

# ASS SLUT: A MOM BECOMES SUBMISSIVE

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*MILF is seduced and dommed by son's girlfriend and...*

Incest/Taboo

4.64

8.7k words

**Summary:** MILF is seduced and dommed by son's girlfriend and....

**Note 1:** This is a 2016 April Fool's Day Contest Story.

**Note 2:** Thanks for the original idea from Wes.

**Note 3:** Thanks to Robert, goamz86, and Wayne for editing this story.

## **Ass Slut: A Mom Becomes Submissive**

It had been a long day.

A long frustrating day.

I showed houses all day and didn't even get a bite of a sale.

My feet were sore and I was cranky as I got home.

I was walking up the stairs to my bedroom to get out of my business wear and stockings when I heard sounds that were undeniably the sounds of sex... coming from my son's room.

As I got closer to the door, I heard Nancy, my son's girlfriend, demand, "That's it baby, ream my asshole."

I froze.

Nancy took it in the ass?

My son fucked Nancy's ass?

They were both eighteen and I had no delusions that they were still virgins, but this was shocking to hear.

Yet, I was curious... it had been a long time since I got fucked.

And although I should have turned back around and gone downstairs, or made enough of a racket for them to have heard me, I instead quietly walked to the door, which was slightly ajar and peeked inside.

I stared like a deer in headlights as my son was fucking his girlfriend Nancy, doggie style, apparently, in the ass.

"You love fucking Mommy's asshole, don't you, baby?" Nancy asked.

I gasped at the nasty talk and the stunning reality the pretty eighteen year old was pretending to be his mother... pretending to be me.

My son grunted, "Yes, I love that tight asshole of yours, my Mommy-slut."

My pussy betrayed me, making my panties damp, and before I even knew I was doing it, I had lifted up my dress, and put my fingers inside my panties, thankful I always wore thigh high stockings.

I noticed that Nancy was wearing thigh high stockings too, which was a pretty big coincidence considering so few young girls today wore any type of nylons.

"Harder, baby, really ream Mommy's shit hole," Nancy demanded.

Forgetting briefly he was my son, I wished I had a better angle so I could see his cock.

Nancy turned back to look at my son and definitely saw me.

I froze, my hand in my panties.

Nancy moaned, even as she looked past my son and directly at me, "Oh yes, you mother fucker, pound Mommy's asshole with that big fat dick."

I should have left, yet it was like my legs were stuck in cement. And before I knew it, I had resumed rubbing myself as I watched my son sodomize his girlfriend, who was pretending to be me... and imagining it was me.

Nancy smiled at me as she asked, "Do you love fucking Mommy, baby?"

My son answered with a grunt, "Fuck, yes. I love your tight ass, Mommy-slut."

Nancy moaned, "And Mommy loves your big dick in her shit hole. Mommy wishes you would fuck her every fucking day."

I couldn't believe their conversation. I couldn't believe how hot it was making me. I couldn't believe Nancy was having this conversation while staring at me.

I kept watching, I kept listening, and I kept touching myself as my son fucked Nancy while she pretended to be me.

Nancy moaned, a big smile on her face, "Do you want to cum all over your Mommy's face, baby?"

"God, yes," he grunted. "Get on your knees and prepare to get my full load all over your pretty face, my Mommy-slut."

Nancy got off the bed and onto her knees at an angle I could see (clearly on purpose for my benefit), but Wes, my son, couldn't see me.

Wes got off the bed and began pumping his cock... his long, thick, juicy cock.

I stared at it with lust. It had been a while since I got laid and a lot longer since I got fucked by a cock that big and forever since I had a real dick in my ass (toys aside). And as I stared at it, I completely forgot he was my son, I just saw him as a guy with a big cock.

"Come all over Mommy's face," Nancy said, her mouth wide open as she glanced back at me.

"You want my cum, Mommy-slut?" Wes questioned, as he furiously beat his meat.

"Yes, baby, paint Mommy's face with your cum," Nancy purred.

I was so intoxicated with the scene I was witnessing, the nasty incest talk, and the size of my son's cock, I frantically rubbed myself as my orgasm built quickly.

Suddenly, simultaneously, as my son's cum rocketed out of his cock and onto Nancy's face as he grunted, "Take all my cum, Mommy-slut," I came too.

My legs buckled as my orgasm seemed to usurp all the energy in my body. My head went light as the most intense orgasm in memory coursed through me.

Terrified of getting caught by my son, I quietly backed away from the door and weakly snuck out of the house.

Once in my car, I just sat there, my body feeling completely spent as I tried to recover from my orgasm and the reality of what I just witnessed.

Why did that turn me on so much?

Did my son really want to fuck me?

Why did Nancy get even nastier when she saw me watching?

Why was my pussy still tingling as I recalled what I had witnessed?

These and many other questions bounced around my head as I waited fifteen minutes, enough time for my body to calm down, the orgasm refusing to completely leave me, and hopefully for them to be done.

When I went back into my house, I saw they were watching television.

I greeted, a little nervous that Nancy might have told my son I watched them fuck, "Good afternoon, Wes, Nancy."

"Hi, Mom," Wes greeted looking up, with no hint of anything out of the ordinary.

"Hi, Mrs. Golden," Nancy greeted with a smile that spoke volumes.

"Are you staying for dinner, Nancy?" I asked, as she often did.

"Yes, Mrs. Golden," she nodded, before adding, "if that is all right."

"Of course," I nodded. "The more the merrier." I then realized the sexual implications of my words.

Nancy nodded, "I couldn't agree more."

"Great," I nodded, as I went to the kitchen to begin dinner, my head still spinning with the consequences of every word.

I was cutting lettuce, a couple of minutes later, when Nancy walked into the kitchen.

I froze, completely nervous.

She went to the fridge and I resumed making the salad, praying she wasn't going to mention anything.

Suddenly, I felt a hand reach around me, under my dress and directly to my pussy.

I gasped in shock as she whispered, "Your panties are still very wet."

"Nancy!" I protested, even though I didn't actually attempt to physically stop this sudden molestation.

"Don't move," she ordered, as she rubbed my swollen clit over my panties.

This was even more shocking than what I had witnessed, and yet had me equally aroused.

"Did you enjoy the show?" Nancy questioned.

My head was swarming with confusion as I stammered, "I-I-I don't know."

"Your cunt says you did," she countered.

"Nancy, please," I whimpered, worried my son would walk in and catch us.

"Please let you eat my cunt?" She questioned, but before I could answer she asked, "So are you wet because you want to munch my cunt, suck your son's big dick or take it up that sweet ass of yours?"

I didn't answer for a couple of reasons. One, I didn't have an answer, although until she mentioned it I hadn't considered eating her pussy, something I hadn't done since my wild college days. Two, her fingers were making it hard to think straight.

"I mean, your son has a great cock and really knows how to use it," Nancy continued, as she rubbed my pussy.

I involuntarily moaned at her description as well as her fingers.

"And God, I didn't know I was an ass slut, but your son ordered me to give it up to him and, well, once he plowed my shit hole I was addicted," she explained, continuing to tease my pussy.

"Oh God," I moaned, my second orgasm in half an hour rising quickly.

"Do you take it in the ass, Mrs. Golden?" She questioned.

I didn't answer as I enjoyed the pleasure she was giving me.

"Answer me, slut," she ordered.

I stammered, shocked at being called a slut by my son's girlfriend, as she tapped my clit roughly, "I-I-I used to."

"I bet you'd bend over and take your son's cock up your asshole right now if he walked in here," Nancy nastily said.

"Ohhhh," I moaned, the idea that was so wrong suddenly seeming so right.

Suddenly, she spun me around, pushed me to the floor and lifted up her skirt.

"Eat," was all she said.

As I stared at her completely shaved, slightly glistening pussy, I was completely at her whim. I hesitated for only a couple of seconds before I leaned forward and licked my son's girlfriend's pussy.

Shame and hunger collided inside me. Shame at eating my son's girlfriend's pussy, especially in the kitchen while my son was in the next room; yet hunger at the lust that overwhelmed me and the need to obey that consumed and took control... overriding common sense, decency and moral righteousness.

And once her unique pussy taste hit my taste buds I was back to being in college and munching away at my roommate's pussy.

I had forgotten how distinct an exotic pussy tasted.

She moaned, "This is not your first time."

I didn't answer as I kept licking, forgetting I was a mother, that my son was in the other room and that she was my son's girlfriend.

Suddenly she pushed me away and smiled, "That's just a sample, Mrs. Golden."

I was surprised at being pushed away and even more surprised by my disappointment.

I wanted to bury my face back in that pussy.

She looked down at me and smiled, as if seeing my hunger, "Don't worry, Mrs. Golden. I'm not cinchy with my pussy, but I also want you to earn it."

I was bewildered. Was she really going to not let me finish what I started?

She added, "Do you like the thigh highs? They're yours. Your son has a stocking fetish because of you."

Before I could say anything, although I'm not sure what I would have said, she walked away leaving me alone on my knees with pussy juice on my face.

I weakly got off my knees and moved back to the counter.

I stood there for a moment to recover from the surreal excitement before resuming making dinner with my head spinning in a million directions.

The entire time I made dinner I was on cooking cruise control. I made dinner robotically as I tried to come to grips with both bizarre situations that had happened today.

Why had I got turned on watching my son ass fuck his girlfriend?

Why didn't I leave when Nancy caught me watching?

Why did I allow myself to be molested by my son's girlfriend?

Why did I obey and lick Nancy's pussy with my son in the next room?

Why was I craving that sweet pussy taste?

Why was my pussy leaking into my panties as I replayed the last hour?

These questions and others swarmed me as I couldn't understand my arousal other than chalking it up to massive withdrawal symptoms.

Dinner came and went without incident, although I ate on pins and needles worried that Nancy would out me.

That night, alone in my bed, I pulled out my magic wand, which was indeed magical, and began to get myself off.

As I closed my eyes, I recalled vividly my son's huge cock, Nancy's nasty words as she role played being me, her shocking touch on my cunt and the sweet aroma and taste of her pussy.

My orgasm rose quickly as I imagined being back on my knees, licking Nancy's perfect pussy... my long lost submissive lesbian past suddenly coming rushing back.

As the vibrations drove me wild, I recalled my college years and the many times I had pleased my dominant roommate Jessica, who trained me as a submissive pussy pleaser.

I recalled eating her out while she studied.

I recalled eating her out while she was in the shower.

I recalled eating her out almost every morning... She loved being woken up with a slow pussy licking.

I recalled her fucking me with a strap-on, making me beg to be allowed to come.

I recalled her taking my ass and turning me into an ass loving slut who had my biggest, most intense orgasms from taking it up my butt.

I imagined it was now Nancy I served.

And yet, as my orgasm erupted out of me, the last vision was me on all fours getting fucked by my son.

I lay there enjoying my intense orgasm, my head spinning as my body pulsed.

Once my orgasm finished its lengthy journey through my entire body from the tips of my fingers to my toes, a sudden guilt washed over me.

I had just fantasized about being my son's girlfriends' submissive.

I had come while imagining that my son was fucking my ass.

Fuck!

Fuck!!!

Fuck!!!!!!

The next morning, feeling refreshed after my multiple orgasm day, I was dressed and getting ready for a showing in a couple hours when there was a knock at the door, which was rare for a Tuesday.

I went to the door and opened it, not thinking to use the peep hole that was more for show than use.

A chill went up my back when Nancy was standing in front of me wearing her cheerleader outfit and my thigh highs.

When I didn't say anything, Nancy asked, "Are you going to invite me in, Mrs. Golden?"

"What? Yes, please come in," I said, unsure why she was here.

She walked in and I asked, "Shouldn't you be in class?"

"Probably," he nodded. "But Mrs. Walker doesn't question me when I'm not in class."

"Why?" I asked, knowing Mrs. Walker to be a strong-willed, no nonsense English teacher.

Nancy smiled, "Let's just say I am the student in her class, but she's the student between my legs."

"Nancy!" I gasped.

She shrugged, "Mrs. Walker is a completely submissive pussy muncher."

As I tried to understand this new revelation, Nancy walked directly in front of me and added, "Just like you, Mrs. Golden."

Another chill went up my spine at her pretentious, but accurate, assumption.

"Be honest, Heather," Nancy continued, using my first name for the first time, "You want to eat my pussy right now, don't you?"

Although the truth was yes, I answered as a morally upright woman should, "Nancy, this is ludicrous."

Nancy's smile faded. She sighed, "Heather, your feeble attempt at denial is ludicrous. You're a submissive cunt licking slut who has been craving my pussy since you saw your son reaming my asshole."

Truthfully, I was more craving an ass fucking from my son, but I sure wasn't going to say that. Instead, I said, "I was just shocked you took it up the ass, you seemed like such a sweet girl."

"So sweet girls can't take a cock up their ass?" Nancy questioned.

"It's just, I didn't fathom you doing that," I said, feeling very uncomfortable in the situation I found myself. Part of me wanted to just drop to my knees and bury my face in that sweet pussy, yet I knew I needed to be the adult here.

"Didn't fathom what? Me taking your son's massive prick up my shit hole?" Nancy questioned bluntly, clearly enjoying being so frank and nasty in front of me.

"Nancy, enough," I firmly said. "I don't appreciate that language from anyone, especially an educated young lady like yourself."

"Heather," she sighed. "First off, its 2016. A woman can be a lot of things. A scholar in the classroom, a pussy munching lesbian in the cheerleader change room and a three hole cum slut in

the bedroom, or boy's locker room, or back of the bus coming back from state championships or at the beach or... well you get my point."

The long list made my cunt gush in my panties as I just shook my head and said, "Well, things have changed then."

"You never got gang banged in your youth?" Nancy questioned.

Truth was, one drunk night in my freshman year of college I had taken on five guys, but they only fucked my mouth and pussy. Although I liked anal sex, a lot, I had never been double penetrated other than a cock in my pussy or ass and a toy in the other.

Nancy laughed when I didn't answer. "Reminiscing are we?"

"What? Yes, well, maybe things aren't as different now as back then," I laughed jokingly.

"So you have been a nasty slut before?" Nancy questioned, as her hand went under my skirt and to my already wet panties.

"I suppose," I answered, with a moan... not wanting to admit my past, but also not pushing her hand away like I should have.

"Your cunt is wet again, Heather," Nancy pointed out, as she slid her fingers inside my panties and to my pussy.

All I did was moan... as it was impossible to refute the obvious evidence that she was right and my head was spinning as I tried to figure out what to say next. The reality was I felt nineteen again and unable to say no... just like when I was in college.

"Were you submissive to your husband?" Nancy asked, as she slid a finger inside my fevered cunt.

"Nancy," I moaned again.

"Answer the question," Nancy ordered, as she tapped my g-spot.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned, my legs buckling.

Nancy pulled her finger out and pushed me to the ground as she said, "You look pretty natural on your knees, Heather. Now one last time, were you submissive to your husband?"

Oddly, my first feeling as her finger left me was disappointment. My second was a compelling desire to obey. I couldn't explain it, but when I looked at Nancy, I saw Beth, my Mistress all those years ago. I answered, "Yes."

"And you took it in the ass?" Nancy questioned.

"Yes," I admitted, shame and excitement bouncing inside me.

"And you have munched on cunt before?" she asked, as she lifted up her skirt revealing she was sans underwear.

"Yes," I repeated, like a submissive parrot.

"And you want to munch on mine right now?" she questioned.

"Yes," I nodded, her pretty pink pussy lips so enticing, glistening ever so slightly as if beckoning me in.

"To make this clear," Nancy said, as she moved her fingers to her pussy and slid two inside. "You want to lick your son's girlfriend's cunt?"

I didn't appreciate the reminder about my son, as it instantly made me think of his big cock slamming into her yesterday. The reminder also made me instantly feel guilty about doing such thing with my son's girlfriend... even if she was the one taking the aggressive initiative and clearly revelling in it.

"Answer me, Heather," she demanded, as she moved her fingers out of her pussy and to my lips.

I'd like to pretend that I protested, that I at least hesitated for a moment, but I opened my mouth and took her pussy juice coated fingers in my mouth. I sucked on the two fingers like they were a cock as I eagerly savoured the sweetness of her cunt juice.

"Your son loves munching on my pussy too," Nancy announced, before adding, "that said, he doesn't have the patience of a woman."

She pulled her fingers out and asked, "Want to taste it directly from the source?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"And what does a submissive Mommy slut call the one in charge?" Nancy asked, as she grabbed my head and guided it right in front of her pussy.

"A mistress," I mindlessly answered, just like I did back in college, as I stared at her pussy like it was the Mona Lisa.

"So is that what I am?" Nancy asked, parting her pussy lips with her fingers.

Wanting to taste her pussy again, wanting to be her submissive and wanting to reclaim a part of my sexuality I had long ago left behind, I answered, "Yes, Mistress Nancy, how may I serve you?"

"You understand I can be a very demanding Mistress," she continued, as her finger slid back inside her pussy.

"Yes, Mistress," I nodded, completely in a trance as I watched her finger go in and out of her pussy, my mouth watering.

"You will obey without hesitation?" Nancy questioned.

"Yes, Mistress Nancy," I nodded never taking my eyes off her finger moving in and out of her pussy like a hypnotist's watch.

"Anything?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," I answered, at the moment meaning exactly what I said.

Nancy turned around, bent her ass over and ordered, "Eat my asshole, Wes's mom."

I wanted to taste her pussy.

I wanted her cum to flood out of her like wine onto my lips.

Yet, I obeyed the task given, burying my face between her amazing ass cheeks and licking her puckered tight asshole.

"Good, slut," Nancy said after a few seconds, as I swirled my tongue around the salty sweat of her rosebud, lured in by the humiliation of the task.

"Thank you, Mistress," I responded.

"You're more submissive than I thought," she laughed softly as I kept eating out her ass, wanting to show her how good a submissive I could be.

"I did say anything," I replied, reminding her of my utter willingness to obey.

"I'll be keeping you to that, Mrs. Golden," she replied.

"Yes, Mistress."

After a couple of minutes of obedient asshole pleasing, Nancy ordered, moaning a bit, "Get that tongue in my asshole, you fucking ass munching slut."

I obeyed, wanting to please her and my tongue fought past the anal entrance to break inside.

"Oh yes, don't stop," she moaned, as I felt her body moving and I realized she was rubbing herself as I tongue fucked her asshole, the taste even stronger and yet with a saltiness that added to the taste.

Another minute later, she ordered, "Now suck your son's cum out of my asshole where he deposited it earlier today."

I couldn't believe what she just said, but I was so in the moment of obedience, I obeyed, trying to suck on her asshole and retrieve my son's cum, realizing the saltiness I was tasting.

In moments, she screamed, as she came, "Yes, you dirty ass eating, Mommy cum sucking, whore."

The names turned me on and my pussy burned, even as the shame at what I was doing tried to control me.

A moment later she moved away and said, "Shit, Mrs. Golden, you really are one naughty Mom."

"May I come, Mistress?" I asked, burning with lust and hunger.

"Go ahead," she nodded, as she sat on the edge of the couch with her leg out. "Come fuck yourself on my nylon-clad leg."

"Yes, Mistress," I quickly obeyed, scurrying to her, even though the task was meant to humiliate me even more, especially when they were my thigh highs she was wearing.

"Oh yes," she laughed, as I straddled her leg. "You really are one nasty little slut."

"Your slut," I pointed out, as I lowered my cunt on her shin awkwardly.

"Oh," she said ominously. "You are going to be more than just my slut."

"Oh God," I moaned, as I began grinding on her leg, thankful I only bought silky sheer hosiery. The idea of her sharing me scared me, yet at the moment of complete submissive insatiable lust I was too focused on coming to worry about the consequences of my actions.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Golden," she continued. "I plan to make you the biggest MILF slut there is."

"What do you plan to do?" I asked, curious and grinding aggressively as my orgasm quickly grew.

"Share you with all the cheerleaders," she began.

"Oh yes," I moaned, having seen the young ripe teens many times while watching my son play. I'd be lying if I said such a fantasy hadn't popped into my head on occasion.

"Have you at a football party with a glory hole where you can suck cock after cock anonymously," she continued.

"Oh shit, fuck, yes," I babbled, imagining sucking a bunch of young, juicy, hard cocks.

"Or maybe get you triple teamed," she added. "Like the dirty slut you want to be."

"Yessssss," I screamed, as I reached orgasm in a humiliating way, "make me your complete cum slut."

Suddenly she pushed me to the floor and roared, "Did I give you permission to fucking come?"

"N-n-no," I stammered, shocked, even as my body twitched and shook on the floor as cum flooded out of me.

"No what?" she demanded, now standing over me.

"No Mistress," I weakly said.

"You will be punished for this disobedience," she said.

I wanted to point out she gave me permission when she allowed me to ride her leg, but I knew from my past submissions that the sub didn't correct the Mistress. "Yes, Mistress."

"Goodbye, slut," she said, walking out and letting me finish my orgasm in peace.

I said, "Goodbye, Mistress," even as I heard the door slam.

I didn't move for minutes.

Shame.

Lust.

Guilt.

Euphoria.

Mortification.

Delirium.

As my orgasm finally dissipated, my heart dropped into my stomach.

What had I done?

Again!

Fuck!

Fuck!!!

Fuck!!!!

.....

I showed two houses over the next couple of hours, finally getting my composure back, even as I tried to wrap my head around the crazy predicament I had got myself into. I had declared my son's girlfriend my Mistress and then ate her asshole mindlessly before getting myself off by humping her leg. I had, undoubtedly, hit a new low.

I had one surprise inquiry about a house showing at 3PM that was called in at lunch. So I arrived early and waited a few minutes in my car for the client to arrive.

When a car showed up, I got out and headed to meet them. I stopped as a cheerleader got out of the car. A cheerleader from my son's school as she was wearing the same outfit Nancy was earlier in the day.

I sighed, yet tried to act professional as I asked, "Are you here to look at the house?"

"I'm here to have you eat me in the house," the brunette bluntly said.

"Excuse me?" I gasped, shocked by her words.

She sighed, now standing in front of me, "Your punishment for coming without permission is to eat me out in a house you are showing."

"I can't do that," I protested, appalled at the idea.

She sighed even more dramatically as she said, "Hurry up, Nancy's pet, I need to get back for practice and am skipping English for this."

"Please, I," I began, but was interrupted.

"Look, do I need to call Nancy?"

"No!" I said, worried about more punishments. This house was completely empty and there was no chance of being caught.

"And I'm told you love young cunt."

I winced at the generalization, yet I'd be lying if I claimed the idea of eating this pretty girl's pussy wasn't intriguing. The worry was my image and job.

"Do you?" she asked, when I didn't respond. "Do you want to eat my cunt, Wes's mom?"

The reminder that she knew my son made this riskier, more taboo and, somehow, more exhilarating. I whispered, "Yes."

"Pardon?"

"Yes," I said louder this time.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, I want to lick your pussy."

"My cunt?"

I sighed, even as saying the words turned me on more, "Yes, I want to eat your cunt."

"Let's go."

Two minutes later, the nameless cheerleader hopped onto the kitchen counter, which was thankfully out of view of any window, and ordered, as she spread her legs, revealing pantyhose with a hole in the crotch to give access to her trimmed pussy. "Get licking, Wes's mom."

Instantly, my mouth watered.

Yesterday's brief licking of Nancy had awakened a side of me I had long put away in the past. A submissive bi side that I had once revelled in. A side that I didn't seem able to control.

I didn't say a word as I moved to the sexy cheerleader and bent down. The counter was too high to be on my knees.

I extended my tongue and licked. Her scent in her trimmed hair was very strong. A mixture of sweat and pussy juice, one that I remembered tasting back in college, a taste that I was once addicted to.

"That's it, Nancy's slave, take your punishment. Although, I'm thinking this is much more a reward."

I agreed. Obviously the punishment was trying to humiliate me with a stranger at my work, but now that I was in my submissive position between the girl's legs I was indeed treating it like a reward. I lapped hungrily, wanting to get this girl off, get the full flood of cum that Nancy had denied me last night with the teasing sampling and today when I was ordered to eat her asshole instead.

"Such an eager MILF," she purred, as she put her hands in my hair.

And I was. I wanted to please, I needed to get her off, I craved pussy cum... something I hadn't tasted in two decades.

"Does Wes know his Mommy is a cunt licking slut?"

I didn't know the answer, but I prayed he didn't. I answered, looking up at her, "I hope not."

"I'll keep your secret," she said, before adding, "but I may use this wicked tongue from time to time."

"Yes, ma'am," I agreed without thought as I buried my face back in her pussy.

This position was awkward and uncomfortable, my neck getting sore, as her moans began to increase. I prayed I would get her off soon both to satisfy my craving and sudden insatiable lust and

to get out of this position.

"Want my cum, my pussy munching MILF slut?"

"Yes," I moaned, dying to taste her cum.

"Beg, Wes's mom."

"Oh. God, please let me taste your sweet cum. Use my tongue and face for your pleasure, ma'am," I begged, even as I kept licking, knowing she was close.

"Ma'am," she laughed. "I like that."

She grabbed the back of my head and pulled me roughly into her pussy and began grinding. I kept licking, feeling wetness all over my face and then... after a few more licks... the flood.

Cum splashed onto my face, my lips, and my tongue.

It was the baptism of my new sudden lust.

I was addicted to pussy. I was addicted to pleasing. I was addicted to pussy cum.

"Keep licking, Wes's mom," she ordered.

I obeyed, wanting to extract every last drop of the sweet cum. God, I'd forgotten how good, how heavenly, the taste of pussy cum was.

I knew then, as I finished lapping up her cum, that I was back to being the submissive pussy pleaser I was back in college.

When she let go of my head, she said, "Shit, you're better than the nerds at school."

Oddly, this flattered me and I said, as I stood up, my face coated with pussy juice, "Thank you, ma'am."

"Give me your phone."

I went to my purse and handed her my phone.

She typed something into it and handed it back to me just as her phone buzzed.

I looked at my phone and learned the brunette's name was Ryley. I had texted her. 'Text me whenever you want your cunt served'.

My face went red at the fact that this was more incriminating than what I'd just done.

"It's okay, Wes's mom, your secret is safe with me as long as you are obedient."

"Yes, ma'am," I nodded, continuing to be the subservient submissive I was.

She hopped off the kitchen counter and laughed, "Ma'am."

She walked out and I again was left with the aftermath of my weakness.

Fuck!

This was getting completely out of hand.

Fuck!

.....

I got home horny as hell, even as guilt ate at me. These polar opposite emotions continued to battle for control of me.

Nancy and Wes were home and in the front room again watching television.

I greeted, awkwardly, my face instantly going red, "Hi, guys."

"Hi, Mom," Wes greeted, Nancy's stocking-clad feet in his lap... on his crotch.

"Hi, Heather," Nancy greeted, for the first time not addressing me formally in front of my son, as she wiggled her toes.

"I'm going to make lasagna for supper," I said, leaving quickly, everything now feeling uncomfortable.

Nancy said, "I'll help you, Heather."

I was already in the kitchen when I heard Nancy's words.

I was pulling out pasta from the cupboard when Nancy came up behind me and said, "I hear you really enjoyed your punishment."

"You can't be doing that at my work, Nancy," I said, as I turned around.

"Be a good obedient submissive pussy munching slave and I won't have to discipline you," Nancy said rather matter-of-factly.

I sighed. "I don't think I can do this."

Nancy sighed back. "It's too late to back out, slut. I even got you a present for being so obedient to Ryley." She pushed me roughly to the ground, lifted up her skirt and said, "Get licking, my pet."

Seeing her pussy, any weak resolve I had melted away, as I was undeniably addicted to pussy, and I still hadn't gotten to taste her cum... just samplings of her delicious wetness.

I leaned forward and licked, not worried about my son in the next room, but only the insatiable hunger I had that needed to be satiated.

Nancy moaned softly as I licked hungrily.

As I licked, I noticed the taste was subtly different. I couldn't place it, but it was definitely different than last time.

Nancy seeing and feeling me hesitate revealed, "Can you taste your son's cum in me, Heather?"

"Oh my God!" I gasped, and stood up, realizing I was licking my son's cum from her pussy.

"You okay, Mom?" Wes called out.

I stammered, even as Nancy pushed me back onto my knees, "Yes, honey. Nancy just told me a gross joke."

"Okay," Wes said.

"Get back to licking, slut," Nancy ordered, grabbing the back of my dazed head and shoving my face into her pussy.

Dazed, confused, and mortified, I resumed licking, even as my pussy was on fire.

"I bet you'd love his cock in your asshole and his cum erupting down your throat."

I inadvertently moaned at those words as I imagined his big cock buried in my ass.

She laughed, "You are a nasty Mommy slut, aren't you?"

I didn't answer, knowing every time I spoke I fell deeper and deeper into a sexual submission I was no longer in control of.

"Answer me," she ordered, pulling my head out from between her legs.

I wasn't sure of the truth, I had no idea if my son's cock was in front of me right now if I would suck it (I hoped I could resist). I was so confused about my sexual feelings and all that had happened the past 24 hours. I didn't question my rediscovery of pussy or my natural persona of a submissive... those had been rekindled and were not going to flame out.

But.... sex with my son.

Well... that was definitely wrong.

Yet, I had fantasized about it last night and I was currently tasting his cum in his girlfriend's, my mistress's, pussy.

I no longer was sure where the line was.

Finally, I answered, avoiding saying anything about my son, "I'm your slut, Mistress."

"But are you a Mommy slut?"

I again avoided acknowledging what she was trying to get me to say as I answered, "I'm a Mom and I'm a slut, so yes I'm a Mommy slut."

"You're avoiding the question," she sighed, as she moved away and lowered her skirt, her pussy disappearing like a horrible magic trick. "So, no pussy cum for you."

I watched her walk away as I remained on my knees still dazed and confused.

Finally, I got up and made dinner, pondering the real question she was asking.

Would I suck my son?

Would I swallow his cum?

Would I take a facial from his big hard cock?

Would I allow my son to fuck me with that massive member?

Would I bend over and take his thick dick up my asshole?

Would I be his Mommy-slut?

My pussy on fire, once I had the lasagna in the oven, I scurried upstairs to deal with my own oven. I closed my bedroom door, went to my bed, and began fingering myself.

I was only a minute into overheating my oven when my door suddenly opened.

I quickly pulled my fingers out of me as I looked up and saw Nancy smiling at me with a cucumber in her hand. She closed the door and smiled, "You should probably get a lock on the door."

I begged, "Please, Nancy, I need to get back to making dinner."

She walked to the bed and nodded, "I was just about to make the salad."

"No," I said, instantly knowing what she was thinking.

"Spread your legs now, slut," she ordered, as she roughly parted the legs I had just closed, not actually giving me time to obey.

I was so horny that I didn't even feign protesting as I watched her slide the cucumber inside my pussy.

"Want to come from getting fucked by a cucumber?"

"Yes," I moaned, my orgasm already building at an accelerated rate.

"I plan to cut this cum coated cucumber in the salad."

"I know," I said, having already assumed that was her twisted plan.

"And you are okay with that?" she asked, pumping my pussy furiously with the green make-shift fuck toy.

"Yes," I answered, so close to coming I didn't care about anything else than obeying and coming.

"You may come, my Mommy-slut."

"Thank you," I absurdly screamed, covering my mouth, as I came.

She pulled the cucumber out of me as I came and headed out of the room.

I lay on my bed coming hard, literally unable to move at all. Once again mortified and ashamed by my actions; yet once again exhilarated by the pleasure that was coursing through me.

Eventually I got out of bed, composed myself and returned to the kitchen to see a salad made and already on the table. I sighed.

Fuck!

I had already eaten some of my son's cum today and unwillingly and unknowingly he would be tasting his mom's cum.

I finished getting dinner together and announced supper was ready.

I watched Wes grab the salad.

I watched Wes eat the salad.

I watched Wes make a strange face as if noticing the taste was different, yet he didn't say anything. I'm not sure I took a breath as I watched with trepidation.

Nancy asked, "How is the salad?"

"Amazing," Wes answered.

"Yes, I have my own special recipe," Nancy said, even though she was staring at me.

The rest of the evening was anti-climactic, pun intended, as after dinner they headed out to meet some friends.

It wasn't until Friday, a couple of days later, that I saw Nancy again. She called me and said, "Be home at 3:30."

Before I could respond she hung up.

I had just begun thinking that maybe this surreal couple of days was just a blip on the radar screen of the mundane life I usually led. Yet, as soon as I heard her voice my body tingled with excitement.

I headed home and arrived a few minutes early. I still hadn't gotten the opportunity to taste her pussy cum and was hoping that opportunity would occur today. I also knew that Wes had a 6pm game and wouldn't be home.

I received a text from Nancy at 3:25.

**I'm on my way slut. I expect you naked, except for your thigh highs, and on your bed waiting for me.**

Of course, I should have texted back no. Just like I should have called her back and said no. Just like I should have said no right from the beginning of this twisted time.

I, of course, did not do that.

I went upstairs, got out of my business attire, and then tentatively took off my bra and panties.

Then... I waited.

Excited.

Nervous.

Wet with anticipation.

Trembling with insecurity.

I heard the door open and close a few minutes later. Then I heard voices... as in more than one. They were female voices, two of them, and they were coming upstairs.

I sighed.

How many other people were going to know of my submissive tendencies and my inability to say no to Nancy or any other strong-willed beautiful woman? I slid under the sheets just as Nancy and a different cheerleader than last time walked into my bedroom.

"Why are you under the covers, slut?" Nancy asked.

"I heard another voice."

"Let's see if you obeyed, slut."

I looked at the other girl, in the exact same cheerleader outfit as Nancy, which meant she knew my son, before I obeyed, shame again trembling through me.

"Holy shit, you were telling the truth," the girl said, clearly shocked by my obedience.

"Who owns you, Wes's mom?" Nancy questioned.

"You do, Mistress," I answered, my natural desire to obey overriding the shame I should feel.

"And you will do whatever I ask?"

"Of course, Mistress," I nodded.

"Crawl over to Sabrina here and beg to eat her cunt," Nancy ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," I obeyed, getting off the bed and going to the still stunned blonde. When I reached her, I asked, "May I please lick your cunt, ma'am?"

"This is fucking awesome," Sabrina said.

Unlike the last girl, who had a hole already made for me to get to her pussy, this one was wearing pantyhose.

I asked, "Is that a yes?"

"Hell yeah," she nodded.

I pulled her pantyhose down to her ankles, and then her panties, to see a completely shaved box.

"She's a great pussy muncher," Nancy said. "Better than the nerds."

"I'll make that conclusion for myself," Sabrina smiled, as she grabbed my head and pulled it into her pussy.

Her pussy was already wet and sweaty, which made for a sweet and tart taste. And as I licked my third pussy in a few days, I felt like I was on a wine tour in France... pussy being better than wine, each similar and yet subtly different.

Sabrina moaned, "Fuck, her tongue is amazing."

"Told you."

"I can't believe you made your boyfriend's mom your slut."

"It was fucking easy too."

Listening to them talking about me so derogatorily should have been humiliating, yet it wasn't at all. Instead it only enhanced my desire to be the pussy pleasing slut they saw me as.

I lapped at her pussy like I was drunk on it, like I was when I travelled the wineries of France.

"Get her off, Wes's mom, and then I'm going to let you finally get my pussy cum," Nancy revealed, which sent a rush of adrenaline up my spine.

I licked faster.

Sabrina laughed with a moan, "Apparently, she really wants to eat your box."

"Who doesn't?"

"Touché."

After a couple more minutes, as the moaning got louder, I sucked and tugged her clit into my lips.

That did it.

"Fuuuuuuck," Sabrina screamed, as her sweet homemade wine poured out of her and onto my lips and into my mouth.

"We should bring her on next weekend's trip," Nancy said.

"Fuck yes," Sabrina moaned. "Always good to have one more pussy muncher to keep us loose."

"Edith may get jealous."

"We'll let Edith have Wes's mom as her own pet."

"Wicked idea," Nancy said. She then ordered, "Come to the bed, Wes's mom."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, giving one more lick before returning to my bed.

"Lie down on your back."

"Yes, Mistress."

Nancy straddled my face as she asked, "Want to get ass fucked by Sabrina while you munch on my snatch?"

"Yes, please, Mistress," I nodded, her pussy hovering above me teasingly.

"As you wish," Nancy purred, while lowering her pussy onto my face.

I instantly began licking, her scent strong in the enclosed space.

I felt my legs spread open, fingers coating my asshole with lube and then a finger slid inside. I moaned into Nancy's pussy as my asshole was prepared for cock. The finger wiggled inside before a second finger was added, my ass being prepped and gaped. My college Mistress and my husband used to gape my ass for fucking, although it didn't take long as my ass was trained for cock... big cock.

After a couple of minutes of anal prep, I felt the fingers leave my asshole and then felt a cock rubbing up and down my pussy lips. Then, as I continued slowly lapping my Mistress's sweet pussy, I felt the cock slide inside my fevered box.

I moaned into Nancy's pussy, the plastic cock feelingly shockingly real. I had been fucked by strap-on cocks back in college, but they had always felt like plastic cocks. This... this felt real.

The cock slowly fucked my pussy as Nancy asked, "Like that, Wes's mom?"

"God, yes," I moaned, between licks.

"You like that big dick in your cunt?" Nancy questioned.

"Fuck, it feels so real," I said, my orgasm already rising... it being so long since I had been fucked.

"Ready to get ass fucked, Wes's mom?" Nancy questioned.

I felt the cock slip out of my pussy and move to my ass. As the cock teased my lubed rosebud, Nancy said, "You heard her, shove your dick in your Mom, baby."

I heard the words, but it took me a few seconds in my muddled head to realize what was actually happening as a cock slid inside my ass.

My son was fucking my ass.

"Keep licking, Wes's mom," Nancy ordered, as she began grinding on my face.

Pinned down and feeling the thrilling mixture of pleasure and pain as my son filled my ass with his massive dick, I didn't fight it... instead I gave in completely to the pleasure... to the taboo sin... to the most submissive act of my life.

I resumed licking Nancy's sweet cunt as I felt hands cup my tits while my son's cock began to slowly fuck my ass.

"Told you she wouldn't resist," Nancy said, as she ground her pussy on my face.

I hated she was right.

I loved she knew she was right.

I licked her pussy hungrily as the pain began to simmer and the pleasure took control.

My son was fucking my ass.

I was letting my son fuck my ass.

I was enjoying my son fucking my ass.

Fuck!

Fuck!!

Fuck!!!

Finally, Wes spoke. "You like my dick in your ass, Mom?"

Nancy lifted her body up enough for me to answer. "Oh God, Wes, this is so wrong."

"Do you want me to stop?" Wes asked, his dick stopping buried deep in me.

"I didn't say that," I smiled, not that he could see.

"What do you want, Mom?"

"For you to fuck Mommy's ass with your big hard cock, baby," I answered. "Time to make you a Mother fucker."

"Oh God," he groaned.

"Now fuck Mommy's ass hard, you nasty Mother fucking stud," I demanded, as I grabbed Nancy's hips and pulled her pussy back onto my face.

I resumed licking as Wes began pounding my ass.

Nancy moaned, "Fuck your Mom, baby. Ream that asshole."

I moaned into her pussy as I licked, the hard ass fucking creating complete euphoria through my very being.

"Fuck this is so hot," Sabrina moaned.

Nancy's moans got louder as did my own.

And as crazy as it sounded, we came together, her pussy juice coating my face as my cum was flooding out of my cunt from the hard core ass fucking.

"Your fucking mother came without permission," Nancy scolded, as she ground her pussy all over my face, giving me a literal face wash.

"You come without permission from my ass fucking too, slut," Wes said, surprising me again. Was he the one in charge?

"Your dick is magical," Nancy pointed out.

"God, I'm not going to last much longer," Wes groaned.

"Where do you want to come?" Nancy asked.

"On my Mom's face," Wes declared, as Nancy quickly got off me and he pulled his cock out of my ass.

Like the slut I was... the lesbian slut... the ass slut... the Mommy slut... I quickly got off my back, spun around and got onto my knees and took his cock in my mouth.

I always loved the nastiness of sucking a cock that was just in my ass.

So the reality I was sucking my son's cock, willingly committing incest, only enhanced the thrill.

"Oh yes, Mom, suck my cock."

I moaned in response as I bobbed on his massive snake.

"So fucking hot," Sabrina said.

"Incredible," Nancy concurred.

"A dream come true," my son added.

"Literally," Nancy joked, just as my son pulled his cock out of my eager cock sucking mouth and instantly coated my face with his cum.

Rope after rope of cum splattered my entire face, hitting my forehead, my eyes, nose, open mouth and chin.

"God, I've been fantasizing about this for a long time, Mom," Wes revealed, as he slid his cock back in my mouth.

I retrieved every last drop of his sweet cum, still not coming down from the high of the orgasm and submissive taboo act.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end... literally.

Wes pulled out and said, "Shit, I'm going to be late for warm up."

"I think you are warmed up," Nancy laughed, as she leaned in and kissed my son.

When Wes broke the kiss, he looked down at me and said, "Thanks, Mommy-slut. I think I may have a new pregame ritual."

Still in the afterglow of pleasure, I quipped, "I hope this isn't a once a week thing."

"Fuck, you really are a nasty slut," Nancy said.

Sabrina added, "Christ, Wes, you have your own live-in fuck toy."

"And at school I have two fuck toys," Wes countered as he got off the bed.

"Three, if you include Mrs. Walker," Nancy revealed.

"How could I forget her," Wes laughed.

"We need to get going too," Sabrina said. "Coach freaks out when we're late."

"True," Nancy nodded, before adding, the cherry on the cake of surprises, "That went exactly as you planned."

"I wasn't sure it would work," Wes nodded.

"You planned this entire thing?" I asked, revelation suddenly hitting me.

Wes admitted, "I did."

"No way," I said, surprised.

"I found your old diary and knew of your submissive lesbian past. Mixed with hearing your obedient submission to Dad when he was alive and well... I figured you would do exactly as you did."

My head spun one last time.

Finally, I asked, "Now what?"

"I celebrate tonight's victory with a three-hole Mommy-fucking," Wes said, leaning down and kissing me in a very non mom-son way.

I kissed him back and when he broke the kiss, I asked coyly, "How do you know I want to be your three-hole fuck toy?"

"I wasn't asking," he said, before turning and walking out.

"You're still my slut too," Nancy stressed.

"Mine too," Sabrina added.

"Yes, Mistresses," I agreed, knowing everything had changed.

"Now get showered and dressed, I think you need to meet the rest of the senior cheerleader's tonight," Nancy said.

"What about my son?"

"You mean your Master?"

"Yes, what about my Master?"

"By the time he is done showering and changing, you will have munched all our pussies," Nancy said.

"Yummy," I replied, as I got off the bed thinking this life-changing night was just getting started.

THE END