

WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN THE AIR

silkstockingslover

Mom helps son join Trifecta division of the Mile-High club.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: *Mother helps son join the Trifecta division of the Mile-High Club.*

Note 1: This is part four of a continuing incest series. I highly recommend you read the first three parts (**What Mom Doesn't Know Will Fuck Her**, **What Mom Knows Fucks Her Again** and **What Mom Knows Fucks Her Ass**) as the layered subplots may be confusing without the background information...but here is a very brief primer of the series so far:

In **WHAT MOM DOESN'T KNOW WILL FUCK HER** eighteen-year-old Curtis goes to a Halloween party dressed in a costume designed for his absent father and fucks his beautiful mother.

In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER AGAIN** Curtis' mother arranges an amazing threesome for Curtis with herself and his fantasy girl the local TV weather girl Miranda Collington.

In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER ASS** Curtis begins dating the older but sexually exotic Miranda while also continuing to fuck his Mother; and as the title suggests Curtis takes his mother's ass during a legendary evening where he fulfills the Trifecta, coming in his Mother's mouth, pussy and ass.

Note 2: Thanks to the million plus readers who have read this series so far. An even bigger thanks to the fans who voted, commented and made suggestions for this series. And lastly an apology for the time between chapters, but hopefully once you read this chapter you will agree it was worth the wait.

Note 3: Thanks to **Estragon** for his copy-editing expertise. Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for assistance in a massive 2018 rewrite.

Note 4: A thanks to **Zak** for sending me a naughty idea that helped spark the fire to get this part finally going after months of false starts.

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The remaining days before our trip to Vegas for the wedding were the best rerun of all time as I lived my own sexual Groundhog Day over and over. I was awakened daily by Mom with her superb cock sucking lips. This was followed by a lengthy fuck session, where I blasted my first load of the day into Mom...usually into her eager mouth; I then went to college and tried to learn things, which was difficult with my mind preoccupied with my wild sex life...except in philosophy class where Professor Williams seemed like another MILF I might one day pillage. I came home for supper, which usually included if Dad was home, a quick discrete poke, a quick clandestine suck or occasionally a stealthy unloading inside my Mom; or if Dad wasn't home there'd be time for another lengthy full out sex session with all the bells, whistles and shout choruses. In the evening I would meet Miranda at the television station where I would always fill her mouth with my good luck seed before the newscast and later usually fuck her in a marathon post-broadcast sex session. For Miranda I varied where my final load of the day went, either her equally tantalizing mouth or pussy.

When we weren't fucking we talked about our plans for our Vegas trip, which was going to include my joining the mile-high club...with my Mother.

The night before the trip I had already unloaded a load down Miranda's sweet mouth when she asked, following her final weather presentation for several days, "Why haven't you gone for my other hole yet?"

I was surprised by the question, but responded, "It isn't because I haven't thought about it."

"Well good," Miranda smiled her seductive smile, allowing her dress to fall to the floor, "because tonight I want to get a little dirty."

I replied with a joke. "Are we not always a little dirty?"

"Enough with the semantics," she countered, sauntering over to me like a predator hungry for fresh meat, discarding clothing as she went. "Tonight you're going to fuck my ass and I'm not taking no for an answer," she added, reaching me wearing only tan thigh high stockings and a seductive look that made me almost cream my jeans right then and there.

I stammered, still unable to believe my good fortune. I was fucking Miranda Collington...*the* Miranda Collington...my dream girl through so many of my teenage stroke fantasies and half the reason for my obsessive stocking fetish (my hot Mother being the other half), "N-n-no is not in my vocabulary." (At this moment suave is what I was not.)

"That's because *you* sir, are a male slut," she accused playfully as she squeezed my cock through my jeans. I was about to try for a witty comeback when my mouth was obstructed by Miranda's luscious lips and busy tongue. Miranda was an enigma. She was beautiful, powerful and confident, yet not a stuck-up bitch like all the high school and college girls who were similarly pretty. She loved to be fucked hard and used... even dominated... like a slut, but she was also the sweetest woman I knew. She was usually submissive when we were alone but not always, yet only someone who'd encountered her in a bedroom setting would have a clue about her sub side as her public persona oozed a confidence and charm that was super sexy but with no outward sign of the enthusiastic slut lurking within. She called me her boyfriend but allowed me to fuck my mother and was even assisting me with the seduction of a friend of hers and Mom's...Ellie Weatherton. She was perfection in mind, body and spirit, and she was mine. Not *all* mine, but primarily mine, which was plenty good enough for me, since she liked to share.

Breaking the kiss, she went to my ear and nibbled, her hot breath sending pulsing sensations directly to my hard cock. She whispered in a sultry voice, "So when are you going to fuck my ass, stud?"

I moaned at her nastiness and her hot breath. Taking charge like she loved me to do, I put my hands on her shoulders and guided her to her stocking-clad knees. I replied, "Right after you get me nice and ready."

She looked up, her eyes sparking, her smile divinely dazzling, but said nothing as she unbuckled my pants and pulled them down. Pulling my cock out of my underwear, never breaking eye contact, she grabbed my fully stiff eight-inch member. "I think just the idea of pounding the literal shit out of me has your missile ready to launch."

I ignored the nasty pun as her hand on my cock and her nasty mouth indeed had me ready and willing and I was thankful I'd already shot two loads today (one in Mom this morning and another

in Miranda a couple of hours ago just before her newscast). Trying again for suave when I was completely overwhelmed by this perfect woman, I said, "Less talk, more action, my pet."

She meowed playfully at me before taking my cock in her mouth. Miranda was the most amazing cock sucker I'd ever experienced and she had a variety of styles, but two were her go-tos. The first I'd received earlier today, which I call the 'Fire in the Hole', in which she hungrily devours my cock and bobs up and down relentlessly, eagerly swallowing all of my cock until as soon as possible she makes me coat her throat with cum. The second I have named the 'Slow Burn' because she doesn't so much suck my cock as make love to it. She brings me to a plateau and won't allow my blood to boil enough to shoot my load, but she controls me with such infinite precision that I linger in a state of pleasurable suspension forever. It is the most intense tease in the world. She swirls around the cockhead, she sucks my balls, she deep throats me briefly, and she licks my cock like an ice cream cone. But it's not a static plateau, an ongoing sameness, for she also mixes speeds to keep me unbalanced in an everchanging, perpetual sexual limbo. She loves it when I assert myself and throw her around and skull fuck her and call her dirty names and lots of etceteras, but whenever she decides to assert herself she has all the power and we both know it.

This time I received the Slow Burn. She started by swirling her tongue around my cockhead and then clamping her mouth tight around my mushroom top and slowly pulling her head back. Each time a clear 'plop' sound echoed as her lips briefly backed off of my cock. This was new and brought intense pleasure to me...adding to the lengthy tease.

I moaned, "Holy shit Miranda, that feels amazing."

Stroking my cock with her left hand, she teased, "Wait until this big snake of yours is buried in my ass."

"I can't waiiiit," I moaned as she switched gears, deep throated my cock and furiously bobbed back and forth for thirty seconds or so.

After the quick build up, she took my cock back out of her mouth and continued the filthy talk, talking in third person. "Did you ever stroke yourself all those years thinking of pounding Miranda Collington's ass? Making her your personal ass-slut? Burying your love stick between her perfect seat cushions?"

"Fuck yes," I groaned, completely at the mercy of this sex goddess.

Downshifting again, she slid her tongue down the side of my cock slowly, like a snake slithering its way toward its next meal. Reaching my balls, she took each one in her mouth and pleasured them individually...all part of the Slow Burn. Her hands caressed my ass as she moved her tongue back up my eager member and returned to teasing my mushroom top.

After a couple more minutes of teasing, I was revved up and raring to go. I picked her up and carried her to the couch, gently tossed her onto it and buried myself between her legs, licking her sweet pussy.

She giggled with a moan, "Oh you bad boy, eat my cunt!"

Like her, I could tease too. I avoided her overly sensitive clit, which usually triggered quicker orgasms, and slowly licked her damp pussy lips.

"Stop teasing me, baby," she moaned, "the sooner I come, the sooner you get my ass."

I gave one flick of her clit before backing completely away and she jolted with pleasure before letting out a frustrated scream. I looked up and countermanded, "You don't think you'll get to come before I get your ass, do you?"

Her face gave a startled look, but she answered like the submissive she was deep down, her pouty lips weakening me, "Only if my baby lets me. Can I come, baby?" When we were playing that game she was submissive but never intimidated, and she knew how to subvert my arrogant intentions whenever she wished.

"Oh, that darn pout of yours," I sighed, dramatizing the weight of the world on my shoulders, "I can never say no to you." I returned to her pussy and shifted from teasing to focused pleasing. See what I mean? I was her Master, but not *that* kind of Master.

"That's it baby, lick my cunt," Miranda moaned.

I slid two fingers in her sopping wet cunt and began pumping them in and out as I sucked her swollen clit into my mouth.

"Oh god, yes, baby, don't stop, sugar, yes, fuck, yeeeeeees," Miranda screamed, wrapping her stocking-clad legs around me to pull me deeper into her as her orgasm hit.

Her juices gushed out of her like Niagara Falls, foam, mist and all, and I eagerly caught every drop of her perfection. She was still in orgasm mode when I slid up and kissed her so she could taste herself as I slipped my raging hard-on inside her cunt, which was still twitching.

She moaned into my mouth as I penetrated her and fucked her hard while she continued to orgasm.

Breaking the kiss she moaned, "You fucker, I wasn't even, I wasn't even, I wasn't..."

She was so distracted by the pleasure I was giving her she couldn't think straight. I smiled and said with a sideways smirk, "I know, baby."

"Just f-f-fuck me, you bastard!" she demanded.

I obliged, pounding her pussy hard, her perfect tits making waves, each forward thrust and her face making the sexiest expressions of pleasure. A few minutes later, her red cheeks and increasing moans telegraphing a second orgasm was on the rise, I pulled out.

She opened her eyes and pleaded, "Put it back in baby, I'm so close."

"Bend over the couch, Miranda," I ordered, holding my cock like a rapier.

"So you're going to leave me on the brink like that?" she complained, although her smile told me she was ready for whatever I had in mind.

"You can come after I do," I said selfishly.

She stood up and walked to the other side of the couch and bent over as instructed, her body so perfect. I stared for a bit, lost in the trance of my obsession with her beauty. "Why don't you take a picture, it lasts longer," she teased, using the age-old line.

I called her bluff, walked over to my jeans and pulled out my phone. "I think I'll do just that. Smile pretty!"

"You fucker," she teased, but posed, her expression one of utter seduction.

I took a few quick snaps before she cut me off with, "Fuck! That's enough photos! Come and get your prize, baby."

I tossed my phone on the couch and went to stand behind her. Again I was mesmerized by her beauty and the crazy reality that Miranda Collington, local weather girl celebrity, was mine. I surprised her by lowering myself and spreading her ass cheeks. I had read somewhere that getting ass-licked drove women crazy and I was about to test that hypothesis. I extended my tongue, slightly nervously, unsure what I was doing or how it would taste, and I licked her puckered rosebud.

"Oh, you dirrrrrrrrrrrty boy," she playfully teased, "did you do that to your mother too?"

"No, baby, this is all for you," I answered, licking tangy sweat from the crack of her ass.

"Fuck, I love what you do to my body, baby," Miranda moaned.

I continued licking her rosebud, my saliva seeming to relax and loosen up Miranda's back door. A couple minutes of concentrated ass licking and Miranda demanded, her tone far more aggressive than usual, "Fuck my ass now, Curtis!"

Realizing one should never say no to such a direct demand, I stood back up and positioned my cock at her anal entrance. Smiling, I decided to delay the inevitable a bit longer and made her beg. "Beg baby, beg me to fuck your ass."

"You love treating me like a slut, don't you?" Miranda teased, wiggling her ass.

"Well, you *are* my slut," I countered.

"That I am," the sexy MILF smiled with a seductive wink, before adding, "Now fuck your slut's ass, baby."

Who could resist such an offer? I thought to myself, as I rubbed my cockhead up and down between her ass cheeks.

"Damn it, just shove it in," Miranda pleaded, "Stop fucking around teasing me!"

Finally unable to resist the temptation any longer, I leaned forward and my cock slowly disappeared between her snowy white cheeks. Mom's ass was tight, but that was nothing to the overwhelming grip Miranda's ass had on my cock as I slowly pushed deeper inside her rectum.

She whimpered in pain, not pleasure. "It's been a long time since I had a big cock back there. I forgot about the initial burn."

"I'll go slow," I replied compassionately.

"Kkkkk," she again whimpered, no longer the foul-mouthed slut she'd been just seconds ago.

I continued going deeper at a snail's pace, tentatively, as I could tell Miranda was uncomfortable and in pain. I offered when I was halfway in, "Midway point, but I can pull out, baby. We don't have to do this."

Speaking through clenched teeth she answered, "No, baby, just keep going slow. Anything your Mom can do, I can do too."

I realized at this moment how much Miranda cared for me. She understood the importance of my relationship with my Mother and wasn't going to stand in the way, yet she wanted me to choose her over my Mom, if not now, then eventually. I gently rubbed her backside, "Miranda, I don't compare you two."

"I know, baby," she answered, "I just want to be a perfect girlfriend for you. I've done this before, it's just been awhile."

I added, "Well, you have the tightest hole I've ever experienced."

"I bet you say that to all the girls you ass fuck," Miranda quipped, her sense of humor not lost during her brief pain.

I continued the slow invasion as I confirmed, "Just you and Mom, sexy."

"And Ellie soon," she teased.

"That would be awesome," I smiled, adding, "but you'll always be my main girl."

"Aaah," she faked, "you know just the right words to *saaaay*!" Almost completely in, the discomfort came back. She apologized, "Sorry baby, the last one back there was Mark and his dick is the length of a baby carrot and the width of a straw."

I laughed, which made my cock shift inside her and as she was whimpering I finished filling her. "It's all inside you, baby."

"Kkkkk," she said, controlling her breathing. "Now just let me get used to your cock,"

"Sure thing, sexy," I replied, always trying to reassure her with compliments, regardless of what we were doing.

I continued to gently caress her back, admiring every inch of her.

After a couple minutes of calm, Miranda was ready to move things further along. "Now fuck me, baby, but start slow."

"Ok," I nodded, not that she could see me, being bent over the couch as she was. I slowly pulled back out before moving back in.

As my strokes continued she seemed to be getting accustomed to me and her earlier whimpers were shifting to moans. A couple minutes of slow strokes and Miranda moaned, "Go faster now, baby."

"You sure?" I asked.

"Yes, baby, I want you to fuck my ass now," she replied, her left hand going to her pussy.

"Ok, baby," I agreed and started to pick up the pace, although still cautiously.

"That's it," Miranda moaned, "now more: fuck me like you fucked your Mom."

"Your ass is so tight," I grunted, feeling sexual euphoria like I'd never felt before.

"And your cock fits me so perfectly," she moaned back, before switching to an eager growl, "Now fuck my ass, hard."

"Ok," I agreed, and began pumping in and out of her tight ass.

If I thought I'd seen an animated Miranda in the past but I clearly hadn't seen anything! As her fingers continued to rub her clit she demanded, "Harder, fuck, pound my shithole, stud!" and "Drill my ass, baby, fucking use me as your personal fuck-slave!" Sweat began to pour down my body as I tried desperately to keep up with her demands and thrilled at terms like 'fuck-slave'. Moments later she screamed loud enough for all those still in the studio to know exactly what we were doing when I slammed into her with all my might. "Oh fucking god, ravage my ass, baby, yessssssss!"

"Come for me, my slut!" I ordered, sensing she was desperately close to euphoria.

Her breathing erratic, she babbled, "You own me, baby. Make me your ass-slut! Use me as you please, baby! Tell me I'm your whore!"

"You're so fucking hot, baby," I replied.

"No, Master, I want to hear it. Tell me what I *am*!" she grunted, unable to cross the threshold to euphoria without the declaration.

"I *own* you, Miranda Collington," I thundered, using her name. "I own that cock sucking mouth of yours, that sweet cunt of yours and this incredibly tight ass of yours. *You* are my personal fuck toy to use at my leisure, is that clear?"

"Oh God, yes, baby, I'm yours," she declared, her orgasm on the brink of explosion.

"Then COME for me my sexy ass-slut, COME from having your ass fucked!" I ordered, getting turned on even more by the nasty talk.

"Oh yes, Master, yes, yes, hammer my ass, oh yes, harder, fuck, pound it, pound it, *pounnnnnnnnnnd it!*" she screamed as her second orgasm shook her very being!

I continued hard deep thrusts into her ass, which became even tighter with each tremble that quaked through her body as her orgasm flowed through her. My mind was stuck on the word 'Master' as my balls began to boil.

I kept pounding her ass, my body slamming into hers hard enough to hear the sweet smacks of two bodies colliding. Finally, knowing I was seconds away from shooting my load, I took control by pulling out and shoving my cock (that had been in her ass for over twenty minutes) into her mouth.

Like the submissive slut she was, always willing to please, she bobbed her head back and forth on it while still rubbing her clit.

A naughty thought popping in my head, I waited till the very last second to pull out and spray cum all over my beautiful MILF girlfriend. I came buckets, hitting her chin, lips, nose, forehead and hair. Like the eager cum-slut she was, she opened her mouth wide, trying to catch my tasty seed.

I ordered, "No, my little cum-slut, I want to see your face dripping with your Master's cum."

"Yes, Master, whatever you wish," she obediently replied, sitting on her knees, looking radiant and slutty at the same time.

"Sit still," I ordered, as I reached over the couch and grabbed my phone. "Pose pretty for the camera."

Her trust in me was stunning as she obeyed, smiling with a joy that no one could fake. I took picture after picture as she posed. She then surprised me again with her willingness to please: "Why don't you switch to video, Master?"

I did and videotaped the girl who had long inspired years of my cum-stained underwear fantasies as she posed for the video and after a few seconds began cleaning her face with her fingers and sexily placing my sticky cum between her lips. "Hmmmmm, your cum tastes so delicious Master, especially after your cock was in my ass for so long." She swirled her tongue around her finger, savoring my goo. Again speaking to me, "So Curtis, may I come again?"

"Yes you may, Miranda Collington," I replied, using her name on camera.

Staring at the camera, she agreed, "Thank you, Master Curtis. I am Miranda Collington, and I would say it is definitely hot in here." She frantically rubbed her hot box before looking away from the camera with a devious smile. She got up, grabbed an empty wine bottle from our drunken bender last night and returned to her submissive position on the floor. Placing the bottle standing up, she asked me, her sexy smile so deviously naughty that my cock began to stiffen again (truth be told it had never really shrunk) and asked me, "May I fuck myself with this bottle, Master Curtis?"

"Fuck, yes," I grunted, in awe of what she was about to do...on camera...for me.

The awe continued as she stood up, bent her knees in a way very few limber eighteen-year-olds could do and slowly lowered herself onto the wine bottle. I let out a gasp as the top of the bottle began to disappear inside my girlfriend's cunt.

"Hmmmmm, yes," she moaned, never looking away from the camera. "Does baby like?"

"Uh-huh," I mumbled, captivated by her naughtiness.

The whole neck had vanished inside her, but she continued to lower herself onto the widened part of the bottle.

"Shit," she whimpered, as her cunt was spread open, "Is my baby turned on yet?"

"Rock hard, baby," I grunted, my left hand stroking my cock as I filmed with my right.

"Good," she moaned as impossibly, she began moving up and down on the bottle.

I taped the erotic scene that would make me a millionaire if I were to sell it to any porn company, something I would never do of course, wondering when I should join in.

She continued to ride the wine bottle, her left hand holding it in place as she picked up the pace. "Oh shit, baby, I want to come for you. I want this to be your special video for when we aren't together."

I began pumping my cock as Miranda's declaration turned me on and her moans increased. For the next couple of minutes we both fucked ourselves, she with the bottle and I with my hand. Miranda

got animated again, showing her orgasm was imminent. "Are you going to come for me again, Master?"

"Yes," I grunted, getting close myself.

"On my tits?" she questioned.

"Or on my face again?"

"Or do you want to shoot your delicious cum between my cock sucking lips?" she teased.

"Wherever you want it," I answered, my balls beginning to boil again.

"Will you cum in my cunt while I'm coming around your cock, baby?" she asked.

"Fuck, yes," I agreed; I would agree to anything for this woman.

She repositioned herself on her back on the floor and pumped the wine bottle in and out of her cunt with her left hand while frantically rubbing her clit with her right, all the while looking up at me. "I'm so close baby, tell me when to come, Master. I need you to own me Curtis, tell me you own me, please," she begged.

Obviously wanting to make this video even hotter for me, she repeated her earlier pleading. I was forever thankful to get these words on camera and responded with authority. "Yes, my slut. I own those lovely cock sucking lips of yours, I own your tight ass, I own your perky breasts and I own that cunt of yours. I own all three of your fuck holes. You are mine. Is that understood, my slut, my whore, my personal cock sucker, my submissive pet?"

"Oh yes, oh yes, fuck Master, I've been dying to hear those words from you," she declared, shoving an inconceivable amount of the wine bottle inside her cunt.

"Come now, my slut," I demanded, wanting to watch her come.

In seconds the crescendo of bliss quaked through her and she screamed, "I'm coming, Masteeer, fuuuuuck!"

I watched and filmed for a few more seconds before I put the phone down, joined her on the floor, pulled out her crazy fuck toy and replaced it with my cock. I pounded her as hard as I could and as fast as possible while her orgasm shuddered through her.

"Oh yes baaaaaby, come in me, please fill me up," she begged and moaned, still coming, as she wrapped her stocking-clad legs around me and pulled me deeper inside her as we melded into one.

Her nasty words, her hot actions, her stocking legs wrapped around me were too much and I exploded my fourth load of the day, my third into or onto her as I leaned in and kissed her with the hunger of a man in love. She returned the kiss with an equal passion as I pumped stream after stream of my cum inside her cunt.

Exhausted, I lay on top of her as we both finished our earth-shaking orgasms, our lips never breaking contact with each other.

I don't know how long we lay on the floor, my cock slowly shrinking, still inside her, our tongues exploring every crevice of each other's mouths before I felt a cramp. I broke the kiss and jumped up to stretch my leg.

Miranda laughed. "Considering how long your two-hundred-pound frame was laying on me, shouldn't I be the one stretching my legs?"

I reached down and pulled her up. "Stretch away," I smiled.

"That was the most intense sexual experience of my life," Miranda said as she looked me in the eyes, her dazed and completely satisfied expression making it clear she wasn't just saying that.

"I bet you say that to all the guys you fuck whose Mom is your Mistress," I joked, playing on her earlier words.

"Just you, baby," she replied, kissing me. When she broke the kiss, her tone turned abruptly to soft and sweet with just a hint of insecurity as she told me, "I think I'm falling in love with you, Curtis."

My legs went weak and my heartbeat picked up at hearing words I'd never expected to hear from the girl of my dreams. I didn't hesitate as I replied, "I love you too, Miranda."

"You don't have to say it just because I did," she said, again unable to hide the insecurity in her voice.

I took her hands in mine and told her sincerely, "Miranda, I'm not saying that just because you said it to me, although I'm thrilled that you did! I've loved you since I was a child, but now that I know you I love you in the real sense, not as just some abstract lustful vision like all teenage guys do." I kissed her softly before continuing.

"I love your smile." I kissed her lips.

"I love your compassion." I kissed her cheek while looking into her eyes, which were watering slightly as she listened to my declaration.

"I love your eyes." I kissed her other cheek.

"Of course I also love your body, your legs in stockings and your relentless sexual appetite," I said, kissing her neck.

I leaned back, holding her hands in mine and looking directly into her eyes, which were sparkling with unshed tears, as I declared my devotion and finished with, "But most of all, my Miranda, my darling, I love you for who you are. A beautiful woman with a heart of gold who deserves to be treated like the princess she is."

Tears streamed down her face as she smiled, but she made a quick joke out of it. "A slutty princess."

"Well, yes, a very, very slutty princess," I agreed, "but a princess nonetheless. I love you, Miranda."

"I love you, too Curtis," she replied earnestly as we pulled each other into a warm embrace.

Finally, both of us completely drained from our two-hour sex session, we got dressed.

Miranda had deliberately left my cum all over her face as she grabbed my hand and intertwined her fingers in mine as we left her dressing room and headed out, everyone else in the studio long gone other than Phil the janitor, who gave both of us a knowing look.

"Your face looks radiant tonight, Ms. Collington, is that your new look?"

Miranda replied, playfully fingering another dollop of her 'new look' off her face and sucking it between her lips, "Just in front of my friends. Could you hear us tonight, Phil?"

"The whole state heard you tonight, Ms. Collington," he replied with a smile, "I had the outside door open."

We all three laughed as my lovely, slutty, unashamed girlfriend and I headed into the darkness and fresh air of a lovely cool evening.

"So do you still plan to fuck Ellie?" Miranda asked, as we walked to the car.

Unsure how to answer that after our recent declarations, I paused.

"Because I have a new rule," Miranda announced as she stopped and turned to face me eye to eye.

"And what is that?" I asked, dying to know.

"You're only allowed to fuck people that I get to fuck too," Miranda announced with a smile. "Of course the other way round doesn't apply if I fuck some guy, which I'll only do if you tell me to."

I laughed as I said, "I have to say that may be the best fucking rule I have ever heard!"

"I thought you'd like it," she said, squeezing my cock through my pants.

"Don't you dare," I protested.

"What?" she asked with a shrug and a look of innocence. "Are you really done for the night already?"

Sliding my hand under her skirt and directly to her commando cunt, I explained, "No, but I've got to save my last load for my Mother."

"Bastard," she said, hitting me playfully in the chest.

We kissed one more time and made final plans for the flight tomorrow before heading our separate ways.

As I drove home alone, my balls aching, I wondered if I could keep up with Miranda, and I wondered what our declarations of love would do to our steamy relationship.

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Next morning I refused my usual morning romp with Mom, much to her dismay. I was still a little tired from last night's marathon session with Miranda, but I also wanted to be fresh for our planned initiation into the mile-high club where bunny-quick is an asset.

As I'd instructed, Mom wore a simple sundress, beige thigh high stockings and that was it. No inconvenient undergarments to get in the way during our initiation ceremony.

Dad, oblivious to the new, closer relationship between his wife and son, drove us to the airport. Dropping us off, he kissed his wife goodbye and joked to us both, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

I chuckled at the unintentional humor as I planned on doing exactly what he should be doing more of...pleasuring Mom.

Mom joked back, although it really wasn't a joke, "Oh Ted, you know the saying, 'What happens in Vegas...'"

I finished, "...Stays in Vegas."

All three of us laughed, my dad completely unaware of the sexual debauchery I was planning for his wife...my Mom.

Once he drove off, heading to a meeting of some sort, Mom shook her head, "He really is clueless. I love him, but seriously he is fuckin' clueless."

"Most guys are," I shrugged, explaining as my hand squeezed her ass, "We have very limited ranges of interest."

"No greater truth has ever been spoken," Mom agreed, as we headed into the airport while I demonstrated my own limited range of interest by pawing her perfect body.

Miranda was already waiting for us in her usual sexy attire, this time a leopard print skirt that barely covered her mocha-colored thigh high stockings and wouldn't cover them at all when she sat down, four-inch black heels, and a colorful blouse that screamed 'look at me'...as did the skirt and heels and her long, fabulous legs of course. Ellie was the only one of the three women dressed practically, in jeans, tight jeans that showcased an amazing ass, and a red t-shirt that seemed a size too small and showcased her large breasts perfectly. Her flaming red hair and exotic green eyes made Ellie look amazing no matter how conservatively she dressed. I flashed back to her dressing so much sexier at the Halloween party not so long ago, especially the rear view when she'd worn a thong beneath her transparent harem girl trousers, making my cock hard.

Ellie's look was priceless as she saw Mom and me walking towards them. Ellie asked, "Alexis, you're coming too?"

"Indeed we will be coming too," Mom smiled back, the naughty innuendo obvious to all but Ellie, as she reached Ellie and gave her a big hug. "I haven't seen you since the Halloween party. I've been thinking of you ever since. Have you been thinking of me?" Knowing I had her back, she was being more relaxed and flirtatious around Ellie than she'd been in years!

"Yes, I..." Ellie began but stopped mid-sentence as she watched me kissing Miranda hello. Miranda returned the kiss, although we kept it PG...well, PG13 anyway.

Mom acted unconcerned at the kiss and explained, "I know it's bizarre, but it appears my son and Miranda have become a couple."

"How?" Ellie asked, stunned to see forty-two-year-old Miranda Collington, local celebrity, dating a teenager.

"I'm irresistible," I smiled, attempting to be suave.

"Completely," Miranda complimented me, giving my ass a squeeze.

As Ellie was processing this new information Miranda said, "We should probably go and get checked in."

We agreed and Miranda's hand slipped into mine as we headed to the ticket line. While in the short line Miranda was recognized and posed for pictures, with two college students drooling over her like I used to, and with a young girl, maybe seven.

Once the photo-op was done I asked her, "Do you ever get sick of that?"

"God no, maybe it's because I'm so vain, but I'd much rather be wanted than not," she answered, again showing her need to be wanted, often hidden behind her aggressive sexuality and free-wheeling casual attitude.

"I think it would be exhausting," I said.

"Oh honey, just you wait," she smiled.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You're dating a semi-celebrity; soon they'll be taking pictures of you too," she answered.

"Really?" I asked, dumbfounded by such a reality.

As if responding to my uncertainty, a man called out, "Miranda, who's the new guy?"

I turned to look and felt the flash of a camera hit me in the eyes. A chubby man took some more pictures before Miranda spoke. "Walter, do you want a really good picture?"

"Sure, Miranda, whatcha got?" he asked, keeping the camera on us.

Miranda smiled and leaned in to kiss me for the camera. I heard click after click and felt flash after flash, but I didn't care, Miranda was announcing to the world that she and I were a couple.

Breaking the kiss she asked, "Did you get that?"

"I sure did. Who's the new guy?" the chubby reporter, who I recognized vaguely from the local paper, repeated the question.

"My new main squeeze," Miranda answered.

"Do you have a name?" he asked me.

"Yes, thank you," I answered as if responding to an offer of one instead of giving mine out. I didn't want paparazzi chasing me around my college campus.

"How old are you? What do you do for a living? How did you and Miranda meet?" The reporter fired off questions in machine gun fashion.

Miranda interrupted, seeing my cautious look, "Sorry Walter, but we need to get going, we don't want to miss our flight."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Mark Appleton's wedding, of course," she said, giving him her dazzling smile.

Grabbing my hand, she led me to the check-in desk. The agent asked for picture ID's even as more photos of us were snapped by various paparazzi and fans.

Soon our luggage was checked and we had our boarding passes and claim checks in hand, and Miranda posed with me one more time for Walter the reporter, never once letting go of my hand, before we slipped into security.

While we waited our turn in line, I said, "Wow."

She shrugged, "You get used to it."

"Being tabloid fodder?" I asked.

"It comes with the territory," she answered, before adding, "This is nowhere near as intense as it was when I was younger or during the brief time I was dating Carter Wells."

I shuddered at the name. Carter was a professional football player whose biceps were bigger around than my whole body.

I pretended to act carefree. "I'd forgotten all about him."

"I have too, lover," she smiled, saying exactly the right words before leaning in for another kiss.

We passed through security with ease and I watched in awe as people fell all over themselves to converse with and get pictures of themselves with Miranda. Again, I had to pinch myself to make sure this wasn't all just a dream...that Miranda Collington was mine.

By the time Miranda had finished chatting with a smitten security guard, Mom and Ellie were joining us. Obviously they'd had some alone time to chat and I wondered what they'd talked about. Mustn't have been too heavy since Mom still looked stress-free.

"Enjoying celebrity life, honey?" Mom asked.

"It's weird," I answered, still feeling kind of surreal at the questions I'd been asked that I never did answer.

Ellie asked, her expression one of trying to put two and two together, "So how did you and Miranda meet?"

I wasn't ready for the question but Mom saved me. "He was home recently when Miranda came over for coffee."

"And?" Ellie questioned, trying to figure out how Miranda had ended up with someone half her age.

"And Miranda being Miranda..." Mom began to explain, when Miranda joined us and joined in.

"Miranda being Miranda, I couldn't resist such sexy young meat," she finished, her smile sexy, her tone delicious and her hand on my ass possessive before she took Ellie's arm and they began walking.

Ellie was silent, still trying to figure out why she'd been invited. So Mom hadn't yet spilled any beans. As they walked to our gate Ellie finally said, "So if I'm not your plus one, Miranda, then..."

"...Then you are Alexis' plus one," Miranda finished Ellie's thought for her. "Alexis didn't trust her son unchaperoned in the city of sin and she knows what a bad influence I am."

"That I could understand..." Ellie shot back, her tone saying she didn't like being played.

Miranda shrugged, "Hey, I invited you here."

"Under false pretenses," Ellie countered.

Miranda asked, "You get a free trip to Las Vegas and you're complaining?"

"Well..." Ellie began, realizing she sounded like an unappreciative bitch.

"Plus..." Miranda, moving directly in front of Ellie to halt them both, her devious smile hinting at the trouble she planned to start, whispered in her ear what I would later learn was, "I hear you and Alexis used to...you know."

Ellie's jaw dropped at the revelation that Miranda knew about the Domme-sub relationship Ellie had with Alexis back in college. But quick to recover, she glared at her old submissive and said, "But she married Ted...*Ted*, can you believe it?"

"Hey, he's my Dad," I protested, faking offense.

"We aren't here to squabble about the past, but to create a new present," Miranda replied, her tone hinting at anything and everything, of the past and the present colliding into an amazing new future.

"I second that," Mom agreed, looking at Ellie fixedly the whole time.

I wondered if just by putting the two of them together I had set the spark that would rekindle their intense and adventurous past. "I third it," I added, "too bad we don't have any booze to toast this new beginning."

"Well, that can be rectified rather easily," Miranda smiled. "Follow me."

We all followed her down a side hallway leading to a door with no sign of what was behind it where a big security guard stood. Miranda said simply, "They're with me, Hank."

"Of course, Ms. Collington, it's great to see you again," the formidable guard replied, his stern demeanor of moments ago gone in a flash.

He carded open the door and we entered a well-appointed room that was apparently where the rich and famous waited for their flights. "Welcome to Shangri-La," Miranda announced, extravagantly waving her hands in the air like a Price is Right model.

Strange but true, her pose had my cock erect in a heartbeat. *Calm down, boy*, I said to myself, desperate to hold out until we were in the air. As I scanned the room where a few well-dressed men and women stood or sat drinking while waitresses attended them dressed in maid outfits, black pantyhose, frilly white caps and all, I said in disbelief, "I didn't even know such a place existed."

"You aren't, or rather *weren't* supposed to," Miranda winked and flicked me in the nose.

"Ow!" I said reflexively, although it didn't hurt.

"You are such a wuss! You're *my* wuss but still," she teased, before adding, loud enough for Mom and Ellie to hear, "Thank God for your big dick."

I quipped, "I thank God every day for that, too."

"You bad boy," she purred, before adding seductively, "you know we have almost an hour to kill."

"For God sakes get a room," Ellie said, annoyed by our playful banter.

"That's what I was trying to imply," Miranda countered.

"Mom's right here," I pointed out.

Miranda, blunt as she always is and putting on a show for the still clueless Ellie, asked, "So she is! Alexis is it ok if I devour your son?"

Mom shook her head. "Can't you wait till we get to the hotel?"

Ellie asked, her tone indicating her own opportunism was already underway, "What are the hotel rooming accommodations, anyway?"

Miranda said, still dripping sex appeal so it was going to be hard, pardon the pun, for me to hold out much longer, "I was hoping you and Alexis might share a room and talk about old times, if you're ok with that?"

It was Ellie's turn to spread a devious smile across her pretty face. "Oh, I think we'll be able to manage to umm... *reminisce* about the past. I don't think we've shared a room since our college days. Have we, Alexis?"

Mom's face went beet-red. Clearly she wasn't a good poker player as she stammered, "I-I-I guess not, now that you mention it."

"Then it's settled," Miranda concluded. "Now who wants drinks?"

A couple minutes later we all had drinks and Miranda, still the center of attention, *everyone's* center of attention as even the others in the room were constantly glancing over at the three very attractive women, toasted, "To new beginnings."

Ellie, her tone broadcasting to the other three of us that her head was spinning with the possibility of making Mom her submissive again, "Here, here! To starting over!"

Mom obviously noticed Ellie's tone and was nervous about it, but keeping to her earlier commitment to me, confirmed the toast, setting herself up as a helpless gazelle for the hungry cheetah Ellie, "To new beginnings."

"And a hot girlfriend," I added, playing the obnoxious guy card.

We all drank to our New Year's Eve type toast, each of us with a different idea of what new beginnings meant.

A couple of cocktails later, we were all chatting about life, politics and when music had stopped being either good or original. We all agreed it was the end of the eighties, when our flight was announced as boarding. Miranda called for one more round of shots which we quickly downed, and in a bit of an alcoholic fog, headed for our flight.

Once on the plane, I noticed Miranda darting forward to speak with a very cute flight attendant, before either Mom or Ellie could see. I was curious about the brief exchange and would later learn so much more. I was sitting with Mom, who had the window seat in the front row of first class, while Ellie had the other window seat, meaning Miranda and I could still chat across the aisle. The

stewardess for first class, the one Miranda had briefly spoken to, was exactly that, a Katy Perry lookalike in traditional sexy stewardess wear and delicious tan pantyhose.

Before the flight even started, Miranda had started the sexual innuendos rolling by asking our flight attendant, whose name tag read Dana, "So I have to ask you something."

"Yes, ma'am?" the English-accented Katy Perry lookalike asked.

"Have you kissed a girl?" Miranda asked with a smile.

As her face went cherry red I explained, "She's making a joke because you look like Katy Perry."

Miranda, always being able to read people, asked a follow up, "You liked it, didn't you?"

"M-m-ma'am," she stammered, trying to be professional, "please fasten your seatbelt, we are preparing for takeoff."

As Dana walked away, Miranda added, "Oh yes... we most certainly are." Turning to Ellie, Miranda asked, "Think I can get her to eat me before we land?"

Ellie answered, "I doubt it. She was mortified by your question."

"No, she was mortified I could tell she was a cunt-licker," a tipsy Miranda observed.

"I don't think so," Ellie said.

"Wanna bet?" Miranda challenged, confident she was right.

"Sure," Ellie agreed, confident there was no way the stewardess would risk her job. "What's the bet?"

Miranda pondered this for a second as the plane began to inch backwards away from the gate. "If I win, you dress however I tell you all weekend."

"Agreed; and when I win?" Ellie questioned, confidence oozing out of her.

"Name it," Miranda replied.

"You will eat my pussy when we get back to the hotel," Ellie said, attempting to shock, calling Miranda's bluff.

"You dirty dyke," Miranda playfully accused the busty redhead, not remotely surprised by the deal, "you've wanted me between your legs forever, haven't you?"

"Maybe," Ellie said, her turn to use a tone dripping with innuendo. "So are we on?"

"On one condition," Miranda bargained with a devilish smile.

"What's that?" a skeptical Ellie asked.

"My baby gets to watch," Miranda said, turning to wink at me.

"No way," Ellie said, taken aback.

"Deal or no deal," Miranda insisted, not backing down, adding, "Alexis says I'm amazing."

"What?" Ellie sputtered, shocked.

"Oh I've been munching on Alexis' sweet cunt forever, haven't I?" Miranda revealed, continuing the full onslaught on Ellie.

I turned to Mom, whose flushed cheeks swept away any notion that Miranda was lying, but she avoided her embarrassment with bluntness, "Yes, it's true, Ellie. Miranda's sweet tongue is fucking amazing."

The plane began its acceleration as silence overtook the front row of first class. Miranda reached across the aisle and grabbed my hand and closed her eyes. Clearly even after her many flights, she still hated the initial climb. Mom grabbed my other hand and also squeezed it for dear life, equally stressed by the plane's ascent. The silence was deafening for me even through the roar of the engines as the plane continued to rise and I eagerly awaited the next development in this sexually charged drama.

Not a word was spoken until the pilot announced we were at cruising altitude. Dana returned, her face showing her nervousness after the earlier awkward moment, and asked, "May I get everyone something to drink?"

"A double whiskey," Ellie demanded.

"I'll have the same," Miranda said.

"A Bud Light," I requested.

"A white rum on the rocks," Mom ordered.

"Just a single?" Dana asked.

"No, make hers a double too," Ellie ordered.

"Ma'am?" Dana asked, wanting confirmation from the person ordering the drink.

"Sure, a double," Mom agreed, not looking at Ellie.

"I'll be right back," the pretty brunette (with purple streaks) said before disappearing up front again.

"Hurry back, sexy," Miranda purred, "I'm hungry."

"Oh, subtle," Ellie quipped.

"Subtlety is not my style." Miranda smiled. "So do we have a deal?"

"Fine," Ellie agreed, "We have a deal."

"I'm going to dress you like a complete slut tonight," Miranda promised.

"I don't know when," Ellie countered, "you'll be too busy dining between my legs."

"Game on," Miranda smiled, before leaning closer to Ellie and confiding, "even if I lose, I'll still eat that sweet cunt of yours."

Ellie was speechless, shocked by pretty much every incident of this crazy day.

Dana returned with our drinks. When she handed Miranda her drink, Miranda flirted, "You know you're very pretty, Dana."

"T-t-thanks," Dana blushed, as she broke eye contact and handed me my beer.

"You're welcome," Miranda said.

I looked behind me, curious who might be behind us listening to our licentious conversations, and saw that the other two rows were empty. Miranda, seeing the perplexed look on my face explained, "I purchased all three rows."

"Wow," I mouthed, impressed every moment by my girl.

Miranda, keeping up the assault on our big-busted prey, asked, "So why is someone as sexy as you still single?"

"High standards," Ellie answered.

"Aaaah," I yelped as Mom spilled her drink all over me, as planned. Since Dana was out of sight, she just ostentatiously held it high over my crotch, grinned at me and the other two, and dumped it out while we all watched. It was no accident, but it was an iced drink, so my yelp wasn't faked. Miranda stifled a giggle and Ellie stared.

Dana, who had just left, hurried back. "Are you all right, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, "I just need your washroom."

"There's one right over there for our first class passengers, sir," Dana pointed to a door forward and to the left.

"Thanks," I said, starting for the bathroom. Once inside I waited a moment before peeking out the door and calling out, "Mom, could you come and help for a moment?"

Mom smiled to Ellie. "A mother's work is never done."

Ellie watched, confused at why I would need help, I wasn't eight any more, but didn't say anything as Mom stood up and joined me in the bathroom.

As soon as the door was closed, (the first class bathroom by the way had way more room than the tiny boxes at the back of the plane) Mom fell to her knees and pulled out my cock.

"Fuck! I've been craving this all day, baby," Mom shared before devouring my cock. She bobbed back and forth like a total hungry slut and it took all my will power not to spray her throat in the first few seconds.

I grunted, "Stand up and bend over, Mom, I want to officially join the mile-high club in your cunt."

"Oh you dirty boy," she purred, standing up, lifting her dress and bending over. "I like a forceful man who knows what he wants."

"This forceful man wants to fuck his dear sweet Mother," I replied, wasting no time in foreplay as I just slammed my cock into Mom's sweet cunt.

"Oh yes baby, fuck Mommy," she moaned as my cock slipped inside her.

I pumped in and out of Mom's cunt as I held onto her hips.

"Harder, son, harder," she moaned, loving nothing more than a hardcore fucking from her own flesh and blood.

Unfortunately for her there was no way I was going to last long enough to get her off, having not yet come today. Usually I would get her off first, but the circumstances of the quickie and the plan didn't allow for it this time. A couple minutes more of fast-paced Mother fucking and I could feel my balls boiling. I pulled out and ordered, "On your knees, Mommy."

Without hesitation my submissive mother turned around, fell to her knees and returned hungrily to deep throating my cock. Less than a minute of Mom's perfect cock sucking lips and I was about to come. I pulled out and as planned, coated her face with my cum. After the sexy facial I'd given Miranda yesterday and now coating Mom's beauty today, I realized I now had a new kink to add to my nylon fetish. I really got off on getting off all over a gorgeous face, so I came extra hard! Being my first load of the day, I shot four solid streams of cum onto Mom hitting her chin, lips, cheeks, nose, forehead and hair.

Mom surprised me by taking my cock back in her mouth.

I had to protest, albeit reluctantly, "Not now Mom. We have to stick to the plan."

"Fine," she huffed, clearly not fine, as she allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth.

As I pulled my pants up, I promised, "Don't worry Mom, you're going to get fucked yet, and properly."

"Promises, promises," she teased from her knees, "your Dad used to make such promises too."

I grabbed my cell and said, "Smile for the camera, mommy-slut."

"How dare you call your Mother a slut?" she replied all playful, before smiling for the camera.

"You'll always be my Mommy-slut," I answered, pulling her up from her submissive position and giving her a careful kiss on the lips but *only* on the lips, not wanting to smear my recently-painted canvas.

"Promise?" she asked, with just the slightest hint of insecurity.

"Yes, I promise, Mom," I replied. I was dying to see the look on Ellie's face when she realized what had just occurred. "Showtime Mom, are you ready?"

"No," Mom admitted, "but I'll do it anyway."

"You really are the perfect mother," I complimented her.

"Yeah, I bet I win Mother of the Year," she snorted.

"Well, in my eyes you'll win that award every year," I added.

"Thanks, baby," Mom said, obviously nervous at what she was about to do in front of her Achilles heel Ellie.

"I'll leave first," I instructed. "I want to catch the look on her face."

Mom laughed nervously. "Oh, it should be priceless."

Timing is everything, so I instructed my Mom, "Count to ten before coming out."

"Ok," Mom nodded in the affirmative even as her expression screamed 'please don't make me do this!'

Reading her mind, I soothed her. "Don't worry Mom, this is what you need."

Mom's look shifted from nervous to a trusting question, "Do you think so, Curtis?"

"I know so," I countered, confident I was right, although still unsure what the long-term consequences of our elaborate plan might be. As the weekend progressed I'd need to keep my eyes open and make course adjustments when needed.

I opened the bathroom door and headed back to my seat.

Ellie looked up from the book she was reading while, on cue, Miranda stood up.

I surprised Ellie by sitting down beside her and giving her a grin. She returned a quizzical look just as my cum-faced Mom parted the curtain... sorry, opened the bathroom door and stepped onstage.

Miranda, I would later learn, caught Ellie's look on her phone and it would win the Oscar for best performance of a woman in shock if there ever were such an award. Ellie's mouth literally dropped open, her eyes couldn't leave Mom's face and I could see the gears in her brain spinning a million miles a second. She looked at me and saw my smug smile before returning her stare, her mouth still open, to my Mom.

Silence filled the forward cabin as Mom sat down, pretending obliviousness to the sticky son-goo all over her face. Silence continued to linger as Mom sat awkwardly, while Miranda stood forward of us near the entrance to the flight attendant station, panning back and forth from face to face to film the whole spectacular show. Ellie stared in utter disbelief and I revelled in the glory of it all.

Dana broke the silence when she walked in with a tray of snacks, oblivious to the tension, and asked, "Is anyone hungry?"

Miranda quipped, "Starving," handing me the tray, grabbing Dana's hand and silently leading her to the bathroom. I was as amazed as everyone else at Dana's sudden willingness and lack of embarrassment until later on Miranda revealed to me that she and Dana were long-time friends with 'mile-high' benefits and that when Miranda had first stepped on the plane she'd told the stewardess to play innocent and dumb, a role she'd carried off marvellously.

Ellie watched that in stunned silence too, clearly unable to piece all these absurd moments together. The bathroom door closed and Ellie, leaning forward to look past me, finally spoke. "Alexis, you have sex with your son?"

Mom's face went red but I spoke for her.

"Ellie, you are partially to blame for this," I informed her, my face not triumphant, not teasing, not apologetic, not accusatory, just straight.

"What?!?" she asked, flabbergasted by such an accusation.

"Were you or were you not trying to get my Mom into bed at the Halloween party?" I asked, again not accusatory but straight.

It was her turn to go red, but only a shade. "How do you know about that?"

I shrugged, not yet revealing any of my many secrets. "Yes or no?"

"Yes, but I don't see how that has anything to do with this," Ellie replied annoyed at dealing with me instead of Mom.

I smiled, "Well, you had my mother very revved up that night, you know."

She paused as if reminiscing about that night. "Yes, I thought I finally had her again."

"You almost did, but..." I started.

"But then Ted showed up," Ellie finished, not remotely trying to hide her bitterness.

"Did he?" I asked, my tone playful, leading the witness with a knowing grin.

"Yes, he..." Ellie began and then paused. It was only a few seconds but it happened in such sweet slow motion, it was adorable. "Oh my god, that was you?"

I shrugged. "In truth, I had no intention of doing what we ended up doing that night, I was just there to help out Mom when I learned Dad wasn't going to make it, and she seemed so crestfallen and pissed off when she left home, but thanks to your leave-nothing-to-the-imagination harem girl outfit, plus your full assault teasing and fingering, she was so horny she was ready to do anything...or anyone...including her own son. The first thing she said to me when I arrived, and it's been etched into my brain for the rest of my life, 'You are soooooo lucky you showed up when you did; Ellie has me so fucking horny!'"

Ellie looked at Mom, who had remained silently blushing throughout the whole reveal. "Alexis, is all this true?"

Mom nodded, although refusing to look our way.

"So long story short, even though she'd thought I was my Dad when she said that, she soon realized that my tool was an upgrade from the one she normally employed, so nevertheless devoured me in the washroom and again after the party and she hasn't been able to resist me ever since. Isn't that right, Mommy-slut?"

"Yes, baby," Mom answered, still refusing to look at us.

"I can't believe it," Ellie said, her stunned look Mastercard priceless.

"I also convinced her to tell me about your and my Mother's sordid past," I revealed.

Ellie suddenly, inexplicably, gaining a surprising confidence now that everything was out in the open affirmed, "Yes, your mother was a very good little lez slut, isn't that right, Alexis?"

Mom nodded again.

I could feel an attempted shift in power. Trying to keep on top of the situation and remain the one controlling it, I said, "Yes, thank you for training my slut. It has been very helpful."

Ellie countered, her smile now smug and manipulative, "So has yours."

I recalled Mom's warning and changed the subject, placing my hand to my ear. "I think you lost your bet."

Ellie glanced at the bathroom door and stood up. She walked over to the door and listened before seeing it was unlocked and opening it. I couldn't see from where I was sitting, but the moans were undeniably those of my girlfriend, as were the following words, "Care to join?"

Ellie's face again went red, more out of anger than embarrassment, as she slammed the door and cursed, "Fuck!"

"Miranda isn't one to lose," I pointed out.

"Neither am I!" Ellie snapped back, pissed at losing the bet.

Playing my poker hand perfectly, I asked, "I assume you're already plotting to get Alexis back as your submissive slave?"

"Alexis?" she questioned, "Don't you mean your Mother?"

"One and the same," I smiled, tapping the empty seat beside me, "Come sit back down, Ellie."

"I think I'll stand," she glared, before turning to Mom. "Alexis, all these years you resisted me and now you submit to your son?"

As I had instructed, Mom remained silent.

"Answer me!" Ellie demanded, raising her voice.

I pointed out, "Remember please, that we are in a plane and others will hear us if we are too loud."

"Fuck you!" she snapped at me.

"Thanks for mentioning that; it *is* part of the plan, but unfortunately not aboard this airplane," I retorted, my confidence oozing. Amazing how much domming two hot MILFs can change a person in a short period of time.

"Keep dreaming!" Ellie countered, used to young boys drooling over her big tits, firm legs and ravishing good looks.

"And a sexy dream it is indeed, you hot slut," I assured her, ogling her hot body, lingering meaningfully on her large breasts, although without a hint of drool. "And fortunately most of my dreams have come true of late," I volleyed back.

"So I see." She smirked. "Well like that Meatloaf song, I guess two out of three ain't bad."

"Agreed, but three out of three is even better," I retorted.

"You are one confident fucker," she gave me, recognizing I was a stronger adversary than she'd originally suspected.

"I'll take that as a compliment," I retorted. "But I do have a deal to offer you."

"Reeeaaaaaly," she drawled dramatically.

"Now, my dear adversary-for-now, please come and sit down so we can chat," I offered, politely this time.

Before she could decide whether to comply, the bathroom door opened and Dana, her face with a sweet shine and her top buttoned up all wrong, came out and said, "Master Curtis, Mistress Miranda requests you to join her."

Standing up, I walked to Ellie and said, standing a bit closer than would be polite, "We will continue this later."

"Oh you *bet* we will," she agreed, still oozing confidence.

I went into the bathroom and closed the door, leaving Mom alone with the greatest challenge of her life, resisting her former Mistress. As I closed the door Miranda asked, "How did it go?"

"She's a stubborn one."

"That she is," Miranda agreed, falling to her knees. "Your Mom's face was impressive. Think you have enough for me too?"

"Always," I smiled, thankful that at my young age my recovery time was measured in minutes.

Pulling my stiff cock from my pants, she eagerly sucked me. After a couple minutes of slow burn, as I retold the conversation with Ellie, she took my cock out of her mouth and said, "Enough about Ellie for now. Let's focus on us."

"Agreed," I said, pulling her up off her knees.

"Sit down," she instructed.

I pulled my pants down to my knees and sat on the cold toilet seat. Miranda straddled me and I watched as she steadied my cock and slowly lowered herself onto it, just as she had done to the wine bottle last night. As soon as my cock was inside her she began bouncing up and down. "Fuck, I love your cock, baby," Miranda moaned.

"I love everything about you," I replied.

"I hope Alexis is surviving out there," she moaned.

"Me too," I moaned back, her cunt somehow tightening around my cock like a suction cup.

The next few minutes were pure bliss as Miranda rode my cock. As if reading my mind, sensing the beginning of my build up, she urged, "Baby, I want to feel you fill me with your seed."

"Your wish is my command," I grunted, closing my eyes.

"Come for me baby, fill me up," Miranda commanded.

Always one to make my women happy, I fulfilled her request as my second load in thirty minutes shot out of me.

"That's it, baby," she moaned, continuing to milk my cock.

"Fuuuuck," I grunted, her cuntal grip around my cock bringing sensation after sensation to me.

A minute later she climbed off me and falling back to her knees, took my cock back in her mouth.

Another minute later she climbed back up and kissed me. Breaking the kiss she smiled and said, "I love the taste of your cock with our cum mixed together."

"Fuck, are you hot," was all I could muster in return.

"You're not too bad yourself," she smiled, giving my cock a squeeze. "We should probably go and rescue your Mom."

"Good call," I agreed, again pulling my pants up.

"By the way, when you join the mile-high club you *really* join the mile-high club," she joked, before opening the door.

I followed her out and it was our turn to be surprised.

Our flight attendant was on her knees between Ellie's legs, licking away. Mom was watching, although still sitting where she'd been when I'd left, next to the opposite window.

Ellie explained rather matter-of-factly. "When Alexis wouldn't do as she was told, for which she will be punished later," she glared at Mom, "I decided to find another slut, an obedient slut, to get me off."

Miranda strolled over for a closer look. "Hmmm," was all she said.

"Hmmm, what?" Ellie wanted to know, pushing the Katy Perry lookalike Miranda's friend-with-benefits deeper inside her cunt.

"You're trimmed, not shaved bald," Miranda announced to all.

Not missing a beat Ellie responded, "That's because I have the sweetest smelling cunt there is, isn't that right Alexis?"

"Yes," Mom answered, a tremble in her voice, hunger permeating her tone.

"You miss my fragrant bush don't you, my pleasure pet?" Ellie purred, her tone endearing, yet knowing, yet teasing, yet impossibly confident.

"Yes," Mom again confirmed, this time in a whisper we could barely hear over the thrum of the jet engines. I was so proud of her: the term 'Mistress Ellie' must have been fighting tooth and nail to escape her lips, yet she held it back.

"Come and replace this slut, my pet," Ellie offered, all the while looking at me.

Mom was weak, fragile and on the brink of submitting, so I ordered, "Don't move, Mom. You're still my slut until I say otherwise, isn't that correct?"

"Yes, son," she agreed, her relief palpable.

Ellie threatened, still staring at me, neither of us breaking eye contact. "Each disobedience, my pet, will add an additional punishment. Do you really want to relive Cancun?"

Mom's face went pale and I was curious about what the hell had happened in Cancun.

Miranda intervened. "Look, this charade is getting us nowhere. Ellie, you want your slut back, correct?"

"Obviously," Ellie answered, beginning to move her hips up and down, grinding her pussy on Dana's face.

"And you Curtis, want to fuck your Mother's ex-Mistress, correct?"

"Since I was old enough to shoot my load," I confirmed.

"And Alexis, you want to be able to fuck your son as you please and also submit to Ellie, correct?"

Mom looked at me, then to Ellie, her mind clearly riddled with not only doubt but downright fear, something I had never seen on my Mom in my whole life. "Yes, I think so," she finally admitted.

"So there you have it," Miranda said.

"There we have what?" Ellie asked, close to orgasm, but unable to come simultaneously with having this bizarre conversation.

"Should we let you finish?" Miranda asked considerately, acknowledging the obvious.

Ellie didn't waste any time, just nodding an affirmation and closing her eyes as she moved her hand to her clit and began rubbing as she demanded, "Finger me, slut!"

Dana didn't hesitate, sliding two fingers inside the big-busted schoolteacher. Ellie's breathing increased and I watched, my cock again at full salute, as my third most common fantasy as a horny teen alone late at night came to life in front of me.

"Fuuuuck, harder, slut, yes, yes, god yeeeeees," Ellie moaned, surprisingly quiet as she came.

We all watched the show until its conclusion, before Ellie opened her eyes and asked, "Enjoy watching 'Aunt Ellie' come, Curtis?"

"Very much, although I look forward to the time when I'm the one making you make those faces," I replied.

"Keep dreaming, kid," she countered, finally letting go of Dana, who remained on her knees, trying to recover from her face being used so extremely.

Miranda again intervened. "So here is the deal. We have a task for you to complete before Alexis will be allowed to spend time alone with you and succumb to your spell."

"A task is it?" Ellie asked, raising an eyebrow. "Let me guess, fuck the kid?"

"Well, I'm sure that will eventually happen too, his cock is to die for and for a guy he sure licks like a dedicated lesbian, but no, that's not a requirement. We want you to seduce the bride-to-be."

"What? Who?" Ellie asked surprised at the sudden fresh topic.

"Well, as you know I hate my ex, but because I work with him we have to play nice in public, so he had to invite me to his wedding and I had to accept, otherwise it would look really bad for the station. Anyway, his fiancée Brittany and her girlfriends are going out on the town tomorrow night for her bachelorette party and we're going to crash it," Miranda explained.

"And?" Ellie asked, reaching for her jeans.

"Well, I want you in your seductress mode, wearing the outfit I'll choose for you after our little bet you just lost, to get her between your legs," Miranda explained.

Pulling her jeans up but leaving her panties on the floor, Ellie asked, "Why?"

"To humiliate Mark on his wedding day," Miranda shrugged.

Ellie, a devious bitch herself, smiled, "Delicious, and in return Alexis is mine again."

"Ours," I rebutted.

"Ours," Ellie agreed, but her tone implying 'for now.'

Miranda turned to Dana, who was still kneeling near Ellie's feet, "Could you please bring us a bottle of wine, sweetie?"

"Yes, Miranda," Dana agreed, standing up, her carefully-applied makeup a mess.

"Wait," Ellie interjected.

"Yes, ma'am?" Dana asked, turning to face Ellie.

"Please pick up my panties and give them to the kid," Ellie instructed.

"Yes, ma'am," Dana obeyed, bending down to grab the pink panties and handing them to me.

"A gift to remind you of what you can't ever have," Ellie said pretentiously, "you will find them permeated with my unsurpassable fragrance with which you can torture yourself," the chess game still on between us.

I put them confidently to my nose as Dana disappeared around the corner and allowed, "Hmmm, your scent *is* rather sweet. Enticing, even."

"You should smell it directly from the source," she replied, teasing.

"All in good time," I countered, moving my own pawn.

Suddenly Mom spoke up, startling all of us with a sudden surge of determined pride after all that sheepish silence. "I know you all have plans for me but for the record, I'm not a doormat. I plan on making my own decisions."

"Of course, Mom," I said, feeling like her son again and not her Dom or lover.

Mom continued, "If I want to fuck my son, I will. If I want to submit to Ellie, I will. And if I want to have my pet Miranda eat me out, I will. Is that understood, all of you?"

We all nodded in agreement and Mom, taking charge asked, "Son, did you fuck Miranda's ass when you were in the can?"

"No, Mom," I answered.

Miranda added, sitting up a bit, showing a little stain on her chair. "But he did fill my cunt."

"Good," Mom said, glancing to a slightly surprised Ellie before turning back to a surprised me. "And as everyone here knows, I sucked you off before you came all over my face. So I think it's time for you to hit the trifecta of the mile-high club, don't you?"

Mom grabbed my hand and dragged me into the bathroom yet again as I agreed, "Whatever you say, Mom."

The door closed, Mom looked at me and confessed, looking so vulnerable and shaking slightly, "I stood up for myself, but it was nearly impossible. Look how I'm trembling!"

"You were amazing, Mom," I complimented her, before adding, giving her a hug, "No, you *are* amazing."

"Oh, you know just the right words to say," Mom asked, her hand going to my fully erect cock confined but not concealed in my pants. "Oh, and what do we have here?"

"I brought a present for you, Mom," I answered.

"You do know that Ellie is going to try and control me completely," Mom said, rubbing my cock through my jeans.

"But you're stronger now, are you not?" I asked and then reminded her, "and I'm the ace in your hole."

"Yes," Mom said, my words relaxing her. "But fuck, was it tempting just to fall to her feet and submit to her again right then and there."

"You must be soaked," I surmised.

"Check for yourself," Mom offered, hiking up her dress.

I moved my hand to her naked, glistening pussy and wasn't surprised to feel her wetness. "Holy shit your leaking, Mommy!"

"I'm so fucking horny I'm going to burst," Mom admitted.

"Well let's take care of that," I said, this time it being me falling to my knees to worship my Mom.

Mom lifted her left foot to the toilet seat, giving me a perfect view of her spread-open cunt, as I leaned forward and began licking. In seconds she was moaning, "Oh yes, Curtis, lick Mommy."

This time it was all about my beautiful Mom. I wanted her to have the orgasm to end all orgasms. I wanted it to be me giving to her, not Ellie, to strengthen our bond for the rescue I knew I'd need to perform in the near future. I licked her pussy for a couple of minutes before I began pumping two fingers inside her.

"Oh yes, finger fuck your Mommy-slut," Mom moaned, knowing what her nasty talk did to me. A couple minutes later, her moans continually increasing, she begged, "Harder, son, finger Mommy harder, she is sooooo close!"

I obliged and sensing her impending climax, used my free hand to reach behind her and when I sensed her dam about to burst I slid a finger in her ass.

"Oh you dirty fucker, yeeeeeeeeeeeeees, you're making Mommy come!" Mom screamed as she sprayed me with her juices. Her standing position allowing her juice to gush out of her and cascade down onto my lips and face, this time giving *me* a facial. I savored every last drop of Mom's cum before she demanded, "Now whip it out and fuck your Mother's ass."

"I'm not sure we have time before we start descending," I began, but was stopped.

"I'm not *always* your submissive slut, young man! Do as you're told and fuck your Mother's ass *right now!*" she ordered, in the my-decision-is-final tone I used to get when I lost a discussion with her before we'd become intimate. God, I loved her complex persona.

I sprang to obey my Mother but awkwardly, in too much of a hurry, fidgeting with my pants ineffectually, eventually fumbling them open, pulling them down to my knees without my underwear and needing to make another time-wasting gesture to lower those but then, hobbled at the knees, only barely managing to stagger behind my Mom who had already far more gracefully repositioned herself and framed her ass perfectly for me. Finally, my struggles over, I was brought up short, staring at the Picasso of Mothers' asses and admiring it in rapture. Damn, was it beautiful!

Mom brought me to myself by pulling her ass cheeks apart and snarling, yes *snarling*, "Fuck me NOW, you nasty Mother fucker!"

I plunged my cock inside her ass in one solid push forward and remembering that time was of the essence because the plane would be landing soon, I pounded her ass hard. I was into it now, even with my pants and underwear binding my knees together powerful and effective; my body slammed into hers over and over and she grabbed the toilet for balance, all the while keying up the nasty talk. "That's it, you dirty Mother ass-fucker, ream my back door!" and "Harder, baby, drill for gold!" and, "Deeper son, sodomize your Mommy, make her your forever ass-slut!"

Unfortunately, even with all the hot, nasty, incest talk, having come twice in the past hour and a half, I was in a marathon race with no end in sight.

Sweat dripped down my body, my t-shirt damp, as I continued to use a full throttle attack on Mom's tight ass. Mom continued trying to get me off with her ass and dirty talk. "Did my son get hard thinking of me dyking with Ellie?"

"Fuck, yes," I grunted.

"Does my son want his Mommy to be a submissive sex slave to Ellie?" Mom huffed.

"God, yes," I admitted, the idea the ultimate turn-on. Suddenly Cancun popped onto my head. "What happened in Cancun?"

"Oh God baby, that was the night I learned how big a slut I was and how much she owned me," Mom admitted.

"Do tell," I asked, dying of curiosity, as the pilot announced it was time to get back in our seats and put our seat belts on as we were beginning to descend.

"I promise to tell you all the nasty, horrifying, humiliating details once you *come in Mommy's ass!*" she said, beginning to bounce back on my cock.

"Oh fuck Mom," I groaned, as she began fucking me instead of my fucking her. Her eagerness made the sex even hotter and finally my third orgasm spasmed out of me as I filled her ass with my

cum!

Mom screamed herself, as she climaxed simultaneously, *"I'm cooooooming with you, son!"*

The intensity of our dual orgasms was indescribable as we both collapsed into each other and I held her tight as she shuddered and quivered through her second orgasm of our bathroom rendezvous.

A knock on the door was followed by Dana saying, "I waited until I heard you two finish, but now you really need to get to your seats."

Both of us composed ourselves and without another word returned to our seats, although I was now with Miranda and Mom sitting with Ellie.

Once seated, Miranda asked, "Did you come in your Mother's beautiful ass?"

"Gentleman don't fuck and tell," I joked.

Mom answered for me. "I guess going commando was a mistake, your cum is trickling right back out my butt hole."

Miranda quipped, "Where's the butt plug when you need one?"

I burst out laughing as I felt the plane descend.

Looking over, I saw Ellie holding Mom's hand, but she was looking at me, thinking she had won. I let her think that for now.

Miranda meanwhile grabbed my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

As the plane continued its descent, I pondered Mom's impending descent back into lesbian submission at the hands of Ellie and the final piece of my plan...fucking Ellie. I still wasn't sure how it was all going to work, but as the plane touched down Miranda leaned into me and whispered in my ear, "Don't worry baby, she'll fuck you."

"You sure?" I asked, unsure myself how to seal the deal, considering Ellie didn't seem remotely interested in me...only my Mom.

"Trust me," Miranda whispered into my ear, giving it a slight tug with her teeth, "I promise you'll get to fuck her before we fly back home."

"How?" I asked, my cock rising again at the thought of my next conquest even as the plane slowed to a stop.

"Just leave that to me, baby," she whispered, squeezing my cock through my pants.

The plane taxied toward its final stop as each of us considered the evening and weekend ahead. My cock stirred at the thought of fucking the third piece of my fantasy puzzle. I glimpsed over to Ellie and saw she was still staring at me...her look was smug...one broadcasting confidently that I had no idea who I was dealing with.

The reality was that even though I'd played a part-time top dog with Mom and Miranda for a short while, less than a month, I'd been winging it the whole time and didn't really know what I was doing while Ellie had decades of experience and lots of tried and true tricks up her sleeve. I knew I was in way over my head, but I hid those insecurities and winked at her.

Even as the plane was slowing to dock at the gate, Miranda surprised me once again by announcing, "Fuck, am I hungry." She fished out my erect cock and leaned forward and took it in her mouth.

Ellie got a good look at my solid eight inches of meat as Miranda bobbed up and down for a brief tease. I realized that was the point: Miranda was showing my sausage smorgasbord to Ellie to make *her* hungry for me.

Sitting back up, just as the plane came to a stop, Miranda's hand was firmly on my cock, displaying it proudly as she looked over to Ellie and asked, "Want some?"

The end...

The fifth part in this series, **What Mom Knows Fucks Her in Vegas** was released in **February 2013**.