

WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN VEGAS

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Mom, son, girlfriend and busty seductress get nasty in Vegas.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Mom, son, girlfriend and busty seductress get nasty in Vegas.

Note 1: *This is part five of a continuing incest series (although it is much more complex than simply an incest story). I highly recommend you read the first four parts 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 enjoys an amazing threesome with his mother and his fantasy girl the TV weather girl Miranda Collington.

In WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER ASS Curtis begins dating the sexually exotic MILF 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 a Trifecta, coming in his Mother's mouth, pussy and ass.

*In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN THE AIR** Curtis joins the Mile-High Club during an epic first class flight to Vegas with his Mom, his celebrity girlfriend Miranda, Mom's friend and ex-Mistress Ellie and a very submissive stewardess.*

A massive rewrite was done with Tex Beethoven in December 2018.

What Mom Knows Fucks Her in Vegas

It wasn't until all four of us were waiting for a taxi to take us from McCarren Airport to our hotel on the Las Vegas Strip that the conversation and power struggle resumed.

Ellie complained, trying to stake her claim as the one the rest of us should strive to please, "I thought I was just going to a wedding."

"And?" Miranda asked, not seeing Ellie's point.

"It should be obvious: I packed for a wedding, not for a weekend with a submissive," Ellie smiled, looking directly at my mother, whose face went flushed. Ellie added, never taking her eyes off my submissive Mother, "It's just that if I would have known I would have brought my toys."

"Like what?" Miranda asked.

"Ben Wa balls, Alexis used to love those things in her cunt; handcuffs and butt plugs for discipline, Alexis is in desperate need to be put back in her proper place having strayed for so long; and strap-ons for some good old-fashioned fucking," Ellie listed.

Miranda offered, "Well they say what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas and I'm sure you can find all those and more; but first, how do you propose to seduce Brittany?"

I smiled at how a submissive adorable sexpot like Miranda who obeys my every wish, could be so controlling of an experienced Domme like Ellie. Miranda had made it clear that Ellie couldn't have my mother as her submissive until she completed the task Miranda wanted done...to seduce her ex-boyfriend's fiancée the day before her wedding.

Ellie smiled, breaking eye contact with my mom and looking at Miranda, a silent look that spoke volumes, and then said only, "That will have to wait till tomorrow."

The taxi arrived before anything else could be discussed, or promised, or perhaps threatened, and we each sat quietly on the short ride to the heart of sin city, rather appropriate considering how much we were all planning to sin.

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Once we were inside the hotel, a glorious example of over-the-top decadence, Miranda whispered to my Mom, "Back to the scene of the crime, Alexis."

Mom's face seemed to be constantly flushed as her cheeks again went rose red. But unlike how she was with Ellie she wasn't the least bit intimidated by her pet Miranda. She smiled fondly, "I remember it like it was yesterday."

"Remember what?" Ellie asked, joining the conversation.

Mom stammered, "N-n-nothing," intimidated.

Miranda answered, a challenging smile across her face, "This is the hotel where Alexis and I first played together."

"Really, is that so?" Ellie asked, curious yet giving my Mom a look of disapproval, as if she'd been unfaithful, which in a sense she had been... for almost twenty years.

Miranda, always one for shock value, added, "Yes, a couple bottles of wine, a porn movie on the TV and the two wine bottles suddenly found other uses, didn't they Alexis?"

My naughty mind automatically imagined my Mom and my girlfriend fucking each other with wine bottles.

Mom again blushed. "You make it sound so dirty."

Miranda said, "Well, you did fuck me with a wine bottle and then rode my face to orgasm if I recall correctly. You really took charge of me!"

I gasped.

Mom gasped too. "Miranda, not here!" gazing around at all the people within earshot.

Ellie added fuel, "Wine bottle, hey Miranda? Good to know."

Miranda shrugged, turned to me and said, "That was the night your mother became my Mistress."

Ellie shook her head. "I can't fucking believe you didn't come to me, Alexis."

Mom apologized, "It wasn't planned, Mistr...." She suddenly froze when she realized what she'd almost said.

"Go ahead, Alexis, say the words your body and mind are dying to say," Ellie ordered, moving closer to her.

I grabbed Mom's hand and pulled her away toward the front entrance.

Ellie called out, "It's only a matter of time Alexis, you know you're mine."

Mom was trembling when we got outside. "I won't last the weekend, Curtis. Now that she knows I'm playing with girls again she'll be relentless."

"Do you want to submit to her, Mom?" I asked, trying to be caring under the bizarre circumstances.

"Yes! No! I don't know," she answered, frustrated.

"Tell me about Cancun," I instructed.

"It was a crazy night," Mom said, shaking her head even as her eyes lit up at the memory.

"That good?" I questioned.

"Depends how you look at it," Mom shrugged.

"Tell me," I ordered.

"Let's go for a walk," Mom said, grabbing my hand as if we were a May-December couple, which in Vegas wasn't that out of the ordinary. In truth, we had a complex relationship. When I asserted myself I could order her to do anything I wished: could humiliate her, call her filthy names, give her facials, you name it and she loved it; but when she chose she could switch at the drop of a hat and be my loving, nurturing, assertive Mother again. So even as she was leading me down the Strip, she also began obediently narrating one of the most extreme and embarrassing nights of her life from her college days when she had been Ellie's willing sex slave.

The first night in Cancun I met a guy at the bar and ended up back at his hotel where we had sex. It was my first time with a guy since I'd submitted to Ellie and when I returned to the hotel the next morning she was furious. She ranted: "This trip was about you and me Alexis, not about you being a fucking skank."

I apologized profusely, feeling overwhelming guilt as if I had cheated on her, which I had. Any sexual activity whatsoever, even including a quiet masturbation session alone was considered cheating if I didn't have my Mistress' specific permission. But a few drinks with a hot hunky guy and his promise to me, "Once we're alone I'll do anything you say, Mistress... anything!" had gone completely to my head. He'd kept his promise and the night had been empowering and fabulous! But now it was time to pay. In a way I didn't even mind: I loved being degraded and punished by my impetuous Mistress. The look of fury on her face only enhanced my delicious guilt and made me willing to do anything I could to make her happy.

I remember her saying, "You need to be punished don't you, my pet."

I eagerly agreed, happy just to see her anger fade and inwardly looking forward to my humiliation.

"You will obey me without question or hesitation this evening?" she asked, although the question was rhetorical. She wasn't asking, she was telling.

I agreed without consideration of any consequences, just desperate to belong to her again; to obey.

"Good, now go get some sleep, tonight will be a very long night for you," she said, hinting at something extreme. I was impatient to get on with it but forcing me to wait for things was part of her game.

That night she dressed me up in a bright pink dress that made me look like a real-life Barbie, sans any underwear at all, and took me to a club. She spoke briefly with a large bouncer who nodded and pointed and she led me to the back of the club and into a small room. I knew in seconds I was in a gloryhole. I looked at Ellie with pleading eyes and she said, "You wanted cock, so tonight you're going to get an entire night of cock."

A cock popped through the hole and Ellie ordered, "Get sucking, Alexis. By the time you leave here tonight you're going to never want cock again." I realized she was using a tough love tactic, like my dad did to my younger sister when he busted her for smoking and made her smoke a whole pack of cigarettes one right after the other, until she had smoked the entire pack before vomiting. Mistress Ellie was trying to condition me to be a true lesbian with no desire for men through extreme discipline. My occasional peccadillo aside, I had a deep-seated need to make Ellie happy at all costs, to obey her unconditionally, so I soon found myself sitting on a wooden stool and after one last pleading look to Ellie, which got me no sympathy but just a tongue poking out her cheek to indicate I should get sucking, I opened my mouth and took a faceless stranger's cock in my mouth.

As I bobbed back and forth on the first of many cocks that night, Ellie moved beside me and whispered, "Good girl." The condescending words should have been humiliating and they were, yet my need for her approval and praise made me eager to obey her every whim.

I don't know how many cocks I sucked that night, at least fifty, and I swallowed every load before the sun was rising and Ellie finally asked, "Have you learned your lesson, my pet?"

I remember my answer clearly, "Yes, Mistress, my mouth and my cunt belong to you and I will always obey you."

She was then 'kind' enough to escort me to a filthy alley so I could vomit up what must have been a gallon of cum, it took forever for me to regurgitate it all, and I actually felt grateful to her for being so considerate.

"Wow," was all I could muster, even as my well-used cock called for attention again.

Mom finished by saying, "it was a promise I kept until I met your dad and realized I had to quit her cold turkey if I was ever going to have a normal life, a normal family, which of course seems pretty ironic now."

"I suppose so, we are anything but normal," I laughed softly.

"If that isn't the truth," Mom smiled and kissed me. Breaking the kiss, Mom added, "I should also mention dear boy, that your cum is still leaking out of my ass."

I shrugged, thinking of pounding her ass in the airplane bathroom a couple of hours ago, "Well if your dear son would allow you to wear panties..."

"Fucker," she said, playfully.

"Mother-fucker," I corrected.

"Yes," she smiled, "you are one dirty Mother-fucker."

"Fuck Mom, now you've made me hard again," I pointed out what was literally pointing out.

She gave my point a quick squeeze and said, "Maybe we should return to the madness."

"Can you resist Ellie?" I asked.

"For a little while," she said, although her look told me she wasn't convinced.

"Let's play it by ear, Mom," I said, squeezing her hand.

"Ok," she agreed.

"Ellie will be busy tomorrow with her task," I reminded her.

"Which she will achieve, no doubt," Mom predicted.

"Is she that good?" I asked, our hotel now in sight.

"She doesn't take no for an answer," Mom replied.

"Yet you resisted her," I pointed out, trying to build her resilience against the powerful temptress.

"It was because of you," Mom said, adding, "I was pregnant, I desperately wanted to have a child and my mother wolf instincts kicked in. I would have killed someone if necessary to protect you... even Ellie!"

"Well, I thank you profusely for that protection, *loba mía*," I laughed.

"Well, you *have* been thanking me rather thoroughly lately," she teased.

As we returned to the hotel I said, "Welcome to the jungle."

Mom quoted Guns and Roses, which only convinced me one more time how cool she was, "We've got fun and games."

"You're perfect, Mom," I complimented, meaning it.

"You're not too bad yourself," Mom smiled.

I texted Miranda and learned our 'room' was a suite on the top floor...the penthouse. As usual I was in awe of my life. We went to the elevator and as soon as the door closed, Mom and I were kissing like two horny teenagers.

Once we reached our floor, Mom broke our kiss and said, her face flushed with a hunger I had only seen in her eyes a couple of times, "Promise me you'll fuck me tonight."

"That is a promise I think I can keep, Mom," I replied.

"Fuck, do I want you inside me right now," she said.

My phone buzzed just as we got out of the elevator and Miranda told me she'd left us a cardkey at the front desk and that she and Ellie were in the bar having a drink. "The key is at the front desk."

"Well, that figures," Mom replied.

The elevator doors began to close and I hit the open button. "Thinking of submitting to Ellie has you on the brink, doesn't it?" I asked.

"Just the thought has my cunt gushing," Mom admitted.

I pulled her back into the elevator and waited until the doors closed, removed my shirt and tossed it onto the overhead camera and hit the Stop button. The elevator came to an abrupt halt and froze in place.

Mom smiled playfully, "You naughty boy. What are you going to make me do?"

Not wasting time, knowing we probably had only a couple of minutes, I ordered, "Get my cock out, slut."

She obeyed, correcting me, "Mommy-slut."

My finger still on the stop button, I watched her eagerly take my cock into her mouth, which had last been inside her ass on the plane, and bob up and down like a porn star.

After a few seconds, I ordered, "Bend over and fuck yourself on me."

She obeyed, using the handrails for stability, lifted her dress over her ass and backed up on my erect missile. Watching my cock slowly disappear into her was enthralling, as it always was. Soon she had all of my cock in her wet cunt and was bouncing back on me.

Her moans echoed in the small space, "Oh God baby, your cock feels so good in Mommy's cunt!"

"Tell me who owns you," I grunted, her hard thrusts bringing me great pleasure as I seemed to go deeper into her than I ever had before.

"You do, baby, you own your Mommy," she moaned, her breathing already erratic.

"And you will never disobey me?" I questioned.

"Neeeeever, baby, I'll always be a good Mommy to my masterful son," she whimpered, loving the deepness my cock was reaching.

The intercom came on and a man asked, "Is there anyone in there? If so, Press the blue intercom button to speak."

"We don't have much time, Mommy-slut," I said, "Come for your son. Come for your owner! Come for your Master!"

That was all it took as my Mom screamed, "Oh fuuuuuuck, yes Curtis, be my Master, use me whenever and *wherever you wiiiish!*"

I could feel her cum coat my cock and I pulled out and began stroking my cock. "On your knees, Mommy."

She fell to her knees, rubbing her clit with her left hand as she opened her mouth and begged, "Come on Mommy, Master. Mark me as yours. Shoot your white goo all over your Mommy-slut's face!"

"When we get to the main floor, you will walk to the front desk and get the room-key Miranda left for us with my cum all over your face," I said.

"Oh God, you dirty fucker. You want to humiliate Mommy?" she asked.

"Will you obey?" I questioned, my balls about to burst.

"Yes, Master," she agreed, "for you I'll do anything!" just as the first stream of cum hit her on the forehead. A second followed between her eyes and hit her nose, while a third hit her lips and chin. The sight of my cum on her face was so hot I wished I had more to coat it with.

I released the Stop button and hit the Lobby button.

Standing up, her face coated with streams of cum, her legs still twitching from her orgasm, she said, "You're turning into one kinky little bastard."

"And you love it," I teased, as the elevator slowed to a stop at the eleventh floor.

I reached for my shirt and pulled it on just before the door opened.

A young couple got on the elevator and neither could help but notice Mom's cum-coated face.

Both were surprised, but following proper elevator etiquette, they looked away and didn't say anything although both were blushing furiously.

As the elevator started to descend, Mom turned to the red-faced brunette and asked, "Where you two from?"

The girl stammered, "T-T-Texas."

"On your honeymoon?" Mom asked, acting as if she weren't wearing a full facial of cum.

"No, we're just dating," the girl answered, squirming with discomfort.

The guy looked an eyebrow at me and I shrugged as if saying 'what you gonna do?'

Mom then asked the girl, "Do I have any in my hair?"

"Pardon?" the girl asked, shocked by the question.

The elevator was just reaching the lobby when Mom said something even I couldn't believe, "Do I have any of my son's cum in my hair?"

Both the guy's and the girl's mouths dropped open at the outrageous question with all its taboo implications.

The elevator door opened and Mom said, "I'll be right back, son."

"Hurry back, slut," I ordered, finally speaking.

Both looked at me as Mom walked out of the elevator and into the lobby, which was rather full.

The girl asked, "She isn't really your Mom?"

"No," I lied, "She just likes the shock value. She's actually my English teacher."

"Well done, dude," the guy said, impressed.

His girlfriend glared at him and they left, the guy searching around for another look at my cum-faced mother.

Mom was in line behind a couple of other guests checking in, pretending to be oblivious to the fact that she was a sticky mess and people were staring at her.

I watched, amused and with a sense of power at Mom obeying such an extreme order. She turned to me and winked, surprisingly not embarrassed by the stares. Like I had thanked Ellie for on the airplane, her long-ago training of my Mom was turning out to be useful, even as I now used that very training against her.

When it was Mom's turn, she spoke with the desk clerk who did a double take, but after listening to whatever mom said, checked her identification and handed her a room-key. Mom walked back to me and handed me the key before saying, "Miranda texted me to go meet the girls for a drink."

"Ok," I said, wishing the drinking age was eighteen, not the ridiculously conservative twenty-one.

"It's girl time," mom smiled, kissing me on the lips and inadvertently returning some of my own cum to me, which I didn't mind.

"That worries me," I admitted.

"Me too," she shrugged, "but I'll have Miranda there to protect me."

"Have fun," I smiled.

"I can't imagine it will be as much fun as we just had," Mom smiled.

"I hope not," I chuckled back.

Another sticky kiss and she was gone. I went up the elevator and into the room, which is not a correct description for it. It was massive! I spent the next twenty minutes looking around before taking a much-needed shower.

When I got out I could hear the three MILFs laughing and I walked out of the bathroom wearing only my towel.

"Speaking of the boy toy," Ellie said, her tone not about flattery.

"Ladies," I said, trying to be suave.

"Go get dressed sexy, we're going out for supper and a show," Miranda said.

I asked. "And which room is mine?"

"Our room is the first on the left," Miranda said.

"Cool," I said casually. I left the ladies, rolled my luggage into the room and got dressed.

Strangely, the rest of the evening proceeded completely uneventfully. I learned later that during their brief girls' only time they'd agreed there would be no sexual conversation, flirting, not even word play for the remainder of the evening. In some ways this was good news as I was a bit worn out by the constant sexual tension between Ellie and Mom that had her so stressed out.

Supper was amazing, the show, a Cirque de Soleil, was stupendous and a late-night walk along the brightly-lit Strip was the coolest thing ever. By the time we got back to our penthouse suite we were all wiped and we all crashed rather quickly.

Miranda and I got a room together, while both mom and Ellie had separate rooms, although Ellie stressed they'd be sharing one room before the weekend was over.

Miranda and I shared silent nods of agreement. That sharing was an agreed-upon portion of our master plan for the weekend, albeit the most risky portion.

After Ellie had retired, Mom snuck in for the good fucking I'd promised her for tonight, and she rode me to completion while Miranda rode her ass with a strap-on. In addition to it being over-the-top sex for all three of us, it was yet another layer of our three-way emotional bond which Miranda and I knew Mom needed to have in place as strongly as possible.

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The next morning started amazingly as I was woken up the best way possible, with a blowjob. Opening my eyes, I saw Miranda bobbing up and down leisurely on my cock.

Seeing me awake, she smiled, "Good morning, sleepyhead."

"Good morning, beautiful," I replied.

"I bet you say that to all the girls who wake you up this way," she teased, returning to my cock.

"Now that you mention it, that's true," I agreed, thinking of the many times recently Mom had awakened me the same way.

"You male slut," she joked, briefly taking my cock out of her mouth.

"There are worse things to be called," I quipped.

"And the Mommy facial, that was so naughty," Miranda commented, as she returned to deep throating my cock.

I moaned, but not because of her gentle reprimand, "I didn't think she would go through with it."

Five minutes later the conversation continued after I had shot cum down my beautiful girlfriend. "Your mom kept the cum on her face the whole time we were in the bar."

"Really?" I asked, surprised by mom's full obedience.

"Yes, it was so fucking hot," Miranda said, still stroking my cock.

"That it was," I agreed.

"Your Mom can be really wild, and being in a city where no one knows her gives her the freedom to cut loose without any worry of consequences," Miranda explained.

"Like the last time you two were in Vegas for example," I smiled.

"For example," she agreed, smiling.

Positioning myself between her legs, I smiled, "I think it's time I return the favor."

She purred, "You treat me so well, baby."

"I bet you say that to all the eighteen-year-olds you bring to Vegas," I teased.

"Every single one," she played along as I began licking. As much as I loved fucking Miranda and Mom, I particularly loved the sweet intimacy that came from licking their pussies. I loved hearing their breathing slowly escalate, I loved hearing their moans increase in volume... and all because of me.

Hearing Miranda coo, "Oh Curtis, don't stop," and "Yes, baby, I love your tongue, baby," and "Oh God, you're getting me so fucking wet," only enhances my eagerness to please.

I took my time enjoying the slow build of Miranda's orgasm. Finally, ten minutes later give or take, her moans had escalated and I knew she was near the brink of euphoria, so I sucked her clit into my mouth and slid two fingers inside her very wet pussy.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuck!" Miranda screamed, as she wrapped her legs around my head and quaked, her pussy juice flowing out of her.

I savored her sweetness as her body continued trembling... all because of me.

When she finally released me from her leg embrace/leglock, I crawled up her body and kissed her tenderly.

When I broke the kiss a few seconds later she smiled, "Fuck, do I taste good."

"You won't ever hear me complaining," I agreed.

She leaned up and kissed me again. This time the kiss had a tenderness I'd never felt from her before. This wasn't the same intense urgency it often was, nor was it full of hungry passion, but something more: as if we had transcended to a different world where only we existed.

When she broke the kiss she looked nervous and vulnerable; an insecurity I rarely saw in my confident, celebrity girlfriend. Our eyes locked as time stood still and for a brief moment there was only us, and nothing else mattered.

Finally my dream woman affirmed the words she'd said the other night at the TV station that had prompted my long, heartfelt declaration to her. "I love you, Curtis."

Those three words and my name and I was speechless. I knew that fifty years from now if she repeated them again I'd still be thrilled to hear them. I knew that, but apparently my new but enduring love for her hadn't yet sunk in.

She kissed me softly before continuing, her vulnerability clearly on her sleeve, if she had been wearing clothes, "I know it sounds crazy, you're just a boy and we haven't known each other long even though I've told you before," she continued between sweet kisses. "And I don't expect you to say it back this time, but I had to let you know."

They say when you fall in love you just know. It's like every earlier relationship was just a milestone on the journey to real love. I'd long lusted after Miranda, then once I began seeing her with Mom occasionally I knew I liked her a lot, but (ironically the day after the first time I'd fucked her and right after the second time she'd stood up for me against her blowhard ex) the moment I looked into her sincere eyes, past the beautiful exterior, past the sexual seductress, I saw the real Miranda...the girl behind the woman, the girl who longed for unconditional love and not the superficial surface love just based on looks and sex. No, behind her tough confident exterior was a vulnerable woman wanting someone to love the real her. I knew right then, just like I know the sky is blue and the grass is green that I loved her. Not the pantyhose-wearing sex goddess that I grew up masturbating to, but the woman who was sweet, caring, sassy, warm, funny, quirky, and a million other traits was the one with whom I'd fallen in love. And it was at that moment as I saw deep into her soul, I took her heart and claimed it. "I've said it before and I'll say it again: I love you too, Miranda Collington."

She shook her head. "I wasn't saying it to get you to say it. I was...."

I put my finger to her lips. "Shhhh, my sweet Miranda. I would never have said if I didn't mean it, and now you will please permit me to say it again." It was time to repeat my litany of love to her, this time with fresh observations. I gave her quick soft kisses between each beloved quality as I spoke. "I love your loyalty."

"I love your smile," I continued, kissing just her upper lip.

"I love your compassion," I added, replicating my gentle kiss on her lower lip.

"I love your sarcastic wit," I said, kissing her left cheek.

"I love the twinkle in your eye," I complimented, kissing her other cheek.

"But most of all I love your heart, Miranda," I finished, our eyes locked to each other's. I hoped she saw the sincerity in my eyes the way I saw it in hers.

We kissed like the two lovers we were.

After a brief moment her sweet smile curved to mischievous. Rubbing her stocking feet on me she asked, "You don't love my pantyhose legs?"

"Sure, they're all right," I shrugged playfully.

She laughed before adding, her shift from insecure and vulnerable to sexy and confident instant, "So should I take it that the fact I am a submissive who loves swallowing your cum and taking your cock up my ass is also irrelevant?"

I shrugged, "Those qualities are awesome bonuses, as are your tight cunt, dirty mouth and lesbian tendencies, but I have my Mom for all those."

"You fucker," she said, hitting me playfully.

"That's *Mother* fucker to you, thanks," I quipped back, before standing up and tossing off frivolously, "But now that you know I love you with all my heart for reasons besides awesome sex, I really have to pee."

I grabbed a robe and went to the bathroom. When I returned, Miranda had a robe on too and was on the phone.

When she hung up she said, "Room service will be here soon."

"Good, I'm famished," I said, looking at the clock. "Is it really eleven?"

"That's what the clock says, and the lamp told me it only lies when we've been drinking," Miranda quipped, her sarcastic wit on full display.

We left our private room and I was surprised not to see Mom up and about yet.

A moment later Miranda said, her tone concerned, "Oh no."

"What?" I asked.

She handed me a note.

I read the note:

I have Alexis for the day...

Mistress Ellie

"I hope Alexis is ok," Miranda said.

"Me too," I replied, as I texted her.

Mom,

You ok? Where r u?

A minute later she texted back:

I'm fine. Ellie is determined she will have me, but she also wants me looking perfect for her when she wins and I become, in her words, her forever plaything.

She has booked us full body massages, manicures, pedicures and other appointments at a spa.

She said she is reinventing me...whatever that means...

I am nervous and excited...

So far I am in my right mind and not doing anything crazy for her...

I don't know when we will be back.

Love Mommy

Satisfied Mom was ok for now, Miranda and I took breakfast and a shower together where I shot a second load of the morning in her as we had a lengthy fuck session... no, this time more of a lovemaking session, a bonding session that included sex... in the steamy shower.

Once we were dressed, Miranda and I had a great day just enjoying the sights of Vegas. We wandered through the hotels, had lunch at 'Joe's Seafood, Prime Steak & Stone Crab' and just enjoyed being a normal anonymous couple, something we usually didn't get to do. We held hands, we took photos of each other and selfies together. It was surreal and it was easily one of the most enjoyable and pleasant days of my life. We were more than just sex partners, we were a loving couple. However, although we remained anonymous, thanks to Miranda we didn't quite blend into the crowd. It was fun to see all the double takes we got from the other tourists, my girlfriend dressed in black thigh highs, a red leather skirt with matching five-inch heels and me casually in jeans and a t-shirt...an odd couple to say the least. If there had been a spotlight travelling around with us it would have been shining directly on Miranda the entire time... not that I would have minded in the least.

In the end I was just enjoying being with Miranda and I think she felt the same way. There was no sex talk, no innuendos or even discussion of plans for the evening, we were just a couple enjoying Vegas like so many others.

Mom texted me around 2 o'clock:

Got tickets for a show tonight. Meet you at Excalibur at 7. It is a dinner show so don't eat before. The show is called Defending the Caveman.

Kisses Mom

After a lovely day with my beautiful girlfriend that only made me love her more, I began to think about the evening.

Hours later as we walked to the Excalibur, I said to Miranda, "We don't have to do this."

"Do what?" she asked.

"Ellie and me, Ellie and Mom," I said.

"Oh yes we do," Miranda disagreed seriously, "I always finish what I start. And as scary as it is, your Mom needs this... both parts, including you and Ellie."

"That is very true," I agreed, before saying sincerely, "It's just, you are enough for me."

"How sweet," she said, stopping and kissing me. "But of course you mean me and your Mom are enough for you."

"Well, yes, you two are a handful," I countered.

"I hope you meant that plural," she smiled, cupping her breasts for me and drawing a few startled glances from passersby.

"Indeed," I laughed, as we reached the hotel.

"So, the plan remains the same. We all fuck Ellie," Miranda said as if it were that simple.

"We?" I asked.

"Yes, we," she smiled back. "Alexis, you and me; not necessarily in that order."

How?" I asked, still confident that Ellie wasn't remotely interested in me.

"Still in the works, my dear," Miranda said as we reached our destination.

I looked around for Mom but didn't recognize her at first and even walked right by her. She had to slap my shoulder and ask me, "Don't you even recognize your own mother?"

We stopped and turned to see my mother had indeed benefitted from a complete makeover. Her long, trademark chestnut hair had been replaced with the blondest hair I'd ever seen and it had been cut much shorter. "Mom?"

"In the flesh," she smiled, her distinctive sexy smile still very much present.

"Wow Mom, that hairdo completely changes your look," I said, not sure I liked it, especially because I loved long hair, especially hers.

"I hope you like, baby," she purred, batting her eyes playfully.

"I love everything about you," I smiled back.

Miranda chimed in, "That is quite the outfit, Alexis."

Mom was wearing a blood red blouse, a black leather skirt, black thigh high stockings and five-inch heels.

Mom shrugged, "Ellie insisted I buy this outfit."

"Well, it works. Where is the drama queen anyway?" I asked.

"On a recon mission for her seduction of Brittany tonight," Mom answered.

Miranda laughed, "Recon mission?"

"Her words," Mom shrugged, "She's taking this task and the so-called reward very seriously."

"How are you feeling about being the reward?" I asked.

"Well, away from the real world it's much easier just to let whatever happens, happen," Mom shrugged.

"A good philosophy," Miranda agreed.

"Let's go enjoy the show," Mom suggested, taking my right arm. Miranda took my left and we entered the huge theater as an adorable threesome.

The next couple of hours were filled with great food, a hilarious comedian and constant under-the-table teasing by my two beautiful companions. By the time the show was over, I thought I might burst.

Ellie texted Mom:

DO NOT COME TO BACHELORETTE PARTY!!! I will accomplish task but can't have Miranda show up.

Mom showed us the message and Miranda agreed to not go. We finished our drinks, well *they* did, I had club soda and my ladies got frisky.

Miranda whispered in one ear, "I'm going to devour you once we get back to the room."

Mom whispered similar sentiments in my other ear, "Mommy has naughty plans in mind for her bad son, trying to get rid of me with Ellie."

My cock was hard and at one point both of my horny ladies reached for it at the same time and instead grabbed each other.

Both burst out laughing and Miranda suggested, "Let's get out of here."

"Agreed," Mom said, hunger in her eyes.

I teased, "Did spending the day with Ellie get Mommy horny?"

"Well, she was surprisingly well-behaved in that she didn't order me to do anything all day except harmless things like 'try on this dress'. My makeover and new wardrobe were completely under her control but she didn't tell me to do anything sexual or even risqué. Nevertheless I almost ate her at the spa without her asking and I would have if we'd had any privacy," Mom admitted, before adding, "and all day regardless of her refraining from any attempts to domme me, Ellie constantly teased me with touches, drowned me with innuendos and taunted me with descriptions of things to come once she'd completed her task and could take the gloves off."

"And?" I asked.

"And I felt like I was her college sub again," Mom admitted.

"And?" I pushed.

"And I fucking loved it, you bastard," Mom admitted, slapping my leg.

"Well, let's take this conversation somewhere where we can be wearing much less clothing," I suggested.

"This is Vegas, that could be anywhere, such as right here," My Mom quipped. "What would you like me to remove, Master?" she teased. "Your wish is my command, except that anything you make me remove, I'll require my sub Miranda to remove as well."

"That would be very entertaining, but as the Dom in charge I'd probably be the one to get arrested. Let's just go back to the hotel and have a good, old-fashioned threesome," I offered with a laugh.

"Now that works for me," Miranda smiled, standing up, grabbing our hands and leading us off.

Fifteen minutes later we were in the bedroom and I was on my back as my Mom straddled my face, her pussy scent intoxicating me while Miranda was going to town on my cock with her sweet lips.

I savored the crazy reality I was living. I eagerly lapped Mom's pussy while my girlfriend, Mom's submissive, lavishly sucked my cock. None of us were in a hurry as we just enjoyed each other. Five minutes became ten before Mom and I reached orgasm almost simultaneously. I shot my cum down my girlfriend's throat as Mom filled my mouth with hers.

Next, Mom and I double-teamed Miranda. We kissed and licked and nibbled her breasts for a while before we both teased her stocking-clad legs with our lips and hands. Working in tandem, mirror images of each other, we spent an eternity lavishly worshipping Miranda's feet and legs with only brief forays by one or the other of us to her pussy until she was begging to be fucked.

"Please, eat my pussy or fuck me, this teasing is driving me fucking crazy," Miranda moaned as she writhed desperately on the bed.

In a great collaborative effort mom and I did both as I knelt between Miranda's legs and buried my cock into her wanton pussy while Mom straddled Miranda's face before leaning down and licking Miranda's clit, which was an added turn on. As Miranda began licking Mom, everyone was servicing someone and everyone was on the road to getting off.

"Oh fuck, yes," Miranda bellowed as my cock slammed into her, which after Mom's and my lengthy slow burn tease such a sudden shift had her near an apocalyptic orgasm in seconds.

Mom hungrily licked and sucked on Miranda's clit as I continued to pound my girlfriend, Mom's submissive, hard and deep. Even after all the things I'd done with my Mother and Miranda, this seemed oddly surreal.

It took twenty seconds, thirty at the most, before Miranda was begging, her words muffled by Mom's cunt, "Harder, fuck me harder."

I shifted from slow thrusts to hard deep penetration and now each thrust was slamming into her body.

Since she was already near the brink from hours without an orgasm, it took less than a minute of the double onslaught of my powerful thrusts and Mom's clit licking to have Miranda exploding like a weather balloon that had ascended too far into the heavens. Suddenly her juice flooded out of her, bathing my cock and balls as Mom licked and licked!

Miranda quaked and quivered as her orgasm riddled her. I continued pounding her wet box. "Oh God yes, more, more, moooooooooore," she screamed.

"Eat my cunt, slut," Mom ordered her, which was a major turn on for me.

Still quivering in ecstasy, my obedient girlfriend obeyed, grabbing Mom's ass and pulling her cunt down to her mouth.

Minutes ticked by as I continued fucking her, *this close* to shooting my second load of the evening.

Mom was close to her own orgasm as she sat straight up and used her full weight to press her cunt onto her submissive's face. She used my girlfriend's face roughly as she fucked herself to orgasm.

The hot bisexual scene had my balls finally boiling as I continued fucking Miranda.

"That's it, you hot little slut! That's how to make your Mistress come! *Aaaaaaahhhhhh!*" cried Mom.

"*Fuuuuuuuuck!*" Miranda screamed as her second orgasm in several moments convulsed through her.

Deciding to give Miranda a hot double facial, I kept pumping in and out of her until Mom's orgasm finished, before pulling out and ordering her, "Move aside, baby."

"You dirty fucker," Mom teased, but obeying my order.

Miranda's face was shining with pussy cum as I straddled her chest and pumped my cock right over her mouth.

Mom scurried around me to Miranda's feet, dove back into Miranda's wet leaking cunt and began licking the sweet pussy juice, her short new coiffure tickling my butt.

As Miranda opened her mouth to moan, I did kind of a swan dive forward and filled it with my cock, my belly now being tickled by *her* hair.

Although it was awkward, Miranda took my cock in her mouth and bobbed up and down hungrily, taking all eight inches in her mouth even as her body continued trembling from her back to back orgasms.

Her mouth was a warm haven and I held back my orgasm as long as possible as I was in awe of hearing my Mom eating her pussy and watching Miranda eagerly devouring my cock.

Mom's pussy-licking tongue was doing its usual magic, so Miranda shoved my hips strongly upward, ejecting my cock from her mouth both so she could breathe, but also so she could scream, "Fuuuck, I'm *coooooooooooming again!!*"

As a third orgasm cascaded through her, I straight-armed the bed to hold myself up with one hand and used my other one to furiously beat my cock before shooting rope after rope of white goo all over the face of my girlfriend while she was still orgasming!

Miranda was surprised by the first spray as it hit her cheek, but she turned her head and opened her mouth to catch the second and third streams, a look of complete satisfaction on her face.

Mom and I collapsed on the bed as well with similar feelings of satisfaction.

I was fading into slumber when Mom's cell rang. She sat up and said, "That must be Ellie."

"Well, go check," I suggested.

Mom, naked except for her stockings, walked over to her purse and grabbed her phone. She read the message briefly and reported, "She did it."

Miranda asked, "Like she did it, did it?"

"So she says," Mom nodded, already realizing the implications of the text to her own rapidly approaching future.

"How do we know for sure?" Miranda asked.

Mom texted back, **Miranda wants proof.**

Mom returned to the bed with her phone just as it buzzed again. She looked at it and as her face went red, she turned her phone around to show us a video clip confirming the task had been accomplished.

Miranda and I were watching a brief video of Brittany on her knees in a bathroom stall licking Ellie's pussy. We couldn't see Ellie's face but there was no denying whose demanding words were being said. "Look up at me, slut. Tell me how much you love my cunt."

I would have loved to hear Brittany's reply but the clip ended, frozen on Brittany looking up rapturously, her face shiny with pussy juice as if she were staring right at us.

"Fucking delicious," Miranda said, giddy with excitement at getting back at Mark, her ex.

"Now what?" I asked Miranda.

Mom said, her tone showing not fear, but acceptance, "Well, there's no doubt that Ellie will be expecting me to submit to her unconditionally as soon as we next meet."

"You don't have to," I said, not wanting Mom to do anything she didn't want to, feeling guilty at Miranda and I using Mom as leverage in our twisted game to get Ellie to fuck me.

"Ooooooooooh, yes I do," she said, her eyes showing a sparkle.

Miranda asked, "It's not because of a debt or a promise; you want to, don't you?"

"Desperately," Mom answered. "I've always wanted to submit to her again. It has taken every ounce of courage I had in me to resist the temptation to submit again, especially during the past year, but now that you're an adult Curtis, I think it's time to do more than just submit to Ellie on an occasion or two."

I realized what she was about to say and yet couldn't quite get my head around it, even though it made perfect sense.

"I'm sorry Curtis, but I don't love your father, I love Ellie, I've always loved Ellie," Mom said, tears beginning to stream down her face.

I put my hand on her arm and said warmly, "It's ok, Mom."

Silence lingered as this new revelation hung in the air. Finally Mom spoke, her devilish side clearly back, having rather quickly come to grips with her decision, "Of course I'll only submit to Ellie after she submits to you."

"You don't have to Mom," I said.

"Yes, I do," Mom smiled, kissing me, "I will only submit to her if she accepts our relationship. Although I don't love your father, I do love you, and I need you at least as much as I do Ellie!"

Miranda smiled, "Delicious."

"Indeed, delicious," I concurred.

Mom yawned. "I have a hunch tomorrow is going to be a long, eventful day."

Yawning is contagious and I yawned too. "I love you Mom."

"I love you too," she smiled back.

"And what about me?" Miranda asked, playfully.

I turned to her, "You're not so bad."

"Bastard," she said, hitting me playfully.

Mom said, "Hard to believe I got you two together on just a whim."

I smiled, "I love both of you."

Both women laid their heads on my shoulders and in minutes, our arms entwined in indescribable but loving fashions, we were all asleep.

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The next morning I was surprised to wake up the old-fashioned way...on my own. Both my lovely ladies were gone and I glanced at the clock; it was almost ten.

I grabbed a robe and went to find my lovely submissives. Both my Mom and Miranda were having breakfast on the balcony and were already dressed in their elegant dresses for the day's wedding.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Mom teased.

"You need to go clean yourself up," Miranda added.

Mom added, "Ellie just called. She wants us at the church early, she has a surprise for us."

A ton of ideas popped into my head as I nodded and headed to the shower.

Thirty minutes later I was showered, shaved and suited up and a limousine was waiting for us downstairs. The three of us were mostly silent as we pondered the day ahead as Mom drew closer to her moment of submission to Ellie. Ellie was going to submit to me although she didn't know it yet and Miranda was going to revel in the glory of knowing she had humiliated her ex one more time.

We arrived at the church an hour early and met Ellie at the back door. She was wearing a dark green gown and had never looked better. The first things she did upon seeing us was to smile at my Mom and say, "Good to see you, my pet."

"You too, Mistress," Mom replied without hesitation.

"Follow me," Ellie said and the three of us followed her into the church and into the dressing room of the bride-to-be.

Standing there in her wedding dress was Brittany, who was clearly embarrassed, although she said and did nothing except tremble noticeably as we approached her.

"On your knees," Ellie ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," Brittany obeyed. She was unable to make eye contact with any of us.

"Fucking awesome," Miranda said.

"Miranda, I thought it would be fun to have her wear your pussy juice on her lips as she walks down the aisle and when she kisses her husband for the first time," Ellie explained.

"Brilliant," Miranda said, "that's even more devious than I could have come up with."

"Why thank you," Ellie replied, basking in the glow of her latest conquest.

Miranda added, "Actually I think I can raise the humiliation a notch or two."

"Go on," Ellie said.

"Let's have Curtis fuck her and then she can walk down the aisle with his cum leaking out of her cunt," Miranda suggested.

"Or maybe her ass," Mom suggested.

"Please no," Brittany gasped as nuances of her humiliation were discussed as if she weren't even here.

"Do you want that video going viral, slut?" Ellie hissed, her tone clearly *don't-you-dare-fuck-with-me*.

"S-s-sorry, Mistress," Brittany stammered, petrified by Ellie's threat.

"Pussy or ass, pussy or ass?" Ellie asked, all sing-song.

Miranda hiked up her dress, sat down on a couch and spread her legs, "Crawl to me, bride slut."

Brittany's face was burning beet red with blotches of humiliation and anger as she slowly obeyed the order, crawling awkwardly in her long dress.

As the humiliated but obedient bride reached Miranda's feet, Miranda slipped out of her heels and raised a stocking-clad foot and placed it in Brittany's mouth. Brittany began tentatively sucking on Miranda's toes as Ellie turned to Mom, "So now to collect my prize."

Mom blushed but said, "Not so fast, Ellie."

"Not playing hard to submit, are we?" Ellie cautioned.

"Not exactly, but I need to make something clear," Mom said, sounding much stronger than I knew she really felt.

"You do, do you?" Ellie said, trying to keep control of the situation, doing her best to project without needing to say so, that any choices my Mom might face from here on out were Ellie's to decide.

"Yes...I...do," Mom replied, stressing each word, fighting through the inner turmoil she was feeling.

"Well, I'm all ears," Ellie replied.

"I am prepared to leave Ted and move in with you, Mistress," Mom began.

Even Ellie was surprised by this news. She stammered, "Y-y-you are? y-y-you will?"

"Yes, I have always loved you Ellie," Mom admitted, moving to Ellie, grasping her shoulders and looking her straight in the eye. "I've always needed you."

Ellie was flushed now. "I can't believe it."

Mom kissed Ellie tenderly, my own cock begging for attention.

Interrupting the intimate moment, Miranda ordered, "Beg to eat my pussy, Brittany."

"Oh please don't make me do this," Brittany pleaded.

Ellie interrupted back, saying, "Slut Brittany, since you don't seem to listen well, you've just answered the pussy or ass question. Curtis, go fuck the bride-to-be in the ass."

Horny as hell, but also intrigued by the power play between Mom and Ellie, which I knew wasn't yet over, I was torn.

However, Brittany's power play was definitely over, she was now thoroughly intimidated and she begged Miranda, "Can I please lick your pussy Miranda?"

"On your wedding day?" Miranda twisted the knife.

"Yes," Brittany admitted, her face red with shame.

"Say it."

"May I please lick your hot, wet pussy on my wedding day, Mistress Miranda?"

"Lick away, slut," Miranda ordered.

Brittany leaned forward and began licking her husband-to-be's ex-girlfriend's pussy.

"Go fuck her ass, Curtis," Ellie ordered me again.

Mom surprised Ellie by modifying the order, "Yes do, Curtis. But fuck Ellie first."

"Pardon me?" Ellie asked.

Mom was steadfast as she pledged, "I will submit to you unconditionally Ellie, divorce Ted and move in with you or you move in with me, but you must understand that I love my son. Curtis and I are a package deal."

"There was never any mention of any conditions to your submitting to me, you're *my bitch* now. Is that clear?" Ellie insisted threateningly.

Mom stood her ground, "Miranda never mentioned it as a condition, but this is *my* condition: either you accept Curtis, or you go home empty handed."

"W-w-hy you b-b-*bitch*!" Ellie stammered, angry adrenaline flooding her body as she glared first at my Mother and then at me. Time seemed to stand still as she took several deep breaths before she turned back to Mom, her tone now annoyed but not angry anymore. "Is that the only condition?"

"Yes, Mistress," Mom replied, "if you accept Curtis I'll be all yours," shifting instantly from firm and strong to compliant and submissive.

"Dammit," Ellie cursed, turning again to me, "Well played."

Miranda moaned to Brittany, "You eat pussy a lot better than your useless groom."

"You'd better be as good as your Mom and Miranda say you are, stud," Ellie said, challenging me.

"You'd better be as good as *you* say you are," I retorted, playing her game.

I took a step towards her and ordered, "On your knees, Ellie."

Ellie smirked as she walked over to me, "I'm no submissive, Curtis."

Reaching me, she reached down and unbuckled my belt and pulled my pants and underwear down before pushing me onto the couch right beside Miranda. She yanked on my knees until I was lying

on my back with my butt was right past the edge of the couch, then still facing me, she lifted up her dress, straddled me and slowly lowered her naked pussy onto my erect cock. I was hard enough that it needed no steadying: it rose up like a flagpole to meet her.

"Shiiiiit," I moaned, as her warmth engulfed my cock.

"Your Mom is right Curtis, you have a damn nice cock," Ellie smiled, not submissively but more patronizingly as she began riding me, her big breasts bouncing up and down. I wanted to cup them in my hands, to suck on her erect nipples, but her dress, still completely in place above her waist, obstructed me.

As she rode my cock, she tightened her cunt around my cock, creating a sensation I'd never experienced before.

Noticing the impact her cunt was having on me, she assessed, "You like that don't you, big boy."

"Fuck, are you tight," I grunted.

"Tighter than your slut mother?" Ellie asked, grinding her body so perfectly on my cock.

I admitted, "Fuuuck, yes." I hated to throw Mom under the bus, but it was true.

"And don't you forget it," she purred, leaning her clothed tits into my face, only enhancing my frustration that I couldn't suck them into my mouth.

Ellie increased the speed and vigor of her cock-riding and soon I was groaning a warning, "I'm going to come soon."

Her pussy grip on my cock got even tighter as she continued, her tits bouncing in my face and a few seconds later her pussy was milking my cock as I sprayed my hot seed inside my fantasy teacher.

"HMMMMMM," she moaned smiling, sensing she was in control of the situation, and of me. I didn't think she was right, but I couldn't guarantee it. Her physical and psychological appeal was formidable.

She got off me leaving me wanting more, walked over to my Mom and ordered, "On your knees, slut."

I watched as Mom dropped to her knees.

"Want to taste my pussy filled with your son's cum?" Ellie asked.

Mom admitted, hungry as hell, "God, yes."

"Lick away slut, while we re-establish your proper place between your Mistress' legs," Ellie ordered, a glow on her face that showed how happy she was about finally getting my Mother back.

I watched as Mom leaned forward and licked my cum from Ellie, who looked particularly imposing as she towered above her slut.

I was torn away from one lesbian scene to another as Miranda screamed, "Fuuuuuuck, I'm coming, you little sluuuuuuuuut."

I turned to watch Miranda pull Brittany's face deep into her flooding cunt, covering the bride-to-be's face with an amazing amount of pussy juice. Miranda, attempting to humiliate Brittany as much as possible, began moving her hips up and down, washing Brittany's face in her flooding cum juice.

Thankfully I was eighteen and my just-fucked cock was already ready for round two. I stood up and raised the white bridal dress to see that the slutty little bride was *sans* panties and was wearing a white garter-belt and stockings.

Brittany tightened her ass cheeks as I moved behind her.

Miranda advised, letting go of Brittany's face, "I'd relax my butt hole if I were you. Curtis's cock is substantially bigger than that piece of shit you're about to marry."

Brittany looked back, her make-up a mess and her face shiny. "Please fuck my cunt."

"As you wish," I obliged, ignoring Ellie's instruction to me and sliding easily into her drenched cunt. "Holy shit is her cunt soaked, Miranda."

"Is that so?" Miranda asked. "Did licking your husband-to-be's ex-girlfriend's cunt get you off, Brittany?"

"Y-y-yes," she stammered, ashamed and already moaning as I slammed into her from behind.

"You know you are fucking another of my boyfriends," Miranda pointed out.

"S-s-sorry," she whimpered, as my cock filled her completely.

"It's ok," Miranda shrugged, "I'm sure Curtis won't mind fucking you anytime you want a real cock."

"T-t-thank you, Mistress," Brittany replied, which surprised both of us.

Ellie explained, "She is my gift to you since you are returning my slut to me. Going forward she'll do whatever you say and love it."

"Is that right, Brittany, you'll do anything I say?"

"Yes Mistress, anything!" Brittany replied earnestly as I began sliding my cock, still particularly sensitive from cumming in Ellie, in and out of her wet, warm sheath.

"Isn't that thoughtful?" Miranda smiled as she turned to watch her own Mistress eagerly licking Ellie's pussy.

"I thought so," Ellie smiled.

"Oh fuck, harder, fuck me harder," Brittany screamed to me, forgetting she was in a church.

Deciding to add to her humiliation, I slid out and without warning plunged my cock into her ridiculously tight ass.

"Holy shit, fuuuuuck, noooooo," Brittany whined, as she took all eight inches of my manhood in her backdoor.

"I want you to come with my cock in your ass, slut," I ordered, wanting to impress Ellie with my own dominant authority.

"Kkkkkkk," Brittany whimpered, as her left hand moved to her pussy and she began frantically rubbing herself.

"Aaaaaaah," Ellie moaned, as her long held back orgasm exploded out of her and onto the face of her reclaimed submissive, my Mom.

I watched my Mom lose herself in heartfelt submission to her long-resisted Mistress as her face was flooded with girl-cum and my cum and she licked maniacally, desperate to absorb every drop, lost in Ellie's world and thrilled to be home at last! I was glad for her even while continuing to sodomize my girlfriend's ex's fiancée. This was another new high during my past few weeks of high after high!

"Come in her ass, baby," Miranda purred to me.

"I will, baby," I promised, adding, "but having just cum in slut Ellie it may take a while."

Ellie turned to me with a scowl and objected, "Slut Ellie?"

Going for broke, sensing I had control of the situation, I ordered the big-busted teacher, "Slut Ellie, get between Miranda's legs and get licking." Instinctively I knew that one trick to establishing dominance over someone was to order them to do something they already longed to do, and I'd been noticing the way Ellie had been lusting after my girlfriend.

Ellie glared at me. My Mom, sensing this was a critical moment in her future, backed her head away from her Mistress's cunt and watched from her submissive position on her knees as I looked steadily at Ellie even as I continued to pound the bride's tight ass.

"Oh god, I'm so close," Brittany moaned, unaware of the tension between the rest of us.

Miranda too looked steadily at Ellie, an inviting smile on her face as she reclined back on the couch, her glistening pink pussy singing a siren's song of wet sounds from between her wide-spread legs as she slowly fingered herself. Given the devoted commitment she already had to my Mom and to me, she felt no temptation to submit to Ellie, but she was very willing to offer herself as bait. She was irresistible and she knew it.

Ellie resisted for a full minute, but as I expected, walked over to the couch, dropped to her knees and crawled between Miranda's legs.

I winked at Mom who was stunned by the power shift and Miranda winked at me as Ellie's tongue began licking her pussy and she began moaning loudly. Even in defeat (but only temporary?) Ellie's skills around a pussy were amazing.

I roughly slammed into the bride, treating her like the fuck-toy she was, eager to shoot a full load in her ass. Sensing she needed a verbal push to come, I bombarded her with nasty names, "Come my ass-slut, my bride cunt, our pussy pleaser. I want you thinking of my big cock in your ass as you walk down the aisle, as you say your vows with my cum in your ass, as you kiss your new husband with his ex's pussy juice on your lips. Come now, you fucking slut!"

"Fuuuuuuuck, yeeeeeeeees," she screamed as her orgasm came crashing through her.

Her ass tightened around my cock milking it, as I filled her ass with my white seed, while her orgasm continued to course through her.

Just as I finished spraying, there was a knock on the door.

"Brittany, you ok?" a voice called, trying to open the locked door.

Brittany's eyes went big as she replied, "Yes, just stubbed my toe."

All of us in lightening quick speed abandoned our acts of sin and got ourselves looking respectable.

Ellie, her own face shiny with pussy juice, took control of her recent conquest, "Have a good wedding day, slut."

"Thank you, Mistress," Brittany replied, as she stood up. "Shit, cum is leaking out of my ass."

As Miranda, Mom and I left the way we'd come in, Ellie grabbed from a desk the white matching panties that went with Brittany's garter-belt and helped put them on the flustered and well-fucked bride.

"I want this cum leaking into your underwear as a constant reminder that you have two Mistresses and a Master. Is that understood?"

"Yes," Brittany replied, as there was more knocking at the door.

"Open up, Brittany," a different voice called.

We left the room, Ellie bringing up the rear with the biggest smile on her face.

Once we were outside, Ellie took my Mom's hand and said, shocking us all, "I love you, Alexis. I accept your condition of submission to me; I can't let you ever get away from me again."

"I love you too, Ellie," Mom replied with a sweetness and sincerity that were about love, not submission.

Miranda took my hand and whispered into my ear, "I told you I'd get you Ellie."

The four of us walked around to the front of the church as two couples looking elegant but smelling of sex, ignoring the odd looks we received from the other wedding guests.

"Miranda, glad you could make it," Kristina said, a co-worker from the TV station.

"I wouldn't miss this for the world," Miranda smiled, the four of us barely able to hold in our laughter at the nuances behind Miranda's words.

"You look radiant," Kristina added, seeing Miranda's glow and giving her cheek a saucy, knowing little lick.

"Well, having a young boyfriend has really rejuvenated me again, I feel eighteen again," Miranda said, squeezing my hand.

"Awesome," Kristina laughed. "We'll *touch base* at the wedding reception."

"I'll count on that," Miranda agreed, definitely implying some touching.

I watched the black beauty walk away, her bubble butt delicious, as Miranda stuck an elbow in my ribs, "Her too?"

"What? No, I was, just..." I babbled.

"Never had any chocolate?" Ellie asked.

"No," I admitted.

Miranda smiled as she led me into the church, "We'll have to change that."

Mom and Ellie laughed about something just between the two of them as I once again realized that I had the best girlfriend in the world.

I could barely contain myself during the entire ceremony.

Brittany walked slightly bowlegged down the aisle, the aftermath of my big cock in her ass having unexpected side effects. Her face was ruby red and she was extremely fidgety as she said her vows with my cum leaking out of her ass. Lastly, the puzzled look on Mark's face was utterly priceless as he clearly smelt sex on his bride's face as he kissed her for the first time as his wife.

Once the service was done, we stepped out into the fresh Vegas air. Ellie dragged Mom to a taxi and assumedly back to the hotel.

Miranda looked at me with yet another strange look in her eyes as she said, "You said you love me and you meant it, right?"

"With all my heart," I confirmed, taking her hands in mine.

"Do you want to do something fucking crazy?" she asked.

"Crazier than fucking a bride in the ass just before she's about to get married?" I asked, eyebrows raised.

"Actually, yes," Miranda smiled, "Crazier than fucking a bride in the ass, crazier than giving your Mom a facial in an elevator before sending her out in public and crazier than seducing Ellie the way we did."

"You have me curious," I replied, wondering what else she could have in mind, the only thought was Kristina, but even our sharing some hot chocolate couldn't outdo the craziness of everything else we'd done so far.

She lowered herself to her knees right here in front of the church with people beginning to stare, and my eyes went big, thinking this was too brazen even for her. I began to say, "Damn girl, not here," but was interrupted by the shocking words coming out of her mouth.

"Curtis Charlesworth, will you marry me?" she asked with the same vulnerability as this morning.

My heart melted and I knew the answer without thinking. I pulled her up, kissed her passionately and fell down to one knee myself, deciding if we were going to do this we were going to do this right. "I'll ask the questions if you don't mind, my pet. Miranda Collington, will you marry me?"

"Yes, baby," she smiled and I stood back up and kissed her with a mixture of tenderness, passion and dominance.

When our kiss finally broke to the sounds of applause from wedding guests and passersby alike, Miranda said, "So we need to really hurry if we're going to get married today."

"Today?" I repeated, surprised by her words.

"Well, when in Rome," she shrugged, leading me to a taxi. "But first I need a dress without any cum stains on it."

THE END

The sixth part in this series, **What Mom Knows Fucks Her in White** was released in **December 2013**.