

# WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN WHITE

***silkstockingslover***

*Three weddings in Vegas and some very submissive brides.*

Incest/Taboo

4.75

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**Summary:** Three weddings in Vegas and some very submissive brides.

Note 1: Thanks to **MAB7991** and **goamz86** for editing this chapter. A massive rewrite was written with **Tex Beethoven** in December 2018.

**Note 2:** *This is part six of a continuing incest series (although it is much more complex than simply an incest story). I highly recommend you read the first five 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 takes part in 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 girlfriend Miranda, Mom's friend and ex-Mistress Ellie and a very submissive stewardess.*

*In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN VEGAS** Curtis must try desperately to stop Mom's ex-Mistress Ellie from reclaiming his submissive mother; Curtis and his Mom have a heart to heart; Curtis, Miranda, Ellie and his Mom take part in a hot five-some in a church with a bride minutes before her wedding; Curtis and Miranda make a BIG decision.*

**And a reminder of the last few lines from chapter 5:**

"Miranda Collington, will you marry me?" Curtis asked.

"Yes, Master," 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."

**What Mom Knows Fucks Her in White**

Twenty minutes later we were at a bridal shop and Miranda was trying on wedding dresses. I couldn't believe I was about to get married...to the woman of my dreams. The reality of it was absurd, but the past few weeks had been absurd, beautifully absurd and I was the luckiest man on the planet.

As Miranda disappeared into a changing room, I texted Mom:

***What are you doing right now? I have big news.***

My phone rang a minute later, but it was Ellie. "This better be good, as soon as we get back to the hotel my new slut will start her training."

"Don't you mean *our* slut?" I countered.

"Semantics," she replied flippantly, "What is this big news?"

"Miranda and I are getting married today," I answered.

"Excuse me?" she asked, surprised.

"In an hour at 'A Little White Wedding Chapel'," I added.

"You're serious?" she asked.

"Very much so," I affirmed, just as Miranda came out of the changing room dressed in white.

"Can you arrange a buy one, get one free wedding deal?" Ellie asked.

I didn't answer as I was completely mesmerized by my beautiful bride-to-be. Miranda stopped, posed and twirled.

"Hello?" Ellie said.

"Oh sorry, I'm just looking at Miranda in a wedding dress," I replied, still unable to take my eyes off her.

"Where are you?" she asked.

I gave her the address and she said, "We just drove past there. We'll be there in five, don't leave."

"Sounds good," I said, not really listening as I hung up and moved towards Miranda who looked even more beautiful in all white.

"So how do I look?" she asked.

"Radiant," I answered, the only word that remotely did her justice.

"I bet you say that to all the older women you decide to marry," she smiled.

"I suppose that's true," I quipped back, my cock hard just from looking at her. "But only the ones I ass fuck."

"Brat," she smiled.

"Big cocked brat," I corrected.

"You sure you want to do this?" she smiled, looking beautiful and insecure just like Julia Roberts in that Notting Hill movie Miranda had made me watch a couple of weeks ago.

"I've never wanted anything more in my life," I said.

"Not even when you banged your Mom?" she questioned, eyebrow raised.

"Which time?" I asked, avoiding answering the question.

"Slut," she teased.

"I prefer stud," I countered.

"So stud, was that your Mom you were talking to?" She asked.

"Ellie," I corrected.

"And?"

"They're on their way here as we speak," I said.

"To stop us?" she asked.

"Wait a minute," I said, realizing what Ellie had said way after the fact. "I think it's to buy some wedding dresses themselves!"

"Really?"

"I think so. I wasn't really listening after I got distracted," I smiled.

"By what?" she asked, her hand going to my crotch.

"Some super hot bride-to-be," I replied casually.

"Already straying," she teased.

"I'll never stray," I said sincerely, before adding, "without your being a part of it."

"Oh, you know just what to say to a gal," she laughed.

"I love you, Miranda," I said, wanting to make sure through all our playful banter that she knew without a doubt what she meant to me.

"I love you too, Curtis," Miranda replied. She leaned in and kissed me before adding, our brief moment of sweetness short-lived as usual, "Do you want one more fuck before you wear a ball and chain?" she teased.

"I hope you mean those in the kinky bondage sense," I replied playfully.

"You're so naughty," she smiled, grabbing my hand and leading me into the changing room.

"Here?" I asked, a few other women meandering through the store.

"Ever fucked a bride-to-be in a bridal shop?" she asked, removing the dress.

"Bride-to-be, yes; bride-to-be in a bridal shop, no," I said, looking at her perfect body, now in only white thigh high stockings.

"Well we'd better change that," she smiled, lowering herself to her knees and fishing out my cock.

Miranda barely had my cock in her mouth before I heard Ellie's voice.

"Stop having sex in the changing room and get out here," Ellie yelled loud enough for the other patrons to hear.

Miranda allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth, "Rain check?"

"Indeed," I smiled, as I put my cock away and Miranda stood up.

After a quick kiss, I left the room and saw Mom and Ellie already looking at wedding dresses.

Mom, seeing me, smiled tentatively, "I hear you're getting married."

"Crazy, isn't it?" I said, the sudden reality of our impulse decision hitting me completely.

"A little," she smiled, glancing over to Ellie.

"You okay with it?" I asked, wanting her approval.

"Of course," she smiled warmly, "You and Miranda are so perfect for each other. If I recall, I was the one who set you two up."

"That's true, isn't it," I laughed, the irony that my wife-to-be was my Mom's lesbian submissive.

"Even with our age difference?" I asked.

"Age is just a number, baby, it's what you feel here that matters," my guru mother of love explained, touching my heart. After a moment, she slyly squeezed my cock and added, "Of course, how you feel *here* is also pretty important."

"Oh Mom," I laughed.

"Now help me pick out a dress," she said.

"For what?" I asked.

"We're getting married too," Ellie said, interrupting our mother and son moment.

"Are gay marriages even legal in Nevada? Not to mention Mom is still married to Dad?" I asked.

"It won't be legally binding, just a symbol of your slut mother's unconditional loyalty to me," Ellie explained.

"Oh," was all I could muster. Suddenly feeling guilty, which was ironic since I'd been fucking Mom behind Dad's back for a while, I asked, "What about Dad?"

Mom looked guilty but answered, "I just don't love him anymore."

"Because you love me," Ellie added.

"Yes, Mistress, I love you," Mom admitted, her cheeks going red.

"And you are my slut," Ellie continued.

"I'm both of your sluts," Mom corrected.

I added, "Remember Ellie, you and Mom can have a relationship. But I'm still the one in charge."

Ellie glared at me but didn't say anything.

Deciding to push my luck, I ordered, "Tell me who your Master is, slut Ellie."

Her glare would have rattled most men, yet after having her submit to me in the church I felt confident I had her under my thumb so long as I kept reinforcing our roles. Her glare turned to Mom who didn't back her up but said, "Mistress Ellie, my son and I are a package deal, remember?"

Her teeth clenched, steam ready to shoot out of her ears, Ellie answered me, "You are."

"I am what, slave Ellie?" I continued wanting to make her say it.

"My Master," she admitted; even though I knew Mom was going to pay for Ellie's humiliation, I also knew she often craved being punished by her Mistress and sometimes even went out of her way to provoke that punishment, so I pushed even further.

"And your mouth, cunt and ass are mine to use as I please," I clarified.

Ellie stared at Mom again, but Mom again supported me and said, "Ellie, you are my Mistress, but Curtis is not only my Master but your Master too if you want to keep me."

"So I have to submit to your son and obey all his bullshit orders to keep you?" Ellie asked, clearly pissed.

"Without hesitation," Mom said, enjoying her brief moment of power over Ellie.

"And in return?" Ellie asked.

"You get the whole farm: I divorce my husband, move in with you or you with me and become your obedient lover," Mom answered. After a brief moment she added, her tone vulnerable and sincere, "I love you Ellie, I always have, but I love Curtis as well. I know I want to return to my submissive relationship with you, Ellie, and am willing to do every sick and twisted thing you make me do, but I also need Curtis as my son, my Master and, well, my safety next. Truth is, I need you both."

This seemed to soften Ellie's firm resolve, "Fine."

"Fine, what?" I asked, knowing that although I wasn't really a dominant personality, I needed to portray one in this lineup to curb Ellie's strong, impulsive persona.

"Fine, two of my holes are yours," she said, crudely.

"Don't pretend you didn't love my cock fucking you, Ellie, your body betrayed you," I said smugly, deciding not to push the third hole yet.

"How about this one?" Mom asked about a wedding gown, trying to change the topic.

"Go try it on," Ellie ordered, getting back to her dominant persona.

"Yes, Mistress," Mom obeyed.

The next few minutes all three women tried on wedding dresses and I was in white stockings and dress heaven.

On the way back to the church twenty-five minutes later, Ellie demanded we pull over at a sex shop where she ran in and returned with a bag. Her devious smile had me curious but I didn't ask, assuming I would soon find out.

Half an hour later Miranda and I were married. I can't explain how great it felt to say those simple words, "I do." Her smile, the twinkle in her eye and the warmth that spread over me when she repeated those same two words were indescribable. Although I was eighteen and had just married a woman twice my age, nothing had ever felt so right in my life.

Ellie had to really work to convince the minister to fake marry them as it was very unorthodox, yet Ellie usually got her way, and this was another example. The church was closed for the next two hours and only the four of us, the minister and a pretty but chubby twenty-year-old girl who was videotaping our weddings for posterity were present.

The lesbian ceremony was unique, hot and twisted as Ellie and Mom had found some time to make up their own vows, which were hot as hell.

Mom fell to her knees and kissed Ellie's feet before looking up into her Mistress' eyes and saying:

*I, Alexis Charlesworth the submissive, take you, Mistress Ellie Weatherton, to be my wedded wife, owner and Mistress. With deepest joy I crawl to my rightful place at your feet. I happily give you my life, my mouth and my... (after a pause) my cunt and ass as I confidently entrust myself to you unconditionally as your loyal servant. I will cleave unto you, loving you, obeying you, submitting to you without hesitation to please you as both a wife and a slave. Therefore, throughout my life, I give you my heart, my mind and my body to use as you please. I pledge unconditional obedience to you as your wife, slave and slut.*

The look on the minister's face was priceless as was the one on the woman taping the ceremony. My cock was hard as a rock and Miranda, now my wife, decided to do something crazy to add to this craziest day of my life. She fished out my cock, stood up from the pew to raise her wedding dress and lower her wet cunt onto me. She didn't ride me, she just sat on my lap, her warmth enveloping me as we continued to watch and lend our support to this unique lesbian wedding ceremony.

Ellie said, turning to me with a self-satisfied smile before returning her gaze to Mom, who was still kneeling:

*I, Mistress Ellie Weatherton, take you, submissive Alexis Charlesworth, to be my wedded wife, slave and submissive. With the deepest pleasure I come, both literally and figuratively, to my rightful place standing above you. I happily will take control of your entire life, making all your decisions for you, taking your mouth, cunt and ass as I wish both for my pleasure and to satisfy your need for obedience as I become your powerful, caring Mistress. I will cleave unto you, loving you, instructing you, training you with compassion to turn you into a good, loyal and content submissive wife and slave. Therefore, throughout my life, I give you my heart, I give you my cunt to eat, my body to pleasure and honor, I pledge unconditional discipline and training as your wife, Mistress and owner. But even though you are unconditionally mine, I acknowledge I am also unconditionally yours.*

Miranda, Ellie's nasty words super twisted and hot, began slowly riding my cock in the tiny church while the wedding was taking place.

"Do you have rings?" The minister asked long-sufferingly. He just wanted this sacrilege to be over.

"Something like that," Ellie smiled, bending down and reaching into a bag next to her feet.

"Oh my," the minister gasped, as Ellie pulled out a collar and leash.

"Oh my indeed," Ellie replied as she leaned down to Mom and fastened the black collar around her neck. The scene was so crazy, so hot and so surreal, I tapped Miranda's ass and she resumed slowly moving up and down on my cock as we continued to watch the ceremony.

Ellie handed the minister a piece of paper. He looked at it and his eyes went big. After a brief pause he looked at Ellie who just nodded, then stammered, clearly stunned by what he had witnessed so far and just read, looked down at Mom and said, "You may pleasure your Mistress."

Miranda and I watched as she rode me, starting to move faster, as Mom rose from a crouched position to an upright kneeling one and Ellie lifted up her dress. Mom leaned forward and licked Ellie's cunt.

Ellie moaned, "That's it, my submissive bride, lick your Mistress's cunt."

The minister, clearly overwhelmed, looked up and saw that Miranda was riding me, the subtleness of her originally sitting on my cock now gone as she began moaning and bouncing up and down on me, filling herself with my cock and her need.

Ellie grabbed Mom's head and rubbed her cunt all over Mom's face before letting her go.

Mom stood back up and returned to her original position, her face now shiny with Ellie's wetness.

"I-I-I now pronounce you dominant wife and submissive wife," the minister declared.

"Yeeeeees," Miranda screamed, both celebrating the faux lesbian marriage as well as the orgasm she was reaching.

"Slut, please reward the minister," Ellie ordered.

Mom was confused.

"Suck his cock, you dumb bimbo," Ellie ordered, before looking at the camera girl and demanding, "Keep filming."

"Yes, Mistress," Mom agreed, dropping back to her hands and knees and fishing out the minister's cock, which was rock hard.

"Oh God," the minister groaned, which made me laugh considering where we were. Was he praying for deliverance or in thanksgiving?

Miranda begged me, "Please hubby, cum in your wife's cunt, I want to feel you fill me up."

Ellie meanwhile pulled out a strap-on cock from the bag, put it on, flipped up Mom's wedding dress and filled her cunt as she continued sucking the stunned minister.

The act was so erotic, the place so sinful, and watching my Mom get fucked while in a wedding dress wearing white thigh highs was too much and I shot my load deep inside my new bride.

Miranda screamed, "*Yeeeeessss, I loooove youuu!!*"

"I love you tooooooo!" I groaned as she milked my cock of every last drop of cum.

"*Aaaaah!*" the minister cried out, making a hilarious face while coming in Mom's mouth.

As soon as he pulled out and urgently stuffed himself back in his trousers, Mom got animated, "Oh yes, Mistress, fuck my cunt hard, I'm all yours!"

Miranda stopped riding me but continued sitting on my cock as we watched Ellie consummate her faux marriage with my Mom.

"Tell me who you love," Ellie demanded.

"Yooooou!" Mom declared.

"Who are you married to?" Ellie questioned, slamming hard into her submissive bride.

"My Mistress Ellie," Mom screamed, near her own orgasm.

"Come my slut, come on my cock," Ellie ordered.

"Oh yes...so close...Mistress...shit...harder...damn it...god...so good...yes...yes...fucking shit fuck, *fuck, fuuuuuuck!!*" Mom screamed as she gave in completely to her submission and the pleasure that came with it.

Miranda leaned back into me and whispered, "That was so fucking hot!"

I glanced over to the chubby girl who was still videotaping and saw she was rubbing herself. I playfully asked my new slut wife, "Want a snack?"

"I can still eat pussy?" Miranda smiled playfully.

"It should have been in the vows," I joked.

"I know, we really should have created our own vows," Miranda teased.

"Maybe in five years when we renew them," I smiled.

Just as Miranda was going to offer her services to the chubby girl, Ellie ordered, "Camera girl, get your ass over here."

The camera girl quickly moved her hand away from her pussy and stammered, "P-p-pardon?"

"Come here, now!" Ellie demanded firmly, as she unstrapped her strap-on.

The girl obeyed tentatively, horny and nervous and completely out of her element.

When the girl reached Ellie, Ellie asked, "Have you ever eaten pussy?"

"O-o-once," the girl admitted, her face flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and horniness.



"Let's make it twice," Ellie countered, putting her hands on the young girl's shoulders and guiding her onto her knees.

The girl stared at Ellie's pussy as Ellie lifted up her dress but was paralyzed with indecision.

"Get licking," Ellie ordered.

The girl leaned forward and buried her face in Ellie's cunt.

"Go eat the poor girl," I whispered to Miranda.

"Yes, Master," she whispered back playfully, getting off me, a mixture of my and her cum leaking onto me. "Sorry," she shrugged, as she lowered her wedding dress.

"It's the price of love," I joked.

"I'll pay that price every day," she smiled, bending down and swallowing my cock whole.

Standing back up, she smiled, "Love you, baby."

"Ditto," I smiled as she winked and walked up to Ellie and the unnamed chubby girl pleasuring Ellie.

Ellie smiled, "I was about to make Alexis do that."

"*Our master* ordered me to," Miranda said, stressing the first two words, a reminder that I was in charge of all three of these blushing brides.

Ellie didn't say anything, instead grabbing the girl's head and holding her deep in her cunt.

Miranda lifted up her wedding dress, lowered herself behind the kneeling girl, lifted up the girl's skirt, ripped the pantyhose at the crotch, tugged the panties aside and buried her face in the girl's pussy.

As I watched the lesbian threesome, mom came over to me, carrying her own leash and handed it to me as she sat down beside me. My cock was shrinking but still not put away. Mom smiled awkwardly, "So that was strange."

"Strange is the new normal," I joked.

"If that isn't the truth," she smiled.

"You sure about leaving Dad?" I asked, although it was probably way too late to change her mind.

"We've been living a façade of a marriage for a while, baby. The fact that he couldn't attend the Halloween party was just another symptom of our drifting apart," Mom said.

"It's going to be weird," I said, thinking of returning home married and Mom leaving.

"Weird is the new normal," Mom smiled.

"Touché," I laughed.

"Lick faster," Ellie demanded, as Mom and I kept talking.

"We all deserve to be happy son, and I was never happier than when I was with Ellie," Mom said.

"Not even when I was born?" I joked.

"God no, you had a huge head and hurt like hell coming out," she joked, as she grabbed my cock, rolling her fingers around its head before adding, "although now your head feels so good going in."

"Aaaaaaah," I moaned, her fingers teasing me so gently.

"You were the primary blessing of my marriage," Mom smiled, before adding, "first as a son, then second as a lover and Master."

"You will always be my Mom first," I groaned.

"I love you, Curtis," Mom said, leaning in and kissing me, not very motherly.

"I love you too, Mom," I replied, between kisses.

"Fuuuuuck, yes," Ellie screamed, as she came on the girl's tongue.

"Shouldn't you have given Ellie her first post-marriage orgasm?" I asked.

"I suppose so," Mom shrugged, "but it's really all up to her now," then bending down and taking my cock in her mouth, "...and up to you, dear Master."

The girl, who was apparently British based on her accent, began getting animated and vocal once Ellie let her head go. "Oh bloody hell, keep licking that cunnie, whoever you are!" she begged as she looked behind her to see who was giving her such pleasure.

Ellie ordered, "Finger her ass, slut."

Miranda obeyed the order and slipped a finger in the moaning British girl's ass.

"Bollocks, not my arse too!" the girl screamed, her accent so sexy and naughty.

Mom just swirled her tongue around my cock top, leisurely sucking like she would savour a lollipop.

"Oh bloooooody fucking heeeeell," the girl screamed as she fell forward, her orgasm hitting her a few seconds later.

Miranda looked up at me, her face glistening, and shook her head playfully as she saw my mother's head in my lap.

Five minutes later, all of us composed and dressed again, we were back outside, the only obvious difference between before and after being mom was still wearing a collar, although Ellie had kindly unclasped the leash.

"So now what?" I asked.

"We have two hours until the supper," Miranda said, glancing at her watch.

"And I need time to recover," I joked.

"Let's go shop for a bit," Ellie suggested.

"In your wedding dresses?" I asked.

"Why not? We're all brides," Ellie shrugged.

"Sounds good to me," Mom said.

We shopped for an hour before returning to the hotel for the ladies to change into dresses for the supper and dance for Brittany and Mark's wedding. I joked, "You should all wear your wedding dresses too."

Miranda smiled, "That would be funny, but I think letting him know his wife is a submissive to us will be more fun."

Ellie agreed, "I concur, let's celebrate our weddings on his dollar."

"Sounds good to me, it *is* an open bar, right?" I asked.

"Mark is a cheapskate, but it'll be open for us," Miranda said.

Ellie again agreed, "I'll make sure of that."

I stayed in my suit, the girls each kept on their white matching thigh highs and put on new dresses.

Mom wore a white dress, not specifically a wedding dress, but it was obviously symbolic to her new status as submissive bride. Her cheeks red, she still looked delicious with her almost platinum blonde hair and her blue eyes sparkling even more than usual.

Ellie wore a green patterned dress that barely held in her voluptuous breasts. Her red hair, green dress and white thigh highs kind of made her look like she was extra festive for a Christmas party rather than a wedding, but she looked crazy hot.

Miranda, my blushing bride, came out of our bedroom last, dressed in a light blue cocktail dress that was surprisingly long and conservative for her, but which made her look elegant and classy, clearly going for a look to make her ex wish he had her back.

Half an hour later we were at the wedding reception and waiting for the food to be served. The tinkling of glasses being rather passé for getting the newly wedded couple to kiss, Mark's brother, the MC, announced that everyone must tell a story about the bride, groom or couple.

Ellie said, "Watch this," and sauntered up to the microphone near the newly married couple. She said, "Good evening, I have not known Brittany for very long but I will say she left a lasting impression on me and I think I left a lasting impression on her as well." She blew the blushing bride a saucy kiss.

Our group broke out in laughter at the innuendo that only our group and Brittany caught on to.

Kristina, the black (hot chocolate) co-worker, as well as three other co-workers, all male, were sitting at our table and all looked at us, confused.

Miranda shrugged, "Inside joke."

This had the rest of us break out into laughter even more as we all knew the answer to the unasked question, 'inside what?'

Brittany went beet red and Mark looked confused before Ellie said, "Well, let's see a kiss, you two."

They did, as Ellie strutted triumphantly back to us. Over the next hour we chatted with our tablemates, listened to lame cutesy stories of the couple from their actual friends, and ate a delicious meal, all while drinking three bottles of wine between the eight of us. (Nobody was making an issue of my age, so I joined in.)

Miranda whispered, only five of us still at the table, the guys going for a smoke and not yet returning, "Do you want your wedding present soon?"

I answered sincerely, "You *are* my wedding present."

"Aaaaaah, how cute," she smiled before adding, "but I was thinking of a reverse Oreo cookie."

"Sounds utterly delicious," I said, glancing at Kristina who was such a black goddess that she could be the poster girl for black gorgeousness.

"Be a good boy tonight and we'll check off one more item on your sexual bucket list," Miranda purred, squeezing my growing cock under the table.

"That list is shrinking fast, I may have to create another, more risqué one," I joked.

"Hmmmmmm," she smiled, glancing at her ex.

"What are you thinking, my devious little bride?" I asked, able to read that she was already thinking of the next game.

Miranda said, "Time to spice up this funeral...for Brittany."

"Do tell," I smiled.

"I'll get her up to her room for a little dessert," she smiled.

"I'm listening," I said.

"Ellie, what room is Brittany in?" Miranda asked.

"She was in 1242, but I believe they have the honeymoon suite for tonight," Ellie answered, "Why?"

"I think it's time for a little re-enactment of this afternoon," Miranda said.

"Hmmmmmm?" Ellie smiled.

"What does that mean?" Kristina asked.

"Can you keep a secret?" Ellie asked.

"Knowing Miranda, this will be a secret worth keeping. Of course," Kristina replied, dying to hear the latest gossip.

"We gave Brittany quite the pre-wedding present," Ellie said.

Kristina paused to process the implication of Ellie's words. Her eyes suddenly went big. "Who did?"

"All four of us," Ellie said.

"No way," Kristina said, shocked but smiling.

Miranda asked, "Want to join our growing posse to humiliate Mark?"

"Of course," Kristina said, disliking Mark as much as everybody else did.

Miranda added, stressing the last word, "Just so you know, we share *everything*."

Kristina again was still working out the implication of Miranda's words when Miranda's other hand went under the table and began stroking Kristina's leg.

Again realization instantly hit as Kristina said playfully, "Oh, my goodness!"

"I will have you screaming those exact sentiments tonight, Kristina," Miranda promised, as Kristina's face blushed, not pink of course but darker, which made her look even hotter.

Ellie added, "Be careful, once you get caught in Miranda's web of lust, it's impossible to break free."

Kristina, already drawn in completely by Miranda like everyone seemed to be, let out a light moan, Miranda's hand apparently no longer just on her leg, as she moaned, "Mmmmmmm... I think I'll take the risk."

"Be back in five," Miranda said, squeezing my cock once more and kissing me quickly.

Mom asked, "Where is she going?"

"To create havoc," I said, following her with my eyes as she bounced over to speak to one of the servers. She spoke with her briefly and then the server went over to Brittany and whispered something in her ear. Brittany instantly glanced to Mark, who was chatting with his brother, before looking towards our table just as Miranda rejoined us.

Ellie beckoned and Brittany nodded before saying something to Mark and then walking towards us.

Reaching our table, Brittany looked doubtfully at Kristina but Ellie said, "It's okay slut, she knows about your eagerness to eat cunt."

*Well, I thought to myself, she does now!*

"Oh my God, please not here," Brittany gasped, mortified by Ellie's frank words.

"Speak to me like that again you dirty, fucking, lesbian, cunt-licking whore and I will have you crawling under this table and eating us all right here, right now. Is that fucking clear?" Ellie asked, her tone scaring even me.

Brittany's eyes went big and she was close to crying as she stammered, "S-s-sorry."

"Sorry what, slut?" Ellie asked, still terse, enjoying her power over the blushing bride.

"Sorry, Mistress," Brittany corrected.

"Much better," Ellie said her tone softening. "Now Miranda, what did you have in mind for our pet?"

Miranda smiled, "Well, after such a great meal, I think our bride needs some dessert and we could all use to burn a few calories."

"That's a great idea," Ellie nodded. "Slut, lead us to your honeymoon suite."

"N-n-now?" Brittany asked.

"No time like the present," Ellie shrugged.

"But the speeches will be starting in fifteen minutes," Brittany pointed out.

"They won't start without you," Ellie countered, before finishing the conversation, "Let's go, now."

Defeated, Brittany stammered, "O-o-okay."

"Lead the way, cunt licker," Ellie ordered, loving to humiliate the bride (or anyone else).

Brittany turned, not looking back, and obediently marched out of the hall, all of us following. I glanced to the head table and saw that Mark was watching us walking away single file behind his bride. I don't know why, but I waved a cheery 'bye bye' before realizing it was probably a bad idea.

Once in the elevator, Ellie, wanting to shock Kristina by throwing her into the deep end, ordered, "Slut, suck your son."

"Yes, Mistress," Mom obeyed, dropping to her knees and expertly retrieving my stiff cock, as I recalled our romantic time in the elevator just yesterday.

Kristina gasped, as Mom devoured my whole cock, "Is that really his Mom?"

"Yep," Ellie nodded.

"Wow," was all Kristina could say as she watched the incest action being performed right in front of her.

Miranda explained, "Alexis is my Mistress, Ellie is Alexis' Mistress, Curtis is my husband as of a couple of hours ago and he is also the Master of us all."

"Wow?" Kristina asked, trying to take in all she was learning.

"...including very soon...you," Miranda added.

"W-w-what?" Kristina stammered.

"You heard me," Miranda said, moving in close to the black beauty.

"I...don't...know," Kristina said, clearly overwhelmed with what was happening and yet being lured in by the seductive irresistible beauty that was my wife.

"Master, may I kiss Kristina?" Miranda asked.

"Of course," I moaned, Mom really bobbing up and down on my cock like a hungry whore.

Miranda moved in and kissed Kristina, who didn't give the least bit of resistance.

Unfortunately before I could shoot my load in Mom or watch more of Miranda's seduction of Kristina, the elevator began slowing down, a few stories from the top.

Mom allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth and hugged me close so my erection wouldn't show, Miranda stopped kissing a stunned but willing Kristina and Ellie quipped, "To be continued."

The elevator opened and a middle-aged couple, dressed in a dress and a suit, entered the elevator. As soon as the door closed, and the couple pressed the floor directly below ours, Ellie ordered, smiling, "Slut Alexis, return to your task."

Mom had told me some of what Ellie was capable of, but this was the first time Miranda, Kristina or I had ever entered her Never-Never-Land.

Mom's face went beet red but she obeyed, dropping to her knees, retrieving my cock and devouring me whole.

The woman gasped, the man's mouth dropped open.

Ellie, revelling in the power of shock value, asked, "Would you two care to join us in a few minutes of sexual debauchery?"

"What? God, no," the shocked woman responded.

"Too bad, my bride slut here would eat your cunt until you came all over her pretty face, wouldn't you Brittany?" Ellie asked.

"Yes, Mistress," Brittany said, before adding, "I would also take the gentleman's cock in my tight ass while I pleased his wife."

"Enough!" snapped the woman as the elevator again slowed down.

"Your loss," Ellie shrugged.

Mom kept bobbing back and forth on my cock even as the elevator door opened, which was strangely exhilarating.

"Let's go, Bill," the woman said, pulling him out of the elevator. It took two strong tugs to get him moving.

He looked back for one more glimpse at my mother going to town on my cock as Ellie said, "Too bad Bill, now we have only one man to please our five cunts and asses."

Miranda broke into laughter as the door closed and the rest of us followed. "Ellie, you're one of a kind!"

"Don't you dare come yet, *stud*," Ellie ordered me, her emphasis on the word 'stud' sarcastic. "I have plans for that load of yours."

I quipped, "Why? Do you want it in that ass of yours?"

"You wish," she quipped back.

"Don't make me show you who's in charge, Ellie," I said firmly, trying to replicate her glare.

She glared defiantly back at me just as our elevator reached our destination.

Mom again allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth as she stood back up and said, "You can deposit your load in my ass anytime you want, Master."

"I know Mom, thanks," I smiled playfully.

Brittany led us to her honeymoon suite which was very nice. It had a large Jacuzzi, a bottle of bubbly already chilling on a stand and a huge heart-shaped bed.

Miranda went to the bed, slipped out of her cocktail dress, opened her legs and ordered, "Come get your dessert, you little slut."

Brittany didn't hesitate, her earlier resistance having been swept away in the elevator. Still in her wedding dress, she lowered herself between my wife's legs and began licking.

Meanwhile, Ellie popped open the bubbly cooling for the wedding couple later and poured each of us a glass. After she handed out the glasses, including one to Miranda, we drank while watching Mark's bride pleasure mine.

"So back to why I didn't want you to come on your Mom," Ellie said.

"I'm all ears," I smiled.

"I want you to come all over Brittany's face, hair and dress," Ellie said.

"Delicious," Miranda said, pulling the bride deeper into her cunt.

"I think her face will already be covered with cum," I pointed out.

"True enough," Ellie laughed as Miranda screamed, *"I'm coming, you dirty slut!"*

"Who's next?" I asked.

"Let's allow our new guest to be serviced," Ellie suggested.

"How courteous of you," I joked.

Miranda said, "Get your black ass over here, sexy. The bride wants to give your Hershey a kiss."

Kristina, whose hand was already under her skirt and pantyhose, didn't need to be told twice as she scurried to the bed.

"Pantyhose?" Miranda questioned, as she reached down and ripped open the crotch of the hose.

"Get licking, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," Brittany obeyed as she stole a glance at her watch.

I snapped my fingers at Ellie and pointed to my cock.

"I am not a dog," she said, her ice glare back in place.

"Come get your bone," I wittily quipped, playing on her words.

She gave me a 'you can't be serious' look and was about to say something when I ordered, my voice cracking like a whip, "Now!"

After a moment, she cursed, "Fuck, I hate that I can't resist you," as she moved to me, pulled out my cock and took it in her mouth.

"Funny, I love it," I countered, watching the beautiful *domme-sub* abide by my wishes.



I enjoyed the leisurely blow job as I watched the animated black beauty getting pleased by the bride. The black-white contrast was adorably noticeable and turned me on. Of course, so was the idea of fucking Kristina.

Kristina's wicked mouth also enhanced the voyeuristic show. Some of what she said included, "That's it bitch, lick my chocolate sweetness!" and "Keep licking slut, like you'll be doing under my desk at work!" and "Only a dirty cunt-licking whore would leave her own wedding dinner to eat pussy!" and finally a precursor of something I'd never witnessed, "I can't wait to fist that tight box of yours!"

Finally Kristina screamed, "Oh fucking yes, you dirty whore, suck on my black clit, make your nigger Mistress come!"

Such words being horribly racist when said by someone white were an incredible turn on when screamed by someone of color in the heat of sexual bliss.

A moment later Kristina grabbed Brittany's head and pulled her deep inside her cunt as she screamed, "*Fuuuuucking yeeees!*"

I replicated the aggressive head-hold as I surprised Ellie by grabbing her head and fucking her face, even as she gagged briefly at the sudden assault on her mouth.

Once Kristina let go of Brittany's head, I did the same to Ellie, who shoved herself away from my cock and snapped, "What the fuck was that?"

"A face fucking, which apparently you need some work on," I replied continuing the power struggle that I refused to lose.

"Fuck you," she snapped, standing up.

"If you insist," I said smugly, feinting a grab for her as she darted away.

"How about you just stick to the plan, go fuck the bride's face and cum all over her?" Ellie asked, not intimidated, just exasperated.

"If you insist," I joked again.

"I do," she said firmly, still trying to take charge in our power struggle.

I moved to Brittany, pulled her to face me, shoved my cock in her mouth and began fucking her face.

She gagged a bit at first but got used to the rough treatment as she moved her hand under her dress and to her cunt. Getting face fucked was turning her on.

Ellie ordered, clearly horny herself, "Slut Alexis, get over here."

"Yes, Mistress," Mom replied, going directly to Ellie, who had lifted up her dress.

Mom needed no instructions as to what was expected of her as she fell to her knees and buried her face into Ellie, who was still standing.

I quipped, "A couple minutes of face fucking and you're ready to burst. Maybe you really are a sub playing a domme."

She just glared at me but didn't say anything, instead grabbing my Mom's head and shoving it deeper between her legs.

Miranda said to me, "That's it baby, fuck her face, bounce your balls off her chin."

I obliged and joked, "You know just the right words to say, my blushing bride."

"Just shove your cock down her fucking throat," Miranda replied, not a blush in sight.

"It's already starting," I sighed with a smile.

"What has?" Miranda asked confused.

"Already bossing me around," I joked.

"I know, I demand so much of you," she joked. "You're just a helpless slave to love!"

My balls were beginning to boil and for some reason the thought of coming on Brittany's face and dress seemed wrong since she already had a nice cunt-sheen on her face, so I decided to do something else.

Pulling my cock out of her mouth I ordered, "Squeeze those tits together."

Although unsure of my intent and close to coming herself from masturbating while I'd used her mouth for my own pleasure, she obeyed, leaning forward and giving me a nice target.

I aimed my cock down, furiously stroking my cock and in less than a minute my cum spurts shot down her cleavage and inside her dress.

Miranda purred, "You naughty boy."

"I learned from the best," I quipped as I shoved my cock back in the bride's mouth.

"We should at least get this accommodating girl off before we send her back to her wedding reception," Miranda said.

"It is the least we can do," I concurred. "Is that bottle of champagne empty yet?"

Miranda went to it. "All gone."

"Please bring it here, my sweet," I asked nicely.

Miranda did so with an evil grin, instantly understanding my intent.

I pointed, "Set it on the floor."

Miranda laughed, "You never stop surprising me. Not."

"So do you," I smiled whimsically, before pulling my cock out of Brittany's mouth and asking, "Do you want to come, slut?"

"God, yes," she moaned, completely forgetting her vows of a few hours earlier as she continued to be a sexual servant to all of us.

"Straddle that bottle and get yourself off," I ordered.

Her eyes went wide. "Can't you just fuck me with your big cock?"

"Oh I could, but I'm saving myself for my special wedding gift," I said, turning my hungry gaze to Kristina, who just smiled.

"I-I-I can't do that," Brittany stammered.

"I wasn't asking your opinion slut, fuck that bottle now," I ordered firmly.

Horny and defeated, Brittany ended her brief and futile defiance and moved to the bottle. Miranda, being the gracious sweetheart she is, held the bottle in place as the bride slowly lowered herself onto the long, thin bottleneck.

Ellie meanwhile screamed, "*Yeeeees, I'm coming, slut!*"

I glanced again at Kristina who now had her phone out and was recording the bride's nasty submissive act.

As Brittany slowly lowered herself on the bottle, she moaned as her long-neglected cunt was finally given some attention, albeit by a glass bottle. She kept her eyes closed, humiliated by the task as well as her obedience to do it on this...her wedding day.

Ellie asked me, annoyed, "Why didn't you come on her face?"

"I'm a gentleman," I smiled.

"Yes, that's exactly how I'd describe you," she sarcastically shot back.

I returned my gaze to today's original bride, who was awkwardly riding the glass bottle as her moans increased.

We all just sipped our champagne and watched the twisted kinky act.

Brittany kept her eyes closed as she began moaning louder and louder, more and more of the bottle filling her cunt and widening her more and more as well.

"Beg to come, slut," Ellie ordered.

Brittany opened her eyes and pleaded, "Oh Mistresses and Master, can your bride slut *please* come before going back to face my husband, parents and friends?"

We all sang out "Yes!" simultaneously and watched until a few seconds later Brittany screamed incoherent babble before falling forward and allowing her orgasm to riddle her.

Finishing our bubbly as Brittany finished her orgasm, Miranda began to put her dress back on.

I said, "No, no, my bride, I think you, me and Kristina here may perchance enjoy this room for a bit longer?"

"Hmmm, ya think?" Miranda purred, looking at Kristina.

"I do," I nodded, moving over to stand in front of Kristina, dangling my semi-erect cock in front of her face.

She looked up at me and smiled, "And what do you want me to do with this?"

"Get it nice and hard for one of your other orifices?" I answered.

"Hmmm," she moaned, "I believe I do please," opening her mouth and taking my cock between her lips.

Brittany staggered to her feet and asked, "May I please go back to the reception?"

"You may," Ellie and I both said at the same time, both of us looking at each other as if calling each other out like in the old west.

Letting her win this one, I returned my gaze to the beautiful black woman sucking my cock.

Ellie ordered, "Slut, let's go."

"Yes, Mistress," Mom agreed.

I watched them leave and soon it was just the three of us in the beautiful wedding suite.

Miranda joined us and said, "So is this how you imagined your wedding night?"

I laughed, "Can't say I ever imagined having a wedding night."

"Do you like your wedding present?" she asked.

Looking down at Kristina bobbing on my cock, I corrected, "If this fair damsel be willing, she is *our* wedding present."

"Aaaah, you're so sweet," Miranda smiled moving in and kissing me.

Finally breaking the kiss, I suggested, "I'll fuck her while she eats your pussy."

"I think that's a beautiful idea," Miranda agreed, but added, "Although I think we should relocate this to the Jacuzzi."

"What a great idea," I nodded.

I pulled my cock out of Kristina's sweet mouth and said, "Get naked except the pantyhose, my pet."

"Yes, Master," Kristina instantly obeyed, her lust for my cock undeniable.

A couple minutes later, I was fucking Kristina from behind while she licked Miranda's cunt. Miranda moaned, "That's perfect, my slut, how long have you wanted to please me?"

"Forever, Mistress," Kristina moaned, as my cock slammed into her from behind.

Miranda looked at me and smiled. The moment was strange for a married couple on their wedding night, yet for us it seemed completely appropriate.

I could see her love for me in her eyes and I felt an unconditional love that went way deeper than the crazy sex we had.

"Take her ass, baby," Miranda ordered as she grabbed Kristina's hair and pulled her lovely face deeper inside her cunt.

Pulling out of Kristina's cunt, I positioned my cock between her dark ass cheeks and watched in awe as my white cock slowly disappeared into her chocolate darkness.

As I slowly began fucking her ass, I looked at my bride who was rubbing her pussy up and down on Kristina's face and I thought to myself, *I am the luckiest guy in the world.*

THE END

The seventh part in this series, **What Mom Knows Fucks Her Mom** was released in **February 2015**.