

# FOREVER INCEST: A MOM'S STORY

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*A mom uses a photoshoot to seduce her son.*

Incest/Taboo

4.73

14.3k words

**Summary:** A mom uses a photoshoot to seduce her son.

**Note 1:** This is a Nude Day Contest story so please vote.

**Note 2:** Please note there are two versions of this story being released today. One from the point of view of the Mom (this story) and another from the point of view of the son. While it likely doesn't matter which order you read them... this one is where I would start.

**Note 3:** Thanks to [Sams Island](#) for editing and enhancing these twisted, mirrored tales.

## **Forever Incest: A Mom's Story**

"You need to get laid," Gloria, my older sister, said for the hundredth time in the past year... two years after I caught my husband cheating on me, after which he'd divorced me!

It was a regular comment during our weekly lunches and this time I tried to laugh it off with, "That's what toys are for."

"No, you need to be bent over a kitchen table and railed," my blunt, sexually charged sister said.

"Nice," I said, shaking my head.

"I'm serious," she continued, "there is nothing better than just being banged hard and turned into a complete slut for your own pleasure."

"Have you ever met me?"

"I know that behind your prim and proper political career façade is a submissive slut who loves doing as she is told," Gloria accused, unfortunately knowing my sexual past.

She was a hundred percent correct. While I worked as a personal assistant for a U.S. Senator, dressed as professional office staff in her home state political office, and presented myself as sweet, compassionate, and conservative... which in all fairness I was... behind that exterior I was once a submissive slut who would do almost anything for a dominant man.

"You can't let that asshole control you for the rest of your life," Gloria stressed, never using his name, always referring to him as asshole. "Remember, he left you, which means he is no longer your dominant."

God, it was embarrassing to hear myself described in such base terms, but she was right. As much as I was an in-charge person at work, in my sex life I'd become dependent upon the control of a man. A man I'd thought loved and respected me away from the bedroom, as much as he loved and dominated me in it.

"I know, I know," I sighed, yet still unable to move past the fact that not only had the asshole destroyed my faith in men, he'd also crushed my confidence by doing it with a 19-year-old girl.

"So, I have made a decision for you," she said.

"You have, have you?" I asked, knowing arguing with my sister was a no-win proposition.

"I'm going to create an online dating profile for you."

"I don't think so."

"I wasn't asking," she said. "Get Jeremy to take some photos for you."

"If I do this, will you stop nagging me?" I asked.

"Maaaaaybe," she playfully said, meaning she wouldn't.

"Fine, whatever," I sighed, thinking I did need to get back out there. My son was eighteen, he was going to college in the fall, and I would be completely alone.

"Good," she said. "Get Jeremy to do it today."

"Fine," I repeated. "Since you won't stop nagging me until I do."

"You know me so well," she said. "Of course, you also have one other option."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Fuck Jeremy," she said, making me gasp.

"Jesus, Gloria," I said, shocked she would say I should have sex with my son... even for my out-there sister this was a bit much.

"What? It's not like you haven't already crossed the incest line." She smirked as she referred to one wild drunken night from our past.

"That was one time when we were drunk," I stressed, recalling that crazy night where we'd ended up in a threesome with a dude we met at a bar in college. A night that had somehow ended with my sister and I in a 69 where we both made each other cum.

"I'd do it again if you want," she teased, having offered that to me on more than a couple of occasions of late. Yet, that guilt of committing incest had always lingered in the back of my head... even though it was tempting as I could use a good orgasm and my bisexual older sister could likely give me the orgasm of my life (or at the very least the last two solo years)

"So you keep telling me," I said, hiding my own slight curiosity to replay that night.

"Plus, you know Jeremy would love to fuck you," Gloria added, continuing to push my buttons and not let it go. "I mean, asshole got himself some teen action, why shouldn't you?"

I immediately found myself back on that terrible day. I'd accompanied the Senator to a meeting at the university where my husband was an associate professor. After the meeting, I'd separated from the group to surprise asshole with some office nooky. Only to be surprised myself when I'd walked

in on him already getting some. Some gamin-looking freshman was bent over his desk, getting banged hard.

What had made it worse, was that instead of being surprised or defensive or apologetic, he'd just grinned evilly at me and instructed me to come all the way into the office and close the door behind me. Since I already had sex on my mind, I did as always and followed his direction without thought. Not until he told me to see how good his cock looked going into a tight, young pussy and implied that it was a regular part of his student counseling, had I been able to break loose from his spell and run crying out of his office.

"Gloria, enough," I said, my tone making it clear this had gone far enough.

"Fine, fine," she said, putting her hands up and laughing as she stood up. "I was just saying you have a solution at home."

"Well, don't," I said, as I stood up too.

"Okay," she said, as she gave me a hug. Yet, she couldn't go without one parting shot, "Just think about it. Jeremy has grown into one hot stud."

I sighed as she walked away.

I returned to work, pushing the ridiculous idea out of my mind, as I had a busy afternoon.

It wasn't until I got home that I remembered I needed to ask my son for help with something sensitive. And I also couldn't help but remember my sister's parting comment... she was right, my son really was a handsome young man. On top of that, I'd long strongly suspected he had a sexual fantasy about me... as he was always admiring my legs in nylons... just like his father had. Even now I could see the bulge in his sweats as he took what he thought were sly glances at my legs and feet.

It wasn't until we were finishing dinner, that I let out a dramatic sigh.

As anticipated, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"Your aunt thinks I should start dating again," I put out there, curious of his reaction. If he didn't like it, I would tell my sister no. I could wait until he went to college and I moved to Washington D.C.... a decision I'd only recently come to and had not yet told my son.

My son surprised me with his reaction. "Damn right you should."

"You think so?" I asked.

"Mom, you can't let that bastard continue to ruin your life," he said, looking me directly in my eyes. "He's had an invisible hand making you miserable for far too long."

I sighed. Not because I didn't appreciate his support, but because he was right. Just like Gloria. I had allowed a man's unfaithfulness to break me. I needed to take my life back. I went to speak, even though I wasn't sure what I wanted to say, when his phone beeped. He ignored the phone, following my no phones at the table rule, like he always did.

"Mom, you can tell me anything," he said, suddenly placing his hand over mine. I couldn't help but feel a warm sensation run through my body at the gentle, innocent intimacy. It would have been completely innocent if my sister's nasty incest suggestion didn't pop into my head.

His words were so comforting and soothing, and the sexual angle of Gloria's words aside, I realized my boy had indeed matured into a solid young man ever since his father had left. So, while I told Gloria most everything, I had been holding a lot in for a long time and suddenly thought I might have another adult I could talk to. I smiled, enjoying the soothing safety of his hand on mine. "Gloria said you would be supportive."

He nodded, continuing to build my confidence exactly when I needed it. "Well, Gloria is right, I would do literally anything for you, mom. You mean the complete world to me."

"That is so sweet, honey," I said, desperately trying to push out the inappropriate thoughts Gloria had planted. I told him something I didn't tell him enough, "You are a good son."

"I'm a great son," he joked, always able to make me laugh... in that way he was a lot like his grandfather.

"Yes, you are a great son," I agreed with a laugh, playing along, "in fact you should get a trophy that says so."

"Yes, I really should," he smiled, before he brought the conversation back to where it started. "Now, there is obviously something you want to ask me."

I suddenly felt balled up and cramped with the anxiety I'd been holding in, and in preparation for speaking to my son like an adult I turned my chair to the side and stretched out my body, with my legs extending to the side of the table where Jeremy sat. I don't think I did that on purpose, but I both noticed and appreciated that his eyes were immediately drawn down the length of mocha-coloured-pantyhose covered leg he could see, stopping at my feet. Through the hose he could easily see my newly pedicured toes - in a pretty pink I hadn't tried before but was quite happy with. Apparently so was Jeremy, because I noticed one of his hands going under the table and couldn't help but wonder if that wasn't to adjust himself.

I threw out Gloria's suggestion. "Well, your aunt seems to think I should get on a dating website."

"She's probably right."

Deciding to just throw it out there before I changed my mind, "Would you take a few photos of me to put on?"

"Of course," he responded without hesitation.

"Thanks," I said, "I know you have a great eye for photos." While Gloria had obviously been dangling the incest idea out there, having Jeremy take my photos was actually a solid suggestion. He was a gifted photographer with a growing photography business on the side, greatly enhanced by a pro-level camera I'd gotten his father to buy him for Christmas last year.

I wiggled my toes, not to tease him but something I often did as I could seldom sit still. But again, I noticed it immediately drew his attention.

"Thanks," he said, looking down at my feet and then back up to me. "Why don't we do it right away."

I suddenly found myself excited to pose for some photos... I suspect the shot of whiskey I'd had while making dinner and the whiskey drink I'd had during the meal had something to do with that. "Okay, I'll go change."

"Actually," he said, as I began to get up to go to my bedroom, "why don't I take a few of you in this outfit and then take some in two or three other outfits?"

"Really?" I asked, surprised as I was still in my work clothes... professional, but not really sexy.

"Yeah, we can show different sides of you," he suggested, as he seemed to be seeing me... the real me.

"Um, okay," I agreed, feeling a strange sense of vulnerability.

"We will do a whole photo shoot," he said, before smiling and maybe joking, pointed to my almost empty drink. "Some may need some alcohol."

"I already had one," I said lifting up my glass with a playful smile and downing it.

"Well, in fancy photoshoots it's usually wine or champagne, but they both taste like shit anyways," he said.

"I'll stick to my JD," I said, not into wine or champagne. I got up from the table, walked over to the liquor cabinet and pulled out a half full bottle of Jack Daniel's. I poured myself one and added the Coke. I asked, as I took a sip and turned to my son, "Do you want one?" As I did, I noticed his attention was again on my legs. It was adorable that he thought he wasn't obvious.

"Sure," he answered, as I allowed him to have a drink with me once in a while... and this situation seemed the perfect time.

I poured him a stiff one and brought it over to him, sitting back on the edge of the dining table next to him. As I handed him the drink, he said, "Thanks, Mom," as he looked directly down to my toes. After he took a drink, and coughed a little, he asked, "What are you trying to do, get me drunk?"

"If we are doing a photoshoot, I am definitely getting drunk," I said. Thinking some liquid courage would help allow some provocative pictures of me to be taken, I downed half the second glass. "You know I don't love having my picture taken."

He kept his charming smile on his sexy face (did I just call my son sexy?) as he looked me in the eyes. "You are a beautiful woman and should not be at all uncomfortable with photos being taken of you."

"You're sweet," I said, appreciating the compliment.

He asked, as he glanced down to my feet again, "You do know what my friends call you, right?"

As I took another sip of my drink, I shook my head as I replied, knowing some of his friends definitely had crushes on me. "I don't think I want to know."

"A MILF."

"Is that even a word?" I asked. Even though I knew what a MILF was, he didn't need to know that.

"I'm not sure it's in the dictionary, but it's definitely a common word out there."

"I'm scared to ask what it means," I said, feigning ignorance, as I crossed one leg over the other and noticed him again staring down at my feet... this time for a very noticeable amount of time.

He got excited, really excited, as he said, "Wait here and don't move."

"Don't move?" I asked, a little perplexed.

"Not a muscle," he ordered, quickly leaving the kitchen.

I remained in the exact same position, which was hardly the most comfortable position I realized after a few seconds. I had done it to slightly itch the top of my left foot. As he returned, camera now in hand, I asked, even though it was obvious he wanted to take a picture of me in this pose, "What are you doing?"

He said, as he lifted the camera to his eye, "There is something about this pose that is so natural, sexy and sensual it needs to be photographed."

"Really?" I asked, thinking this was not really a sexy pose, "this is pretty basic."

"It shows you in your natural state," he said, as he snapped pictures, so I quit talking and just looked at him.

"I'm even still in my work clothes," I pointed out after a few pics were taken. If I was going to put some photos on a website and that was a big if, I didn't want them to be in my work clothes... I wanted pics that made me look pretty, sexy even.

"Authenticity," he said, as he kept taking photos, seeming to be really focused. Although I wasn't positive, I think he took some of just my legs and feet based on the angle he briefly held his camera. This didn't surprise me as I knew he had taken pictures of my legs and feet on other occasions. At first, I thought it was weird, but then I remembered some exciting things his father had done with my legs and feet before revealing himself to be a cradle-robbing asshole. If his father's kink hadn't done me any harm, why should his son's? Besides, it was flattering to know that I could still have this effect on a man.

Just going along with it, I asked, "Should I smile or be doing anything?"

"Don't move your legs but feel free to drink your whiskey," he said, as he continued to snap photo after photo, confirming his dedication to his art. I glanced down and noticed I could see all ten toes rather perfectly... that was certainly what he was focusing on.

"Okay," I said, as I took another sip and tried to keep the perfect pose for my stocking-clad-toe obsessed son.

Finally, however, beginning to lose my balance, I warned, "I can't hold this position much longer."

"One last idea," he said, as he looked at me, "can you lift your right foot up to your shin?"

"Um, sure," I said tentatively, even though I knew exactly what he wanted to take a photo of.

"Perfect," he nodded, as he snapped more photos of me. "That's good."

I said, curious how he would respond, "I can't fathom that will be a great profile pose. I have whiskey in my hand, in boring business clothes and the background is my kitchen."

"First, I can make the background anything I want later," he said, stopping snapping photos, "although I like the natural comfort of allowing someone to see you in such an everyday situation."

"I guess," I said, finally able to stand normally, as I stood up from the table with my legs apart a little.

"Two, your business attire is one side of you," he continued, "as is your hair in a ponytail."

"Definitely one of the more accurate portrayals of me," I said, wearing my hair in a ponytail more times than any other style.

"And third," he finished, "I think you looked absolutely beautiful and sexy in that pose."

"You do?" I asked, again flattered at his kind words. Sure, being called sexy by my son was weird, yet somehow it made me feel good about myself.

"Mom," he said, apparently trying to get me to believe in my beauty, something I had done before my ex-husband's betrayal, "you do know you are one very hot woman and as I mentioned, a complete MILF in everyone's eyes."

"You are so sweet," I smiled warmly.

"Every word is true."

I said, wanting to see how he defined the word, "But, you never told me what a MILF was."

He bluntly responded, "A mom I'd like to fuck."

"Oh my," I feigned, acting like I was shocked by this definition.

"You don't even know how beautiful you are, do you?" he said, his constant compliments beginning to melt my heart.

"Honey, I--" I began, but he stopped me before I could complete my thought.

"No, Mom," he interrupted, looking me directly in the eyes, "you are a beautiful woman inside and out. A real catch. Someone that deserves happiness. Someone that deserves the entire world."

"I don't even know what to say," I said, his heartfelt words making me a muddled mess. I could feel tears suddenly stream down my face... which made me feel pathetic. To my surprise, he snapped some photos. Putting my hand up to block the lens, I asked, as I wiped the tears from my eyes, "Please, don't."

He did stop shooting but continued the abundance of flattery. "I mean it, Mom, you are not only a beautiful woman, but a strong, intelligent one with a powerful impact on our state and its citizens and you deserve a man who understands that."

"Thank you, Jeremy, I appreciate that," I blubbered, as he put his camera down on the table, walked over to me and brought me in for an embrace. I wrapped my arms back around him and for a while we just held each other. It was after almost a minute perhaps, that I felt his penis twitch against my leg, which surprised me and yet also didn't surprise me. No, him being hard was not at all surprising, but what I was curious about was if he'd pressed it against me on purpose or not? Did he want me to know he was hard?

Acting like I didn't notice, when I definitely noticed, I let him go and said, "Thanks, honey, I needed that."

"Any time," he replied.

Needing another drink, not even sure when I finished my last one, I went and poured myself one more as he said, "Now go change into an outfit you would wear on a date, and I'll clean up these dishes."

"You sure about this?" I asked, even as I wasn't sure we should do this.

"Tonight is all about you," he said, then added, "Plus, if the dating site and photos were Aunt Gloria's idea, she'll give me a ton of shit if I don't come up with the perfect pictures for your profile."

"Yeah, she would," I agreed, pouring Coke in the glass... if I didn't get the photos she insisted on I would never hear the end of it.

So, I headed out to my bedroom to change into a red dress Gloria had suggested would be perfect for photos.

In my room, I got out of my clothes, and as I slipped off my panties I noticed they were undeniably wet. No doubt, posing for sexy pictures and the strange flirtation was turning me on. Deciding to dress up as hot as possible, and teasing my son as much as possible, I slid on a sexy thong and matching lace bra before adding a garter-belt and silky sheer stockings that had a sexy seam down the back of them... these would drive my son wild. I couldn't explain it, but the idea of teasing my son was a taboo turn-on... even if I had no intention of crossing the invisible line of incest. Plus, Gloria had suggested I wear them as she'd bought them for me to try and get me out of my post-divorce funk.

I slid on the sexy red cocktail dress, applied a darker shade of lipstick, and took stock in the mirror. I looked pretty good, if I did say so myself, but the office ponytail wasn't going to cut it. I removed the band, bent deep at the waist and with my head basically upside down, shook my head vigorously to loosen the hair. Standing up and looking in the mirror again, I used my fingers to do a rough comb out. I reached out for the hairbrush on my dresser, but then stopped. I'm fortunate in that my hair is both straight and fairly thick, so flyaways are not a major problem. In fact, the first thing that came to mind as I looked at the horny wench in the mirror, is that she had just put her dress back on after a good roll in the hay. Could there be a better hairdo for the pictures we were trying to take?

When I headed back to the front of the house. I found my son in the living room, talking on the phone and looking away from me. Suddenly desperate for his attention, I said, "Who are you talking to?"

He turned around and his eyes went wide as he saw me in the sexy dress, with whorishly painted lips, and my hair fluffed out, and he gave me the exact reaction I was hoping for when he stammered out, "A-a-aunt Gloria."

"Let me talk to her," I said, sauntering over to my son whose mouth had dropped open like one of those cartoon characters in Looney Tunes. As I took the phone I was hit by a sudden realization that what I was doing by teasing my son was so wrong and I should stop this before it went any further. "Hey, sis, I'm not so sure I'm ready for this."

My sister, after a dramatic sigh, said with utter annoyance, "Jesus, Hannah, we already had this conversation. You need to get back out there. You need to get fucked."

"Gloria," I said, as I looked at my son who was in earshot and turned away as soon as I looked at him.

I moved away from my son, as Gloria stressed, "I'm serious, if you don't get some photos done, I will choose ones from when we were in Mexico. This profile is going up with or without your help."

"Fine," I sighed, knowing there were some skimpy bikini photos taken that trip as she'd convinced me to wear things that drew a lot of attention to me. "But the red dress is a little too much."

"I think you look beautiful in it," my son said, unable to hear Gloria's words, but able to hear everything I said.

"You do?" I asked, turning around and noticing his attention was on my legs and he had likely noticed the sexy seam down the back of my shiny, silky, sheer stockings.

"Of course he does," Gloria said in my ear, evidently able to hear Jeremy's words.

My son continued to flatter me with compliments. "As I told you before Mom, you are absolutely beautiful and in that dress you are stunning." I could see his erect dick poking against his sweats, jauntily testifying to his truthfulness.

"He wants to fuck you," Gloria said.

"Sorry, what?" I asked, shocked by how she could sense my son's erection though we weren't on a video call.

"He wants to fuck you," my sister repeated.

Trying to act casual to my son as I processed my sister's words, my son's erection, and the wetness leaking into my thong, I fake-answered a question Gloria hadn't asked. "Oh, my son just said I look stunning, isn't that sweet?" Though not as sweet as the tent in his sweatpants.

"Do the pics, be sexy and you know, let loose and have fun," Gloria said.

"Yes, yes, fine, I'll do it," I responded, even as I looked at my handsome son who I was now positive would indeed fuck me if I allowed him to. "You're right, I do need to get out there."

"Good, slut it up a little, show some skin and dress up as if you were going to get laid tonight," my sister continued. "Make Jeremy's big dick throb."

"Okay, bye," I said, wondering how she knew my son had a big dick since I was just getting a clue myself. Completely flustered, completely horny, I handed my son back his phone. Bringing back the question from when I first entered the room, I asked, "What were you two talking about?"

As he answered, he seemed to be appraising me. "She was giving me instructions on what she wanted for the pictures and for me to take charge."

"Of course, she did," I sighed, imagining the outrageous bullshit she might have said to my son. I shook my head and smiled, amused by the entire situation while deciding to play along and see if my son had a dominant side to him. "Well, tell me how you want me."

"W-w-what?" he stammered, obviously surprised by my words and playful tone.

I asked, my hands on my hips, "How do you want me to pose, where do you want to take the photos?"

"Oh, right, right," he nodded, as he shook his head and I wondered what he was thinking.

Using a sexy, playful, mischievous tone, one that used to lead to me getting fucked hard and dominated by a strong-willed stud, "I am supposed to do as I'm told, am I not?"

He nodded, not as rattled or surprised as I'd suspected he would be. "According to your sister you are to do just that."

"Okay, tell me what you want," I said, leaning back against the tall counter that stood between living room and kitchen. I sipped from the drink in my hand, willing him to take control, to be the man, perhaps to even push me across the invisible line I was mentally moving towards. To help things along, I teased him further by wiggling my toes, which drew his eyes as expected. I then repeated a move he'd requested earlier and began running the sole of one foot up and down the shin of my other leg. His gaze followed like a bird watching a dancing cobra.

His camera seemed to come up of its own accord. "I love that image," he said dreamily.

"Really?" I asked, although I already knew he liked it. It did feel pretty good, I had to say.

"Yes, it's just so unconscious and natural." When his camera finally came up to my face, he obviously saw me staring straight into the lens. He brought the camera down, then snatched up the TV remote from the coffee table and turned on the flatscreen. Some news program came up, but I could see the mute symbol in the lower corner of the screen.

"I know you're anxious about what's happening here but go ahead and just watch the TV and pretend I'm not here."

"Okay," I agreed, acting like I wasn't being the center of a photo shoot as I took a sip of my drink... a little more liquid courage to commit the sin of sins I was pondering. The camera started clicking again.

A minute or two later, after he'd moved around me and quite a few photos were taken, he instructed, "Now, go sit on the couch and stretch your legs on the table."

"Okay," I obeyed, just doing as I was told... getting a rush at the simple obedience.

I sat down, placed my legs on the table and inadvertently, at least at first, allowed my dress to ride up my leg and reveal the top of my lace top stockings. I noticed he could see my stocking top as he ordered, even as it was obvious he was staring at them, "Keep watching the TV."

"Okay," I said, as I looked at my son and directly at his crotch.

"That isn't watching the TV," he pointed out.

"Sorry, it's just hard to fake-watch the TV." When looking at your swelling crotch is so much more interesting, I added to myself.

"I know, it is, but the more natural you are the more authentic you will look for your many soon to be suitors," he said, as he moved beside the television to get a different angle of me and a very good view of my sexy stocking tops.

"Many suitors," I laughed, thinking at the moment the only suitor I wanted was just a few feet away from me.

He literally scolded me, as he said, "No, insecure crap, you're hot, Mom. Use that. Be confident. Be sexy. Be your true sensual self."

"Oh, honey, your words are so sweet and I did use to feel all those things, before... but it's been so long and it's so hard to really feel..."

"Feel what?" he asked, as he openly admired my entire body.

"Sexy," I whispered, having not felt sexy and wanted since my ex-husband's betrayal.

"Mom, you are sexy," he repeated, then added as he looked at my long legs stretched out before him, "Hot, sensual, sexy."

"Oh, honey," I said, my heart warming as my pussy was burning.

He said, "I'm sorry if my words are inappropriate, Mom, but I can't sit quietly while you lose your self-confidence. You are beautiful and it's time to get you out there."

"Oh, honey that is the sweetest thing I've ever heard," I said, a little flustered; not because of his compliments, but because his words indicated that he wanted me out there... and not for his own.

"Today we get your confidence back," he said and instructed, "Now, don't look at me, watch the television."

"Okay," I nodded, as he put the camera back to his face.

He took a lot of pictures and was definitely taking photos of my feet and especially the soles... clearly obsessed and turned on by stocking-clad feet.

"Now look directly at me," he said.

I did and he snapped more photos of me.

"Perfect," he nodded, before saying, "I think there is one more pose that would look great."

"Whatever you say," I said. I'd suddenly determined to get him to change his mind about getting me 'out there' and felt the best way to get him to keep me 'in here' was to expose and indulge my true submissive nature. "I'm kind of having fun just doing as you tell me."

He joked, with a smile, "Well, then I may take photos of you all night."

I shrugged, "Whatever it takes. If I don't have a few good pics for the profile page I will never hear the end of it from Gloria."

"That I believe," he said, walking to me and offering his hand... a sweet, simple move that also could lead to more.

"You are such a gentleman," I smiled, taking his hand.

"It's how I was raised by a kind, generous, lovely woman."

His hand and words were warm and comforting and I knew my son was already well able to treat me like a queen as I wished. But now it was time to see if he could satisfy the other half of my personality. "Well now, what is the next pose? Is it another sexy one?"

"I was thinking sitting on the bar stool," he suggested.

"Interesting," I said, letting go of his hand and thinking I could use another drink. "I should probably have a full cocktail then."

"Why not?"

"Exactly, why not," I agreed with a smile. I walked to the kitchen as he said, "Are these different nylons than you were wearing earlier?"

"You noticed. They are, good eye," I said, looking back at him with what I hoped was a seductive smile.

"It's my job as a photographer to notice every little detail," he said, brazenly admiring his mom's legs as he complimented, "They definitely add to the sexy outfit."

"Thank you," I smiled, liking the attention to my legs, "Did you notice any other little details?"

"Well, these nylons have a seam down the back," he pointed out, again looking right at my seamed stockings.

"Yes, I'm not sure why I changed from one pair to another," I said, even though I knew exactly why. "Actually," I admitted, "it's because my sister told me to."

"She told you to?" he asked.

"Yes, her exact words were, 'Dress up as if you were going to get laid tonight'," I said, deciding to just be blunt in my conversation. I then apologized, even though I didn't really mean it, as I planted seeds for a sinful seduction I was seriously considering. "Sorry, that is likely too much information about your mother."

"We are both adults. I like being able to share things with you."

"Good, because we only have each other and I am enjoying this freeing conversation," I said, as I poured myself another drink, but made it rather weak this time.

"Me too," he agreed before he adorably brought the conversation back to his obsession. "So, you wear pantyhose with seams down them when you want to have sex?"

"Not exactly," I said, being brazen with my next action as I lifted up my dress to show him my stockings were held up by a garter. Now, yes, I knew he already knew I was wearing stockings, but wasn't sure he'd seen how they were connected to the garter belt's suspenders. Since I was still slowly pushing my flirtation and temptation, I wanted to be certain he had the whole picture. "But I do wear thigh highs or stockings and a garter-belt when I do."

I paused and held the Victoria's Secret catalogue pose for him for a moment before adding, "At least I used to for your father. He insisted I always be in nylons for him."

"Insisted?" he questioned, as he stared very clearly at where the garter-belts held up my stockings.

"Insisted," I replied, pausing partly for dramatic effect and partly to give him an opening to do some insisting of his own... but he didn't bite, instead returning to his stocking obsession.

He laughed somewhat awkwardly, "Well, I guess that is where I got that fetish."

"Or perhaps it was from seeing your mother in them almost every day of your life," I suggested knowing his nylon fetish was likely based on me as I dropped my dress back down to hide my sexy lingerie.

"Well, I have definitely noticed that you wear them all the time," he bravely responded, as our frankness continued.

I sat on the bar stool and stretched my leg as if daring him not to stare. I then let him know I know he checks out my legs by saying, "I know you have."

"You do?" he asked, shocked by this even as he admired my long nylon-clad leg.

"Yes, I notice you sometimes staring or taking quick glances at my legs and feet," I admitted and then smiled and added playfully, "you're not that good a spy."

"Sorry, it's probably pretty creepy to have a son who gets turned on by his mother's legs and feet," he said, a little embarrassed.

"Oh, honey," I said, wanting to let him know it was okay and I kind of liked it, as I placed one foot on the bar stool footrest, while crossing my other leg. "I wasn't complaining. Truth be told, it's kind of flattering."

"It is?" he asked, glancing down to my toes on the bar stool.

"Of course, every woman wants to be seen as desirable," I said, feeling desirable for the first time in a couple of years.

As I said that and wiggled my toes ever so slightly, I saw my son adjust his penis in his sweats. I asked, "Is that because of me?"

"I'd be lying if I said it wasn't," he said a little sheepishly.

Just brazenly throwing it out there, speaking before really thinking, my libido beginning to control my mind, I blurted, "Well, if you weren't my son, I would take care of that for you."

My surprising words were countered with his own surprising words, equally brazen as well. "If you weren't my mom, I would make sure you were always sexually satisfied and got exactly what you wanted."

After we both said what we said there was an awkward silence. I realized that between the whiskey and the pent-up horniness I had said too much and finally broke the silence, suggesting, "Well, you should take the photos."

"Uh, yeah, right," he nodded as he shook his head ever so slightly as he pulled the camera back up and snapped a few photos.

Feeling sexy and wanting to continue the vibe, I asked, as I extended one leg high in the air, so my entire stocking and clasps were in view, "How about this?"

"A little risqué, but hot," he said, eagerly snapping more photos.

When he lowered the camera a moment and I saw the look of lust in his eyes, it really made me get into the whole naughty photoshoot scene. "Or, how about this one?" I asked, as I lifted both legs up together, putting the bottoms of my nylon-clad feet almost directly in his face. I didn't know if it was just legs, foot tops, and toes that excited him, or if silky soles did too. His asshole father used to love fucking my silky soles and coming on them.

"Perfect," he mumbled as he focused on my feet and took a lot of photos.

Getting a rush of adrenaline as I could see my son's hard dick poking out, I kept making my own sexy poses, finally pulling my feet up to the chair and wrapping my arms around my bent legs as I smiled as sexily as I thought I could. I asked, "And how about this one?"

"That's a very sweet one."

"Mmmmmmm," I purred, perhaps a little too sexually.

As he seemed to be admiring my body, he asked, "How risqué are you willing to go?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked, this position a little wobbly and so I moved my feet back to the bar footrest.

"Well, I think it would be super sexy to have you stand, put one foot on the footrest and adjust your stocking," he said.

Figuring why not, this wasn't too provocative while being quite sexy, I asked, pushing the envelope a little more to the taboo, "Is this for my profile page or for you?"

His eyes went a little wide with shock, but then he shocked me right back. "Well, I think it might be a little too hot for eHarmony or Hinge, but according to Aunt Gloria I'm supposed to take some provocative pics for your Tinder account."

"My what?"

"Your Tinder account. According to Aunt Gloria you haven't been laid since Dad left," he bluntly said, he too getting close to an invisible line.

"I'm going to kill her," I said, even though I wasn't really mad, thinking that was likely pretty obvious to my astute son.

Jeremy defended my sister and continued the discussion with words that were rather too blunt for a mother. "Don't get mad at her, she's just looking out for you. While you deserve a relationship with a man who loves you as much as I love you, you first need, according to Aunt Gloria, to get fucked bloody senseless."

"Oh my God!" I gasped, this time quite shocked, even though I did indeed need to get fucked senseless. The question was: Was I willing to allow the man currently in my house be the one to fuck me senseless?

"Sorry, I went too far. I just hate that Dad has killed your confidence and I feel you deserve a man who loves you and would do anything for you like I would," he said, showing me again how sensitive he could be with me.

"Oh, honey," I said, pulling my foot off the footrest and walking over to him. I pulled him into a hug and said, "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom," he said.

"And you and Gloria are right," I said, looking into my son's eyes. "Fuck him. Fuck him. I deserve so much better."

"Exactly."

I said, starting a sentence and then purposely stopping it, "I do deserve a man who treats me like a queen and also a...."

"A what?" he asked, getting drawn in just like I wanted him to.

"Um, never mind, I've said too much," I said, pretending to be embarrassed and uncomfortable... it was pretty good acting on my part.

"No, I insist you tell me," he said, with a little authority.

"Is that an order?" I coyly responded, hopefully making it obvious I liked being told what to do.

"Yes, Mom, that is an order," he sternly answered.

I began to explain, letting him know exactly the two different sides of me, "Well, your father always treated me like a queen in public, but in the bedroom..."

"But in the bedroom, what?"

"You sure you want to know about your mother's needs in the bedroom?" I questioned, again rather playfully, already knowing the answer. "I mean, maybe that's giving a little too much detail."

"Yes, I want to know," he said. Then, again showing the kind of authority, of manly strength that made my pussy dampen, he added, "I'm the man of the house now and need to know what you need to be happy."

I paused, impressed, turned on, and questioning myself one last time whether I should continue to walk this fine line, before I simply said, even as I glanced down to his hidden dick, "Okay, I like to be treated like a queen in public but a submissive slut in the bedroom."

"I see," he nodded, obviously trying to appear unfazed by my revelation, while the bobbing bulge in his sweatpants gave him away.

"Sorry, you must be disgusted by your mother," I said, knowing he was anything but.

He confirmed what I assumed, when he said, "The opposite, Mom, I think it's hot."

"You do?" I feigned surprise.

"Yeah, like I said before, if you weren't my mom...."

"You would take me to my bedroom and fuck me like a cheap slut?" I wickedly responded, my tone dripping with sensual playfulness.

He stammered, my words this time drawing him closer to the line, "I-I-I didn't mean that."

Continuing the seduction of my son, although I still wasn't sure if I was going to go all the way through with it, even as the temptation was growing wildly inside me, I turned around and somewhat ordered, "Unzip me."

"Really?" he said, even as he did as requested.

"Yes, before I change my mind," I said, getting a rush of sexual adrenaline coursing through my body and directly to my pussy as I heard the sound of the zipper. I then allowed the dress to slither down and drop to the floor leaving me in bra, thong, garter-belt, and stockings.

Feeling brazen and sexy... feeling wanted and alive... I turned back around after letting him get a good look at his mother's ass in a thong, placed my hands on my hips and asked, "Is this sexy enough for Tinder?"

He stammered, as he stared at me in the lace bra that perfectly framed my firm tits, "I-I-I think you will have more men than you can possibly know what to do with."

"I really just want one man who can see past the exterior and understand my needs," I said, trying to hint he was that man, knowing if he took control and crossed the line I would allow it, yet still struggling to do it myself.

"Well, this outfit may not do that," he said.

"Why not?" I asked, a little perplexed by his response.

"Because I don't know how a man could be expected to see beyond this exquisite exterior. It's just going to make any man want to...."

"Want to what?" I asked, my tone dripping with raw sexuality.

"Mom, it's hard for me to say," he deflected, even as his eyes roved up and down my figure. A mature figure that might no longer have appealed to my asshole of an ex, with his teenybopper obsession, but clearly was sending my son's libido into overdrive.

"Just say it," I demanded and stressed, "no more secrets. We are both adults and you are the man of the house."

"Every man is going to want to fuck you," he bluntly said, the words music to my ears.

"Every man?" I questioned, not being remotely subtle in my question, my tone, or my direct look at his erection straining against his sweats.

This seemed to give him confidence as he responded in a slow methodical way, "Yes, every... single...man."

"So, then take some pictures," I said, as I used a barstool to climb up onto the counter, lay on my side and posed. "How's this?"

"Perfect," he said, pulling his camera up and taking more pictures of me.

"Or how about this?" I questioned, aiming to drive him mad with sexy revealing poses as I swung around onto my butt with my legs straight out and blew him a kiss.

The pose worked as he moaned, "Oh, God," as I wiggled my newly pedicured toes showcased so perfectly in the nylons for him to admire and snap photos.

"Or how about this?" I questioned after getting to my knees on the counter, then bending forward at the waist as I sat back on my heels so that my silky soles were displayed immediately beneath my womanly ass.

"Mom, this is a perfect position," he said again, sounding very aroused as he moved around to see a view that held only my butt and my feet.

"Yeah, it's one of my favorites," I responded, looking back at my son with a tone that didn't remotely try to hide my meaning. I asked, noticing he seemed entranced by my pose or perhaps overwhelmed with my implication, "Are you going to take any pictures in this 'perfect' position? Or is it a little too much?"

He quickly came to and took more photos. "No, great pose."

Suddenly, I had to go pee. No way I was going to be able to hold it for long... too many whiskey and cokes. I said, "Shoot, I need to go pee," then hopped off the kitchen bar counter and hurried to the bathroom.

I went pee.

I looked into the mirror.

I took a deep breath.

I asked myself: Am I seriously considering fucking my son?

The answer to that question came from my actions, as I went to my bedroom, stripped, and slid into a black nightie that showcased my tits very well, while barely covering my pussy. Then I slid on never worn black stockings that had the sexy, hard-to-find, old school Cuban heel.

I then returned to the kitchen to see my son looking at his camera and presumably checking out pictures of his mother and I said, "Let me see."

"Um, no, I...." he began as he looked up and saw me in the revealing lingerie.

"Like?" I asked, posing with my hands on my hips.

"You look absolutely stunning," he said, his eyes unsure where to go.

"I was going for absolutely sexy," I said, giving him a sexy pout.

"That is the sexiest outfit I have ever seen," he said, unable to stop staring at his clearly out of control mother.

"Like the stockings?" I asked, spinning around to reveal the Cuban heel stockings and the sexy seam on these ones too. Inadvertently, the spin made the nightie flip up just a bit and I wondered if he got a peek of my uncovered privates.

He responded, as he lifted his camera up to take some very inappropriate photos of me, "I have never seen these worn in real life."

"I bought them for your dad, but he cheated on me before he ever got to see me in them," I explained, giving him the best poses I could.

"His loss."

"So, I figured someone should see me in them," I said, as I crossed my legs a little for a new pose I was certain he'd like.

"It would be a crying shame otherwise."

I said, as I sauntered past him with clear intent, "And since you're the man of the house now, let's go to the bedroom for the last pics."

"Um, okay," he said, as I led him down the hallway to my bedroom... where no man had been in two years.

"So," I said, as I walked to the bed, sat down on the end and stretched out my legs for a very revealing view, "tell me how to pose."

"First, just stay like that," he said, pulling the camera up and taking a few pics.

"Okay," I said, as I just let myself enjoy being a model for my son.

I then pushed the sexy level by lifting my right leg up to show him my sexy sole again, before spreading and bending the leg to bring my right foot back to the mattress, which I knew would give my son a clear view of my hairy pussy... which I wished I had shaved, but who knew we would be here like this today?

Acting oblivious of my pussy reveal, I asked, "How about this?"

"Don't move," he ordered, as he took more pictures.

"You like this one?"

"It's the best one yet."

"It's not too hairy? I would have shaved if I'd known—"

He cut me off with, "No, no shaving. This is what a real woman is supposed to look like."

That was finally enough to make me decide to cross the line, so, with my pussy on fire and my need to get fucked consuming me, I asked, my tone dripping with slutty intent, "Should I spread my legs further so you can get a better view of a real woman's pussy?" I didn't wait for a response, as I put my foot back down to the carpet and spread my legs wide.

"Mom, I...."

"Take the picture, son," I ordered.

"Okay," he said, taking photo after photo.

"Jeremy," I finally said, speaking plainly as I pulled the nightie down off my shoulders to let my son see my firm tits, "I want, I need you to be the man of the house. Can you be the man of the house?"

He finished taking a couple more photos, this time of my tits I assumed, before he responded, with the confidence I hoped, "Yes, I can be the man of the house." He then paused and corrected his first response. "No, I am the man of the house."

"Do you understand what that means?" I bluntly questioned.

Walking to the bed, he answered, "It means taking care of all the needs of the lady of the house."

"Even if that lady is your mother?" I questioned, as I moved my left foot directly to his dick in his sweats.

As I began to rub his hard dick, he snapped more photos while answering, "Especially because you are my mother."

"You sure?" I questioned, ready to cross the line and suck and fuck my son, but wanting him to be sure. "There is no going back," I stressed, as I moved both feet to his stiff, seemingly big dick.

"Are you sure?" he countered and then said something that wasn't surprising and yet something I needed to hear, "I have fantasized fucking you forever, but I gotta think this is new for you."

"I want a man who loves me and will give me the fucking I need," I answered. "So, yes, I am one hundred percent sure."

"I promise I can do that," he said, as he moaned from the pressure of my feet on his dick.

"Your cock feels so big and hard," I said.

"Do you want to see it?" he asked.

I answered, lust in my eyes and definitely wanting to see it, "Yes, son, I want to see your cock very badly."

He pulled his sweats and underwear down and I quickly moved my feet back to his raging rod... his very impressive raging rod.

"This is another thing I have fantasized about many times," he moaned, as I began to give him a nylon-clad foot job, something I was very good at doing, while he took photos of my feet working over his cock.

"Such a big, hard cock," I moaned, so turned on by its size.

"It's hard because of you," he said, as I smoothly stroked his dick.

"Are you saying you're hard because of... *Mommy*?" I asked.

"You know its because of you, *Mommy*." His understanding and use of the trigger word, acknowledging the depravity of what we were doing nearly made me come right then.

"It's just such a big, beautiful cock it's impossible to resist," I said, continuing to stroke it as I imagined it in my mouth, in my pussy.

"Get on your knees and get a close-up view," he ordered, finally taking control like I'd hoped he would.

I obeyed, dropping to my knees before him, as I stressed my submissive nature, "Mmmmmm, the man of the house knows that his mother likes being told what to do."

He snapped more pictures, as I wrapped my hand around his hard, throbbing cock and said, "I know this is wrong, but I have to have it."

"Have what?" he asked, just like his father used to do... making me say it.

I happily played along as I responded, while rolling my fingers over his slightly wet with pre-cum cock head, "I want to suck my son's big, fat cock."

"I'm told it's fairly impressive," I said.

"Very impressive," I agreed as I leaned forward and took my son's dick between my lips and began bobbing even as he took some very inappropriate and compromising pictures of me willingly committing incest.

"I should warn you, I'm not going to last long," he said, after just a minute-plus of smooth bobbing from me.

"I'm assuming you can reload quickly?" I asked, as I slid my tongue down his thick shaft and moved to his big balls.

As I found one large testicle and took it in my mouth, he replied, "In a heartbeat."

"Mmmmmmmmm," I purred, as I sucked on his ball.

"I can reload as many times as you want," he assured.

"Good," I said, as I found his other ball and replicated the dedicated attention it deserved. "Feel free to take as many pictures as you want of your cock-sucking mother."

"Okaaaaay," he moaned, as he kept taking pics. Then he warned again, "But now I'm really not going to last long."

"Then I better make sure I get what I'm craving," I said, dying to make him cum, to feel his dick pulsate as it erupted, to taste his salty seed. I slithered my tongue up his shaft and took his dick back in my mouth.

"Oh, God," he moaned as I resumed bobbing on his dick. He was thick like his father, but even longer and I took all seven inches into my mouth. I was out of practice but doggedly deep-throated my son's impressive cock, desperately wanting to make him erupt and shoot his creamy seed down my throat.

He ordered in a moan, "Oh yeah, suck it, Mom. Get ready for my load."

I bobbed faster, my wordless response to his declaration, preparing for his load which came a few bobs later as his sweet seed spewed in my mouth and glided down my throat as I didn't slow down during my hungry cock sucking.

I kept sucking until he pulled out, pulled me up, pulled me into him and kissed me.

The kiss was shockingly passionate. He was no longer just my son... he was my lover... my stud... my man. I melted into him as I returned the kiss and our tongues danced in each other's mouths and

our hands randomly roamed over each other's bodies.

I could have kissed him all night before he broke the kiss, guided me gently onto the bed, spread my legs and said, as he crawled between them, "My turn."

"Mmmmmm," I purred with a playful smile, as I propped on my elbows behind me and leaned up so I could watch my son as he moved to my pussy. I asked, in the hottest way I possibly could, "Are you going to eat Mommy?"

"I'm going to make you come so hard," he said, as I felt his hot breath on my pussy... making me tremble.

"Yes, baby, make me come," I moaned, as I felt his tongue part my long-neglected pussy lips.

"Fuck, you smell and taste so good," he said.

"Oh, God, that feels so good," I moaned, two years of oral neglect making this feel twice as good, quadrupled by the reality it was my son dining on my twat. "No one has been down there in sooooo long."

"That won't be happening anymore," he assured, as he worked my pussy over rather randomly before I felt his tongue begin to probe my hole and try to tongue fuck me. He added to the wickedness another hot assurance, "This pussy is going to be part of my daily diet."

"You better keep that promise," I moaned, feeling my orgasm rising.

"Oh, I don't make promises I can't keep," he said, tongue fucking my pussy with abandon.

As the orgasm continued to rise, I noticed the camera within reach and began to snap some close-up pictures of my son between my legs dining away. Wanting some damnably raw pictures, wanting to see his face while he munched me, I ordered, "Look at me while you eat your nasty mommy's pussy."

He obeyed, opening his eyes to look right into mine, but instead got the camera lens as I explained, "For our private collections."

"Mmmmmmm," he purred in response, like I had when I had been servicing him... I appreciated his focused attention on pleasing his mother.

"Oh yes, you can eat my peach any time you want, baby," I assured, as I moved my hand gently through his hair and ever so softly guided him deeper into my oasis of juices that were bubbling and spreading... only an invisible dam inside me preventing a full flood... although that too was imminent.

"This is my new favourite meal," he said, as I put the camera back down, closed my eyes and just enjoyed the taboo reality that it was my own son eating my pussy.

Eventually, after a couple of minutes, maybe more, time irrelevant during this erotic intimacy, he moved to my swollen clit which made me get more animated as I began grinding my hips on his face, pushing his head hard against my pussy, and babbled like a desperate slut: "Oh yes, eat my pussy," and "Oh God, don't stop," and "Yes, yes, suck on my clit!" Then I tightened my legs against his head as the eruption of my volcano of unbridled lust occurred after years of being dormant and I flooded my son with my cum as I screamed, "Fuck, you made Mommy come!"

My son kept licking throughout my lengthy orgasm, even as I held his face pressed against my lower lips before I finally said, feeling spent after such an intense orgasm, "Jesus Christ, that was amazing."

"Agreed," he said as he sat up and I could see my juices all over his face, which I found surreally sexy.

When he got to his knees between my spread legs, I saw that his thick cock was fully revived and pointing toward the ceiling. I slid my left foot along the mattress until it reached under his hanging balls and began gently jiggling them with my pedicured toesies. Then I asked a question I already knew the answer to. "Want a real foot job? The last one was rather short."

"Of course."

I moved my other foot to his dick, reached for the camera again, and coyly reminded him of the power he had over his mother in the bedroom. "Well, just tell me what you want Mommy to do."

"Stroke your son's cock with your stocking-clad feet," he instructed.

"Yes, son, Mommy will obey any order you give," I said, beginning to give him a foot job and hopefully clarifying without a single doubt that I was completely at his sexual whim, a slut ready and willing to do anything to please him.

As my nylon soles slowly stroked his hard cock, and I took some photos, he moaned, "That feels so nice."

"We've got to make sure that dick is nice and hard for what I want next," I sexily stressed, making my intent to get fucked pretty damn obvious as I continued masturbating him with my feet while also still snapping pictures.

"It is always ready," he assured, as he reached for the camera.

I handed it to him and he took photos of me giving him a foot job that likely included my boobs and face. God, there was so much damning material in that camera now and it only made me hornier being vulnerable to exposure.

With my hands free, I gripped and squeezed my tits and licked at my nipples, giving him extra raunchy material for his photo collection, all while working his dick like a foot fetishist's wet dream. Then my rampant lust forced me to overcome my natural desire to submit and voice my own needs.

"I'd love to give you a full foot job and have you come all over Mommy's feet, but right now I need your cock deep in Mommy's pussy."

He put down the camera, grabbed my feet and began fucking my silken soles, unwittingly hitting on what turned me on the most about foot jobs. But he hadn't forgotten my real desire. "Tell me what you want, slut," he ordered.

Desperately wanting to get that dick in me, determined to let my son fuck me, I expedited what happened next as I wickedly and urgently said, "I need you to slam that big cock in Mommy's cunt and fuck her like the Mommy-slut she wants to be."

"That is so hot," he groaned, as he let go of my feet.

Looking into my son's eyes, I said with unbridled forbidden lust, "I need you in me right now."

"Okay," he said. His words may not have been the hottest response, but the frantic lust showing in his eyes made up for it as he spread my legs and looked at heaven.

I said, telling him exactly what I wanted for this first fuck, "I want you to first make love to me and then fuck me like a cheap slut. Can you do that?"

"I'll do whatever you need," he said, moving up between my legs while smoothly sliding his hands along the material of his fetish.

"Gooooood," I breathed out, as he wasted no time simply sliding his seven inches of manhood right into his mom's needy pussy. Once he was all in, and our eyes met, I said, "Oh, yes, now kiss me."

He leaned down and kissed me for glorious minutes while he slowly pumped his cock in and out of me. As we kissed, his fingers intertwined with mine. It was ultimately romantic, sweetly intimate, and yet with a slow growing passion of a couple in love.

Finally, my loins on fire and my desperation to come consuming me, I broke the kiss and demanded, "Now give it to me, give it to Mommy hard."

"You want to be my Mommy pet?" he asked, impressing me with his sudden shift from lover to dominant at the precise moment I needed that exact shift of personality.

"Yes, I want to be your Mommy pet, your Mommy slut," I confirmed with urgency. "Now fuck me hard in whatever position you want."

As he grabbed my ankles, pulled them together, and raised them up, he said, "As you wish," and really began to pile drive my hole, going deeper at this unique angle while the pervert sole-licker bathed my soles with his tongue.

"Oh yes, you're fucking me so deep," I moaned, rapture rising inside of me.

"Such a tight pussy."

"It's been so long it's almost virginal," I pointed out after two years of neglect.

As he pounded my pussy, he said, "Well, time to make up for lost time."

A couple dozen more strokes and I requested, wanting a position I had always loved, "Please roll me onto my side, I need to feel you pounding me from behind."

"Anything you want," he said, letting go off my ankles while he assisted me rolling onto my side before he laid down behind me in a spoon.

I could feel his body warmth against me and his dick poking at my anal entrance as I pointed out, "Wrong hole."

"Sorry," he said, moving his dick lower until he found the excessive wetness he had stimulated.

"We can save that for another time," I purred as he reached around and cupped my left breast, thinking I hadn't been ass-fucked in way more than two years and wondered if I was getting ahead of myself.

"We can?" he asked with surprise, as his dick slid back inside me.

"Yeah, there was a time long ago when dinosaurs ruled the earth I could take a dick in my ass," I said playfully, curious what his fat dick would do to my almost virginal back door. "Although never one as fat as your cock."

"Like I said," he responded, as he resumed fucking me again and I used my pussy muscles to really tighten around his fat shaft, "anything for you."

"I'll be keeping you to that," I moaned, orgasm two rising and the idea of being sodomized by my son suddenly very exciting. "Now give it to me hard. Fuck me. Fuck Mommy."

As he squeezed my left tit, he began fucking me hard, his body slamming into mine. Instantly, the burning in my loins became a forest fire of lust. In just a couple of minutes of hard fucking I knew I was going to come soon. Like it used to in the heat of the moment, my tongue got nasty as I moaned wildly, "Oh yes, baby, give it to me," and "Harder, give it to me harder," and "Don't stop," and "Oh yes, fuck me with that big mother-fucking fat cock," and then finally, "Oh yes, you motherfucker, you're making Mommy come!" before I erupted and came hard... trembling against my son's body as my orgasm reached apocalyptic bliss.

Thankfully, he kept fucking me throughout my orgasm even as I mumbled, "Don't stop, don't stop," as the raw rapture pulsed through me.

A good couple of minutes later, my orgasm finally dissipating, I ordered, "Lie down on your back."

"Okay," he said, his hard dick slipping out of me, glistening with my come. I resisted the temptation to taste myself off his dick... another idea was stronger in my mind.

I got to my feet and straddled his hips, imagining my juices might drip onto his cock. Knowing he was gazing at me almost hypnotically I made a production of releasing the suspender clasps from the tops of my stockings and pulling my nightie up over my head and tossing it aside.

The stockings had elastic at their tops so they could stay up on their own and now I ran my thumbs under the edge of each as if I was going to roll them down.

"On or off?" I teased, already knowing the answer.

"You should always have nylons on," he said, staring at them while his hands began stroking my ankles and the tops of my feet. "In fact," he added, "since you've declared yourself to be my obedient Mommy-pet, I order you to wear only lingerie when we're at home."

"Your own private Victoria's Secret model?" I teased him, although the idea of being made to always dress like a whore in a brothel made my pussy drip on his hard cock even more.

"Maybe more Frederick's of Hollywood," he said with a leer. "But nude except for stockings like you are now is your baseline."

"I can make that happen," I purred, feeling the sweat on my body from the marathon fucking.

As he ogled my body standing over him like a living Venus de Milo, he complimented, "You have a perfect body, Mom."

"As do you, my magnificent stud. So, will you be joining me in constant nudity, or will you also start wearing men's lingerie - maybe leather?"

He gave me a stern look and said, "Perhaps I should always remain fully clothed so that you never forget your place." My knees almost buckled at the overwhelmingly erotic humiliation such a scenario would create.

Then he cocked his head to the side and seemed to consider. "If I were to grant you a queen's privilege, how would you like your new lover to dress?" Oh, my son was going to be a much better master, lover, and partner than his father could ever be if he was already so adroitly mixing and matching my conflicting needs to be both respected and controlled.

"Your Sub would love to be as naked as a pet at her clothed owner's side, but your Queen's request would be for you to always be nude so that I could always see and touch my beautiful lover-son," I said, honestly open to whichever choice my owner made.

"Yes, I like the idea of there being nothing to keep us apart," he said. "From now on my slut will be naked, or mostly naked for me, and I will be naked for my queen."

I squatted to reach his camera, then stood again and held it by its strap so he could grab it. "Now, please take more pictures as I bring our bodies together again," I requested. "Unless..."

"Unless?" he asked.

"Unless your fancy camera has a video option, then I think this next little bit might be best seen in motion."

I saw him fiddle with some controls, then the lens was pointing straight at my nasty, incestuous cunt, just where my son's attention should be.

"Here I come," I said before slowly squatting down, aiming my gaping gash at the thick rod he held straight up with one hand, while he captured my descent with the camera in his other. If only his asshole father knew what our sweet Jeremy was doing with his fancy gift.

"Fuck, yeah," I heard him moan just as I felt my swollen labia begin enveloping his equally swollen cock head. I could just imagine how hot the image of him splitting me open was going to look and after lowering myself all the way down on his big dick, I began slowly bouncing up and down on it... thinking it would close out the video segment perfectly.

"This dick is the perfect size," I moaned after a few minutes of slow riding and hearing the clicks that said he'd switched back to camera mode.

"Everything about you is perfect," he sweetly said.

"These tits are perfect?" I asked, playfully cupping them while still bouncing on his cock.

"Your tits are perfect."

"My legs are perfect?" I questioned.

"Your legs and feet and soles are pure heaven," he said.

"In nylons," I playfully added.

"The nylons make you a goddess," he flattered.

"Mmmmmmm," I smiled, leaning forward so my perfect breasts would bounce against his handsome face every time I bounced on his perfect dick. "I want you to come inside me," I implored.

"Okay," he moaned, as I really rode his dick, and then, knowing he was getting close by his sounds and facial expression, I used my gift of pussy tightening to really milk his cock. As anticipated, he moaned, "Oh God, that feels so good."

"Come in Mommy, son," I sexily demanded, as he put the camera down. I looked into his eyes, "I want to feel your big load explode inside me."

"I'm going to come soon," he warned, clearly so close.

"Fill Mommy up, baby," I whispered, dying to feel his cock pulse and his dick erupt inside me.

"Yes, Mommy," he moaned before he grunted and gave me the cum I so badly desired, as I kept milking his cock until every drop of his load was deep in my pussy. As he came, I leaned in and kissed him and kept kissing him long after he was done.

It was so intimate that I forgot he was my son.

Of course, I was quickly reminded when I eventually broke the kiss and saw those familiar eyes staring into mine. The eyes I'd been gazing into since his birth. "I love you, Son."

"I love you too, Mom."

After the moment's romance, my cum-filled cunt reminded me even more clearly that I was now not only a submissive slut, but an incestuous submissive slut. My heart soared.

"Since we're becoming a nude, or in my case semi-nude household, tomorrow I'm going to go shopping after work to find more outfits to tease and please you with," I said, tonight being such a rush and a plethora of ideas spinning in my head to drive him wild and recreate tonight's fuckfest over and over.

"You are, are you?" he playfully smiled.

"Yes, if I'm going to be constantly on display, then I need to be able to mix things up so I'm always photo-ready for my horny paparazzo."

"Well, if you are doing that, please make sure to get a variety of colours of nylons."

"I can do that," I assured, letting him know, "I already have white and red in the bedroom and a couple other shades of mocha."

"That is a good start. In fact, I bet wearing the red nylons with your Chiefs jersey would be pretty hot," he said.

"Mmmmmmmmm, I could also perhaps find the right blue for my Royals jersey."

"That could be a challenge."

"Challenge accepted," I said, realizing I really had to urinate again. I got off of him, his dick finally flaccid, and got off the bed. "Sorry, I need to pee again."

"Me too," he said.

I hurried to the ensuite bathroom and peed.

Once done, I wiped, washed my hands, and returned to the bedroom. Since he hadn't returned yet, I decided to surprise him by putting on a Chiefs football jersey (a Mahomes 15 in case you care). I found the red nylons, slid one on and was putting on the second when he returned.

He walked in and gasped, "Oh my God," as he walked to the bed and grabbed the camera.

"Like?" I smiled, stopping with the second nylon just above my ankle for a perfect picture.

"Love it," he said, snapping away as he instructed, "now roll it up slowly."

"Yes, sir," I said as I happily obeyed.

"Perfect."

Wanting his dick in my mouth again, I got off the bed, walked to him, sunk to my knees, and inhaled the semi-flaccid dick. After a few seconds I felt it stirring to life and asked, "Do you have one more load for Mommy?"

"I have as many loads as you're willing to take," he said... I was going to love having a cum factory machine right in my house.

"I'd like one more," I said, as I stroked his cock and told him, "but this last load I want all over my face."

"Oh, Mommy," he groaned, as I resumed sucking his delicious dick.

Then we had a marathon fuck session. From being bent over the dresser while he hammered me from behind, the dresser banging against the wall with each forward thrust, to leaning against the wall while I held one leg in the air, surprised by my own flexibility, to on the floor as I rode his dick and he bucked his hips up to fuck me. After a quick titty fuck and some doggy style fucking, I came one last time.

While still enjoying the thrill of orgasm, I spun around and devoured his dick, bobbing like I was in a porn movie. In the past my cock sucking usually led to quick eruptions, and I was happy to learn I'd retained my skills, as he warned, "I'm about to come."

I backed off, jerked him off and pretty quickly after, massive wads of cum splattered my face. Once done, I took his cock back in my mouth for any remnants of cum I could get, God, I had missed this taste.

I asked, looking up at him drenched in his warm, creamy cum, "Want to take any last pics?"

"I don't mind if I do," he said, grabbing his camera and taking pics of me with his load all over my face. Playing the porn star MILF, I posed scooping cum and eating it, and spread my legs wide to let him take photos of me with cum all over my face while wearing the Chiefs jersey and matching nylons.

I then suggested, "Come shower with me."

It was a romantic moment... a little kissing... we washed each other.

Once out, I took his hand and led him to my bedroom, and stressed, "The man of the house sleeps with me."

He didn't say anything as we got into the bed, and I snuggled into him feeling warm and safe... at home.

As I lay there in my safe cocoon, I said, my hand on his chest, "So, perhaps I don't need to make a profile page."

"Really? I mean you definitely don't need a Tinder page as I will be fucking you all the time."

"Yes, you will be," I said, but then after a pause, I decided to throw out a thought that had been simmering on a back burner in my mind since one of our earlier, more romantic encounters. "But what about if we became more than just mother and son?"

"I think we may have already crossed that line," he chuckled.

"I mean, what if we started to be a real couple?" I tried to clarify.

"Really?"

"I'm sorry, it's stupid," I sighed, feeling tears beginning to form. "It's just that I want a man who loves me and will do anything for me, and I thought I might already have that in you."

He suddenly spun onto his side so we faced each other. Putting one hand on my cheek, he peered into my eyes and said, "You do have that in me," which made my heart soar again. "And besides, after today you have broken me for any other woman."

"I have?"

"Yes, I will compare every other woman to you and they will never be able to live up to you," he said.

"That's sweet," I smiled... he being the perfect man for me.

"But how would we even do that?"

"Well, I hadn't told you this, but Senator Wilson has asked me to move to Washington this summer to head her main office." I watched his face to see how he would take my big reveal. He looked surprised and impressed.

"Oh wow, that is huge."

"I was thinking of taking it since you are going to school in Boston anyways. I'd be a lot closer to you in Washington than I would be here."

"Well, you should definitely take it," he said.

"And we can either see each other on weekends or," I paused, wondering if I should actually suggest what I was thinking.

"Or what?" he asked, as my hand meandered over his hairy, sexy chest.

Finally, I just decided to throw it out there. "You could go to a school in Washington, live with me, and we could live as a couple." My stomach clenched as I awaited his response.

"Does Senator Wilson know me?"

"Well, she obviously knows of you in general, but since we're not allowed to have personal photos at work, she doesn't actually know what you look like."

"Well, I was also accepted at a school in Washington, but I think the declaration period has passed." I was glad to hear he was open to the idea.

"I bet I could pull a few strings and have the deadline extended once they know where I work," I said, not being above using my connections to fulfill my twisted plan. "But obviously the Boston school was where you wanted to go and I don't want to ruin that."

"I meant it, Mom, I'll do anything for you," he said. "And the Washington school was another of my top choices, I'd be completely happy to go there."

"So, you will move to Washington with me and be my boyfriend?" I asked... feeling like a teenager again.

"Yes, I would love that."

"Oh, honey," I said, kissing him. This agreement had my pussy burning again and when I pulled the sheet back I found it was apparently having the same effect on my son. With two quick strokes his beautiful cock was ready to fill my pussy as I straddled him and lowered myself until our pubes were tangled. I asked, breaking the kiss, "I'm horny for you again, can we seal this relationship with one more fuck?"

"Definitely," he said, pulling me back into a kiss as I slowly rode him.

I said, as we fucked, "In public I want you to treat me like a lady, but behind closed doors I want you to treat me like a slut."

"A Mommy slut?" he smiled playfully.

"Yes, a three-hole Mommy slut who will obey your every command," I agreed and added the nastiest of terms, "And you'll be a motherfucker. No, wait, make that, Mother-fucker."

"There is nothing I'd rather be," he smiled, as he took control, flipped me onto my back and fucked me good and hard in the missionary position, all the while we stared into each other's eyes.

I couldn't explain it... but this felt so right.

This was love.

Sure, he was my son... but he was so much more.

My son.

My lover.

My boyfriend.

My stud.

Perhaps even my Master.

Regardless, today everything changed.

I wouldn't need a dating profile, I wouldn't need Tinder, I just needed my son.

My only predicament was how I would tell my sister.

She was pretty wild... very kinky... and sure we had crossed the incestuous line once ourselves... but this was a whole other level of crossing the line.

That said, that was a problem for tomorrow or another day. But then again, since Gloria had made the suggestion herself, perhaps there would be no problem at all. Still, for tomorrow.

Tonight, I was in the moment... I was in love... and as I came one last time the moment he came in me, I moaned, "I love you, my sexy boyfriend."

"I love you too, my future wife," he responded, which made me wrap my legs around him and kiss him passionately... the future suddenly seemingly limitless.

The End.

**The Son's side of the story is also available as *Forever Incest: A Son's Story*.**