

FUCKING MOM: A SON'S VIRGINITY LOST

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Son learns his mother fantasizes about fucking him and...

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Son learns his mother fantasizes about fucking him and....

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Fucking Mom: A Son's Virginity Lost

Dad left us two years ago to move to south Florida with a hot floozy half his age that he'd met in a bar. Mom was crushed, distraught and for almost a year felt worthless. Her path to recovery had gone through three stages:

Stage 1: Emotional breakdown

Stage 2: Anger

Stage 3: Happy Acceptance

I won't bore you with much about the first two stages as the first was pretty depressing and the second fiercely intense... but Mom got through them, with the help of my sister and me, and recently seemed to be reborn.

The happy changes started last summer.

She began working out every day.

She began to wear bikinis to go swimming in our pool instead of the one piece suits she'd always worn.

She got her first job... she'd been a stay at home mom her entire adult life. Dad was a stockbroker making more than enough for both of them to live on, and this remained true even when the family had grown twenty years ago to include my sister Cassie, and again eighteen years ago to include me, Michael. Dad had ruled the roost, and his picture of an acceptable household was the way it had been when he'd been a kid, which was 1950s Leave it To Beaver. In 1950s parlance, we were squares. The marriage was an unusual one as he was a quarter century older than my Mom, who'd been born in 1976. At forty-one she still looked great, and I loved to go out back and see her lounging next to the pool in a bikini.

Mom was now a secretary at a law firm, a job she'd gotten through her best friend Anna, who also worked there as a secretary.

Throughout it all, Cassie and I had both been there for Mom no matter what. During Stage 1 we both had constant wet shoulders from holding Mom while she wept and wept, and during Stage 2 we were constantly agreeing with her while she ranted on about what a royal bastard our father

was, occasionally interjecting comments such as, "You're absolutely right Mom, and do you know what else?"

When Anna had moved in across the street from us about a year ago and she and Mom instantly became close friends, her friendship seemed to be the catalyst that began moving Mom solidly into Stage 3. Dad had never been easy to live with for any of us, and Mom had become genuinely cheerful and happy for the first time I could remember. Anna was easily one of the hottest women I'd ever met... ten years younger than mom but she lived across the street and they'd hit it off... partly because they both loved wine.

Anna had moved here from Hawaii, and you could tell that at a glance. She had dark Polynesian skin and a long mane of coal-black thick hair flowing down her back to her waist. Her face was gorgeous, slender and Caucasian in shape made exotic by her attractive dark skin. She was tall, about my and Mom's height of 5'10" and full-figured without being the least bit plump. She almost always wore loose, flowing floral dresses that on her I found far sexier than anything form-fitting or even low-cut would have been, particularly since it was obvious she never wore a bra to restrain her large soft breasts which were constantly moving and swaying freely beneath the shimmery material. Whenever she joined us for dinner, which was often, I had taken to wearing very tight underwear so I wouldn't appear to be a horny teenage boy, which of course I was.

By this time Cassie had moved a couple hours away to attend college on an Engineering scholarship, so it was always just the three of us at dinner. Our conversations were wide-ranging, thoughtful and often sexy. Both Mom and Anna always went out of their way to include me in these conversations and seek out my opinions just as much as each other's, never making me feel like a kid among adults. They also took wicked pleasure in scandalising me with crude, ribald jokes and poked fun at me whenever I blushed, but never unkindly.

A ritual that I cherished was that when she was about to leave after an evening of dinner and conversation Anna would take Mom and me, one at a time, into her arms, holding us firmly against her soft, sexy breasts and say something vanilla like, "Thank you for a lovely evening," and share a warm kiss with us. It wasn't a make out session with tongues or anything, but she gave each of us a long, warm, sensuous kiss with our bodies pressing together that I treasured (and made me glad I was wearing tight underwear).

Anna was wild, single and a partier. She wore a ubiquitous flower behind her right ear (instead of her left) a Hawaiian signal that she was single, available and approachable. Anna was the polar opposite of Mom... but somehow they meshed together... again likely the wine.

Mom's new job was a huge relief as it helped break Mom out of her humdrum routine of doing not much, and for me, it got her back into hosiery... something she'd quit wearing the day Dad left.

I can truthfully say I don't recall a single moment she wasn't in nylons my entire life until then. She was already dressed and in nylons when I came down for breakfast and she was still wearing them when I went to bed at night.

I knew she wore them for Dad and it was obviously his fetish... I saw him staring at her nylon-clad feet all the time... feet that were perfectly manicured at all times and never in heels (not at home anyway). And when she did go out, all her heels were open toed... only her winter boots ever hid her immaculate feet.

Of course after almost two decades of seeing her in nylons every day... it had become my fetish too. I stared at her feet constantly... often watching them as if they were their own television channel.

She also started wearing make-up... something she'd never done before at home... and only rarely and minimally when she went out.

Recently she had started going out at night, often with Anna, and every Saturday not getting home until after two am. And on Saturdays when she left she was always dressed up in some sort of unique and very sexy costume. In the eight weeks since she'd begun her Saturday nightlife she'd walked out the door in a strapless ballroom gown, a short, tight, low cut cocktail dress, a neck to ankles but so skin tight she could barely walk vampire outfit, a flapper dress with a bodice so loose I kept hoping for her to lean forward, an eighties outfit... on and on.

In short she'd had a total rebirth from her doldrums and was not only a brand new chipper self but seemed to be a completely new woman.

I was happy as she was back to wearing nylons every day and back to being the buoyant woman I loved as a mother (when Dad wasn't home and giving us all a hard time).

I couldn't help but be curious about her Saturday night rendezvous.

So I decided to hack into her phone and add a tracker app, one Saturday two-thirds through October.

She was dressed in a 1950s housewife outfit that was innocent and yet somehow sexy as hell... maybe it was the nylons... but fuck was I hard.

She was picked up by a taxi, something I hadn't noticed before, and I waited a couple of minutes, jumped in my car and followed her phone.

Twenty minutes later I was parked across the street from a large home in the middle of one of the more upper class neighbourhoods in the city, the app telling me that Mom, or at least her phone, was inside.

The house wasn't a mansion by any means, but it was a large house.

There were surprisingly no cars parked in the driveway or even on the street except mine, even though the sounds of many voices were drifting across the street.

Was Mom here by herself?

Did she have a boyfriend?

Suddenly a taxi pulled up in front of the house and a woman dressed like Marilyn Monroe got out.

I remained in my car and watched for the next twenty minutes as taxi after taxi pulled up.

Women dressed in various sexy 1950s attire.

Men dressed almost exclusively as James Dean wannabes.

A couple of couples that came in matching attire.

I also saw Anna leave a taxi dressed as a dark-skinned long-haired Betty Boop, the first time I'd ever seen her without a Hawaiian dress, but still wearing her *I'm available* flower behind her right ear. I think Betty Boop was more 1930s but who cares... Anna looked absolutely amazing.

The entire time I was trying to figure out what the party was.

Halloween was just over a week away, but Mom had been dressing up *every* Saturday.

I wanted to sneak up to the windows and peek in, but besides being creepy, it would be impossible to defend if I were caught.

Intensely curious though, I decided to drive back home and snoop through Mom's bedroom and computer in hopes of figuring out what was going on.

I know it was an invasion of privacy but I was beginning not only to get curious, but also concerned by her behaviour. Was she okay?

I sped home and went directly to Mom's room, kind of feeling like a private dick looking for evidence.

I searched her dresser drawers where besides discovering all her panties were thongs (except one), I found a whole bunch of still unopened packages of thigh high stockings in a few colours and from a brand I'd never heard of called Wolfords (an English company). I would later learn that the pantyhose were called *tights* and the thigh high stockings were called *stay ups*. The average pair was a whopping 50 bucks!

I picked up an already opened pair and felt them... these weren't anything like the cheap nylons my last girlfriend Jodie had worn for me... no, these were sheer silk that felt like heaven.

God, I wanted to feel these on Mom's legs.

I replaced the nylons exactly as I'd found them and kept searching.

The rest of her dresser drawers were uneventful except for a couple of sexy nighties.

The closet revealed nothing, other than some new clothing which definitely had a more modern look... including shorter skirts, skirts with generous side slits and dresses that seemed too small for her... both in length and breadth. I also found a Batgirl costume hanging in there... was that what she'd be wearing for Halloween? It looked like something my slutty high school peers would wear when their parents weren't around.

Of course my cock hardened at the image of Mom wearing this ultra-skimpy outfit.

Not to mention that Batman was by far my favourite superhero and Batgirl a fail-proof bone stiffener... especially Yvonne Craig from the corny Adam West 60s version, although Alicia Silverstone in that tight outfit was pretty damn hot too.

That said, this outfit was not even a third the size, nor would it cover much of my mother's body other than her breasts and pussy... her ass would definitely be on full showcase if she bent over at all.

Fuck, was I horny. I considered going to my laptop and watching one of my favourite scenes... my newest stroke fantasy the scene called Mom's Panty Bandit where the MILF Ava Addams who somewhat resembled my mom, was in amazing mocha thigh highs. Each time I watched it I imagined Mom taking off my burglar's mask and fucking me.

But I resisted as I went to Mom's laptop and entered her password which was my birthdate (which I knew from when I'd had to add some programs to her computer a couple of months ago).

I logged in and saw her e-mail was up. I didn't expect to find anything there, but wow did I ever.

The most recent email was still up and open;

The subject line was: **Password for 1950s Not-so-Innocent Party**

Monroe

That was it.

I kept that e-mail open as I went to look for more e-mails from the sender, **MasterT**.

There were three:

1. Password for Diva Divine

Flapper

2. Password for Cum Vampires

Blood

3. October Dates

Oct 7: Diva Divine... dress in your 1920s best....

Oct 14: Cum Vampires... everyone craves cum....

Oct 21: 1950s Not-so-Innocent Party... what really happened behind the doors of the white picket fences.

Oct 28: Halloween Party

Due to a onetime gate crasher, the password will be emailed two hours before each party.

As I read these, my hard cock flinched. As I had kind of thought, these were sex parties. Which of course meant that my mom was attending sex parties.

Did Mom go to these parties and fuck strangers?

Did Mom have lesbian sex? With Anna?

Did Mom participate in orgies?

Wow! Wow! Wow!

Now even more curious than before, I decided to search Mom's browser history.

To my astonishment:

a) She didn't bother to erase her browser history

b) She'd visited a few porn sites. The majority were reading ones, although after skimming through some she'd saved, I found a few titles she'd read that gave me sudden hope for a fantasy I'd never expected to be more than just a stroke fantasy: *Anal Gangbang*, *Becoming my Daughter's Pet*, and *Taking My Son's Virginity*... the last title really making my cock flinch, although the vision of Mom naked with my older sister Cassie was hard not to suddenly visualize.

Did Mom fantasize about having a lesbian encounter with Cassie?

Was there any possibility she wanted to actually take my virginity? If so, bring it on!

I'd gotten head from my last girlfriend Josie, and a couple of hand jobs, and I'd licked a couple of pussies too, but I had yet to have actual intercourse. To *do it* with my hot Mom would be a dream come true!

I searched her saved files and gasped. She'd downloaded a few videos, all with incestuous themes including *My Dominant Daughter*, *69 your Mommy Time*, *My Son's Big Cock*, *Backdoor Mommy* and *Cum 4 Mommy*, just to name a few.

I clicked on the *My Son's Big Cock* video and watched.

A mother walked in on her son masturbating (although the actor looked a lot older than the eighteen he was supposed to be). She acted surprised as she stared at her son's large cock. The son with his eyes closed, unaware his mom was watching, kept stroking as he moaned, "That's it, Mom, suck my cock." The Mom's eyes went wide, and after a tentative pause, she removed her shoes and silently walked over to her son, climbed onto the bed and took her son's cock in her mouth. He opened his eyes, they kissed, and the obvious ensued.

That was all it took for me to shoot my load in my pants, imagining Mom doing the same thing to me.

As I tidied up, making sure I left the computer exactly how I'd found it, I tried to process Mom having incest stories and videos on her laptop. Was there a chance she was fantasizing about fucking me?

That question spun in my head all week as I stared at my mother who woke me up every morning. I mentally asked *What if she wants me?*

As I stared at her at the kitchen table.

As I listened to her tell me about her day.

As I glanced at her stocking-clad feet.

As I jerked off imagining my own real life mom and son video.

During the week leading to Halloween I formulated a plan... a risky plan... an unlikely to work plan... a Mission Impossible plan that seemed utterly ridiculous yet always worked plan.

I bought a Batman outfit, spending a big chunk of the money I'd got for my 18th birthday.

I checked her e-mails every day for the password.

I checked her browsing history to learn she had just favorited a story called *Pet Mommy*. I went to my room and looked it up on my own computer and read it. I stroked my hard cock throughout the story absorbing the idea that Mom got off reading about being treated like a slut by her son.

I chatted with her as much as I could to see if I could draw out anything abnormal... yet she still seemed like my same sweet, innocent, albeit loving mother who would be there for me no matter what.

I stared at her nylon clad feet every chance I got.

Then Saturday came.

Still no password.

I resisted jerking off all day and when Mom walked into the living room in her Batgirl outfit complete with cape and black thigh high stockings I joked, "Mom, you look like any one of the girls in my high school today."

"You think so?" she asked, looking a little uncomfortable even as she seemed also to be posing for me.

"Definitely, if I saw you like this at a high school party I'd be all over you," I continued, hinting at what I hoped was a foreshadowing for later tonight.

"You're so sweet," she said, wiggling her toes as if aware of the impact she had on me with her perfectly manicured feet and sheer nylons.

"And you're so hot," I added, not hiding the fact I was checking her out.

"Michael," she gasped, her face going red at my aggressive compliment.

"I'm serious, if you weren't my mother..." I began and stopped on purpose, wanting to see her reaction.

"Then what?" she asked playing dumb, although I could see through her... my playful sexual banter had her intrigued.

"Nothing," I said, wanting to draw her in.

"You can't say something like that and finish with *nothing*," she protested, even as she wiggled her toes around as if knowing my fetish.

Did she know my fetish?

"Mom, you're a MILF," I stated.

"What is that?" my Mom asked, appearing still rather innocent and stuck in the past, but I wasn't sure.

"A mother I'd like to..." I began.

"A mother you'd like to what?" she asked, either oblivious or just wanting to hear me say it. If she was reading intergenerational porn stories, it was likely she'd be familiar with the term.

"Fuck," I finished, enjoying the conversation.

"Oh!" she said, as clarity (or perhaps satisfaction) hit her. If I didn't already know what I knew, I imagine I wouldn't have put any stock into her facial expression. But since I did, I noticed her processing the words and maybe realizing that her naughty fantasy wasn't as impossible as it may have seemed. Just like I'd taken a while to process her aspirations when I found her incest secrets on her computer.

I continued on the offensive, "Plus, those thigh highs are really sexy."

"Your father liked them," she said.

"I guess that's why I have the same fetish," I revealed, wanting her to know I did, and continuing to open Pandora's Box a little wider.

"I thought you might," she said, wiggling her toes again and giving me a wink.

"I made Josie wear them every time we went out," I continued. "I love the feel of them... from the outside in of course."

"Too much information," she smiled, although I could tell she was enjoying the knowledge. She looked out the window to see that the taxi had arrived.

"I've got to go," she said, slipping on her heels.

"Have fun," I said.

"Thanks."

She then surprised me by coming and giving me a hug with her tits squeezed against me. "I love you, son."

My hard cock purposely flinched against her body... I didn't try to camouflage it... one more hint of the impact she had on me... one more hint of the interest I had in fucking her.

"I love you too, Mom," I replied, as she kissed me on the mouth very much like Anna often did, no tongues but loving and sensuous, her perfume lingering even as she walked away.

I watched her leave, I went to the window and watched her get into the taxi, then dashed up to her room and laptop.

So naïve, never ever thinking I would violate her privacy, her e-mail was open as was the message with the password.

I smirked as I read the password: **Fuck or Treat.**

Oh I planned to get a treat... and a fuck... and give away my virginity.

I went and changed into my Batman outfit, including my mask that included a voice modulator attached to my neck to disguise my real voice and thus hide my identity from Mom and Anna.

I drove to the house and parked two blocks away.

I walked there and concealed myself across the street behind a tree for a few minutes and watched other people arrive.

Every costume was sexy, every costume was revealing and every costume had my hard cock ready to burst.

After seeing someone arrive in a hot xxx Belle costume, where I imagined being her big beast, my cock was at its full eight inches, something I hoped would help me get the ladies once it became known.

So I built up the courage to step out during a lull in the traffic, cross the street and walk in.

At the door was a big bouncer who asked, "Password?"

I gave the correct answer and then he asked, "Name?"

Fuck! I should have known it wouldn't be that easy. Thinking on my feet and throwing a Hail Mary out there as I took a wild shot, I said the name I recalled Mom saying a couple of days ago on the phone to Anna, Eugene Dick, a name I only remembered because come on, who names their kid Eugene, and the last name was easy to remember. "Eugene Dick."

I held my breath as he looked at his iPad for what seemed like an eternity (maybe there was a selection of code names?) before he nodded, "Go on in, Mr. Dick."

I exhaled as I tried not to laugh at being called Mr. Dick... as I walked past him, a rush of adrenaline instantly coursing through me.

I was at a sex party.

My mom was at the same sex party.

I could lose my virginity tonight.

Perhaps to my mom.

As I walked into a big living room there were a few women in maid outfits which made me recall the maid's outfit Mom had worn the first time she'd left for a Saturday secret. I wondered about the significance of this as I surveyed the room.

No orgy was going on.

Just people dressed in costumes... all the women in very slutty costumes... each one would break the school dress code....

Guys, on the other hand, ranged from almost naked, one guy had on a tie and stripper boxers and nothing else, to completely covered like the Darth Vader across the room.

I tried to find Mom but couldn't, just as a hot maid walked over to me and offered me a drink.

I took one, not because I was interested in doing any drinking tonight, but so I could hold the cocktail in my hand with hopes of blending in.

I didn't see my mother anywhere, or Anna for that matter, but I did notice in a corner area a chubby woman dressed in a red devil bodysuit bobbing on the cock of an equally chubby man in a rather

boring doctor's outfit. I stared like the stunned dumb ass I was... in awe of what I was witnessing.

The lights dimmed and I stared for too long before I suddenly felt a hand on my ass and a whisper, "Want to park your Batmobile in my garage?"

My eyes went big.

One: Someone was hitting on me.

Two: Her hot breath, not to mention her tongue in my ear was sending chills up my spine.

Three: Her hand had drifted across my hip, traveling from my ass to my hard cock.

I turned around just in time to see this natural redhead dressed as Poison Ivy lower herself in front of me and pull down my thin pants and underwear at the same time.

"Oh my," she purred, clearly impressed by my Bat-cock.

"Ready for some sweet poison?" I asked, the mask allowing me to be someone I usually wasn't.

"I'm *itching* to try some," she countered as she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth.

I groaned... her tongue swirling around my mushroom cock while she sucked in the first couple of inches.

Some people walking by stopped to watch, others walked on by as if a live sex act occurring a couple feet away was of no consequence.

The exhibitionistic act, the amazing lips and the fact I hadn't come yet today (which was quite uncommon for me) was too much and I warned Ivy after not even two minutes, "I'm going to come."

She began bobbing faster... nonverbal permission to come in her mouth... which I did seconds later after closing my eyes and letting the pleasure take control.

Unlike the two times I'd received head from Josie, she kept sucking, swallowing it all and making it a much more intense orgasm than all the times I'd had to shoot my load in my hand.

As I opened my eyes, I saw Mom looking directly at me... a look that was unreadable. I couldn't tell if she recognized me. I couldn't tell if she was impressed. I couldn't tell if she'd watched me come.

Poison Ivy moved back, allowing my cock to slip out of her expert mouth, and Mom was able to get a good look at what I had between my legs.

She seemed to be indeed checking out my cock before a pretty girl dressed as the sluttiest Snow White ever grabbed her hand and pulled her away. Mom followed willingly but gave one look back, not at me, but my cock.

I turned around to thank the woman, but she was already gone.

I pulled my pants back up as I heard a guy grunt, "Harder." I turned around and saw my first ever live gay sex act as a big tattooed guy dressed anomalously as Peter Pan (I doubted that Neverland had tattoo parlours) was getting fucked from behind by a much smaller guy dressed as a member of the Village People. The sex scene was the reverse of how I would have imagined it; I would

expect the big guy to be bringing up the rear. Equally intriguing was how the large guy getting fucked had his dick out but it was soft and flying all over the place.

Yet I wasn't gay or bi-curious, so I turned away and headed the way Mom had just gone ... curious and excited to see what she was up to.

The hallway was long and had a few doors, all of them open. A couple of people were talking in the hallway as I stopped at the first door. Inside was a woman on her knees, completely naked except for fishnets and heels, taking on a different guy in each of her three holes; she was being fucked airtight.

It was so much wilder to see this live rather than on my computer screen.

A guy fucking her face looked up and said, "Come join us, Batman; her hands are free."

I wanted to, but I really wanted to find Mom. So I nodded, "Maybe later," before moving to the next door to notice that the two people I'd seen talking had progressed to having more fun... the guy on his knees between her legs licking away.

I arrived at the second of six doors and peeked inside. A girl was bound hands and ankles to a horse rack with a guy fucking her face and a girl fingering her.

The next door was even more kinky as a large woman was spread open with a strange contraption fucking her while a petite woman sat on her face. It was hot as the machine fucked her... and the woman on her face ground roughly. The smaller woman, a younger redhead dressed as Little Red Riding Hood, said, "Come over here and play with her tits."

The woman's tits were bigger than any I'd ever seen in real life or even in porn and I couldn't resist. I walked over and cupped her huge, heavy breasts before leaning down and sucking her huge, hard nipple in my mouth.

I heard moans from underneath Red Riding Hood as she ordered, "She doesn't want gentle; bite and slap them."

I did, although I felt awkward doing it. I slapped her huge melons and watched as they swayed all over the place.

"Keep licking, slut," Little Red Riding Hood ordered, as I played with the stranger's tits far more roughly.

Suck.

Bite.

Slap.

Listen to moaning and groaning.

Repeat.

"You can fuck her ass if you want," Little Red Riding Hood offered.

I looked up and said, "Maybe later, but thanks," before heading out to continue my primary quest of finding and fucking my mom.

Door four specialised in gay men as two guys were on their knees and four men were standing in front of them, so I continued on my way. I'd read that men sucked cock better than women and I wasn't against the idea of testing that theory at some point, but not when there were so many beautiful women here and especially when one of them was my mother.

Behind door five was fantasy heaven. There were five women in the room, all writhing on the floor in a circular daisy chain. One of them was Anna (who was the one I'd seen entering dressed as Belle) but none of them were Mom. My cock flinched in my pants as I watched the lesbian act, each woman dining on the next. Three men were in the room watching, one of them getting sucked on by a blonde in a French maid outfit. I watched for a couple of minutes, enjoying the soft moans of several women all at once. I particularly enjoyed the chance to see Anna's large, soft, dark, constantly moving breasts uncovered for the first time. Her presence was definite food for thought; if *Anna* was here, and *Mom* was here, and since they were best friends, I hoped there might be a threesome in my future!

I then headed to door six which was closed. I paused, then tried to open it. It was locked. A woman called out, "I'm almost done!" I waited, curious to know what kinky extreme would be played out in a locked room. Then I heard the flush.

Oh, it was the bathroom.

I kept walking to a set of stairs and headed down to the basement... hearing moans, grunts and dirty talk before I even reached the floor.

- "Fuck me harder!"

- "Take it, slut!"

- "Oh God, yes!"

It was semi-dark as I looked around for my mother.

I didn't see her at first, but I witnessed a litany of sex acts:

- a Lara Croft lookalike getting fucked, bent over a couch

- an angel in all white, including nylons, riding one cock while sucking another

- a girl dressed as a cop with a handcuffed woman busy between her legs

- Two girls dressed in identical schoolgirl outfits sucking two guys dressed in their own identical twin attire

- The Snow White from earlier kissing a girl dressed as a genie while a black guy's face was between her legs

- And a girl dressed in men's football attire including shoulder pads and helmet, wielding a strap-on to fuck a guy which was somehow hotter than the gay act I'd witnessed earlier

But no Mom.

Until I heard, "You looking for me, Batman?"

My heart leapt! The voice was undeniably my mother's.

The hand that reached around and grabbed my cock through my thin fabric was also undeniably my mother's.

"Such a big Bat-cock," she purred as she rubbed my cock from behind, her breath hot on my neck.

Although this was what I'd been fantasizing about all week and what I definitely wanted to do in reality, now that it was actually happening I was speechless.

She spun me around and stuck her tongue in my mouth for a long, overwhelming interlude. At least it was overwhelming for me, my heart was racing and my head was swimming, but her hands were all over me and very aware of what they were doing. They were eager, but she wasn't at all dazed. She finally broke the kiss, gazed into my eyes and asked in a sultry voice, "Does Batman want to fuck Batgirl?"

My eyes in my mask went big as I stared at my mother. I still couldn't find my voice, but I nodded.

"Come with me," she said, as she took my hand and led me briskly back upstairs, back through the Hallway of Sex and then up more stairs to a second floor and into an empty room.

She closed the door, locked it and dropped in front of me, yanking my pants and underwear down in one impressive tug.

"*This* is an impressive Bat-cock," she purred, staring at it.

I wanted this to happen so badly, yet I wanted her to know it was me and not trick her into unwittingly committing incest. I stammered, "I-I-I need to tell you something."

She took my cock in her hand as she looked up to my concealed face and asked, "What do you need to tell me Bat... son?"

"Y-y-you know it's me?" I asked, astounded.

She licked the top of my cock head before she answered, "I was pretty sure it was you when I first saw you getting blown by Tanya. But when I saw your birthmark I *knew* it was you."

"Oh!" I said. I had a birthmark on my thigh that was quite noticeable. "I thought you were just staring at my dick."

"Oh, I was staring at your Bat-cock big time," she nodded, "but then I noticed the birthmark, which confirmed my suspicions. Plus, you're wearing the same costume that's been hanging in your closet all week," she added before licking my entire shaft.

"Oh," I repeated, in a daze of shock and trying to comprehend events that were racing away with me.

"I *am* curious how you got in here though," she said, as she sucked a ball into her mouth.

I answered, "Got the password from your computer."

She didn't seem surprised as she asked, "So how long have you wanted to fuck your Mommy?"

Hearing her ask such a brazen question and use the word *Mommy* had my cock twitching in her mouth. Yet finally coming to grips with the reality this was actually happening, I responded

honestly, "Forever. You and your hosiery have kept me horny for you for five years! How long have you wanted to be a Mommy-slut?"

She purred, removing what were now *both* my balls from her mouth and responded, "Since three months ago when I saw your big cock through the crack in the doorway of your room. You were lying on your bed masturbating."

"Really?" I asked, wondering when I did that, but there was no telling; I did that a lot.

"I didn't realize it at first," she said, as she stood back up and looked into my eyes... both of us wearing masks to conceal our true identities if anyone were to walk in. "But daydreams of your cock began to consume me. I tried to resist my desire for you by coming to these parties, but I still fantasized about your lovely big dick. I watched videos, read stories and chatted with online incest sluts who'd already taken that step with their sons and was planning to give myself a very nice present on my birthday."

Mom's birthday was in three days, Halloween itself. I shrugged, "Well it's yours, and you've already unwrapped it."

One of her hands stroked her birthday present as the other one removed my mask and the neck gadget, "I hate that garbled voice."

"I want to see my beautiful mother, too," I replied, taking hers off.

Suddenly we were both vulnerable, the masks had somehow made this more like a kinky interlude between strangers than an act of incest. Now we were both face to face not only with each other, but with the significance of what we were about to do.

Mom asked, her tone confessing her insecurity, "Are you okay with this, son?"

I answered her question with a revelation about myself, "I couldn't even *begin* to imagine a better way to lose my virginity."

"You're a *virgin*?" she gasped, clearly surprised by this.

"Yeah," I nodded.

"Has no one but me ever seen this huge fucking cock?" she questioned, her nasty tongue so hot.

"One other, Josie gave me head a couple of times and I ate her," I admitted, "but we never went any further."

She paused for a second before asking, her voice again sultry, "Point of no return: do you want Mommy to fuck this big cock for you my sweet son?"

"God, yes, Mommy" I groaned, having just heard the words every son at one point fantasizes hearing come from his mother's mouth.

"You understand your Mommy is an insatiable slut and if you fuck me once, I'm going to want you to fuck me all the time?" she said, more fantasy words coming impossibly true.

"I can come eight times a day at least," I bragged, the idea of this being more than a one-time thing enhancing my surreal excitement.

"Well I *have* been going through withdrawal from cum in my morning coffee ever since your father left," she said, returning to her knees. "Think you can be the source of daily cum cream for my coffee?"

"I can be your everything," I groaned, as she took my cock in her mouth.

She bobbed for a few strokes before she took my cock out of her mouth and said, "Mommy loves being fucked like a filthy slut, baby. Think you can take charge of Mommy and make me your personal fuck toy?"

Her words were amazing, but I was up for that too, so I nodded, trying to show that I was in control here, or could at least be the dominant man when she needed me to be, I said, "Mommy sluts have three holes always available for their sons, don't they?"

"Indeed we do. 24/7." Her tongue slid back and forth on my throbbing cock as she asked, her tone becoming baby talk, "Does my big widdle boy wanna fuckie Mommy's tighty wighty wosebud wight now?"

"I want to fuck all three of your holes and deposit load after load in you," I replied, suddenly grabbing her head aggressively and sliding my thick eight inch cock all the way in her mouth.

Face fucking someone had always been a fantasy of mine, and I made that a reality as I slid all eight inches back and forth in my mom's warm mouth. Starting slow, but then pistoning quickly as my balls bounced off her chin. She didn't gag at all as she allowed her only son to roughly fuck her face.

When I pulled out, saliva dangling from my cock to her lips, I asked, "Ready to become my Mommy-slut?"

"Yes, son," she nodded with a lust I'd never seen in a woman's eyes. "Make it official with a big Bat-dick Bat-ism."

I chuckled at her witty playfulness as I asked, "Does that mean you want your son's full load jetting all over your pretty face, dripping past your eyes, flowing down your cheeks, dripping into your mouth and off your chin to splat on your big beautiful breasts?"

"Yes, sir," she nodded, "I want you to *bathe* me in it!" as she took my cock into her mouth again and began furiously bobbing.

She milked my cock like an expert porn star as I couldn't help but wonder how Dad could be stupid enough to leave this treasure for another woman.

Although I'd come twenty or thirty minutes earlier, time had faded from existence for me in this dreamlike state of rapture and I felt my balls boiling in fewer than two minutes of exhilarating oral ecstasy.

I waited until the very last possible second before I pulled out and instantly erupted my Bat-ism all over my hot mother's face and into her hair.

She closed her eyes just in time as rope after rope painted her face.

As soon as I was done, she opened her mouth and I slid my cock back in between her perfect lips as she began pursing her lips tightly around my cock and drawing away from me over and over to

milk every last remaining drop of my seed.

Once I was fully drained she continued leisurely sucking on my cock for a couple more minutes as I admired her, looking so hot with my cock in her mouth and my cum dripping all over her face.

When I finally grew too sensitive and pulled out, she smiled up at me, scooping a huge wad of cum off her cheek and said, "Fuck Michael, you come buckets."

"I also come all day," I added, letting her know I'd be reloaded in no time.

"You'd better mean that, buster," she said, as she kept scooping my cum into her greedy mouth.

"I'll never say no to you," I promised.

"Ever?" she questioned.

"Ever," I repeated.

"When you have some friends over?" she asked.

"If you want me I'll sneak up to your room and pound you fast and furious," I guaranteed.

"When your girlfriend is over?" she added, scooping more cum off her face.

"You'll always have first right of refusal for my load," I said, which sounded corny, before I added, "plus, I don't have a girlfriend."

"You will once they know what you're packing," she said, reaching for my cock again.

"I wish," I said.

"Trust me, all girls are size queens," she said. "We say otherwise, but deep down we want and crave big cocks."

"That's something we men aren't led to believe," I laughed, as she licked my cock head adoringly, seeming to prove her theory.

"And once you're married, are you going to forget about your three-hole Mommy slut?" she asked, looking at me with a pout.

"Ah. There you may have me. But if I do marry I'll shoot a load all over your face, a second in your cunt and another in your ass, all within the hour before I walk down the aisle," I promised, the idea suddenly super fucking hot. "And if my intended won't agree to let you sleep over with us anytime you want, she's not the girl for me."

"I plan to keep you to that," she said, as she took my cock back in her mouth.

After a few seconds of sucking, I said, "Now it's *my* turn for something to eat."

"Really? Your father would *never* go down on me," she said, surprising me once again.

"What an asshole," I said, shaking my head. I truly believed, although my experience was very limited, that a man should always be willing to eat a cunt if he wants his cock sucked.

"Tell me about it," she said, as I helped her off the floor and led her to the bed.

"Lie down and spread those legs," I ordered.

She quickly did, but she wickedly warned me, "Just so you know, Anna was already down there today."

"Well, *that* visual just got me ready for more fucking," I joked, as I crawled between her legs and saw she wasn't wearing any panties and had a sexy, trimmed snatch.

She laughed, "Anna has wanted to fuck you for months, ever since I came running to her with how big you are."

"What? No!" I said, my face now inches from the hole I once came out of... so hard to believe the same hole can have two such completely polar opposite uses.

"Yeah, but I told her I got to fuck you first," she revealed, another stunning revelation out of my mother's mouth.

"Bullshit," I said. No way Mom would talk incest with her co-worker.

"Anna has been fucking her brother for years," Mom revealed, before adding, "and her mother and her grand-mother too."

"Oh, God," I said, the shocking truth making my balls bubble again.

"All four of them got together two weeks ago. It was so hot to watch," Mom added, loving revealing such shocking sin to me.

"In that case Anna can watch me fuck you anytime she wants," I said, before I buried my face in her wonderful wetness.

"I'll let her knooooooooow," she replied, as my tongue found a path through her hair and into her excessively wet pussy.

I was in heaven.

Her scent was strong and enticing.

Her moans started soft but accelerated after a couple of minutes as she said, "A man I'm in love with is eating my cunt! And you do it so well!"

That encouraged me as I explored her entire nether region. I licked her pussy lips. I teased her clit. I parted her wetness and dove inside trying to tongue fuck her.

"Oh yes, tongue fuck Mommy," she moaned loudly, as she grabbed the back of my head and pulled me deep into her wetness.

I licked like it was my last meal, and hoped when my time came my last meal would be this good.

"Yes, baby, eat Mommy's cunt," and "Yes, yes, you're such a dirty son eating Mommy's twat," and finally "Oh God, I'm coming," before she finally gifted me with a fine mist of her pussy cum.

It coated my face more than I had done hers, as I eagerly lapped up her exquisite tantalizing homemade cream.

I kept licking, until she let go of my head and simply said the most wonderful words ever spoken, "Time to fuck Mommy."

I quickly repositioned myself between her legs with my throbbing cock as she moved her nylon-clad feet to my raging rod. "God, I love your cock," she said, staring at it.

Her nylon feet on my cock felt so good, so much better than when I put a nylon on my hand and stroked myself. "And I love everything about you," I said cheesily.

"You love that your mother is a submissive slut who needs to be treated like a cheap whore to be happy and is horny all the time?" she asked as she masturbated me with her feet... her cunt looking so inviting as it was unnaturally stretched.

I nodded as I moaned, both from her wicked tongue and her silky sheer feet, "Only if that twenty-four hour constant cock craving can be satisfied exclusively by your son."

"And Anna?" Mom smiled.

"And definitely Anna," I agreed, the idea of a threesome or just watching a lesbian act was cock throbbingly exciting... as was everything today.

"Deal," she nodded, "unless we decide to go across the street and party once in a while," as she moved her feet away and repeated those amazing words, "Now come fuck Mommy and make her your slut."

I moved between her legs and rubbed my cock up and down her wet pussy.

"Never mind that, I'm dripping wet already and I want you so much I can taste it. Just shove that snake inside your Mommy," she moaned, looking at me with lust.

"You ready to become my Mommy-slut forever?" I asked, using all my will power not to just slide my dick deep in her... loving the anticipation of what was about to happen.

I was about to lose my virginity to my mother.

How many guys can say that?

Yet I know that many, if not *most* boys deep down fantasize about losing their virginity to their mother.

"Mommy wants to be the one to take your virginity," she answered, as she wrapped her silky sheer legs around me and pulled me towards and into her with one swift movement.

And although oral sex is awesome, nothing can compare to a warm cunt... especially if that warm cunt is your loving mother's.

This was heaven on earth.

My eight inches were buried in her, her legs were wrapped around me, and our eyes locked onto each other's as time stood still. We weren't fucking yet, but I'd come home.

I leaned down and kissed her.

And for a couple of minutes we weren't mother and son... but lovers.

We were mother and son and lovers.

We were each other's everything.

My tongue explored her mouth; her tongue explored mine.

Her legs rubbed up my back and across my ass

For timeless moments of stillness two became one.

Then she broke the kiss and said the only thing she possibly could that would make this any hotter. "Now son, start pounding your Mommy and become a mother fucker."

I smiled as I parodied her favourite movie, Jerry McGuire, and said, "You had me at *mother fucker*."

Then I began to fuck my mother and indeed became a mother fucker.

I started slow, wanting to enjoy this dreamlike and amazing moment.

Yet, after a dozen slow strokes, she demanded, "Don't make love to me son, there's plenty of time for that later. Let's start this with a bang: fuck me like the Mommy-slut I want to be."

"You want it hard, you little slut?" I asked, giving her one deep rough thrust.

She let out a load moan as she begged, "Don't tease me, you mother fucker, pound my tight twat. Jackhammer me!"

More magical words as I began to fuck my mother... hard.

Each hard thrust into my mother got her more animated as she revealed herself as an insatiable whore:

"Yes, pound your Mommy," and "Oh God, I love your big cock," and "I can't believe I didn't just crawl into your bed and ride this monster pecker three months ago!"

Happy I'd already come twice, I grabbed her ankles, lifted them up over her head and leaned into her... her nylon legs now resting on my chest as I began furiously fucking her.

"Oh yes, you mother fucking stud," she screamed, loud enough to alert any others outside the room to the incestuous act occurring within.

Then, as I really rammed her, she turned into a complete bimbo as she babbled over and over as her orgasm took control, "Yes, fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy, oh yes, fuck, God, I can't believe it, oh fuck, you're such a bad boy fucking your Mommy, shit, shit, *mother fucking YES!*"

And as I was about to come, my balls boiling from everything that had happened and everything that was *still* happening, I warned, "I'm going to come soon."

"Fill Mommy's cunt with your cum," she demanded, wrapping her legs around me and locking her ankles together in case I didn't agree.

Yet, permission granted, I had no intention of pulling out, no intention of doing anything but filling Mom's cunt. I grunted and declared, "Here's your son's load, you son fucking, cum craving, incestuous Mommy fuck toy!"

"Yes, Mommy's coming too!" she screamed, as we came at the same time.

I spewed my wad deep inside Mom, this orgasm more intense than any other.

I kept pumping until long after my entire load was steaming away deep inside my Mom, then eventually pulled out and watched a mixture of our cum-mingled cum leak out of her pussy. I moved my manhood to her lips and Mom took my cock in her mouth. I twisted around awkwardly to lick and kiss her pussy, not at all disgusted to perhaps taste myself in the cum concoction we'd just made and we just lay there, not making love, just loving each other.

The door suddenly burst open to reveal a very naked Anna who said, "Shit, that was the hottest thing I've ever *seen*!"

I went to cover myself, but Anna crawled right onto the bed, shoved my head aside and buried her face between Mom's wide open legs saying only, "God Jennifer, I do love cream pies! I hope you two are going to feed me a lot of these!"

I stared in awe as this dark-skinned Polynesian warrior woman attacked Mom's cunt and loudly smacked and licked and crooned and almost *splashed* my cum into her mouth. Mom took my cock back in her mouth. I watched as Anna feasted away before looking up at me and saying, "You better have a load left in that massive cannon for me. Your mother says we're all family now, and that gives me conjugal rights to you every time she says it's okay."

Not even knowing where my confidence came from, I ordered, "Get that cute bubble-butt dark ass over here and show me what you can do,"

Mom allowed my cock to slip out of her mouth as she explained, "The room has cameras and the lock on the door is fake, as all newbies discover too late."

"Oh!" I said, that explaining how Anna knew so much.

Mom continued, "So before I even got to the basement I slipped in and told Anna the plan and after she finished her little daisy chain playtime she went into the viewing room and watched, I imagine."

"Hottest thing ever," Anna said, before adding, "I told you incest was best."

Mom laughed as Anna returned to deep throating my cock, and she explained, "Anna was the one who gave me the idea that incest can be more than an idea as she told me about her own pet slut she uses daily... her own mother."

"No way," I gasped.

"And her grandmother," Mom added.

"Wow!" I said, the idea of course, hot.

Mom then said, as she got on all fours, "Now come and fuck both our assholes."

"If I have to," I sighed dramatically.

"You have to, and as soon as you do, you can start calling me your three-hole Mommy-slut," Mom said, as Anna moved beside her and I stared at two perfect asses, one white, the other dark, both gorgeous and enticingly fuckable.

Then I fucked two perfect asses... spewing my load eventually in Anna's asshole after almost half an hour of back and forth anal reaming. I sat back and watched as Mom retrieved, dining on her own unique cream pie (or whatever it's called when you eat out an asshole filled with cum).

They then ended in a sixty nine as I watched and wondered what else could possibly happen next.

As I did, Anna said to my Mom, "One down and one to go."

Did she mean my sister? If so, I knew I'd be on the planning committee!

THE END