

CUM 4 MOMMY: A CUM BUCKET STORY

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Mom's cum addiction is sated by virgin nerd son's big cock.

Incest/Taboo

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I love cum.

I mean to the point I believe it should be its own special food group.

I mean I am addicted to cum.

I mean I am addicted to cum like a junky is addicted to heroin.

I mean to the point that if I don't get at least a load a day, preferably at least two, I begin to go through withdrawal.

I love a cock in my mouth... especially when I get to feel it grow from soft to hard.

I love the variety of lengths... from the smallest not even four inches to one that was over a foot long.

I love the variety of girths... thin like a pencil, thick like a German sausage.

But most of all... as I already mentioned... I love cum.

Cum was my delicacy... and to me cum is similar, but much better, than oysters. I love the slimy feeling in my mouth as I sometimes allow it to swish in my mouth as if I'm tasting a new wine or as it slides down my throat. I love the unique, one of a kind, taste... each load of cum, like each oyster, a one of a kind delicacy... similar and yet different.

Simply put... in case it isn't already abundantly clear... I fucking love cum. I mean I'd much rather have a cock in my mouth than in my cunt or ass (and trust me I have experimented with cock in all three holes many times).

I love the power I have when I have a cock in my mouth. I decide when they come, I control the pleasure.

And although I love swallowing cum, I also enjoy the thrill of having my face painted with cum. A facial is like a warm bath... plus cum is great for the skin. I often get compliments, even now at

forty-five, about my perfect skin and only a few of my closest friends know my secret to perfect skin is cum baths.

Anyways.... I think you get my point.

When I was young it was easy to get as many loads as I wanted in a day: in high school I was a cheerleader, but when it came to getting my cum I usually went to the nerd clubs who were both grateful to have a girl who wanted to suck them and able to keep a secret.

After a football game, while the other cheerleaders went to football parties, I would go to Eugene's house and suck every nerd's cock while they played Dungeons and Dragons or whatever other nerd game they were playing that weekend.

At school, the nerds even had their own room because the teachers trusted them so much and thus I often went and got a load or two or three or more during the day. Every day at lunch, I would sneak away at some point for some nice creamy cum.

Prom night, I lost my virginity to my college boyfriend, who I often sucked as well, but earlier that night I swallowed a dozen loads of cum from every graduating nerd.

In college it was even easier... although it didn't take long to get a reputation as a slut who would suck anyone... which I would.

I sucked students, sports teams (yes, an entire team), professors, the Dean and, in my senior year over a weekend, an entire frat house.

The real world was harder... pun intended... to find cocks to suck. I ended up getting pregnant by my boyfriend in my last semester of college and, being a good Catholic (hahaha), I married him.

We had three kids, all boys, and for years I tried to be a good faithful wife. James had a nice cock and sure wasn't one to reject my mouth and the daily blow jobs I gave him.

Yet, it was never enough. I always craved more.

And then one day... while out for groceries... I ended up in an adult store... and then in a gloryhole... and then on my knees... and then sucking stranger's cocks.

And once that first load erupted in my mouth, my addiction was back.

That first day, I sucked six and swallowed each unique, tasty load... savouring each, convincing myself at the time this was just a one-time indiscretion, a quick one time fix.

That night, at the kitchen table with my husband, and my eighteen year old son (my nineteen year old and twenty one year old sons no longer living at home), I felt extreme guilt at cheating... at what I had done... and promised myself I would not do it again.

Yet....

I returned the next day and spent a couple of hours sucking a dozen or so cocks. Losing track of time and the count, ending up showing up late for the PTA meeting I was supposed to be running.

Each night I would feel guilt at my actions and yet the next day I would always end up in a dingy adult store (I would learn the city had 12 different glory holes, not to mention some set-up by perverts... thus I would rotate through all of them to get variety and avoid getting a reputation at

one), on my knees sucking as many cocks as I could in the time I had allotted myself. My record, on a Tuesday in the business district, was thirty-three (I swallowed twenty of those loads and wore the other thirteen all over my face)... but usually three to five loads was my norm.

One afternoon, after taking six loads after a bake sale fundraiser meeting at my son's school for his upcoming prom, I came home an hour before school was to end and was surprised to see my son's car in the driveway.

I checked my face to make sure the two loads that had splattered my face was all off before I headed into the house. Glancing down at my red blouse, I saw it had a couple of cum stains, but it was unlikely that he would know that was what it was... my son was a bit awkward, a bit shy and thankfully, at eighteen, more interested in getting a full scholarship to Harvard than going to parties.

I entered the house and went directly to my bedroom to change, when I didn't see him in the kitchen or living room. I was walking by his room and towards mine when I heard a surprising sound. "That's it, slut, suck my cock."

That was Josh's voice.

Did I really hear him just call someone a slut?

Did I really hear him talk about getting his cock sucked?

I had never even heard him swear before.

I walked slowly to the slightly open door, curious who he could be talking to... especially in my room.

He then said, "That's it, Mom, deep throat my cock with that slut mouth of yours."

I froze.

What?

Was he talking about me?

Was someone pretending to be me?

Before I could move, he continued, with a groan, "Oh yes, use those nylon legs on me, Mommy."

I always wore nylons... my husband likes them and I had grown-up wearing them as they were very popular in the 1980's and especially with our skimpy cheerleading outfits. I just loved how they showcased my legs and, truthfully, I loved the feel of them on my legs (I only bought sheer silk pantyhose, thigh highs and stockings from Wolford).

Slowly, I moved to the slightly ajar door, and peeked inside.

I stared in shock.

He was alone.

On my bed.

He was masturbating with a stocking on his hand.

Holding a pair of my soiled panties in one hand that he was sniffing.

He was also completely naked.

And....

And....

And....

His cock was huge.

Thick.

Long.

Perfection.

I couldn't help it, instantly my mouth watered and my pussy dampened.

I briefly forgot that he was my son as I stared at the perfect cock just a few feet away from me.

"You want my cum, don't you, Mommy-slut?" he groaned, now furiously stroking his cock with his nylon-clad hand.

I gasped, thankfully he was too far gone to actually hear me and I watched in voyeuristic awe as he grunted, "Take my cum all over your face, my live-in cum bucket."

God, I couldn't believe his words, or how much they were turning me on. Although I loved sucking cock, loved cum, I had always hated name calling. I was a lady... just a lady who had a cum addiction.

Yet, his words had my pussy on fire, or maybe it was his thick, long, hard cock... either way I was completely intoxicated by my son masturbating.

Then his cum exploded in the air like a missile and I watched in hunger and disappointment (what a waste of precious cum) as it landed somewhere other than my mouth.

"Yeah, take it all, Mom," he groaned, as rocket after rocket of yummy cum shot out of him like a machine gun.

Once the last rocket finished, landing somewhere on my bed, I tip-toed backwards and then scurried out of my house so he didn't know I was home and had seen what I saw.

In my car, I sat there in shock.

What just happened? Okay, I know what just happened... the real question was what should I do about it?

Was it natural for a son to fantasize about his mother?

How often had he been doing this?

Why did it get me so excited?

How often did he use my stockings to masturbate... sniff my soiled panties?

Sure he had a big cock!

Sure he shot a huge fucking load of cum... yummy, yummy cum!

But he was my son.

I waited a couple of minutes so he could clean up, put my panties back in the laundry hamper, my stocking away (I wondered if any of his cum landed on them), before I headed back into the house.

I slammed the door hard enough to alert Barry that I was home.

I walked into the kitchen, giving him more time, and got a drink of water... trying to quench my thirst, although it wasn't water I wanted.

I then called out, "Barry, are you home?"

"Yeah," he called out, coming down the stairs.

"You're home early," I said, trying to act casual, as he entered the kitchen, my eyes instantly drawn to his crotch.

"Early dismissal," he explained.

"Right," I nodded, as I tried to fathom how he hid such a big dick in those jeans. "I always forget that."

"So how was your day?" He asked, no hint that he had just come on my bed. This again made me wonder how many times he had done this while I wasn't home.

I noticed, as he asked the question, he was checking out my legs.

Deciding to test something, I swayed one leg back and forth seeing if he would stare at it, "Oh, rather surprising actually."

"How so?" He asked, not making eye contact at me, but watching my leg as if it was a hypnotist's watch.

"Oh, I just learned that people are not always what they seem," I said, as I stopped moving my leg.

This led him to actually look back up to me and ask, he hadn't been listening to my words, as he was completely distracted and enamoured by my feet, "So, how was your day?"

We chatted about school and so forth and then he went to work on a history essay he was writing and I made dinner.

Once dinner was in the oven, I went upstairs and checked for cum stains on my bed and stocking.

The bed didn't have any cum left, but a couple slightly wet spots. Obviously, he did more than just scoop up the cum.

My panties were not on top of the laundry hamper, but under yesterday's skirt.

My stocking though, I couldn't find.

Did he keep them?

So many questions, so few answers.

I went back downstairs, my pussy burning, but with my husband likely to be home at any moment I had to just squash the desire to quickly go and get myself off.

That night, after fucking and sucking my husband, I lay in bed unable to get the words of my son earlier, his massive cock, at least two inches bigger than his father's, and his massive cum shot out of my head.

Seeing my son in my bedroom, naked, masturbating, had my entire world spinning.

Were all his fantasies about me?

How often did he come into my room and sniff my panties and use my nylons for pleasuring himself?

Did he really envision me as his personal slut? His, what did he call me, his Mommy-slut or his live-in cum bucket?

And why did just reliving that surreal moment make me horny again?

Why did the name calling turn me on?

Why did the idea of being his live-in cum bucket turn me on? (Besides the obvious reality that I was already a cum bucket).

Fuck!

The next morning, once my husband was off to work and my son off to school, I snuck into his room and went to his computer.

I was curious... what kind of porn I would find on it?

I mean I think one of the surest bets in the world is if you have a teenage boy, he has porn on his computer.

Thankfully, he didn't have a password and I began searching.

Of course, he didn't have a folder called porn or Mommy sluts or anything on his main directory, but after a few minutes, just when I was beginning to think I may have the one boy in America who didn't have porn on his computer, I found it.

It was well hidden in a directory called homework, then a directory called English, then a directory called Shakespeare and then in a directory called Hamlet.

Besides a Hamlet essay were three more directories called P, S and V.

I clicked on P and I found three more folders numbered 1, 2, and 3.

Clicking on 1 I gasped. There were over 10,000 pictures of women in nylons... mostly older women... some were posing fully dressed, some were naked except for nylons (pantyhose, stockings, thigh

highs, etc) and some were sex scenes (mostly lesbian, but some couples, and even a few orgies or gangbangs).

After going through a few and recalling briefly my few lesbian encounters in high school and college, I clicked back and onto number 2.

This was all girls getting coated in cum, over a thousand of them. Mostly they were facials, but there were also quite a few cum on foot shots (all in nylons), cum on tits shots, cum on ass shots and a few girls licking cum off the floor shots.

This would have shocked and disgusted most mothers... but it just made me hungry.

I clicked back and entered folder three.

If the first two shocked me... well this shocked me to the core. They were all of me. Now, for the record, they were not creepy, sly pictures taken of me without my permission, but pictures of me dressed up, almost entirely showing me in my stocking-clad feet throughout the years.

In case I thought my son's jerking off about me was a one-time thing, well, this derailed that theory.

My head spinning, I clicked back twice and then went into the second secret folder S.

Here I found hundreds of sex stories... and every single one of them was an incest story involving a mother and son or sons.

Titles included: Sitting on My Son's Lap

Slut Mommie

What Mom Doesn't Know Will Fuck Her

My Son's Huge Cock

Replacing My Cum Bucket

Bareback in My Mom

Mom's Submission

Housewife, Mother & Slut

A Family Affair

Momma Slut

The majority of them fit with the theme of yesterday: Mommy-slut, cum bucket, ass whore, submissive, stockings often included, eager Mom cock sucker, etc.

I read twenty or thirty stories, each one making me wet, each one somehow making the idea of incest, the idea of sucking my son's huge cock, more feasible, more right.

I came... hard... while reading the nasty 'Pet Mommy' series, even as I envisioned I was the 'Pet Mommy' and Barry was the son.

I realized I hadn't clicked on the 'V' folder yet. So, I did.

It had tons of videos. I scrolled down and learned that there were actual incest video clips, some looking authentic like: 'Mommy takes my virginity,' 'Mommy's my cocksucker', 'My son's big dick', 'Gangbang Mom', 'My Master, My Son', and 'Mommy craves Cum' just to name a few.

My cunt was again burning, and after downloading some of the incest ones to watch later, I logged out, my head spinning, I headed out desperate to get a few loads of cum to quench my insatiable thirst... which I was craving even more after learning of my son's fantasies about me.

Almost every title seemed to be ones that could be made about me:

-I was pretty sure Barry was still a virgin and suddenly the idea of being the one to take it was shockingly exciting

-Equally exciting was being his cocksucker, playing with his big dick and having a fresh load of cum at my disposal all the time (he never went out, he was young which meant he likely could reload fast and he clearly shot a massive load)

-Although I hadn't ever thought about name-calling, other than when nasty words were thrown at me from the other side of the wall, the idea of being a Mommy-slut, maybe even having my son as a Master... well... that intrigued me.

I drove to the nearest glory hole, just ten minutes away, one I seldom went to because of its close proximity to my home and my son's school, and headed in.

I only had an hour, I had a hair appointment already scheduled for that day, but I was starving for cum.

Thankfully, I wasn't in the stall two minutes when a nice thick cock was offered to me.

I didn't hesitate, dropping to my knees and taking the semi-erect dick in my mouth, ready to get it fully erect and ready for launch.

As I did, I closed my eyes and imagined it was my son's dick I was sucking. I couldn't help it, but it was like a door had been opened and there was no way my conscious mind could close it.

I bobbed hungrily, imagining that instead of watching him stroke that massive pecker of his, I walked in and helped him out.

"M-m-mom," he stammered, as I took his dick in my hand.

"Do you really want your very own personal Mommy-slut?" I asked, as I slowly stroked his hard as steel dick.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, clearly mortified by being caught in my room, with my panties, my stocking and saying such derogatory things."

"No, I'm sorry, baby," I purred. "Mommy should have known your needs were not being fulfilled." I leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth as I swirled my tongue around his thick mushroom top.

"Oh, God," he groaned.

I repeated the question, as I licked his shaft up and down with my tongue, "So, do you really want your own Mommy-slut? A mouth to slide into any time you want, a cunt to pound any time you want and even a tight asshole to ream anytime you want?"

"Oh, Mom," he whimpered, assumedly in awe of his fantasy coming true.

"Don't you mean, oh Mommy?" I purred, before I sucked one of his balls in his mouth.

"I can't believe this," he said, as I moved from one ball to the other.

"Is this your fantasy, baby?" I asked, slithering my tongue back up his thick shaft.

"Yes," he replied, looking like a deer in the headlights.

"Do you always jerk off about me being your cum bucket?" I asked, as I took his cock deep into my mouth.

"Ooooooh."

I bobbed for less than thirty seconds before he grunted and I felt the full load of his cum exploding into my mouth and sliding smoothly down my throat.

I eagerly swallowed the load of the stranger, instantly bringing me back to reality. The fact was that my mind and body... my pussy so wet I could feel my panties getting soaked... so effortlessly and naturally drew me into the act of incest.

Once I finished swallowing the load, and the stranger's cock disappeared, I shook my head. What was becoming of me?

Why couldn't I stop thinking of my son's cock?

Would I really do something so taboo?

The other wall had a cock waiting for me and I moved to it and took the already hard dick in my mouth hungry for more cum.

As I bobbed, my mind again replayed yesterday but with a much nastier ending.

"Mom, are you watching me?" He asked, catching me staring at him jerking off.

I stammered, "N-n-no."

"Get in here," my usually very polite son demanded. "Come to me."

I obeyed, unsure why, staring at his cock the entire time.

"You want my cock, don't you, cum bucket?" He asked, stroking his cock as I watched his hand like a hypnotist's hand.

"Barry!" I gasped, shocked by my nerdy son's blunt words.

"Mother!" He mocked. "I know you're a cum hungry, cock craving, glory hole visiting slut."

"Barry," I repeated, less out of shock, and more out of shame.

"You can satisfy your insatiable hunger for cum right at home," he said.

"Barry, I'm your mother," I protested, even as my mouth drooled at his big, juicy cock.

"And now you're my mommy-slut," he retorted, before ordering, "now get sucking like you do all day while Dad's at work and I'm in school."

"But...." I began and he raised his voice, as if he was the parent and I the disobedient child, "now!"

My pussy on fire, my mouth salivating, I obeyed my son's order, leaning down and taking his throbbing rod in my mouth.

"That's it, Mommy-slut," he moaned as he grabbed my head and roughly pushed me down so his entire almost nine inch cock tickled my tonsils. Thankfully, I was an experienced cock sucker and I was able to control my gag reflex.

"Shit, all the cheerleader sluts gag like hell when I do this," he said, seemingly impressed by my experience.

I, on the other hand, wasn't sure what I was more shocked by: the fact I had nine inches of my son's cock buried in my throat or that he apparently was fucking cheerleaders.

Equally shocking was the sudden jealousy over the fact that I wasn't his first cocksucker... which was an absurd thought since he is eighteen and how many eighteen-year-olds are still virgins?

Holding my head in place, Barry did something no man had ever done to me... while holding my head, his cock still lodged deep in my mouth, he began bucking his ass up, literally fucking my face.

It was humiliating and exhilarating...

I love sucking cock, but usually I was the one in charge... controlling the pleasure... but this time I was just a vessel for his pleasure.

"You like that, you nasty glory hole slut?" he asked, as he violently fucked my face.

I moaned in response, unable to answer as he used me for his pleasure.

"From now on you can get your cum quota without even leaving the house," he said, just as he deposited a load in my throat.

Again I was brought back to the reality that I wasn't being face fucked by my son as a second load was deposited in my mouth from a stranger.

Once he pulled his cock out of my mouth, I sat up and shook my head. Fuck! What was wrong with me?

Looking at my watch, I also realized I needed to get going if I was going to make it to my appointment on time.

I headed out, currently satisfied with the two loads warming my belly, but undeniably hungry for more... hungry for my son.

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I was making dinner when Barry came home.

Curious about his stocking foot fetish, so many of his pictures of me in my nylon feet, I paid close attention as I walked around in my nylon-clad feet... showcasing my newly pedicured feet and my

toenails painted a sexy bright purple

I called out, "I'm in the kitchen, sweetheart."

Barry came in and instantly his first reaction was to glance down to my legs and feet.

I asked, "How was your day?"

"T-t-the usual," he shrugged, even as his eyes remained downward at my feet.

"I got a pedicure this afternoon," I said, wiggling my toes. "Do you like the colour?"

Staring at my feet, he answered, "Y-y-yes."

"Are you okay?" I asked, enjoying the impact I now realized I seemed to have on him.

He finally broke his stare at my feet and said, "Yeah, just a long day."

"Yeah, me too. Five inch heels were a mistake today. My feet are killing me," I said, as I sat down on the kitchen chair and moved my feet onto a vacant one.

He watched my every move with intensity, and as I glanced at his cock, while he stared at the soles of my feet, I saw a bulge... which only enhanced my own excitement.

He said, trying to act casual, "I've never understood high heels."

"We do it to be sexy for men," I explained, as I wiggled my toes, before adding, "they are an important accessory to a woman's wardrobe... plus they really help accentuate my legs."

"I guess," he nodded, I think only partially listening as he was likely being drawn into one of his own fantasies in his head.

Glancing at the clock, and knowing I had a few minutes before I had to put dinner in the oven, and before Martin would be home, I asked, using the sexy term from many of the stories on his computer, 'Mommy', "Could you do Mommy a big favour?"

"Sure," he said, always a good boy... even if behind the nerdy, sweet exterior, he was a major pervert... something that made him just like me. On the exterior I was a mother, a PTA president, a housewife... but underneath I was a cum hungry cock sucker and maybe... I wasn't sure yet... a Mommy-slut.

"Would you be a dear and massage Mommy's feet?" I requested, wanting to drive him wild and create a new fantasy for him about me.

Did I plan to suck or fuck him at that moment?

I didn't think so.

Yet, the idea was definitely in my mind.

"S-s-s-s-sure?" He stuttered, as if he may have a seizure.

"You don't have to if you don't want to," I said, really enjoying the discomfort and excitement I was creating for my son. "Maybe it was weird of me to ask."

"No, I'll do it," he quickly said, too obviously (although I wonder if it would have seemed obvious if I didn't know what I knew), as he quickly moved to me, dropped to his knees and took one of my sheer stockings in his hand.

Again testing him, I asked, "Should I take my stockings off?"

"No, these are fine," he said, treating my silky sheer foot as if it was the Holy Grail.

"You sure?" I asked.

The first hint of confidence came from him as he said, "Actually, the softness of the nylons makes it easier."

"Oh, okay," I nodded. "I hope they're soft, they are imported from Europe."

"Really?" He asked, looking up at me for the first time.

"Yeah, your father expects me in them all the time and expects only sheer silk," I revealed, which was true.

"He does?" He asked, likely making the correlation that he and his father had the same fetish.

"Yeah, that's his fetish," I shrugged, even as I wiggled my toes right in front of his face.

When Barry didn't say anything, completely intoxicated and in a trance from my feet, I added, "Probably not something you need to know, that your father gets horny from your old mother in nylons."

This seemed to draw Barry out of his trance. "You're not old, Mom."

"Really, I'm four decades old," I sighed, using my drama past to really look depressed... when in reality I felt ten years younger than my 44.

"Mom, you're in way better shape than almost every girl in my school," he said, as he moved to my other foot.

"That's sweet, honey," I smiled down at him, "but you don't have to lie to your Mom."

"I'm not," he protested. "Trust me, most of the girls in high school are either anorexic thin or already overweight."

"So I'm the perfect weight?" I smiled.

"You are," he nodded.

"You, my young man, will make some woman very, very lucky one day," I said... thinking as soon as the girls find out he has a nine inch dick his popularity will skyrocket... girls talk... likely more than boys.

"Yeah, right," he said, his insecurities coming out.

"Honey," I said softly. "High school sucks. It is based on the superficial. But trust me, once you go to college and meet people with similar interests to yours... you will suddenly be a major catch."

"I doubt it," he said.

Ignoring his denial, I continued, going a bit overboard, "Plus, if you're as big as your father, once the girls know what you're packing in your pants they will be lining up for a shot."

"Mom!" Barry gasped, even though he didn't stop massaging my feet.

"What?" I asked. "You're eighteen now. We can have adult conversations."

"But this is weird," he said, looking uncomfortable... although likely because his big dick was fully erect in his pants and not in a good position... I could think of lots of good positions for his cock and three holes it would fit perfectly... shit... I really was a Mommy-slut.

I continued, "Honey, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure," he said, really giving me a great massage.

I assumed the answer to this was yes, but I asked anyway, wanting confirmation, "Are you still a virgin?"

"Mom!"

"What? This is a question every mom wonders about," I said, before adding, wanting to keep him on his knees a bit longer, "and can you do my calves too?"

"Sure," he nodded, not finding this at all weird, as he moved his hand up.

After a minute, I pointed out, "You never answered my question."

"I hoped you'd forgotten."

"Mom's don't forget."

"Yes," he whispered.

"That is nothing to be ashamed of," I said, even as the idea of taking his virginity suddenly became really, really intriguing.

"In high school it is," he said, even though he was fixated on the task at hand.

"Like I said, in college everything starts over," I said. "You are judged by who you are and sometimes by what you have in your pants."

"Oh, God," he said, in more of a moan than an 'I can't believe I am having this conversation with my mother', sound.

I continued, adding, pushing the boundaries even more, "Being able to go down on a girl is also a very good skill in college."

"I can't believe we are having this conversation," he said, clearly bewildered and uncomfortable and yet not stopping touching my nylon-clad calves.

"What?" I asked. "This is very good advice and it's how your dad, who was quite a nerd in his younger days, got a popular cheerleader like me... a big dick and a wicked tongue."

"Aaaaaaaaah," he said, "please stop."

"This advice is golden, Barry," I said. "Especially if your penis is as big as your dad's." After a pause, I decided to keep up the full frontal assault, "Can I ask you one more personal question?"

"Why stop now?" He joked, even though I could tell that underneath that exterior of shock and discomfort in a sexual conversation with his mother, he was really enjoying himself.

"Your dad is seven inches," I revealed. "Are you close to that big? If you are, you will get all the pussy you want."

"I can't believe you just said 'pussy'," he said, this time the look in his eyes showing he was shocked.

"Well, it's what it is, and the 'c' word is a bit crude unless used in the heat of the moment," I added.

"This is surreal," he said, shaking his head.

"Answer the question," I repeated.

He paused, looked up at me, and said, with just the slightest hint of pride, "I'm bigger than Dad."

"How much bigger?" I asked, raising an eye brow.

"A couple inches," he said, seeming to get some confidence from the revelation that his dick was bigger than his dad's.

"You're nine inches?" I gasped, expecting an Oscar nomination for this performance of shock I was presenting.

"When hard," he said.

"I hope not when soft," I laughed, before adding, "well, in that case, you should just walk over to the cheerleaders tomorrow, whip out your dick and watch them fight over who gets it."

"That would never happen," he said.

"One of the biggest lies ever told is that size doesn't matter," I said. "Trust me, it does."

"Okay," he nodded.

I glanced to the clock and realized twenty minutes had passed. "Shoot, I could have you massage me all night, but I need to get supper started."

"Anytime you need one, just ask," he said, as I moved my feet away from him.

"Be careful what you say, I may take you up on that," I smiled, standing up.

"You're wish is my command," he said, quoting the Genie from Aladdin... my favourite movie.

"So you're my Genie?" I asked.

"At your service," he smiled, standing up and bowing.

"So do I get three wishes?" I questioned, smiling seductively at him.

"You get infinite wishes," he replied... once a nerd, always a nerd.

"Well, you can have three wishes too," I smiled, already knowing what ones I would offer him.

He laughed, "This must be a remake of the movie."

I nodded, just as the front door opened, my words foreshadowing what was to come (pun intended), "Maybe we'll have to make our own movie."

He looked at me perplexed as I glanced down at his crotch area, turned around, and shook my head as I whispered, "Nine inches, holy shit."

That night, after taking a load down my throat from my husband, I went downstairs after he passed out (five minutes, like clockwork, after sex) and decided to watch some of the incest movies I had downloaded.

Craving cum at the moment, I clicked on 'Mommy Craves Cum'.

The Mom was naked, in her living room, with huge fake tits, fingering herself while watching a pretty young girl take facial after facial in a bukakke movie (easily my biggest fantasy I had not yet done) when her two sons walk in wearing their baseball uniforms.

They watch their mom in stunned shock for a couple of minutes, eventually pulling out their huge, already hard, cocks (being a fluffer for a porn studio is also a fantasy of mine, although I would be annoyed to get the big, juicy cocks hard and ready for action but not get the money shot) and stroking themselves while they watched their mom pump a couple of fingers into her wet cunt.

One of the sons stumbles, making some noise, startling the near orgasmic mom.

Her eyes go big as she turns to see two things: 1. Her sons had caught her masturbating to porn. 2. Both her sons had massive cocks.

Because this is porn, there wasn't any internal protest, but instead the hungry mother ordered, "Don't you dare waste that cum. Get over here and feed Mommy."

I shook my head at the terrible dialogue and yet my pussy, not satisfied by my husband's quick, as usual, trigger, was burning.

I watched as the two sons quickly got undressed, no questions asked, and hurried over to their beautiful mother.

The mother dropped to her knees and took turns sucking both cocks: sucking on one, while stroking the other... this made me wonder what it would be like to service two cocks at once and even more so two sons (my eldest son, down in Texas on a football scholarship, was three years older, and the reason for the shotgun wedding, while my other son was in Europe).

This made me wonder about the 'Gangbang Mommy' video.

I fast forwarded the video I was watching and eventually she was on all fours sucking one, while getting fucked by the other.

I fast forwarded through a few position changes before she was back on her knees and both sons were furiously stroking their cocks.

She begged, "Give Mommy your cum."

And they did, two loads splattering her face almost simultaneously.

God, that was fucking hot.

It made me want more cum.

It made me want to go to Barry's room, crawl under his sheets and devour that nine inch cock.

Instead... I watched another video: 'Gangbang Mommy'.

Horny though, I went to the kitchen and grabbed one of my favourite sex 'toys' for nights when I masturbated at night and didn't want to:

A) Sneak back into my room and grab one of my sex toys.

B) Make any noise, which all my toys did, except for my suction wall cock, which also didn't seem like something to use when others were home asleep.

A cucumber.

A cucumber was the perfect makeshift dildo.

A cucumber is generally long... up to twelve inches and able to reach depths no dick can (except maybe some of those porn horse dicks... but in real life I hadn't seen one longer than ten inches and I had seen and sucked a LOT of cock.

A cucumber can be thin or thick... although the one in my fridge tonight was thinner than I would have liked.

A cucumber is hard and doesn't bend or break easily, unlike say a celery stick.

The coldness of the cucumber adds a unique sensation.

Although a cob of corn has ridges for pleasure, the kernels almost never stay on the cob, thus the cucumber was the best sanitary choice. Trust me, trying to get kernels of corn out of your cunt is incredibly challenging and frustrating.

I returned to the living room, headphones on, legs open and cucumber in me, and watched 'Gangbang Mom'.

This one also lacked originality, but was hot as hell.

It was Mother's Day and they blindfolded their Mom and then all three sons, two of them looking way too old to actually be her sons, quickly got naked.

Once all three were naked, they asked, "Ready for the best present ever?"

The mother, dressed in a black dress and nylons, said, "The anticipation is killing me."

"Take off your blindfold, Mommy," one boy said. Why was the term 'Mommy' somehow so much sexier and, in incest stories (literature or porn), hotter?

The mother did and gasped as she stared at her three sons, naked and all stroking their hard cocks.

"Boys!" She gasped, even as she seemed to be checking out the size of each of her boys... her eyes going big at her son's big, hard dicks.

"I overheard you telling your friends that you needed to get laid and, well," one son said, "we all agreed it would be the perfect Mother's Day present."

"Frank!" She gasped. "I meant with a man."

"We are all men," another son said, walking to his mother.

Looking down at her son and his big dick as she did, seemingly in awe of the nine inches, "That you are."

"Ever been gangbanged, Mommy?" Frank asked, as he and the other brother walked to her too.

"Frank, how can you ask your mother such a thing?" She said, even though the look on her face implied she had.

"Well, the pictures hidden in the closet from your cheerleader days for one," Frank said, putting his hands on his mother's shoulders and guiding her to the ground.

The mother didn't physically fight at all, as she defended, "That was when I was young."

"And slutty," the third son added, speaking for the first time.

"Adam! How could you call your mother a slut?" She questioned, even as she moved her eyes from one cock, to another, to another.

"Because you're our slut, our Mommy-slut," Adam replied, before he grabbed her head and slid his cock into her shocked, open mouth.

As he slowly fucked her face, she wrapped her lips around his cock and he added, "Happy Mother's Day, Mom."

Each other son, grabbed one of their mother's hands and put their hard cock in it.

Soon the mother was stroking two cocks, while sucking another... bobbing with insatiable hunger.

This made my pussy burn... The idea of three cocks even more exciting.

As I watched the mother go back and forth between three big hard cocks, I began pumping the vegetable cock in and out of me furiously... imagining that was me with three cocks to play with and wishing I had all three of my son's home.

Her sons undressed her as she kept sucking, soon naked except for thigh high stockings and heels.

"Ready to get fucked, Mommy?" Adam asked.

"This is so wrong," she protested, even as she licked the head of another of her sons' mushroom tops.

"Oh, they say 'incest is best,' and 'keep it in the family,'" Adam joked, as he guided her onto all fours.

"You're so bad," she giggled, as she watched her son slide his huge dick in her pussy.

"Get back to sucking," another said and she soon had two cocks sliding in and out of her.

My orgasm close, I watched in awe, fucking myself furiously with the cucumber, as I imagined that was me and I was being double teamed by two of my sons.

Not surprisingly, I came in a couple of minutes, even before I got to find out if she got triple-teamed (she did).

Once my intense orgasm was done, I shook my head.

What was wrong with me? I was secretly watching incest porn, imagining I was being fucked by two of my sons.

As I came back to my senses, I scolded myself.

I was their mother.

I had to control myself.

Of course... I didn't.

.....

The next few days I sucked cocks at glory holes... even on the weekend sneaking out saying I was getting groceries or shopping.

Each time I sucked a cock I imagined it was my son's.

Each night after taking a load from my husband I ended up watching or reading online porn, always about sons and mothers. I watched every video I downloaded from Barry's computer, especially enjoying 'My Master, My Son' and the facial compilation of 'Mommy Craves Cum' and found some new ones.

Every time I saw my son I imagined his cock in my mouth, pussy or ass.

Every time I saw my son I imagined his cum shooting all over my face or down my throat.

Every time I saw my son I thought: 9 inches.

Although I had sucked hundreds of cocks since I was married... I had never allowed another man in my pussy or ass. Those had been holes designated only for my husband. Yet, I was reconsidering expanding the exclusive clientele that was allowed special access to include my 18-year-old son.

I had even received two more foot massages from my son and was receiving one on Tuesday when I decided that I had to have him.

I asked, while he massaged my feet while I was lying on the couch, my feet on his lap, dangerously close to his cock, "So, have you whipped out your nine inch hammer to any of the cheerleaders like Mommy suggested?"

"Mom!" he said, as I hadn't mentioned anything sexual at all since that first time.

"It's really a yes or no question," I pointed out.

"Well, no then," he answered, shaking his head.

"I'm serious," I continued, "girls will be begging to have your penis once they know you have such a massive drill."

"Mom, what has gotten into you lately?" he asked, massaging my calf.

I moved my other foot so it rested completely on his very hard cock, as I replied teasingly, "Not nine inches that's for sure."

He groaned. I wasn't sure if it was my foot resting on his cock, or what I had just said, but his face burned red and his cock flinched.

I continued, "I'm sorry. Am I making you uncomfortable?"

He stammered, moving his body, which I knew was to adjust the position of the hard cock in his pants, "N-n-no. It's just unexpected."

"Always expect the unexpected," I quipped, the theme of the reality TV show Big Brother.... One we had watched every summer since it first premiered.

"You're quoting Big Brother?" he questioned with a laugh.

"Speaking of big brothers," I said, "are you bigger than your big brothers?"

"Mom! Are you serious?" he asked, glancing up and noticing my dress was open and he could see between my legs.

"Why not? I mean I've seen all of your penises many times," I pointed out.

"Not in years," he countered, as he took another glimpse between my legs.

"Sure, not in years," I nodded, my tone implying otherwise.

This seemed to startle and stump my son, as his facial expression was confused... as he tried to process the meaning of my words.

While he pondered this, I moved my leg again, which allowed the window of visibility between my thigh high clad legs to be bigger.

His eyes went big as he could now see my shaved pussy... since I had decided to not wear any panties as I escalated the teasing of my son.

At the time I still wasn't sure I was going to go through with the growing fantasy of sucking and fucking my son, but I really enjoyed the doting and lust that had accompanied my son since the first frank discussion.

Unfortunately, my husband arrived home before I could tease my son any further. I pressed my foot firmly on his cock before I stood up and said, with a wicked smile, "It looks like nine inch needs some attention."

Before he could respond, I walked away and headed to the kitchen deciding that on Wednesday, tomorrow... the next early dismissal day... I would seduce my son.

And since I had already seen him nude... I figured I should allow him to see me nude... well, except for a pair of thigh high stockings, of course.

.....

The next day I was giddy... with anticipation and trepidation.

I had technically decided I was going to seduce my son today, yet, I bounced back and forth between doing what was morally right and the undeniable lust I was feeling.

I was a mother.

A mother doesn't fantasize over her son.

A mother doesn't sexually tease her son.

And a mother definitely doesn't suck and maybe fuck her son.

Yet....

I was fantasizing over my son and his nine inch cock... obsessively.

I had been sexually teasing my son... extensively.

And I desperately wanted to suck that delicious nine inch cock, ride that massive fuck toy in my wanton cunt and feel that thick hammer pound my tight, long neglected, asshole... desperately.

Thus, at 2pm, I was in the front room, naked, except for a brand new pair of beige thigh highs.

I was doing housework feeling oddly liberated in doing so naked.

When I heard a car door close in the drive way, I quickly went to his bedroom, where I waited.

As I heard him come towards his room, I simply went to his dresser drawer and opened it. I was moving my hand through it, grabbing the stocking of mine I couldn't find the day I caught him (I had found it the day before hidden in the back, behind his socks).

I had it in my hand when Barry gasped, "Mom!"

I turned around, stocking in hand, and asked, acting surprised, "Barry! What are you doing home?"

"I-I-it's early dismissal day," he stammered, staring at my tits and shaved pussy... his eyes moving back and forth... likely trying to desperately burn the image of his naked mother into his head forever.

"I always forget that," I said, matter-of-factly, not covering up either of my private parts.

"W-w-why are you in m-m-my room?" he asked, still not making eye contact with me.

"I found one of my stockings in your room once and seem to have lost more recently and needed a black pair for the red dress I was planning to wear to the grad meeting tonight," I explained.

"O-o-oh," he muttered, as he realized I had caught him with my stockings.

I walked to him and said, "It's okay, Barry. I assume you masturbate with Mommy's stockings sometimes."

His face burned the brightest red possible. "I'm sorry, Mom," he apologized, his head looking down at either my cunt or my stocking-clad toes.

"Masturbation is natural, Barry," I said, now standing directly in front of him. "Your father does it, I do it. But..." I paused, as I reached and grabbed his hard cock through his jeans, "but there is something way more fun to do."

He groaned, as his eyes went big, and he looked up into my eyes.

I explained, "I saw and heard you masturbating about me on my bed last week."

"Oh, God," he groaned, both because I was slowly rubbing his cock and because he learned he was caught.

"And what did you call me when you stroked this nine inch cannon with my stocking while sniffing my panties?" I questioned.

"I'm so sorry," he repeated.

"It's natural, son," I continued. "All sons have sexual fantasies about their mothers, it's the Oedipus syndrome." I dropped to my knees and fished out his cock.

"Mom, I, um," he babbled.

"Shhhhhhh," I purred, as I took his already completely erect cock into my hand. "Let Mommy look after this throbbing cock."

Before he could say anything else I leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth.

Chills of euphoria coursed up my spine as I crossed the invisible line of moral responsibility. Yet, I didn't feel guilt, no I felt moral purpose... it was a mother's duty to always look after her son, to prepare him for the real world and I was going to do just that.

He groaned as I sucked him for just a few seconds. I then asked, "What do you want Mommy to do, Barry?"

"Don't stop," he whimpered, as I slowly stroked his cock.

"You want Mommy to suck your cock?" I asked, loving using the word 'Mommy'.

"Yes," he nodded, looking down at me with a look of complete bewilderment.

"Yes, what?" I asked, as I moved my mouth to his balls.

"Yes, I want you to suck me, Mommy," he admitted.

"Suck your what, baby?" I purred, as I took one of his balls in my mouth.

"Oh God, Mommy," he groaned.

"What did you call me when you were stroking that big cock in my room?" I asked, moving to his other ball.

"Mommy-slut," he whimpered.

"Is that what you want, baby?" I asked, as my tongue slithered back up his amazing shaft. "For Mommy to be your live-in cum bucket?"

"Oh, crap," he said, still overwhelmed by what was happening.

"Isn't this what you want, baby?" I questioned, as I swirled my tongue around his cock head. "Mommy to be your personal cock sucker? Your Mommy-slut? Your cum bucket?"

Before he could answer, I devoured his cock, bobbing furiously, deciding I wanted his first load right now.

"Oh, Mommy," he groaned, as I sucked his cock with the hungry lust of a porn star... or in this case a Mommy who really needed cum.

As I expected, it didn't take thirty seconds before I felt his warm jizz erupt in my mouth. I kept bobbing, swallowing every heavenly drop as he stammered, "S-s-sorry."

I kept sucking, like I always do, until every last drop was extracted from his balls.

I then allowed his juicy stick to slip out of my mouth as I asked, "Is that what you fantasized, baby?"

"Oh God, Mom, that was amazing," he answered.

"Mmmmmm, that is just the beginning," I smiled. "What else do you want to do to Mommy?"

"I don't know," he answered, still overwhelmed with what just happened.

"I was serious, baby," I said, still on my knees, still stroking his viral young cock. "Any woman, including your mother, won't be able to resist this beautiful big cock."

"I can't believe this is happening," he said.

I glanced at the clock. "We have about an hour before your father gets home," I said. "And I want at least one more load of that cum in Mommy, maybe two. So can Mommy suck you again and again?"

"C-c-can I lick you?" he stammered, still in disbelief mode.

I smiled, taking his hand, and leading him to his bed, "Baby, you can do whatever you want to do to Mommy."

He followed wordlessly.

I got onto the bed, spread my legs and purred, "Come and eat Mommy, baby."

He quickly obeyed, moving between my legs and moving his head to my burning pussy. My husband seldom ate my pussy, partly because I just wanted to get his load and partly because he simply wasn't that good at it. I hadn't come from a tongue since college and one of my friends who liked eating cunt almost as much as I liked sucking cock regularly went down on me in my dorm room, in girl's washrooms or wherever else we could find.

He was tentative at first, as he licked slowly and lightly.

I moaned, wanting to encourage him, assuming this was his first time licking pussy, "That's it baby, take your time and explore Mommy's cunt."

"You taste so good, Mommy," he said, completely mesmerized by my pussy.

"Just like you," I replied, his salty seed still lingering in my mouth and wanting to get another full blast of his cum.

He explored like he was an archeologist on his first dig, taking his time as if looking for hidden treasure and based on how excited I was he was about to find one. For a first timer (I assumed he was a first timer), he was amazing... teasing me and creating a slow build.

I moaned, after a few minutes of slow teasing, "Faster, baby, lick Mommy faster."

He instantly obeyed, parting my pussy lips and painting my pussy with his tongue.

"Yes, baby, oh yes, lick Mommy's cunt," I moaned, my orgasm quickly rising inside me.

He finally went to my clit and sucked it between his lips and slightly shook his head from side to side.

"Fuuuuuuuck, you made Mommy cum," I screamed instantly as my orgasm coursed through me like a sexual bomb.

He eagerly licked up my cum as I collapsed onto my back and just enjoyed the explosions of pleasure seemingly hitting every erogenous zone of my body.

Finally, the pleasure so intense, I had to push his face away.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked, looking up at me concerned.

"No, no, baby," I said, "you were so good you have made Mommy's cunt sensitive."

"Oh," he said, still looking concerned.

"Have you eaten a girl before?" I asked, still recovering.

"No."

"Then wow, you're a natural. If a girl isn't impressed by your nine inch cock, they will be impressed by your wicked tongue," I smiled, as I glanced at his still erect cock.

"I did a lot of reading and research," he explained.

"Well, reading and research is fine," I smiled, "but practice will make you perfect, and you can practice on Mommy any time you want."

"I can't believe we just did this," he said.

"I can't believe I'm going to suck you again as I leaned forward and took his cock back in my mouth.

"Oh God," he groaned, as I bobbed on his cock... this time focusing on giving him a quick blow job.

After a few minutes of fast, deep throat cock sucking, his breathing began to get stunted and he surprised me by ordering, "On your back, Mommy."

I smiled as I did as he ordered, liking a man who knows what he wants, "What are you going to do to your Mommy-slut?"

He said, "Making another fantasy come true."

I assumed he was going to slide his cock in my cunt, but was surprised when he instead straddled my chest.

I smiled. "Mmmmm, you going to shoot that full load of cum all over Mommy's face?"

"Yes, you want my cum, Mommy-slut?" he asked, as sweat dripped off him.

"I live for your cum, baby," I replied, knowing that I did. Knowing that I would do anything for his cock... his cum.

"Oh fuck, yes," he grunted and his cum erupted out of his cannon and onto my face.

I couldn't close my eyes quickly enough and the first cum ball hit me right in the eye. I quickly closed them, and opened my mouth to catch as much of his yummy cum as I could, as three more rockets of cum splattered my face... feeling like a Jackson Pollack painting.

"Shove your cock in my mouth," I demanded, once he was done.

He did and I sucked every last drop of his cum one more time, even as I kept my eyes closed.

After a minute or so, I allowed my son's beautiful cock to slip out of my mouth. I asked, "Can you get me a towel or cloth?"

"Sorry, I hit you right in the eye," he apologized.

"Yeah, we need to work on your aim," I joked.

As he got off the bed, he joked back, repeating my earlier words, "Well, practice makes perfect."

I laughed, "Well, you can use Mommy's face for target practice any time you want, baby."

"I may need a lot of practice," he said, from further away, as I sat up and opened my one eye that wasn't coated in cum.

"I hope so," I called out, as he went to the washroom. When he returned a minute later, with a cloth, he said, "I still can't believe we just did that."

"I can't believe you shot your cum all over your Mother's face," I said with a soft laugh, taking the warm clothes.

"Me either," he nodded, sitting on the bed beside me.

I cleaned my eye first and then the rest of my face as I said, "You can shoot a lot of cum."

"Thanks," he shrugged.

"So your father is going to be home soon," I said, sad that this time was done (there is only one first time ever), as I reached for his finally deflating cock. "But I was serious, son. I want to be your cum bucket."

"Don't you mean my Mommy cum bucket?" he questioned with his usual nerdy smile.

"That's exactly what I meant," I nodded, with a smile.

Only the beginning....

Coming over the next year plus....

Cum for Mommy: A Cum Diet Story

Mrs. Jonas can't get enough of her son's cock... sucking it every chance she can get... including when her husband is home.

Cum 4 Mommy: A Virginity Lost Story

After resisting the temptation to fuck her son... thinking it was wrong to be the one to take her sons virginity... she decides 'FUCK IT' literally.

Cum 4 Mommy: An Ass Fucking Story

Well, you can't allow your son to fuck your face and cunt and not allow him access to your ass, can you?

Cum 4 Mommy: Backseat Riding Story

The family goes to pick up their son from college and on the way home Mrs. Jonas has to sit on her son's lap for the drive home. Then... she has to sit on her oldest son's lap too. And....

Cum 4 Mommy: DP Slut For Sons Story

Mrs. Jonas's college son is now home for the summer and she decides the only thing better than one son to fuck is two.

Cum 4 Mommy: Fucked Airtight Story

Every summer the family spends the second week of July at the lake for Mrs. Jonas's birthday... this year all three sons are there and eventually they give Mommy the best present ever: a triple fuck.