

WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER MOM

silkstockingslover

Nana is seduced and dommed by daughter and grandson.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Nana is seduced and dommed by her daughter and her grandson.

Note 1: Thanks to Robert, Wayne and goamz86. A massive edit was done in December 2018 with Tex Beethoven.

Note 2: *This is part 7 of a continuing incest series (although it is much more complex than a simple incest story). I highly recommend you read the first six 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 celebrity 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 the bride minutes before her wedding; Curtis and Miranda make a BIG decision.*

*In **WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER IN WHITE** Curtis and Miranda get married; so do Ellie and Curtis's Mom; they celebrate with an orgy in the chapel and then one more at the wedding reception of Miranda's ex when they take the bride up to the honeymoon suite, along with a beautiful black co-worker.*

And now.....

What Mom Knows Fucks Her Mom

Apparently and much to my surprise, you can actually have too much sex.

After the crazy weekend in Vegas, especially the weddings on Saturday, where I married the beautiful woman of my dreams and fucked four brides that day and night, I was utterly exhausted and, for the first time in my life, declined the sexual advances of a woman.

Thankfully my wife had my Mother and Ellie to play with, so they had their own morning sex fest before we headed to the airport.

Exhausted from the previous sex-filled day and night, I slept the whole way home, not up to adding another notch to my mile-high club.

While waiting for our baggage, Miranda echoed my own pondering by asking, "So now what, hubby?"

I answered, "I was wondering the same thing, wifey."

"Do you want to move in with me?" she asked, looking surprisingly vulnerable and insecure considering her ferocious sexual appetite and the reality that I was now her husband and had insisted on asking her rather than the other way around.

"Of course," I nodded, before adding, "but I have to deal with Mom and Dad first. He doesn't even know I was dating you, never mind that we got married."

"He also doesn't know his son is fucking his wife," she pointed out playfully.

"Sometimes I feel so guilty about that," I admitted. I was part of the reason Mom was about to leave him.

Miranda shifted from sexy teasing to sensitive in a heartbeat, just another part of her enigma of perfection. "Curtis, you can't blame yourself for this. There were problems in your parents' relationship way before you got involved in Alexis' sex life."

"I know," I nodded, "but my fucking her triggered the domino effect that led to everything else."

"Your Mom made her own choice to make me her pet months before you got involved," Miranda pointed out, before adding, "plus, even though you thought you were fooling her that first time, she knew she was fucking you that time and every time since. She fucked you because she wanted to fuck *you*, just like you wanted to fuck her. Likewise she submitted to and married Ellie because she wanted to, and you're not responsible for her choices, regardless of how you and I might have been plotting in the background to make it safe for her."

These were all true statements, yet I couldn't help but wonder what would have happened if I hadn't decided to pretend to be my Dad this past Halloween. I wouldn't be in this amazing relationship with a much older, but beautiful free spirit, nor would I be living every guy's dream...to have his own pet Mommy. "I guess."

"All things happen for a reason," Miranda pointed out, before adding, suddenly all bubbly like a blonde cheerleader, "plus, if you weren't such a sick pervert as to fuck your Mom you never would have met a sick pervert like me to fall in love with."

"True enough," I laughed, leaning forward and kissing my beautiful bride.

"Your suitcase is coming," Mom gave me a wakeup call from a few feet away.

I finished the kiss and went to retrieve our luggage.

We all went our separate ways: Miranda headed home with a promise I would see her tomorrow, while Ellie demanded that Mom come and see her at her house after work.

Mom and I got a taxi together, both of us completely exhausted after a crazy, sex-filled weekend. Both of us were newly married, me legally to the beautiful Miranda, Mom ceremonially to Ellie. In reality a few days in Vegas and everything had changed. We both knew this and it lingered over us like a dark cloud...how would we tell Dad?

Returning home and to Dad, where Mom planned to ask for a divorce, although not tonight while I was home, had me still riddled with guilt. Miranda was right: obviously Mom wasn't happy in her marriage regardless of my role, but I had definitely triggered an acceleration to the change that was about to happen.

I loved my father, although it was hard to tell with the whole sleeping with my Mother thing and getting her reacquainted with her ex-mistress Ellie... but I did.

We walked into the front room and I noticed two used wine glasses on the table as Mom called out, "Ted, we're home."

There was no immediate response as Mom walked down the hallway. I went to the kitchen to grab a glass of milk and then heard her gasp, "Oh my God!"

I ran to check on her and barged in on my father in my parent's bedroom with his secretary, a young big breasted bimbo whose name I couldn't recall, naked and on all fours.

Dad stammered, as the redhead tried to cover herself up, "Y-y-you're early."

"So it seems," Mom snapped, before stalking out past me with tears in her eyes.

I stared at Dad for another moment before chasing after Mom to see what I could do.

I'm not going to get into the details of the aftermath, but it was obvious that Dad was as unhappy in the marriage as Mom was. Thankfully the split was amicable as both wanted it done quickly so they could each move on with their new lives with new partners.

Dad apologized to me, which added to my guilt, but I tried to ease his guilt by telling him I knew they both weren't happy and staying together for me was silly. It felt strange comforting him since I was the child and had been fucking his wife for weeks, yet it seemed to bridge the emptiness I felt between us.

He moved in with his secretary and suddenly the stars were lining up. Mom and Ellie could deal with their new relationship, Miranda and I could start our marriage and Dad could start his own new life.

I mused that as one marriage ended, two new complex relationships (even more if you added the inner relationships within the kinky group) had blossomed.

A few days later Ellie was over at our house and trying to take control like she usually did. She said, apparently deciding who was moving in with who, "When I move in we will repaint this whole house."

"Okay," Mom nodded, still dealing with the sudden reality that everything was different, and not really herself. Sure she planned to end the marriage, but theory and reality are two different things. She knew it was for the best and yet she was struggling internally with the sudden massive change. Besides me, Dad was her only true every day normal.

"Alexis, this couldn't have worked out better," Ellie tried to comfort her.

I sighed, Ellie not being very sensitive, "Ellie, Mom still hasn't come to terms with all that has happened."

"What's to come to terms with? Everything worked out perfectly," she countered, uncaring about the reality that a long marriage was over, since she was finally getting what she had wanted all these years... my Mom.

"Seriously, for a schoolteacher, you really are rather oblivious," I shot back.

"Bite me," she shot back. "Ted doesn't have to find out about your Mother and me, and your Mom doesn't have to face that difficult conversation she was expecting."

"True," I agreed, looking at Mom, who was still bewildered by the whole whirlwind of the past few days.

But before I could continue my thought, she added, "Plus, you should be thankful, too. Your Dad never has to find out that his only son was fucking his wife."

"Nice," I said, shaking my head at her lack of tact.

"Am I wrong?" She challenged.

"No, but it's not that black and white," I pointed out.

"You want nuances? What for? We had a problem and now we don't," she shrugged.

"You can't just forget twenty years," I tried to explain.

"Agreed, but you must live your life going forward," she countered.

"How fortune cookie of you," I quipped, loving to take shots whenever I could.

"Enough!" Mom finally spoke, startling both of us. "Stop talking about me as if I'm not right here."

"Sorry," we both said in unison.

"Ellie, I used to love Ted and Curtis is right, twenty years is a long time," Mom explained. "I'm happy it's over, but I'm also sad."

"I've waited that long to finally be with you again," Ellie pointed out, looking vulnerable herself for the first time.

Mom smiled, "I know, and I'm happy we can finally be together without anything coming between us."

Ellie glared at me. "Except..."

Mom continued her rare defiant attitude. "You knew he was part of the package. You've agreed."

I cupped my dick and quipped, "And a great package it is."

Mom turned to me, finally smiling, "Indeed it is a perfect package, but I'm finding this eternal power play between the two of you utterly exhausting."

Ellie said, "Agreed; he's married now, I think it's time that he goes and lives with his bride."

"I will," I nodded, "after Christmas. Mom agrees that Nana isn't likely ready for both the divorce news plus the news that her grandson got engaged *and* married without her knowledge."

"Are you going to fuck her too?" Ellie shot out sarcastically.

"Why, are you jealous?" I quipped back, knowing she was jealous of my relationship with my Mother, and that once my cock was in front of her she usually ended up with it in her mouth or cunt. Plus, she had acknowledged that I was her Master back in Vegas when a similar conversation had taken place. That said, the idea of fucking Nana, although unlikely, was appealing, as she was still a very beautiful woman and I'd loved her all my life, just not carnally.

She shook her head as Mom continued, "You two are the loves of my life, but you both need to get over this Dom versus Domme game and accept that I plan to be with both of you. Ellie, as I've told you before, I love Curtis as a son, as a lover and as a Master. If you can't accept that, then our relationship won't ever work."

I smiled but didn't say anything, sometimes knowing when not to speak.

Mom continued, "With Curtis moving in with Miranda in the New Year, I'm sure things will be changing, but I won't stop fucking my son, not for you, not for anyone."

Ellie nodded, knowing my Mother well enough to know that when she says something that forcefully she means it, so her rough attitude shifted to softness, "You know Alexis, that I'm just jealous because I love you with all my heart and soul."

"And I love you too, I always have," Mom continued, "but I also love my son, unconditionally."

"I know," Ellie's sighed.

"And I can't have you two always being at war," Mom continued, "you're all I have."

"Well, you also have my wife," I pointed out.

Mom looked at me surprised. "You're going to allow Miranda to still be my pet?"

"Of course," I nodded, "nothing has to change because the name of the relationship has changed. Miranda and I were in love before we ever got to Las Vegas, but that didn't stop me from fucking you or you from fucking her."

"I guess so," Mom smiled, happy that she could continue to be submissive to some and dominant to others.

"You're an enigma, Mom," I commented, leaning in to kiss her, wanting to make Ellie jealous, not quite ready to call a truce in our battle. I still wanted to have Ellie unconditionally and willingly underneath me.

Breaking the kiss, Mom added, "As for you, young man."

A tone that usually meant I was in trouble.

"You need to be nice to your new step-Mommy," she smiled, her tone shifting from motherly to sexy.

"Well, I would *love* to give my step-Mom the same full three-hole treatment I give you, Mother," I smiled slyly, looking directly at Ellie.

Ellie quipped, "I wouldn't mind giving you a one-hole treatment myself."

My ass cheeks immediately tightened, understanding her implication. Yet, always one with a quick witty response, I quipped, "Ladies first."

"You two," Mom sighed dramatically. "The only way to shut you up is with my body."

"*That* is something I think we can all three agree upon," I smiled, as I guided her onto her knees.

She fished out my cock and took it in her mouth. "Come share my cock with our pet," I ordered Ellie, who was watching.

"Fine," she said dramatically, always trying to hide the obvious reality that, although she hated to admit it, she loved my cock.

She moved in and dropped to her knees beside my mother. Mom took the cock out and offered it to Ellie, who took it in her hands and asked me, "Ever had two girls suck you at once?"

"Can't say I have," I answered, looking down at both beautiful women.

"Kiss me, Alexis," Ellie demanded, placing my cock between them. I watched as Mom and Ellie's open lips touched with my cock in the middle.

It felt strange but was hot as hell as they tried to kiss each other across me. Ellie then suggested, "Suck your son's dick with me."

"What do you mean?" Mom asked.

"Keep our lips locked together and simultaneously let's move back and forth," she explained.

"Oh, okay," Mom nodded.

I watched as I got a blow job like none I'd ever seen, as both women moved up and down my cock in tandem. It was sexy, and different, but after a couple of minutes of teasing I wanted to fuck one of them. I still had Ellie's ass to break, but now didn't seem to be the time. Instead, I ordered, "Both of you, get out of your skirts and onto all fours."

Mom quickly stood up, like a bitch in heat, and pulled off her skirt.

Ellie meanwhile gave me her trademark you-can't-be-serious look before she stood up and slowly obeyed my order. I wasn't going to push her at the moment, reckoning that so long as she was obeying I was winning.

Soon they were side by side, their great tight asses staring back at me as I climbed out of my jeans.

I moved behind Mom and slid my cock in her wet pussy and she moaned, "Yes, baby, fill Mommy's cunt."

Ellie reached over, turned Mom's head and they began kissing, Ellie trying to make sure she too was somewhat controlling of the threesome.

I fucked Mom for a bit before pulling out and putting my hands on Ellie's waist.

She broke the kiss with Mom and insisted, "Only my cunt."

I considered pointing out she had declared all three of her holes were mine back in Vegas, but again decided her ass could be saved for another day. I slammed my cock into her and unlike Mom, who I'd slowly fucked, I pounded Ellie.

Mom whined, "Why didn't you fuck *me* like that?"

I laughed, "I'm just getting started."

"You'd better be, young man," Mom said, getting all mother-in-charge on me.

I pounded Ellie hard until her moans began and then pulled out and slammed into Mom. I went back and forth between the two women for a few minutes until I could feel I was close. I ordered, "Back on your knees, my two cum sluts."

Mom, as usual, quickly got into position knowing a facial was coming, while Ellie slowly did the same, and with the same smug look she loved to give me.

When both were kneeling in front of me, I furiously pumped my cock, directing it at Mom until, at the very last moment, I turned and exploded my first load directly onto Ellie's surprised face. I continued coating her face, loving the power I had over her in that moment.

"Fucker," Ellie playfully called me as I finished spraying her face.

Mom agreed, "Yes fucker, what about me?"

"Share away," I smiled, and watched as Mom retrieved my cum from Ellie's face. She kissed Ellie's cheek, chin, lips, forehead, ever so slowly cleaning her face.

I watched as the two kissed until Ellie ordered, "Come finish what your son couldn't, my pet."

I watched Mom move between Ellie's legs and bury her face in her cunt. I smiled at my new, kind of step-mom, and she smirked at me, still trying to show her own power even though I could still see some of my cum remaining on her face. I decided then and there that I needed to take control of this situation with her once and for all. I would Domme her completely and make her my submissive, permanently clarifying the power hierarchy.

But not right now. I watched for a couple more minutes before heading out to pick up Miranda after her shift.

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A couple days later, I decided to confront Ellie face to face, away from Mom...at Ellie's school, my alma mater.

I sauntered in a couple of minutes after the last bell rang and saw her stretching up to hang a poster on a wall, her perfect ass staring at me as if calling my name. "Hi, Ms. Weatherton," I greeted.

I startled her and she dropped her stapler. "What are you doing here?" she asked with disdain.

"Listening to Mom," I said softly, "trying to make sure you and I can get along."

"Is that so?" she questioned, looking at me with suspicion.

"Yes," I nodded, "there needs to be a clear understanding of the hierarchy."

"Excuse me?" she questioned.

"There can't be two dominants," I replied, walking towards her.

"I couldn't agree more," she nodded, not backing down.

"Let's stop playing games, Ellie," I continued.

"Again, I couldn't agree more," she replied, as I now stood right in front of her.

I asked, "If my mother had to choose between you and me, who do you think she would choose?"

This question froze her in place. She hesitated a second before responding, "You wouldn't make her choose after all this."

"I didn't say I would," I pointed out, "I know she's happier with you than she'd be without you; I'm simply asking you a question."

"So what's your point?" she asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" I asked.

"If it were, I wouldn't be asking the fucking question," she countered, clearly annoyed that I obviously had the advantage.

"I want you to be my slut without all this pretentious crap that goes along with it," I answered.

"You've already had me," she countered, although her expression showed she wasn't thrilled by that, even though I knew she loved it deep down.

"Don't pretend you don't love my cock, you can't fake those orgasms," I accused.

"I've had worse," she shrugged.

"I imagine you have," I retorted smugly.

It was obvious she was acting strong, but there was a vulnerability in her eyes. She was worried that I *might* make Mom choose between the two of us.

"What do you really want?" she asked, taking a shot at me, "Some of us have jobs."

"I want two things actually," I responded, although it was actually three, but that would have to wait a while.

"That's probably overly ambitious of you," she retorted, very good at the cold hard outer surface glare.

"One, I want you to stop being so insensitive with Mom about my father," I began.

"Agreed," she nodded, surprisingly showing some compassion, "you were right about that: I was being insensitive."

I nodded, before adding, "Thank you. But two, I want this silly game we are playing to end."

"That's easy," she interrupted, switching back to her bitchy self, "Move in with your wife."

"First, don't interrupt me when I'm talking," I said firmly, returning her cold glare. "And second, I've already told you I'm moving in with Miranda after the holidays."

I could tell she wanted to give me some smart-ass comment, but she kept it to herself.

I continued, "The solution to our dilemma is simple: you become my complete submissive full service three-hole fuck toy."

She scoffed.

"I wasn't kidding, or bargaining," I said firmly. "Mom is my slut and she will give you up if I tell her to. I know that and you know that. Let's be honest: the last time Mom had to choose between a man and you... you lost." I know that was harsh and blunt, but with Ellie that was how you had to play the game.

Interestingly, even though her face paled slightly, she didn't snap at me, or even disagree; instead she responded, "I don't do anal."

"I think it's time we change that response," I countered smugly, "plus, I recall you agreeing to all three holes in Vegas."

"I was drunk," she protested.

"Drunk with power," I quipped, before adding, "You can keep up the charade all you wish, but the reality is that although you may be a Domme to women, including to my Mom, and a very sexy, sultry one indeed, it's obvious that when it comes to men you're submissive."

"Only when forced," she defended.

"Well, that's part of being a good Master, pushing your slut where she craves to go, especially when she's in denial," I said smugly.

Suddenly a janitor walked in on us so I smiled and said blandly, as if we were discussing living room curtains, "Think about it, Ms. Weatherton, the choice really has already been made. I'll drop by your house tonight so we can finalize things." Before she could respond I walked out, leaving her to stew over my words.

I drove over to see Miranda at the TV station, knowing today was the first day Mark would be back. I was curious if he knew of his wife's submission to his ex and to many others on their wedding day...including to me.

I asked him as we crossed paths, "How was the honeymoon?"

"Great," he answered, without stopping to talk.

I reached Miranda's dressing room and asked, "Do you have time for a quickie?"

She was already dressed and due to go on in about twenty minutes and looking as beautiful as ever. She asked with a devilish smile, "You still find your ol' ball and chain fuckable?"

I reached her and kissed her hard. Breaking the kiss, I smiled, "You will always be fuckable."

"Even when I'm fifty and you're..." she paused, "in your thirties?"

I smiled, playing along, "As long as you suck and fuck like you do now."

"Bastard," she retorted playfully, hitting me in the shoulder.

"Slut," I countered back, cupping her breasts.

"*Your* slut," she smiled, as her hand grabbed my stiff cock.

"Now that we've established that, show me what a slut wife does," I nodded, putting my hands on her shoulders.

As always she lowered herself to her knees, a position that was utterly super-hot, fished out my cock and devoured it whole. Her left hand on my cock, I stared at the wedding band that declared she was forever mine. I couldn't believe I had it all! The woman of my dreams, a woman who was a sexual minx on top of that, but also well-educated and as well versed as I was... a woman I had fantasized about for years. She was also my mom's submissive, bisexual and willing to share my cock with others. Life was perfect.

I watched her bob back and forth, taking my whole cock in her mouth until I was ready to shoot. I no longer warned her as I deposited a load down her throat as she didn't slow down, a natural at swallowing a load as she smoothly milked every last drop of my seed out and down.

I pulled out and complimented, looking down at her, "You really are perfect!"

She looked up at me as her tongue flicked the head of my cock, "Why, because I love sucking this beautiful cock?"

"That definitely doesn't hurt," I smiled, pulling her up and kissing her tenderly, tasting myself in her mouth.

Eventually after a few minutes of tender kissing she broke away and said, "I think I need to go to work."

I said, "Me too, I didn't get to finish my conversation with Ellie."

"Oh? How far did you get?" Miranda asked curiously.

"I laid the groundwork for her final submission to me," I answered.

"You *badddd* boy," Miranda teased.

"You love the bad boy," I teased back.

"That I do," she agreed, moving back in for one more kiss.

Once she headed to the set I headed to Ellie's, knowing she'd be at her place expecting me, as Mom would be at the airport picking up Nana.

I went to an adult store and picked up some anal lube in anticipation of finishing what I'd started.

I knocked on her door and waited. To my complete surprise, the door was answered not by Ellie, but by Mrs. Cameron, my senior year biology teacher, and the hottest teacher at the high school. "Hi, Curtis," she greeted, looking very embarrassed to have me see her dressed only in a revealing robe.

"Hi, Mrs. Cameron," I greeted back, trying to act nonchalant, trying to be subtle about peeking at her breasts through the thin robe. "Is Ms. Weatherton home?"

"Come in," she nodded, "Mistress has been expecting you."

"Mistress?" I questioned, surprised to see the younger married woman as a submissive. She was a great no-nonsense teacher who'd gotten married last year during Christmas break to some minor league baseball player. Every senior student was devastated when she came back tanned, which was delicious, and with a ring on her finger, which wasn't.

"Get back here, slut," Ellie demanded from her bedroom.

Mrs. Cameron's already red face went redder at the humiliation as she turned away from me and began walking.

I, of course, followed her shapely ass into Ellie's room, and watched as Mrs. Cameron dropped her robe and now fully naked, got onto the bed and crawled between Ellie's legs.

Ellie greeted, "Hi, Curtis."

"Hi," I said, doubly shocked by what I was witnessing. First, it was shocking to see one of the hottest no-nonsense teachers eating cunt, and second, shocking to see Ellie cheating on my Mom.

"Want to fuck her?" Ellie asked, clearly trying to show me her own power.

Mrs. Cameron's head began to move up, probably to object to being offered so, but Ellie held it in place.

"What is she doing here?" I asked.

"Serving me like a good pet," Ellie answered, "she loves eating my pussy, don't you, slut?"

Ellie let go of her head and Mrs. Cameron, not looking up or back at me, answered, "Yes, Mistress."

"Yes. Mistress, what?" Ellie questioned, lifting her chin up to look her in the eye.

"Yes, Mistress, I love eating your wet cunt," Mrs. Cameron admitted; hearing such words from her was incredibly hot.

Ellie let go of her chin and Mrs. Cameron immediately buried her face back in her cunt.

"I brought her here for you, actually," Ellie revealed.

"For me?" I questioned.

"As a peace offering," she smiled, "actually a piece of ass offering, to be more accurate."

"You're offering Mrs. Cameron's ass to me?" I asked, for once the one out of my element.

"I know you had a crush on her," she said.

"How would you know that?" I asked, even though she was right. She wore open-toed heels and pantyhose every day, even on Fridays with jeans.

"All the guys want to fuck her and lots of the girls too," Ellie shrugged, "she's one hot piece of ass."

"That she is," I agreed, staring at her perfect ass, wishing she was still in pantyhose.

"I'm willing to be your submissive, Curtis. I'll suck your cock whenever you wish and my cunt is available too," she revealed, before adding, "but I'm not comfortable giving you my ass, so I'm offering you a substitute ass. One you can have whenever you want."

"I can fuck Mrs. Cameron whenever I want?" I asked, the offer rather appealing.

"Isn't that right, slut?" Ellie asked. "Anytime Curtis wants?"

"Yes," Mrs. Cameron whispered, clearly humiliated by what was expected but obedient nevertheless.

"What can he have?" Ellie questioned, her tone scolding.

"My mouth, cunt or ass, Mistress," Mrs. Cameron declared shamefully.

That was enough for me. I got out of my jeans as Ellie asked, "Do we have a deal?"

"For now," I replied, not giving up on the end reality that her ass was eventually going to be mine. I walked over to her bed, got on it and slid my cock in Ellie's mouth. Ellie, being a good submissive to a point, began bobbing on my cock.

Once I was completely hard I pulled out and ordered, "Mrs. Cameron, let's see that pretty mouth wrapped around my cock."

Mrs. Cameron looked up, her lips shiny with Ellie's pussy juice, and wordlessly took my cock in her mouth.

I groaned, yet another fantasy coming true. I figured with all my good luck of late I should probably buy a lottery ticket.

Mrs. Cameron took her time, bobbing back and forth slowly, seeming to enjoy sucking my cock. After a couple of minutes, I wanted to fuck her and moved behind Mrs. Cameron. I asked, "Do you want my cock in your ass, Mrs. Cameron?"

She lifted her head, looked back to make eye contact with me and surprising me, answered, "Yes, I really want you to; I'll get off on it. Fill my asshole with that big cock of yours."

"Shit, lube," I sighed. It was still in my car.

"Don't want it. Just slam that cock of yours up my butt," the hot teacher offered, reaching back and pulling her ass cheeks apart. Hearing my ex prim-and-proper-no-nonsense teacher talking so nasty was incredibly hot!

I needed no further encouragement, I was turned on completely as I stared at a smiling Ellie who pulled Mrs. Cameron's head back between her legs, as I slid my cock inside my ex-teacher's tight ass (now knowing that Mrs. Cameron regularly took it in the ass was super-hot). She whimpered as my cock filled her ass, a euphoria rushing through me at another fantasy coming true, even as I

decided my fantasy of taking Ellie's ass was also on my Christmas wish list, and Christmas wasn't far away.

Ellie ordered, "Keep licking, slut," before looking at me and saying, "Good sluts are hard to find."

"Tell me about it," I quipped, staring back at her, my implication obvious.

She didn't respond, instead closing her eyes and letting our shared slut pleasure us both.

Having shot a load in Mom's cunt this morning and another in Miranda's mouth just over an hour ago, this was going to be a lengthy ass fuck, one I had been planning for Ellie. Yet her ass could wait as I added yet another hot woman to my constantly growing harem of sluts. Crazy what a couple of months can do, remembering how depressed I was when I got dumped just before Halloween. I wondered if I had still been dating Pamela whether I would have ever fucked Mom, and it seemed unlikely as I would have gone to a Halloween party with Pamela. Then Mom had told me she would have submitted unconditionally to Ellie that night and Mom wouldn't have shared me with Miranda and I wouldn't be married. Funny how the dominos of life fall.

"Harder, *slam* that cock into my ass, Curtis," Mrs. Cameron demanded, after a couple of minutes of slow fucking.

I obliged her request as I shifted from slow fucking to fast, deep reaming. The sensation of my body slamming into hers was amazing as was the filthy language coming out of her mouth, even looking back at me as she spoke. "Holy fuuuuck, drill my shit hole, Curtis!" and "Ream my asshole!" and "Pound my ass!" and "Shiiit, *drill me!*"

My balls started boiling after only a couple more minutes of hard core ass fucking, the mixture of her tight ass, her nasty words and the hungry looks she kept shooting back over her shoulder getting me revved up.

"Where do you want my cum, my teacher slut?" I asked.

"Wherever the fuck you want!" she moaned, now bouncing her ass back vigorously to meet my hard thrusts.

I couldn't decide. I loved coming in an ass, but I also loved the sight of a woman with her face coated in cum. Deciding the thrill of coming on an ex-teacher's face was too good an opportunity to resist, I pulled out and ordered "On your knees, slut."

I watched as she slid off the bed, onto her knees and took my cock, recently buried in her ass, into her mouth. She bobbed eagerly, way hotter than any porn star slut.

When I was finally about to erupt I pulled out and seconds later coated my ex-teacher's face with my cum, only wishing it wasn't my third load of the day, which was noticeably less than the amount I'd filled my Mom's cunt with this morning.

Once my last spray hit her chin, she leaned forward and took my cock back into her mouth. I couldn't believe how insatiable a slut the married hot teacher was. I asked a moment later, "Am I your first student?"

Mrs. Cameron answered, "First male student."

"Delicious," I smiled. "Any girls I know?"

"Pamela is one," Ellie spoke for her slut, clearly enjoying this revelation.

"My Pamela?" I asked.

"The one and only," Ellie smiled.

I looked down at Mrs. Cameron, "Is that true?"

"Yes," Mrs. Cameron nodded, again looking guilty and ashamed.

"Since when?" I asked.

"A few weeks before graduation," she answered.

"No way," I gasped, as if I had been punched in the stomach.

Ellie quipped, "Even I didn't know that, but I thought it was poetic justice."

"What? That my ex eats cunt?" I asked, wondering if that was part of the reason she would break up with me months later. "I think I've moved on."

Ellie's smirk disappeared, realizing her attempt at hurting me had backfired.

I added, "Explains why she can't suck cock."

Mrs. Cameron quipped, "She's not much of a cunt licker, either. I hardly ever use her."

I laughed, even as that implied Pam still did lick her, "This is surreal."

I got dressed as Mrs. Cameron again returned to between Ellie's legs.

Ellie moaned as my ex-teacher's tongue went back to work. She said, "I hope you enjoyed your gift."

"It was a great way to delay the inevitable," I confidently replied, "but your ass is still destined to be mine."

"Keep dreaming," she responded, still clinging to the last shreds of her integrity.

"Soon I'll be ass *reaming*," I quipped back, before I said to Mrs. Cameron, "I'll be seeing you again, Mrs. Cameron."

"I hope so," she answered from between Ellie's legs.

"Be sure to text me your number when your done with my slut's cunt," I ordered.

"Will do," Mrs. Cameron agreed, as Ellie glared at me, as I had turned her generous gift into a new power struggle.

"Get out," Ellie ordered.

"Yeah, I have another woman to please," I said, making it obviously it was my mom, her wife, as I left the two alone and headed home to see Mom and Nana.

.....

With Nana staying with us for a week I wasn't sure how I was going to get to fuck Mom. That said, I wondered if maybe that wasn't a good thing as we all had life-altering changes occurring in the near future.

It's strange, though. As I stared at Nana, in her usual dress and pantyhose, I couldn't stop thinking of fucking her. I'd never really looked at her that way before, but now that I had fucked Mom, every woman was a potential addition to my conquests... and if Mom had been game, maybe Nana would be too. Like daughter, like mother? Maybe the apple hadn't fallen far from the tree.

Mom noticed my ogling and she whispered, her tone scolding even as she smiled, "Don't even think about it, she's your Nana."

I smiled back, not willing to dismiss the idea, "And you're my Mother. Plus it's interesting that the first thing that popped into your head was something you didn't even say, but we both know what it is. Do you want to have your mom as your pet?"

She shook her head with just the slightest smile and returned to making dinner.

Nana asked a moment later, "Anything new?"

Well, I'm fucking your daughter in all three holes and I'm married to a woman twice my age, I thought of saying, but instead I answered, "Same old, same old."

"How's college?" She asked.

"Pretentious profs, overpriced textbooks and ridiculously long exams," I answered, frustrated that college was even worse than high school. The work wasn't harder, but the so-called academic elite treated us in our first years like we were the scum of the earth.

"Sounds like nothing ever changes," Nana said back. After a couple more minutes of school chat she asked about my love life. "Any ladies in the picture?"

"A few," I answered evasively, giving Mom a sly smile.

"Really?" Nana asked, "I hope you're not toying with their feelings."

I shrugged, "No, no, they all know about each other."

Mom chirped in, "Curtis, I think you're traumatizing your Nana."

Nana laughed, "At least he has options. I can't remember the last time I even went on a date."

I, seeing the smallest glimmer of an opportunity to perhaps add Nana to my collection of sexy sluts, complimented, "Nana, you're still a very beautiful woman."

Nana laughed, "I'm almost three times your age."

I don't know why I said it, but my suave seductive persona wouldn't stay quelled inside me, "And all the finest wines are best when they've aged."

Mom gasped, "Curtis!"

But Nana ate it up. "I can see why you have more than one girlfriend!"

"I'm just speaking the truth, Nana, you're still a looker," I complimented, before adding, "and your legs are in amazing shape, I love them in those nylons."

Mom gave me a glare.

Nana looked down and nodded, "I've always told your mother than nylons are one of a woman's greatest accessories."

"I couldn't agree more," I nodded, before admitting, "nylons are always the first thing I notice on a hot woman."

"You, young man, are shameless just like your late Papa," Nana nodded her head, a fond memory crossing her face.

Mom announced, "Dinner is ready."

That night, with Nana asleep, as I finished studying for a final I texted Mom:

Come and get a good night snack.

A minute later my bedroom door opened and Mom crept in.

She whispered, "We can't be doing this."

I ignored her protests as I stood up and pulled off my boxers. "What do you think the odds are of Nana taking this between her lips?"

"Curtis!" she rebuked, exasperated, even as she walked over to me and dropped to her knees, unable to resist my cock even with her mother right downstairs.

"I'm serious," I continued, "Did you see the look of longing in her eyes?"

"Sure, for love and sex," Mom nodded, as she took my cock in her hand, "but not for her grandson's cock."

"You sure?" I asked, "they often say like mother, like daughter. Maybe the reverse works, too."

"I can't fathom that ever happening," Mom said before taking my cock in her mouth.

I asked, after a couple minutes of rather eager cock sucking, "Would you like your own pet Mommy? I love having mine."

Mom froze, her mouth full of my dick.

I repeated the question, as I pulled my cock out of her mouth, "Mom, you're far from a prude: in Las Vegas you paraded around with your son's cum on your face for everyone to see. You even told that couple in the elevator it was your son's load just to shock them. So tell me, dearest Mommy-slut: would you like your own pet Mommy?"

She looked up at me with a trepidation I hadn't seen in her since Ellie got involved in the picture. Yet I also saw a glimmer of naughtiness, a sign that yes she would, if the possibility arose, although the risk of potential rejection overrode that desire.

"I don't know," she eventually answered, her tone tentative.

"Be honest," I continued, "if there was no risk of the mother-daughter relationship being broken, would you like to have your own Mommy Pet? Same loving relationship, but with benefits?"

"I suppose I might," Mom nodded hesitantly.

"You suppose it might be kinda nice, or yes I'd *love* to have my mother eating my cunt?" I clarified, wanting to push her into an act I wasn't even sure I could pull off.

"Fine, dammit, I'd love to have my mother eating my cunt," Mom admitted, "does that make you happy?"

"Does it make *you* happy?" I questioned back with a wide smile.

"You really are *such* a bad boy," she purred, swirling her tongue around my cock head.

"And you're a very bad girl," I retorted, "an adorably bad girl," as I slid my cock back into her mouth.

She moaned on my cock as she resumed bobbing.

As I was getting close, I declared, "I think I'm going to have Nana sucking this cock before she leaves."

Mom again moaned on my cock in response to the visual as she bobbed faster and faster, leading to my shooting my load down her throat. As usual, she slowed down and milked my cock for a couple more minutes until every last remnant of cum had been extracted and savoured.

Finally I pulled out and she looked up at me and challenged, as she stroked my cock slowly, "Okay buster, show me what you've got: I *dare* you to get Nana sucking and fucking this cock."

"Challenge accepted," I nodded, trying to sound exactly like Barney Stinson in 'How I Met Your Mother'.

"And I want her to be on the bottom of the sexual food chain," Mom added.

"You don't want to be her pet?" I asked, smiling.

"God, no," Mom gasped, "I've always been submissive to her, always tried to please her; now it's time to turn the tables and have *her* attempting to please *me*."

"Now you agree I *can* make Nana my slut?" I asked, tapping my hard cock on her lips. "Not 'may', but 'can'?"

"I'm not sure, but if you do succeed, I want to make sure the hierarchy is clear," Mom replied.

"Ready for one more round?" I asked.

"I haven't even come yet, young man! You'd *better* not leave me all revved up like this," she retorted, standing up, pushing me back onto the bed and straddling me.

"Mother!" I gasped mockingly. "What would the neighbors say?"

"They'd agree that this time you're here for *my* pleasure," she smiled, lowering her cunt onto my cock. Sometimes we made love, this time we fucked. She bounced hard, taking every inch of my cock deep inside her.

Watching Mom ride me, her breasts bouncing, her expression one of complete lustful pleasure, was always amazing, and I lay back and just enjoyed the ride. After a few minutes Mom came and then demanded, "Fill Mommy's cunt with your cum, you mother fucker!"

Being called a 'mother fucker' was always incredibly hot, especially by my own mother as she rode me.

I began bucking up to meet her downward bounces and in a couple more minutes I deposited a load of cum inside her.

Leaning down and kissing me, she smiled, "Fuck, do I love you, Curtis."

"I love you, too, Mom," I replied, kissing her tenderly.

"Hard to believe you'll be moving out soon," she said, once we broke the kiss.

"Trust me," I promised, "I'll still be back here often."

"But it won't be the same," she sighed softly, as she rolled onto her back and into my outstretched arm, looking dejected.

"I know," I said, feeling the same way. "But I have a wife now and you have Ellie."

"I know," she said, "but it's not just that I'm having my lover move out, but you're my only son."

"I'll be fifteen minutes away," I pointed out, before adding, "and my cock will always be on call. Or even if you just need me to change a light bulb, I'll still be there for you, Mom."

"You'd better keep your word, young man," she said firmly.

"Oh, that's a promise I think I'll never break even when you're eighty, the light bulb or the fucking," I retorted, as we both drifted off to sleep, both forgetting completely that we weren't the only two in the house.

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Thankfully Mom woke up around three in the morning and had the presence of mind to sneak back into her own room. I wanted to control the seduction of Nana and didn't want her to discover us in a position where I'd have to dissemble and make excuses to try and control the situation.

.....

Next morning I resisted depositing a load in Mom, not wanting to get caught before I set up the seduction. Instead, I walked into the kitchen in only my boxers and greeted Nana, who was reading the newspaper and drinking coffee.

She looked up and seemed startled to see me, especially wearing only boxers and my morning wood tenting out directly at her.

I acted as if that was the norm as I went to her, gave her a big hug, making sure my cockhead poked her side and greeted, "Good morning, Nana."

"Good morning," she replied cautiously, obviously distracted, but she didn't mention my lack of clothing.

Mom came down a few minutes later and stopped in her tracks when she saw I was almost naked. She quickly recovered and said good morning too as if everything was normal. Except for Nana being added into the mix, it was.

We had breakfast, chatted about life and divorce and Christmas before I suggested that tonight we go out for a nice supper. I also suggested we get dressed up for the evening and Nana asked what that meant and I explained nice dresses and stockings for the ladies.

Nana laughed, "You really are like your Papa."

"I like my ladies looking good," I nodded.

Mom asked, "We're your *ladies* now? We won't be your *young* ladies."

"Perhaps not, but you'll be my *beautiful* ladies, and tonight you are both my trophy dates," I declared.

"Do I get flowers?" Mom asked.

"Oh, I plan to give you a nice special bouquet," I foreshadowed.

Nana added, looking to Mom, "Your father never bought me flowers."

"Well tonight you will both be treated unlike any other day in your life," I promised, in my head the evening ending with her eating Mom's cunt while I pounded her from behind.

"I plan to keep you to that, young swain," Nana responded, oblivious to what she was potentially agreeing to.

"I'm a man of my word," I said, "ain't I Mom?"

"Yes, you are," she said, shaking her head at my innuendoes.

Nana, noticing it, said, "There seems to be some inside joke between you two."

I shrugged, "All we have is each other."

"Well, I'm looking forward to a great evening with you both," Nana said.

"Me too," Mom added.

"Great, I have a double date!" I declared.

The day went without event. Miranda was broadcasting live from the mall all day for some grand opening event, so I couldn't see her at all today except by turning on the TV, so by the time evening came I was going through sexual withdrawal... used to having fucked Mom or my bride in at least one if not two or three of their holes by now.

Mom noticed it when I came home, or just knew me, as she quipped, "Doing okay, stud?"

"Not really. Regardless of how tonight goes, I'm claiming my morning Mommy time tomorrow," I promised.

"I'm your caffeine?" she questioned.

"You're definitely my morning wake up call," I laughed, thinking I was indeed addicted to my mother. I knew Miranda loved sex, but she was more a night owl and it would be interesting to see if she was as willing to deal with my morning wood as Mom was.

"As you are mine," Mom purred, squeezing my cock.

"You are mine what?" Nana asked, startling us both.

"My man of the house," Mom quickly covered, managing to remove her hand smoothly, without a guilty jerk.

"You indeed have become a very handsome, responsible young man," Nana complimented.

"You have to say that, you're my Nana," I countered.

"Handsome is handsome," she shrugged, "You look a lot like your grandfather did when we were young."

"Well," I smiled, giving Nana's arm a squeeze, "I guess it's because of my genes then."

"Sure," Nana laughed.

"I like to think that I've played a role into you becoming the appealing man you are," Mom chirped in, giving me a look that Nana couldn't see that communicated way more than her words were saying.

I laughed, "Everything I have is because of you, Mom."

"And don't you forget it," Mom said, before turning to Nana, "So, what are you wearing tonight?"

"How classy is the place we're going to?" Nana asked.

"As classy as this city gets," I answered.

"I'm not sure I brought the right clothing for such a place," Nana said, "I wasn't expecting to be doing anything more extravagant than hanging around the house and cheering up my devastated daughter who, by the way, doesn't seem as devastated as I thought she'd be."

Mom shrugged, "The writing had been on the wall for a while."

"You never said a thing," Nana responded, surprised.

"It's not easy telling your mother, who can be rather judgemental by the way, and who was happily married for over thirty-five years, that my marriage was failing," Mom explained.

Nana's face dropped. She hesitated for a moment before saying, "Oh honey, I'm so sorry."

Mom, who was suddenly feeling very vulnerable, whispered, "It's okay, it's just that I was unhappy with Ted for a long time."

Nana said looking crestfallen, "Honey, you can tell me anything. You and Elizabeth are all I have left."

"What about me?" I joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Nana had seemed to forget I was even here. Mom laughed, "How could I forget about you? You've been my rock."

I barely held back laughter at the naughty innuendo in her words that I'd been her hard place as I responded back, adding to the sexual innuendo, "Mom, you've bent over backwards for me."

"And I always will," Mom smiled back, before looking back at Nana and saying, "I have some big news, but I'll save that until dinner; let's go and get ready."

I added, "I expect my two sexy babes to be dressed to kill."

"View to a kill," Mom tossed back, an inside joke about how all the James Bond movies are pretty much soft porn movies.

Nana asked, looking perplexed, "Do you have anything I may be able to wear to please your demanding son?"

"Oh, I imagine I can find something," Mom smiled, giving me a wink that Nana couldn't see.

"Well, go get ready, ladies," I finished, "I'll meet you back down here in forty-five minutes."

"You'd better make it an hour if you want your ladies to be dressed to kill," Mom pointed out.

Nana added, trying to fit in with the obvious flirtations, "Especially if you want us dressed to *thrill*."

"Oh that I do," I winked saucily at both of them.

I would have loved to be a fly on the wall as Mom and Nana got ready. Yet I patiently waited, hoping that somehow all the seeds already planted would blossom tonight.

An hour and fifteen minutes later, women are never on time (although who can complain when they spend all that time getting ready to look hot for you), they came down the stairs.

I wanted to say to Mom, 'Fuck, are you hot stuff', but instead complimented, "I'm definitely going to be a thorn between two roses."

"Isn't the expression a rose between two thorns?" Nana asked.

"Maybe I'll be the evil one tonight," I shrugged, "tonight is a night of breaking the rules."

"Is that so?" she asked, looking absolutely radiant in a blue dress with a long plunging neckline that gave me a lot of flesh to drool over.

"Tonight you are not my Nana," I nodded, before looking to Mom and saying, "and you are not my mother."

"Then who are we?" Mom asked, playing along.

"Two hot ladies out for the night of your lives with your young... *swain*," I replied, borrowing Nana's antiquated term.

Nana joked, "I've had many dreams that started like that."

Mom asked, "Sex dreams?"

"Alexis!" Nana gasped, scandalised by the question.

"After what we talked about upstairs, that question is rather tame," Mom countered.

Nana's face went red as she protested, "Yes, but not in front of my grandson."

"I'm an adult now, Samantha," I pointed out, using her first name.

"And does that make me Alexis tonight?" Mom questioned.

"It does, Alexis my dear," I nodded, before asking Nana, "And what, pray tell, did you two naughty ladies talk about upstairs?"

"You'll have to get a couple of drinks into me before I start answering personal questions," Nana replied, with just a tinge of flirtation in her tone.

"Is that how many of your dreams begin?" I quipped back. "Some young swain plying you with alcohol?"

"Curtis!" Nana gasped playfully.

"Samantha!" I parodied back.

"We're already quite late, we should get going," Mom suggested.

"Good call, Alexis," I concurred.

"You seem to really like calling us by our first names," Nana noted.

"Like I said," I smiled, proffering her my arm, "tonight you are not my Nana, but my hot date."

"You have two dates tonight?" she asked, while graciously draping her arm through mine.

"Double the pleasure, double the fun," I smiled slyly.

"Is that so?" Nana asked, giving me a skeptical look.

"That's what Double Bubble taught me," I joked, not wanting to be too aggressive so early in the evening, even as I imagined fucking both my mother and nana together later on.

Soon we were in the car and I was driving us to the upscale restaurant.

I won't bore you with the details, but the next two hours included two full bottles of red wine, an amazing meal and conversation that began as mundane as conversations usually do, before ever so slowly shifting to personal.

Nana was no doubt tipsy and Mom was no doubt horny, evident from her stockinged foot rubbing my crotch non-stop for the last half hour.

Nana asked, as we waited for dessert, "Alexis, you said you had big news."

Mom nodded, "I do, but you aren't allowed to judge me at all."

Nana agreed, "Alexis, like I said before, you can tell me anything."

"Very well, I'm already in a relationship," Mom revealed.

"Really?" Nana asked, surprised. "With whom?"

"It's complicated," Mom answered, pressing her toes hard on my cock.

"Just tell Samantha everything," I suggested, "tonight there are no secrets."

"You've met her before," Mom said, looking incredibly nervous, although gaining some confidence from me.

"Her?" Nana asked, surprised by the pronoun.

"Yes," Mom nodded, "I'm in love with a woman, and I have been ever since college."

"Ellie?" Nana asked, seizing on the obvious answer. Of course she would have known Ellie, if only as her daughter's best friend back then.

"Yes, Ellie," Mom revealed.

Nana wasn't surprised any longer. "So back when you two came to visit in college?"

Mom laughed, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" I asked, this being a story I hadn't heard before.

"I knew it," Nana said, suddenly breaking into laughter.

"Knew what?" I asked, feigning complete obliviousness.

"Nothing," Nana replied, remembering I was her grandson.

I pointed out, "Remember, tonight I'm your date and not anyone's grandson or son."

"Do you really want to know about your mother's past?" Nana asked.

"I want to know everything about both of my beautiful women," I smiled, before asking, "Samantha, have you ever been with another woman?"

"Curtis!" Nana said, even though the sudden dark red of her cheeks made it clear the answer was yes.

"Mother, you have?" Mom asked, noticing the telltale blush as well.

Nana finished her glass of wine, before she smiled, "Mayyyyyyyyybe."

"When?" Mom asked, suddenly very curious.

"Beauty pageants were a lot of fun," Nana revealed.

"No way," Mom said, clearly surprised.

"What? Your Mom can't lez out but you can?" Nana challenged, the alcohol liberating Nana from her usual conservative personality.

"That is so fucking hot," I added, swearing on purpose, as I envisioned a late 1960s beauty pageant lesbian orgy all in and out of hippy attire.

"So it's like mother, like daughter," Mom smiled.

Just then dessert arrived and we all ate in silence. By unspoken agreement we each took a few bites of our delicious concoction before passing it to the one on our right, then repeating. I thought it was quite romantic. As we did, I pondered how I could orchestrate the shift from frank sexual discussion to full sexual activity.

Once we'd finished eating Mom suggested, "Let's take this party back home."

"The wine is free there," I added.

"But does that mean the date is over?" Nana asked.

"No, no, no," I shook my head. "I have some exciting activities planned for this evening for my beautiful companions."

"What would those be?" Nana asked.

"Well, obviously a lesbian orgy," I joked, standing up.

"Brat," Nana quipped.

"It's every guy's fantasy," I shrugged, leaving them so I could pay the cheque before anything else could be discussed.

We called one of those taxi services where they also pick up your car, and headed home. I sat between my two sexy ladies, and Mom slyly rubbed my cock, although I wasn't sure it was so sly that Nana didn't notice.

Back at the house I poured both of them wine and returned to the living room. Nana, accidentally creating an opening for her seduction complained, removing her four-inch heels, "My feet are killing me."

I handed her the glass of wine, dropped to my knees and took her left foot in my hand. I then said, looking up at her, "Then I think you need a foot massage."

"You don't need to do that," Nana protested weakly.

I countered, "It's the least I can do after you got all dolled up for me."

"He gives amazing foot massages," Mom offered, slipping out of her heels too.

"And I see that you know that," Nana agreed, sipping on her wine, taking this not-too-shocking intimacy in stride.

"Let's play twenty questions," I suggested, while massaging Nana's nylon-clad foot.

"Really?" Nana asked.

Mom challenged, "What? You have more skeletons in your closet than the news that you're a lesbian?"

"I haven't been a lesbian since the 1970s," Nana countered.

"But would you like to be?" Mom asked.

"Is that the first question?" Nana asked, a wide smile crossing her face.

"Yes," I answered.

"You really want to hear about your Nana's sexual fantasies?" Nana asked, looking down at me.

"Is that *my* first question?" I asked. "Whether I want to know about my date Samantha's sexual fantasies?"

"Yes," she laughed.

"Then yes, I do want to hear about my sexy dates' fantasies," I admitted, moving my hand up to her ankle and calf.

"Then yes, I would love to be a lesbian again," Nana answered, before asking Mom, "Is Ellie your only female lover?"

"No," Mom admitted.

"Currently?" Nana delved deeper.

"No," Mom also admitted.

"No, she is not your only current female lover or ever?" Nana probed even more deeply.

"No, I have had a few ummm... *assignments* just in the past month," Mom revealed, "plus one sexy and dominant younger man."

"Oh my," Nana said, clearly surprised by her daughter's frank admissions. After a pause, she said, "I sure could use a sexy, dominant younger man."

As I moved to her other foot, I joked, "Hey, there's a younger man right in the room. Are you asking me to be dominant?"

Nana laughed, "If you weren't my grandson I'd be all over you."

I asked, "So if I wasn't your grandson you'd let me dominate you?"

"Curtis, what kind of question is that to ask your Nana?" she questioned, even though she let me keep massaging her foot.

"Well, we've already established that tonight you aren't my Nana, but my sexy older date Samantha and that I am your eager swain Curtis," I pointed out.

"Yes, but that was all just fun and games," Nana pointed out but finally, I believe, considering the possibility that I wasn't speaking theoretically.

"No Samantha," I shook my head, my hands slowly caressing their way further up her leg. "I was completely serious."

"So, you're saying you'd fuck your Nana tonight if I permitted you?" she asked bluntly, looking down at my hands, which were now caressing her lower thighs under her dress.

"No," I corrected, "I would happily fuck my beautiful sexy date."

Nana looked at Mom, unnerved by the sudden dangerous shift in what had been a lighthearted if flirty conversation.

Mom said, "Ask me another question, *Samantha*. Ask your friend Alexis who the younger man is who is not only her lover, but her Master."

Nana stared at Mom for a moment, before her eyes went big and clarity hit her.

Knowing this was the moment to go for broke, I ordered, standing up, "Samantha, on your knees."

She looked at me, clearly in a moment of utter indecision. Likely she was still trying to process the implications of her daughter's words.

Mom, taking charge, being either a submissive or a *domme* depending on the situation, slid to her own knees and fished out my cock.

Nana watched in utter awe. Her eyes never left my crotch as Mom unzipped my pants, found my cock, which was stiff as iron, and pulled it out.

Mom looked at Nana and asked, "Are you hungry for some young hard cock, Mother? I love sharing!"

Nana was still speechless, unable to comprehend the watershed shock that had just been presented to her.

"Suit yourself," Mom shrugged, before looking up at me and asking, "Master, may I suck your big juicy cock?"

"Yes, my slut," I nodded before adding, "please show our newest pet how a good slut worships her Master's big cock."

"Mmmmmmm, yes Master," she purred, before taking my cock in her mouth and performing incest in front of her mother.

"That's it, Alexis," I groaned, "take all eight inches in those sweet cock sucking lips of yours."

I glanced at Nana who hadn't stopped staring at my large cock since her daughter had revealed it. I ordered again, gently but insistently, feeling confident she was on the brink of submission, "Samantha, on your knees, my beautiful slut."

She hesitated a moment, as if attempting one last resistance to the temptation of incest and crossing a very taboo line, before slowly sliding off the couch and onto her knees facing me, beside her daughter.

I asked, regally looking down at her, "Do you wish to be my slut, Samantha?"

She was still staring at my cock as she whispered, "Yes."

"Yes, what, Samantha?" I asked. "Tell me what you wish."

"Yes, I wish to be your slut," she whispered, saying the words I was dying to hear.

"And do you want my cock?" I questioned, pulling it out of Mom's mouth and tapping it on Nana's lower lip.

"God, yes," she whispered again, opening her mouth welcomingly.

I slid my cock in her mouth and watched as she began bobbing. She struggled with my length, gagging a few times, before apologizing after a couple of minutes or so, looking up and smiling for the first time, "I think I'm rather rusty."

I slid my cock back into her mouth and reassured her, "Give it a little time. It's like riding a bike, it comes back rather naturally."

"Well, it's also been a very long time since I rode a bike," Nana responded.

Mom warned, "Once you get this bike between your legs, you won't want to stop."

"Is that what happened to you?" Nana asked.

"I will do absolutely anything to have Curtis's cock in one of my three holes," Mom replied, taking my cock back in her mouth.

"Hey," Nana complained, as I watched two hot older women fighting over who got to suck my cock.

I laughed, "Don't worry, Samantha, I have enough cock for both of you."

"That you do," she nodded, leaning forward and taking my balls in her mouth as Mom bobbed hungrily back and forth at the other end of my rod.

Although I'd had many crazy sex adventures since that fateful Halloween evening (detailed in *What Mom Doesn't Know Will Fuck Her*), this may have been the most surreal. I was having my dick sucked and my balls pleased at the same time by my Mother and my Nana.

Having not come all day since I'd been waiting for what I had prayed would be a multi-load evening, the double pleasure had my balls boiling in no time at all.

I groaned, as Nana sucked each of my balls in her mouth, while Mom simultaneously deep throated my cock, "I'm going to come soon, my sluts."

Nana, surprising both Mom and myself, sat up and begged, "Please, Curtis, give Nana your cum."

"Down your throat or all over your face?" I questioned.

"I'm your slut," she moaned, her hand going under her dress, "you decide."

"I think you two can share it," I decided, pulling out of Mom's heavenly mouth just before I was going to erupt down her throat. "Open wide, my pets."

Both beautiful women opened their mouths wide, on their knees, still in their fancy dresses, waiting for my load. It was easily one of the sexiest moments of my life and I'd had a lot of those in the past couple of months.

I pumped my cock and in seconds the first spray hit Nana directly in the face and she moaned on contact like a good slut should. I turned slightly and allowed my second full stream to hit Mom, before turning back to Nana to give her the remaining smaller squirts of my white goo.

As soon as my last small squirt hit Nana's chin, she leaned forward and took my cock back in her mouth. I quipped, "I tell you one thing, when it comes to retrieving every last speck of cum, it's definitely like mother, like daughter."

After a moment I pulled out of Nana's mouth and ordered indirectly, "I believe you each have some cum to retrieve."

Nana looked at Mom with trepidation, but Mom leaned forward and began kissing Nana, hoovering up the cum from her chin, cheek, nose, forehead and finally her lips. Nana was tentative at first, but soon she was kissing back. Nana had soon retrieved all the cum from Mom's face as well.

Once both faces were clean and shiny Nana asked, "So you let your son fuck all three of your holes?"

"Anytime he wants," she nodded.

"Even your ass?" Nana continued, her tone saying she couldn't fathom that being pleasurable.

"He loves reaming my ass, don't you, son?" she asked, looking up at me.

"I love all three of your fuck holes, Mother," I replied, "but yes, your asshole is super tight."

After a pause Mom asked Nana, "You've never been ass fucked?"

"No," she admitted. "Your father begged me to let him, but even though I loved his being my Master, I would never do that."

"Then you don't know what you're missing," Mom purred, grabbing my cock and stroking it.

"Nana are you wearing thigh highs?" I asked.

"As instructed," she nodded.

"Show me," I demanded.

"Does my grandson want to see his Nana naked?" she asked sexily, standing up.

"Does Nana want her grandson's cock buried deep in her cunt?" I countered, answering a question with a question.

"So we're no longer on a date?" Mom asked.

"I think Nana is getting turned on by the incest angle," I replied, before asking, "Is that true?"

"I don't know about that," she answered, "but I'm horny as all hell and you sure look good!"

"Get naked, Mother," Mom ordered.

"Pardon?" Nana asked, surprised to be told what to do by her daughter.

"Show your new Master and Mistress your shapely tits and your wet cunt," Mom clarified firmly.

"Alexis Jillian," Nana said, using Mom's middle name too, which usually meant trouble or disappointment.

"*Samantha Slut Williamson* I'm not going to ask you again, stand up and fucking take your dress off," Mom demanded. I could have added my two cents' worth, but it was hot watching my Mom domme my Nana.

Nana stood up, looking completely stunned by her daughter's demands, as she turned her back to me and asked, her body trembling, "Can you please unzip me, Master?"

Hearing Nana call me Master was incredibly hot and satisfying and I unzipped her sexy dress to reveal the back of a lacy black bra.

"Good slutttt," Mom purred.

Nana's face went beet red again, although I found it strange that she was embarrassed now, since she'd already sucked her grandson's cock and taken a facial. Yet, the hierarchy of a mother and daughter is very clear and Nana was clearly struggling with the sudden flip flop.

"Can you unclasp my bra, too, Master?" Nana requested.

Again I obliged the request, unclasping her bra and tossing it at Mom.

"I see your tits are still nice and firm," Mom nodded, moving to her mother and cupping her breasts.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Nana trembled, glancing to me as her daughter leaned forward and took an erect nipple in her mouth.

"But you're quite willing, aren't you Nana?" I asked, joining Mom and taking Nana's other nipple in my mouth.

"Yesss," she trembled from the double pleasure.

I bit her nipple playfully before continuing, "Ready to be our pet, Nana?" I asked as I swirled my tongue around her hard nipple.

"Yesssss," she moaned in response.

Mom, taking control, ordered as she sat down on the couch, "Come taste your Mistress, Mommy-slut."

"Hey, *you're* the Mommy-slut," I pointed out.

"But she's *my* mother," Mom countered.

"Touché," I nodded. "So to clarify, you're my Mommy-slut and Nana's my Nana-slut, but she's also your Mommy-slut."

"A bit convoluted," Mom laughed, before turning to a bewildered Nana, "Why are you still standing?"

"Sorry, Mistress," Nana replied, as she dropped to her knees.

"Does Mommy want to taste her daughter's cunt?" Mom asked, her tone so dripping with naughtiness my cock flinched.

Nana's face was red as a ripe apple, as she stammered, while staring at her daughter's cunt, "Y-y-yes."

"Yes, what?" Mom questioned.

"Yes, Mistress Alexis," Nana corrected.

"Beg, Mother," Mom ordered.

"Please, Mistress, can I, um, can I, can I eat my daughter's cunt?" Nana struggled to say. It seemed obvious senses of guilt and shame were spinning inside her, but her sexual hunger was overriding, barely, those motherly and moral concerns.

"We'll need to work on your begging," Mom said, shaking her head.

My cock again hard, I said, as I moved behind my kneeling Nana, "I'll help make her beg."

"You're going to fuck Nana?" Mom asked.

"Oh Godddddd," Nana moaned, as the answer to Mom's question was made clear by Nana's inarticulate and loud vocalisations as I slid my cock inside her cunt.

"You're letting your grandson fuck you?" Mom asked, amused.

"Like daughter, like motheeeeer," Nana moaned, as I remained lodged deep in her.

"Now beg again," Mom ordered, "beg to eat your daughter's cunt and to have your grandson pound your pussy."

Nana, overwhelmed and horny begged, this time with much more eagerness and intensity, "Mistress Alexis can your bitch mother munch on that beautiful box of yours while your son, my grandson, fucks the living shit out of me?"

"You want him to fuck your ass?" Mom asked, playing on her words, as I slowly fucked her.

Nana surprised both of us, when she responded, "My ass is yours Curtis, take my anal cherry if you want."

"Really?" I asked, stopping mid-stroke.

"Do my ass now, Curtis, hurry before I change my mind," Nana demanded, looking back at me.

"Mom, get the lube," I ordered.

"Happily," Mom nodded, before adding, looking directly at her mother, "but you're munching my cunt as well, Mom."

"Yes honey, anything," Nana nodded in desperate lust, clearly past the point of no return.

As Mom disappeared upstairs briefly, I asked, "Did you think this was how your trip would end up?"

Nana laughed nervously, "Not in a million years."

"So Papa was a dominant man?" I asked.

"God, yes," she nodded, "I loved how he knew exactly who I was."

"Who are you?" I asked, even though I already knew the answer.

"A lady on the outside, a slut on the inside," she admitted.

"Well, that is exactly how I see you, my sexy Nana-slut," I smiled, just as Mom returned.

"You really are just like him," she said, as Mom moved behind her.

"But with a bigger cock," I pointed out.

"Yessss," she smiled, as lube was generously coated on her rosebud and Mom slid a finger inside.

"Sorry, I couldn't resist being the first to penetrate her back door," Mom apologized, as she slowly fingered her mother's ass.

"I may have to punish you later," I teased.

"Punish away," she purred, sliding her finger out and returning to her seated position in front of Nana.

"Ready Nana?" I asked, as I moved behind her, my cock stiff as a rod, and ready for this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity...to take my Nana's anal virginity.

"I'm your Nana-slut," she said with a wicked smile, "Use me as and when you wish, Master."

"Good answer, you sexy vixen," I nodded, as I rubbed my cock up and down her ass crack.

"Just shove that snake in my asshole, make Nana your shit hole fuck toy," she said, her words so nasty that I couldn't resist the temptation any longer.

I pushed forward and watched my cock slowly disappear inside Nana's incredibly tight asshole.

"Oh shiiiiiiiiit, you're so fucking bigggggggggg," she moaned loudly.

Mom empathised, "Nothing fills me more than his big dick slamming my asshole."

"Oh Mom, you say the nicest things," I mocked as my whole cock filled Nana's ass.

"You're too bigggggg," Nana whimpered, clearly in pain.

"I'm all in, my newest ass slut," I declared, "I'll hold still until you're ready for more," not moving but just enjoying the sweet moment while allowing her to get accustomed to having a dick in her ass.

"Okkkkkkkay," she whimpered.

Mom explained, "Oh trust me, they say no pain, no gain, and there is no better example than a good hard ass fucking."

"I can't believe how big a slut you are," Nana replied.

"Says the Nana with her grandson's cock buried in her ass," Mom smirked, "not to mention the slut about to eat her own daughter's cunt."

"I already knew I was a dirty slut," Nana countered, "I just thought *you'd* always been the good girl."

"Like mother, like daughter," Mom shrugged, grabbing her Mom's head and pulling it into her cunt. "Now get licking, my newly-discovered slut."

Watching Nana eat out her daughter was hot and I slowly began fucking her ass, wanting her to get used to the slow motions of an ass fucking before I shifted into an intense ass reaming.

Her whimpers were muffled in Mom's cunt, but after a few minutes of slow constant in and out, Nana finally spoke.

"Faster, grandson," she said, "Fuck your Nana's shit hole faster."

Mom quipped, "You love committing incest don't you, Mother?"

"It's so bad it's good," she replied, as I obliged her request.

"Get back to eating cunt, Mommy-slut," Mom ordered, grabbing her head roughly and holding it between her legs.

As I began fucking Nana harder, making her face fuck into her daughter's cunt with each forward thrust, Mom began talking dirty to me. "Pound her ass, baby. Slam that big dick in her until she comes like the little old ass whore she is."

"I knew you'd love having your own Mommy-pet," I grunted, *slamming* into Nana now.

"I think we may get her her own kennel for when she comes and visits," Mom quipped.

"You're so bad," I purred.

"As are you," she winked back.

"I was raised by a slut," I winked back at her. "I just wish I'd known sooner."

After a couple of minutes of hard-core fucking and eager licking from Nana, Mom was getting close as she ordered, "Oh God, Mommy, now suck on your daughter's clit."

I kept reaming Nana's ass as Mom's orgasm built and she screamed, "Yesssssss!!", as she ground her cunt up and down her mother's face.

When she let go a few seconds later, collapsing back, Nana begged me, "Tell me what I am, Master."

"Does my Nana-slut like being called names?" I asked, teasing.

"God, yesssssss," she moaned, beginning to bounce her ass back to meet my forward thrusts.

"Are you getting close, my incest slut?" I questioned.

"Yes, grandson," she moaned.

"You like reminding yourself you're committing incest, don't you my incestuous ass-taking slave?" I continued.

"Yes, Nana wants to be your ass slut, your cock sucker, and your *cum bucketttt!!*" she responded, bouncing back so hard that our loud slapping sounds were echoing through the room.

"I want you to come without touching your whore hole, just by getting ass fucked," I ordered.

"Yes, Master, I'll *obeyyyyyyy* your every command," she declared, her orgasm definitely close.

"Come from getting your butt plugged by your eighteen-year-old grandson, your new Master," I ordered.

"More, more, more," she begged, getting turned on from the nasty talk.

"You will seduce your other daughter and your granddaughter when they arrive for the holidays," I ordered.

"Whaaaaaat?" she questioned, thrown by my newest expectation.

"Your task is to get my Aunt Elizabeth and my cousin Laura to join our Christmas family orgy," I said.

Mom moaned, "Curtis, you really are a bad, bad boy."

"But she's not like usss," Nana protested.

"Did you think Alexis was an incest committing, ass taking slut or a switch: a Mistress to some women but a submissive pet to Ellie?" I asked, stopping fucking her and holding her hips so she couldn't bounce back.

"Don't stooooooooop," she whined.

"Are you going to obey your Master?" I questioned.

Mom added, "Do as you're fucking told, Mother. Don't worry, I'll help."

Nana sighed, "Yes, dammit, I'll make my other daughter a cunt licking, ass taking whore like the rest of her family."

"And Laura?" I questioned, giving five quick thrusts.

"I'll make her the bottom feeder of the whole family," Nana declared, "she needs to be taken down a beg or fifty anyways."

"Good Nana-slut," I nodded, resuming fucking her hard. Aunt Elizabeth was a quiet woman, a lot shyder than Mom or Nana, but her daughter Laura was a complete bitch who needed to be knocked down a peg or two. It would be fun to see how Nana attempted to seduce two very different people. Like Mom, Aunt Elizabeth was in the middle of a divorce, although she was nearing the end of the process.

"I'm a *baddddd* Nana-slutttt," she corrected, resuming bouncing back on my cock.

"You're a *dirty* Nana-slut, riding your grandson's cock like a filthy porn star," I teased, still laying on the name-calling to turn her on.

"I'll make any movieeeeeee you want, Master," she moaned, "Make me your filthy cum slut, I need to be used soooooooooo fucking bad."

"Come now, my Nana-slut, come from your sodomy at the hands of your grandson, your daughter's son. Only real cum sluts allow their flesh and blood to not only fuck them, but fuck their, what did you call it, their *shit hole*."

"Oh yes, yes, more, Nana needs more," she babbled, clearly near eruption.

"Come right now, you fucking whore, you incest slut, you cunt munching dyke, you bad Mommy, bad Nana," I listed.

"Yessssssss," she screamed, "I'm comiiiiiiiiiiiiing."

I kept fucking her ass hard, my own orgasm close.

I asked, "Does my Nana-slut want to feel her asshole filled with cum?"

"Fill your Nana's asshole with your family cum, Master," she agreed, as her orgasm continued coursing through her.

"Uhhhhhh," I grunted, depositing a load deep in her no-longer-virgin ass.

"Yessss, fill your slave's asshole," Nana groaned as her asshole walls were coated.

Mom added, her phone filming our dual orgasms, "Say hi, Mother."

Nana looked up and didn't even hesitate, "Hi, Mistress Alexis, your son just came in your Mother's asshole."

"Did you like it?" Mom asked.

"God, yes," Nana nodded.

"What are you?" Mom asked, as I pulled out of Nana.

"A Mommy-slut to you and a Nana-slut to your son," Nana admitted.

"Mom, come and retrieve my cum," I ordered.

"You really are a dirty boy," Mom teased, handing me the phone, standing up, moving behind her mother and burying her face in her Mom's leaking asshole.

I looked down at Nana and smiled, shifting from Master to grandson, "I love you, Nana."

"I love you, too, Curtis," Nana replied, looking up.

Five minutes later we were all climbing into the hot tub together when Nana asked, "You weren't serious about Elizabeth and Laura, were you?"

"Is the bear Catholic?" I asked.

"Fuck, I was *afraid* you were serious," Nana sighed.

"It's going to be a great Christmas," I declared.

"Apparently I'll be your ho-ho-ho," Nana joked.

"One of many," I smiled. After a pause, "By the way, I got married while I was in Vegas."

"What?" Nana gasped.

"It's a long story," I said, "Isn't it Mom?"

Mom shrugged, "It all began on Halloween when I came downstairs and Ted had to work and Curtis liked my sexy costume and..."

Mom and I took turns retelling the story to Nana of the past couple of months before we had another threesome, and this time I filled her long-neglected cunt.

Nana asked, cum finally leaking out of her cunt, "You sure I can't just keep you to myself?"

Mom laughed, stroking my cock, "Thankfully he has a very quickly reloading gun."

"I'm out of bullets for the moment," I said, sitting back down.

As Mom and Nana began kissing, very much unlike normal mother-daughter kissing, I wondered if it was possible for Nana to fulfill the difficult task I had given her.

I hoped so, I was beginning to become an addict. I couldn't find enough submissive sluts to fulfill my insatiable lust.

Until then I would just have to settle for Miranda, Ellie, Mom and Nana...man, I had a tough life.

THE END....for now....

The next part: What Mom Knows Fucks Her Sister was released on Feb 24, 2017.