussy with my mouth.

She let out a muffled moan when my lips touched her pussy lips. I couldn't believe how sweet she tasted and how wet she already was! Although it was awkward, I was determined to get her off with my tongue. I lapped at her wetness, slowly sliding my tongue between her pussy lips like I was painting them with a brush: long, wide strokes, back and forth. I heard her breathing increase and decided to go for the kill. I reached up and took her swollen clit in my mouth and pulled down on it. She *screamed* into my Mom's pussy the moment I did! Knowing I had her close, I pushed my face into her clit and pussy over and over again, literally fucking her with my lips, nose and tongue. Her moans increased and her legs buckled and her pussy crashed onto my face. She rubbed her cunt on my mouth, desperate to release the orgasm building inside her. I just extended my tongue as best I could and tried to breathe as she literally fucked my face to orgasm. Knowing it was Miranda Collington riding my face was the second most exhilarating moment of my life! It would have been first if it hadn't been for what Mommy and I had done last night. Suddenly she trampolined off my face a few times, my head bouncing against the carpet with each bounce, and I was soon being cascaded with a downpour of her juice. The juice kept coming and coming, and I eagerly attempted to savour and retrieve every fucking delicious drop!

Miranda finally rolled off me and collapsed to the floor. Her words filled me with a pride few men can ever have. "Holy fuck, that was the most intense orgasm of my life, and I've had thousands of orgasms."

Mom concurred. "I told you! Last night was the best sex of *my* life. You can see why I can't just leave him alone like a good Mother should."

I revelled in the glow of such praise until my cock started twitching, reminding me it still was raring to go. Brimming with a confidence I'd never had before, I flipped Miranda onto her side and slid my cock inside her from behind. From this angle she was so fucking tight, even after her orgasm.

She moaned the minute my cock was buried in her and got animated, "Yes, fuck me, big boy. Pound my tight pussy. Make me your slut!"

Her dirty mouth was surprising because she always seemed so prim and proper on TV, and it was a major turn on.

Having already come this morning with Mom and again with Mom's blow job twenty minutes ago, this time I was in for the long haul.

I looked up at Mom, who was watching us and playing with herself.

Miranda's dirty mouth continued through the fucking. "Your big cock feels so fucking good in my hotbox!" and "Hammer my cunt, drill me deeper!" and "Fuck me in front of your Mommy!" and

"Holy shit Alexis, no wonder you can't resist him!"

I continued the deep hard thrusts, perspiration pouring down my forehead, when she screamed, "Oh yes, I'm coming, you bad boy, I'm coming all over your beautiful cock!"

Her body spasmed like she was having an epileptic seizure as she ground her ass back on my cock, taking all my stiff rod inside her.

Once she'd recovered from her second orgasm she pushed me on my back and straddled me. I watched in complete awe as my cock disappeared between her glistening pussy lips. Once all eight inches were planted, she began bouncing on my cock like a cowgirl riding a bull. She bounced up and down hard, determined to fill herself with my prick. I just lay back and watched her hot facial expressions and her breasts jiggling all over the place as she rode me. Making it even better, this hot mature woman (of forty-one) did something with her cunt muscles that was so amazing. It was like she was milking my cock with her cunt! It was so intense and easily the most amazing pleasure I'd ever felt while fucking someone.

Suddenly she leaned forward, my cock staying lodged in her warmth, and she kissed me. At first it was gentle and sweet, but soon transitioned into a man and a woman trying to fall into each other to become one conjoined soul. The whole time she was slowly moving her ass up and down on my cock.

She finally broke the kiss and said, ever-so-sweetly, completely opposite from her earlier nasty talk, "I'm almost there. Come with me, baby. I want to feel your cum squirting inside me as I soar."

She leaned forward and kissed me gently. The tender passion mixed with her still amazing tightness had my balls boiling. I reluctantly broke the sweet kiss and warned her, "I'm going to come soon, Miranda."

"Hold on, baby, I'm close too," she moaned. Her eyes bore into mine with a sweetness I couldn't explain. She then began the countdown.

"10---9---8---7-not yet, baby--6---getting closer---5---I love your cock, baby---4---get ready---3---yes, your cock fills me so completely---2---so close, baby, so close!---1---yes, here it comes Baby, ready, set, *come NOW Curtis-Big-Cock-Mommy-Fucker, come inside me! Fill me with your hot cum!!*"

My balls were bubbling at five but I held back, using every last speck of my resistance until she demanded I come NOW! It was the most exhilarating orgasm of my life. It was like our bodies became one and our cum crashed together like breakers on the Hawaiian coast!

I let out a loud, "Oh fucking God!"

She let out a similar "Fuck, fuck, yeeeeeees!" She collapsed onto my chest and kissed me passionately as her orgasm spread through her. I could feel her body quivering on mine. It was so intimate; a feeling filled me I couldn't explain. I longed just to hold her.

My Mother broke the intimate moment. "Well, that was fucking *hot!*"

The sex had gotten so intensely beautiful that we'd forgotten all about Mom even being there.

Miranda looked blearily up too and said, "I think I just found my date for Mark's wedding."

I looked at her, ignorant.

Mom filled me in. "Mark Appleton, Miranda's ex."

Mark Appleton was the news anchor for the TV station Miranda worked for. "Oh," I said.

Miranda explained, "The wedding is in three weeks and I've decided you'll be my date."

"I will?" I asked, trying to process the news.

She took my semi-erect cock in her hand and said, "This sucker is coming along and I won't take no for an answer. Wanna tag along, big boy?"

I stammered, not because I didn't want to, but more out of shock, "S-s-sure."

She let go of my cock and stood up. "I would love to chat and play some more, but I need to get to work."

*Thank God*, I thought to myself, I needed time to recover.

As Miranda got dressed she continued, "Curtis, what's your cell number?"

I gave it to her and she explained, "I want to get to know you better over the next three weeks, we need to look like a loving couple at the wedding, not a couple of strangers." Her skirt back on, she pulled me off the floor and explained, her hand back on my cock, "I will *definitely* make it worth your while."

Her seductive smile and tone had me a complete bowl of jello. I tried to sound strong and manly. "Sure thing, baby."

She kissed me quickly and finished getting dressed. I too started getting dressed as my Mother said, "Bad news, Curtis."

I turned to my Mom and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Your Dad just texted. He's home."

"Oh," I replied, pondering how we would be able to keep up our little sexcapades.

Mom stood up too, grabbing my cock through my pants. "So we'll have to be more creative."

"Whatever you say, Mom," I agreed, like a good son.

"That's what I like to hear," she said, squeezing my cock one last time.

We all finished getting dressed (and Miranda found some fresh pantyhose) and said our goodbyes and as I was just getting ready to leave, Miranda gave me one last kiss and whispered in my ear, "I'll text you later so you'll have my number. Any time you want me, just text me back." She bit my ear and sauntered away.

I adjusted my cock, which had grown again. I left the house and got into my car. I sat there for a few minutes attempting to process the craziness of the last hour. I had fucked Miranda Collington! I had a date with Miranda Collington!

Just as I went to drive away my cell buzzed. I glanced at it.

Miranda: **U have my cell now. Anytime you need a place to warm up your cock just give me a call.**

I smiled. I texted back: **How about now?**

I waited a minute and was rewarded by a text back.

Miranda: **U naughty boy. I will send you a special keepsake in a few seconds.**

A few seconds later another text came from her. It was a jpg. I clicked on it and almost shit myself. It was a picture of Miranda in white stockings and nothing else, her knees spread open and her hand spreading her pussy lips wide open.

I was still staring at it when I received another text.

Miranda: **I have hundreds of these, stud. I will send you one every day. PS This is one of my tamer ones.**

I gasped. I was in stud heaven!

I texted her back: **OMG you are perfection.**

She texted me back.

Miranda: **Yeah? Then play your cards right and you can fuck perfection anytime you want.**

I decided not to respond and attempt to appear aloof and strong. I drove home thinking if I died today I'd die happy.

As I was still driving, my phone vibrated again, but I waited till I got home to check it.

Once I got home and checked the message, it was again from Miranda.

Miranda: **I am still horny. U get 5 hours to recover. I expect you to meet me at 11 at the studio. If you want to watch the show live, come at 9.**

A second text came as I read this one.

Miranda: **Have you ever fucked someone in the ass?**

I gasped! I had tried a couple times to convince my ex, Pamela, to try some backdoor play, but she wouldn't even remotely consider it. Now the woman I'd fantasized over for years was *offering* to let me fuck her ass.

I decided I needed a long cold shower to calm down and a nap; tonight might be a long one.

Dad was home and greeted me as I ran inside. "Hey Curtis, how was last night?"

I lied, "Uneventful."

"Is she still mad at me?" he asked.

I shrugged. "I don't think so, I covered for you pretty good."

"Thanks son," he said, patting me on the back, "You always have my back."

I held back a laugh, knowing he hadn't remotely caught on. With any luck he never would.

"I need to go take a nap, Dad, I have a late-night date."

He smiled, "Oh, to be young again."

I went upstairs to my room and collapsed on my bed, wondering what tonight and the next three weeks would bring.

**The end of chapter 2...**

**Chapter 3 released in April 2012: What Mom Knows Fucks Her Ass...**