

GLORYHOLE MOMMY

silkstockingslover

A mom accidentally sucks and fucks her well-endowed son.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: A mom accidentally sucks and fucks her well-endowed son.

Note 1: This is an **April Fool's 2015 Day** Contest Story. The theme for this **NEW** contest is: humorous, surprise meetings, trick endings or themes of deception, chance or misunderstanding (happy or otherwise). This story will fit at least one of those...enjoy.

Note 2: Thanks to Robert, Wayne and goamz86 for editing.

GLORYHOLE MOMMY

"Bull shit," I called Ralph out, who was usually full of shit. If ten percent of what came out of his mouth was the truth that was a very good day.

"Seriously," he said, more animated than usual.

"You're telling me that you got a blow job at lunch time at the adult store?" I asked, still not remotely believing it.

"And she swallowed every drop," he continued.

"How do you know it was a girl?" Joey asked.

I laughed, "Yeah Ralph, you probably just became a homo."

"No, no, it was definitely a girl," Ralph countered, although the look on his face made it clear he wasn't so sure.

Joey laughed out loud, "Ralph got blown by a dude."

Ralph protested, trying to remain cool, even though it was obvious he had no idea, "No way, man, those lips were all woman."

"This based on your years of experience getting head," I quipped sarcastically.

"As if you should talk," Ralph countered back, which was a good point. I was a virgin. We were all virgins, although according to Ralph's many stories he got more pussy than Cody Watkins, our star quarterback and resident douche bag.

I shrugged, "I'm not the one making up the story."

"Let's go back tomorrow," Ralph said, "Old man Garrard said she is there every lunch hour."

Joey roared, "Could you imagine old man Garrard getting head."

"Fuck," I said shaking my head, "That is disgusting." Old man Garrard was in his eighties, and owned the adult shop just a couple of blocks from the school. He also wasn't remotely a stickler to the whole age issue. So nerds like us had been there on many occasions to buy adult magazines and, on occasion, go into those booths and watch porn flicks.

Being 1985, this was the only way to watch porn, unless you counted the scrambled channel shit...which, of course, we had watched many times on weekends straining our eyes trying to see a tit or nipple. (We were all too scared to rent porn on vhs...although we kept talking about it).

Joey agreed, "I'm in. Making Ralph eat crow is always fun to watch."

"I have my biology make-up test tomorrow at lunch," I said, which gave me a good excuse to not have to go. I had missed last week's test because I was at a chess tournament. Yep, I was a nerd.

Joey joked, "I'll do the intel for you."

"Yes, please find out his name," I joked back.

"Fuck both of you," Ralph snapped.

"Shit, he turned gay already," Joey said, "wanting to fuck us."

"Ralph, no is no," I joked, quoting some terrible film strip we had watched last week about keeping your virginity until marriage.

"God, you guys are assholes," Ralph said, shaking his head.

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The next day, I took my test while Ralph and Joey went to the adult shop. I was a few minutes late for class as it took me forever to finish the test, so I couldn't ask either of them about their trip although the smug look on Ralph's face when I entered English class told me everything.

I handed Mrs. Appleton the late slip, apologized and walked to my desk, where Joey just gave a knowing nod.

I couldn't believe it. Ralph wasn't lying. Even more significantly, they both likely got blow jobs, meaning I was the last one standing in terms of sexual experience. We were all virgins, but now I was the only one who hadn't had a blow job.

I was instantly jealous and instantly annoyed that I hadn't gone along.

I barely listened to the half hour discussion on Death of a Salesman and the many symbols that were rampant through the story as I pondered tomorrow and the possibility of getting my first ever blow job.

Instead, I replayed in my head a movie I had just seen in theatres...The Sure Thing. Every guy wants a sure thing, and I wondered if this was mine. The reality was that because I was incredibly smart, had some acne, and wore clothes that were out of style, I didn't fit in and sure didn't get the attention of the ladies. So, the closest I came to any sort of sex was with my left hand usually 3 or 4 times a day.

When class was done, Ralph walked over and smirked, "You missed out on heaven, Melvin." Also, my parents named me Melvin which wasn't even remotely a cool name.

"So it's a chick?" I asked, turning to Joey.

"Undeniably," Joey nodded.

"Did you?" I asked, even though the question was stupid.

"Oh yeah," he nodded, with a confidence I had never seen in him before.

"She swallowed every drop," Ralph added.

"I can't believe it," I said, shaking my head. This only happened in the porn movies, not in our small town of 14,000.

"Believe it," Joey nodded, "she is the real deal."

"Want to come tomorrow?" Ralph asked.

"I don't know," I said. Of course, I wanted to. Yet, the idea of my first time being some anonymous stranger wasn't really a great story to eventually tell the kids.

"Well, we're going," Ralph said, "I can't imagine fucking someone feeling any better than getting a blow job."

Joey, who never agreed with Ralph, nodded, "Melvin, you have got to try it. I can't even begin to explain how amazing it felt."

"Fine, I'll go," I nodded, feeling better about making the decision if I was being peer pressured for some reason...although truthfully I was generally the leader of this small group.

"You won't regret it," Ralph promised.

I jerked off that night, thinking of finally getting a blow job. Not surprisingly, I shot my load pretty quick.

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Next day at lunch, we walked to the adult store, Ralph talking like he was an expert after two blow jobs.

"She doesn't say anything," he explained, "just slide it in the hole. She will suck you, and swallow it all."

"She doesn't say a word?" I asked, instantly wondering how they knew she was a girl then.

"No," Ralph said, "when we asked her to prove she was a female she put her breast and nipple through the hole."

"No way!" I exclaimed, having never seen a girl's nipple or breast in real life.

"Oh yeah, I offered to suck on her nipple, but she moved it away, unfortunately," Ralph explained.

Joey added, "It looked like she has some huge tits."

"Crazy," I said, still unable to fathom all they were saying. It just seemed too good to be true.

"Wait until she is bobbing on your dick," Ralph promised, "that is crazy."

Joey said. "You can go first, Melvin."

"Thanks," I said, my head no longer really in the conversation as I could see the adult store in view.

Reaching the store a couple of minutes later, we walked in and Ralph asked, "Is she here?"

Old man Garrard nodded in the affirmative and then saw me. His eyes went wide, a strange look of shock on his face. Yet, I was so nervous that I didn't really think much about it as Ralph guided me down the hallway.

Ralph said, "She is always in room four."

I walked to the door, took a deep breath and went into the room. I put a quarter in the slot and a porno began.

I was suddenly full of indecision. Again, I was dying to get a blow job, but it felt so strange to get it from a complete stranger.

Yet, when I saw a feminine finger wiggle in the hole I decided what the hell, this was too good to refuse. I unbuckled my pants, tugged down my boxers and moved to the hole. After a deep breath, I pushed my cock through the hole.

"Wow!" A voice whispered on the other side, which made a chill go up my spine. There really was a woman on the other side of this wall.

I then groaned, as a mouth wrapped around my cock. You can imagine it, you can dream about it, but you can't remotely fathom just how good a mouth feels around your cock until it happens.

That moment changed everything.

My hand would never again be good enough.

The woman bobbed back and forth on my cock slowly and I closed my eyes and imagined it was Becka, the hot cheerleader who didn't know I existed.

Unfortunately, the intense feeling of pleasure was too much and in less than a minute I groaned, warning the stranger, talking in a deep voice to hide my identity, "I'm about to come."

This led to her bobbing faster and, seconds later, my coming in her mouth. The intensity of the orgasm, the brief feeling of euphoria, was like nothing I had ever experienced.

She swallowed every last drop, and I was in love with a mouth.

When she took her mouth off my cock, I reluctantly pulled it out of the glory hole (which in retrospect is a perfect name...I was in my glory). I was pulling my pants up when I saw a piece of paper being held by her fingers in the hole.

I grabbed it and read it:

8:30, same place, same time.

This time to fuck me!!!

Yes or no?

I read it a dozen times, in awe of what it said. I didn't have a pen to circle yes or no, so I said, with the same deep voice, "I'll be here."

"Great," was all she said, in a French accent, which made everything even hotter.

I put the note in my pocket, deciding immediately this wasn't information my friends needed to know.

I walked out curious if she would be walking out too. Yet, all I saw were my boys and remembered they, too, were waiting for a blow job.

"So?" Joey asked.

"Wow!" Was all I could muster based on both the blow job and the secret invite I had been offered.

"My turn," Joey declared, walking in.

Oddly, I felt a twinge of jealousy hit me, as if she was my girl. Strange, but true.

Ralph said, "Told you so."

"Yep," I nodded, the whole experience rather surreal.

"Doesn't she have a great mouth?" Ralph asked.

"Based on my one time, she is the best ever," I joked.

"She's such a cum slut," Ralph continued, "I'd love to see what she looks like."

I too wanted to know that, but instead cautioned, "Be careful what you wish for. Maybe she's incredibly ugly and the only way to get dick is to hide her looks." I prayed that wasn't true, my image of her started as a cheerleader, but now I imagined it was a teacher, or Ralph's hot mom.

"Well, I'd sure like to fuck her," he continued.

I thought to myself that in just over eight hours I may very well be doing exactly that, yet I said, "Just enjoy the free blow jobs while they last."

"Oh God, I never thought that this may end," Ralph said, a mortified look spread across his face.

I laughed, "All good things do come to an end."

"Yes, I learned that when V got cancelled," he said.

Just then, Joey came out and I wondered if I was that quick. Probably.

"My turn," Ralph said, acting cocky, "Always save the best for last."

"Best bullshitter," I quipped.

"Best acne," Joey added.

"Assholes," he said, going into the room.

Joey said, "Let's leave him here."

"Sure," I nodded, something we often did to him when we went places. It was an asshole thing to do, but we thought it was funny.

As we headed back, I noticed that my mom's blue Chevette was across the street at the grocery store. I immediately ducked my head as if Mom was right there and could see me walking out of an adult store.

Joey asked, "What's wrong?"

"Just don't want anyone I know seeing me walk out of an adult store at lunch," I said, which was true.

"Good call," he nodded. "Imagine if someone saw us and told our moms?"

I glanced back to the car as I wondered why Mom would be getting groceries here instead of the local store down the block from our house.

That night, I showered, twice, the second time after I jerked off fantasizing about tonight.

Around eight I went to ask Mom, "Can I borrow the car for a bit? I'm supposed to go and help Ralph study."

"Sorry, honey," she answered, oddly dressed in a sundress for this time of night (she always wore dresses, her soul stuck in the 1950s housewife concept). "I'm going out for a bit."

"Where?" I asked, Mom not one to go out at night without Dad, who was out of town all week.

"Um, I, um, to June's," she answered, seeming bewildered by the question.

Her answer was odd, as if she was lying to me. But I shrugged it off, not thinking much of it.

Once she left, I grabbed my bike, which I almost never used, and began biking as fast as I could suddenly worried I would be late.

I got there sweating a little, with only a couple minutes to spare. The room I was supposed to go in was occupied, as was the one she should be in. I was praying she hadn't found someone else, that she was just giving this guy a blow job.

About three minutes later, but what seemed like an eternity, the door of the room I was supposed to be in opened. A man in his sixties, at least, came out, lowered his head when he saw me and walked away.

I quickly went into the room and locked the door.

I move to the hole, pulled down my pants and put my already fully hard cock in the hole.

"It's you," she said, her voice sounding excited and sexy as hell in her French accent.

I replied, using my deep voice, "I wouldn't miss this for the world."

"Me either," she purred, as I felt her mouth go on my cock.

Like last time, it felt amazing and I was super thankful I had jerked off an hour before coming here or I would have been done in seconds, like last time.

After less than a minute, she asked, "Can I fuck your big dick?"

"God, yes," I agreed, words I had fantasized being said to me forever, but when you're a geek the girls don't look past your average looks to see what's underneath.

"I have been fantasizing about this all day," she said.

"Me too," I replied, in even more awe at the reality she was fantasizing about me.

"I've never done this before," she said.

I was curious if she meant she was a virgin, yet that seemed unlikely; she in all logic meant she had never fucked a guy through a gloryhole. I added, and then instantly wished I hadn't said it, "I've never done it at all."

"You're a virgin?" She asked

"Yes," I admitted, my cock dying for attention.

"How old are you?" She asked, her tone suddenly sounding concerned.

"Eighteen," I answered truthfully.

"Thank God," she said, a sigh of relief coming from the other side of the wall. "Are you sure this is how you want to lose it?"

"Yes," I nodded, even though she couldn't see me.

"I've never had a virgin before," she said, before adding, "Actually you'll be my first cock other than my husband in years."

I was flattered and conflicted, not wanting to be the one to end a marriage; but maybe she was divorced. Either way, as I considered this I felt my cock poke something and then a moment later felt my cock become engulfed with a warmth that was indescribable. I had also just learned she was an older woman, which fit the images of her I had created in my head.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, as my cock filled her.

I was speechless as I felt her begin fucking herself on my cock. The pleasure was too good for words and I just stood there enjoying the pleasure this woman was giving me.

"Oh so bigggggg," she moaned, a couple of minutes into the slow fucking.

Yet, I wanted to fuck her; I wanted to be in charge. Taking a risk, I ordered, "Place your ass against the wall."

"Mmmmmmm, I like a man in charge," she moaned, obeying my request.

Ecstatic, I slid my cock and poked the side of her ass.

She laughed, "Sorry, hard to line up when I can't see that big dick of yours."

Having her compliment my dick made me feel so confident and I said, "I'd love to see your tits."

"Do you want to suck on my nipples?" She questioned, her voice so sultry, as I smiled knowing the guys didn't get this opportunity either.

"God, yes," I answered, sounding like the naive virgin I was. Besides my dad's magazines hidden in his desk and glimpses at those scrambled adult movies, I had never seen a woman's nipples.

She moved around and a moment later a nipple was in view. "Go ahead, suck my nipple, sexy."

I didn't need to be told twice. I dropped to my knees, leaned forward and took her nipple in my mouth.

She moaned, "That's it."

I swirled my tongue around her hard nipple, I flicked her nipple and then I bit it gently.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "I love what you're doing."

After a minute she moved her other nipple to the hole and I replicated the attention. Feeling confident, I then said, "Back up, I want to see your breasts."

"Okay," she obeyed, her tone tentative.

I peeked through the hole. All I could see was her breasts and the ends of her long blonde hair. I stared in utter awe of the large breasts.

"Do you like?" She asked.

"I think I've died and gone to heaven," I said, staring at them.

"How about you fuck me with that big cock of yours instead," she purred, as she cupped her breasts.

"Great suggestion," I nodded again, not that she could tell. "Move your ass back against the wall."

She quickly did, clearly as excited to get fucked as I was to fuck her...which again made me feel very good about myself....my track record with women my age an epic fail.

I could see her inviting pussy and wondered if I could lick it from this position. Curious what pussy tasted like, I decided to try. I extended my tongue and licked part of her lips.

"Ohhhhh, that's not your dick," she moaned, lifting her leg up at an angle that gave me better access to her cunt.

It tasted completely indescribable...sweet, yet slightly...um...fishy. Yet, I loved it. I also loved the moans coming from her as I awkwardly licked.

"Damn wall," she moaned, after a couple of minutes, as I was only able to do so much with the wall in the way.

I laughed, and tried to sway her, "Too bad we're not in the same room."

"You bad boy," she purred. "Now be an even badder boy and shove that big cock of yours in my cunt."

I had never heard a woman use the forbidden 'c' word before, but it sounded so hot coming from her.

I stood up, aimed my cock at the hole and slid back into her warm cunt. I groaned as I started fucking her.

"Oh yes, sexy, pound my cunt with your big cock," she moaned, her French accent still sounding so sexy.

And I did, wishing I could grab her hips and bury my whole cock in her; wishing I could feel my balls and body slamming into her; wishing I could see her facial expressions...the ones that matched the moans.

"Harder," she demanded, although impossible with the wall in the way.

I groaned, "Damn wall."

She moaned back in agreement, "Damn waaaaaall."

I don't know how long I fucked her, but her moans continually got louder until she begged, "Don't stop, don't stop."

I had no intention of stopping, wanting to hear her scream.

"Oh, oh, oh, aaaaaaaaah," she screamed, "I'm comingggggggg."

I could feel excess wetness around my cock and knew I wasn't going to last much longer either. I groaned, a few hard strokes later and warned, "I'm going to come."

I wasn't sure if she was going to let me come in her, but that unknown was revealed when she moaned, "Fill my cunt with your cum, stud."

And I did.

Stream after stream spewed out my cock and into her amazing cunt.

"Yesssss, fill me with your cum," she purred, somehow tightening her cunt as if milking my cock of every drop of cum.

When I finally slowed down, I was surprised when she moved off my cock, and took it back in her mouth.

I groaned, in awe of this amazing woman.

When she finally took my cock out of her mouth, she said, "I couldn't let any of that sweet cum go to waste."

My eyes went wide as there was no accent this time, and I immediately recognized the voice. I would recognize it anywhere.

I froze in utter shock.

My mouth dropped open like in a Looney Tunes cartoon.

I

had

just

fucked

my

Mom

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I faked being casual, even as my head was spinning with the consequences, "Well, there is a lot more where that came from."

"Mmmmmm, same time tomorrow night?" She asked, her accent back.

My head was spinning.

My mom was a hot woman!

My mom was my most constant stroke fantasy.

My mom had just taken my virginity.

"S-s-sure," I stammered, trying to get my head wrapped around this.

"Great," she said, "your cock is amazing."

I pulled my pants up and said, "Thanks, but I've got to go."

"Bye, sexy," she purred, as I scurried out of the room, out of the adult store and to my bike.

Maybe it wasn't my Mom, I pondered. Maybe I was just imagining it. The French accent didn't sound anything like her.

Then I looked across the street and was relieved to see that my Mom's car wasn't there. Hopping on my bike, playing a little Encyclopedia Brown, I pedalled around the adult store looking for mom's car.

I circled the adult store and began to question what I'd really heard. Maybe I was just hearing things, my many stroke fantasies influencing me at that moment of limbo...when the body controlled my very being while my brain followed on cruise control.

And then...I saw it.

Parked down the road in the dark where the lamppost was out was my mom's car. I slammed on the brakes and barely held myself from crashing.

I stared at the car as many revelations came crashing in on me at once:

1. I had fucked my own mother.
2. I had licked my mom's pussy.
3. I had sucked on my mom's tits.
4. I had gotten a blow job from my mother.
5. My mother had sucked Ralph and Joey.
6. I fucked my own mother.

I fucked my own mother.

I...fucked...my...mother.

I was mortified...I was bewildered...I was in awe.

I fucked my mother.

Yet, I wasn't repulsed, I was excited.

I began pedalling home pondering what I was going to do with this precious information. There was no way I wasn't going to fuck her again. The idea of fucking her without a wall between us was appealing and I felt my cock instantly harden as I played the many various possibilities that existed in my mind.

To my surprise, Mom's car was in the driveway when I got home. That meant, likely, that once she was done fucking me she came straight home.

I didn't go in immediately as I replayed the entire evening in my head. The oral sex, her nipples, her breasts, her pussy, the fucking, her moans and her many flattering words.

It was then I also realized something rather profound...she was cheating on Dad.

Now Dad was gone a lot, and was hardly a romantic man, but still. Then I wondered if he cheated on Mom while he was gone on his many business trips.

I then wondered how long Mom had been going to this gloryhole.

I then wondered what she would do if she knew that the big cock she loved so much was attached to her son.

I then wondered what I should do next.

I couldn't tell anyone about this.

Yet, I sure as hell didn't want my best friends or other disgusting losers like that old man who was in the room before me tonight to be using my mom.

I realized then that to protect my mother from herself, I would have to make her my personal fuck toy.

Confident with my decision, I headed into the house even though I had no plan on exactly how I was going to make her my personal fuck toy.

I walked in and she was in the kitchen, still in the same attire she was in when she left, drinking a glass of milk.

She smiled, "That was a rather quick study session."

I shrugged, "I crammed it in there pretty quickly." I knew my answer wouldn't make much sense, yet it made me feel good as I decided I would try and use word play on her.

"Oh, okay," she replied, looking slightly confused by my answer, although she was often confused by me. My mom was beautiful, sweet and compassionate, but she wasn't very bright (I got my brains from my grandfather).

"You are back pretty quick, too" I pointed out.

"Yes, June wasn't feeling that well," she lied.

"You look a little flushed yourself," I replied.

"I d-d-do?" she stammered.

"Yes, your cheeks are quite red," I continued, knowing the real reason her cheeks were red.

"It's a bit hot in here, I guess," she explained.

"Yes, it is getting hot in here," I agreed.

"I think I'll go and take a shower," she said, clearly uncomfortable with the situation.

"That is a glorious idea," I quipped.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"That having a shower is a glorious idea, why?" I asked, loving watching her look confused and dishevelled.

"No reason," she shrugged and began leaving.

I watched her leave even as I pondered how I was going to play this situation.

That night, I brainstormed a dozen different ways to use this information before coming up with a plan I liked the best.

I tossed and turned all night as I pondered just going into her bedroom and sliding my cock in her while she slept.

Next morning, I showered and came downstairs in just a towel, something I never did.

Mom, being Mom, was already up and making breakfast.

I said, "Good morning, Mom," and gave her a big hug from behind as she was at the counter buttering toast.

"Good morning," she said, surprised by my morning greeting and likely by the poking of my cock on her leg.

"It's a glorious day, isn't it?" I asked, reluctantly letting go.

"I suppose," she agreed, turning around and looking at me, surprised that I was only in a towel.

"Why are you not dressed?"

"Oh, I was starving and figured I would come and get a bite to eat first," I answered.

"Oh, okay," she nodded, even though it was obvious she was surprised by my behaviour.

"Do you have any straws?" I asked.

"For what?"

"To suck from," I answered.

"You are not making much sense," she replied, looking at me confused.

Deciding to go for broke, I said, "Actually, I know what you'd rather suck." I then dropped my towel to reveal my completely hard cock.

"Melvin!" she gasped.

"Knees, Mother," I ordered, moving directly in front of her.

"What are you doing?" she questioned.

"Protecting you from yourself," I answered, putting my hands on her shoulders and pushing her to her knees. I asked, as she stared at my cock, "Does it look familiar?"

"Oh my God!" she gasped.

"You said that yesterday," I smiled, clarifying any last lingering doubts that she may have had.

"No, no, no," she babbled, getting upset.

"I think you mean yes, yes, yes," I countered, grabbing my cock and tapping her lips. "Go ahead, Mom. There is no wall this time."

"Oh my God," she repeated, before I slid my cock in her mouth.

She didn't move at first, just sat there with my cock half in her mouth.

I continued, "It's okay Mom, you already had it in your mouth and cunt, isn't that what you called your hot box?"

She couldn't reply with a mouthful of cock, but after another moment she began tentatively sucking me.

"That's it, Mom," I moaned. "No point going to that dirty adult store when you have all the cock you could ever want right here in your own home."

She kept sucking, looking up at me, which was somehow super sexy.

After a few slow bobs, she began moving slightly faster, looking away and focusing on my cock.

I asked, pulling my cock out, "How long have you been going to the gloryhole?"

She whispered, "A couple of weeks."

"Look at me," I ordered firmly.

She obeyed, such guilt and shame written all over her face.

"From now on you will not be going there," I informed her, "is that clear?"

She nodded.

"But you need cock, don't you?" I questioned.

She again nodded, looking back at my cock.

"Say it," I ordered.

"Yes, I need it," she whispered.

"Need what?" I asked.

"Need cock," she admitted, completely ashamed and yet still being controlled by hunger.

"My cock?" I questioned, moving my cock and tracing her pretty lips.

"Yes," she admitted, opening eagerly.

"You understand the rules of the house are changing starting now," I informed her.

"H-h-how?" she asked, still staring at my cock with a look of complete lust in her eyes.

"You will be my Mommy-slut," I answered.

Looking up at me, a smile crossing her face for the first time since learning I knew, she asked, "You like calling me a Mommy-slut, don't you?"

"I like having my very own personal live-in Mommy-slut to use as I wish, yes," I nodded.

"You're such a bad boy," she purred, flicking her tongue on my mushroom top.

"And you're a very bad Mommy," I replied.

"The baddest," she purred, as she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth.

"Yessss, Mommy-slut," I moaned, looking down in awe of what was now happening.

She bobbed back and forth, slowly taking all seven inches of my thick cock in her mouth.

Wanting to fuck her, I pulled out and ordered, "Take off your pajamas."

She looked up at me and asked, coyly, "Does my son want to fuck his mother?"

"Again," I finished, before adding, "this time with no wall in the way."

"It was a hindrance," she agreed, as she stood up and pulled her pajamas down, surprising me by not having any panties on.

"Were you expecting me to fuck you this morning?" I asked.

"I never wear panties, except during that one pesky week." She revealed.

"Wow!" I said, my hot mother getting hotter.

"Your cock is wow," she purred as she reached for it. After a pause, she said, "So I took my own son's virginity."

"That you did," I nodded.

"When did you know it was me?" she asked, gently stroking my cock.

"After I came and you said one sentence without the accent," I admitted.

"Wait, who were you with yesterday at lunch?" she asked, a sudden look of 'oh crap' in her facial expression.

"You've been sucking Ralph off all week and Joey the past couple of days," I revealed.

"Oh God," she sighed, before asking, clearly really worried, "Do they know?"

"They have no clue," I answered, "although they would be thrilled to know it was you. They both have had stroke fantasies of you forever."

"Really?" Mom asked.

"Mom, don't pretend you don't know how hot you are," I said.

"You think I'm hot?" she asked, a look of vulnerability implying she really didn't know.

"Mom, I have used a 100 boxes of Kleenex masturbating about you," I admitted.

"Really?" she repeated.

I was stunned she wouldn't know how beautiful she is. "Mom, how could you not know?"

"Well, I knew you used a lot of Kleenex," she smiled, "I just didn't know you were fantasizing about me while wasting all that yummy cum."

"Well, I won't have to waste any more, will I?" I smiled, leaning in and kissing her.

At first Mom didn't respond, a kiss oddly more intimate than sucking a cock, stroking a cock or even fucking a cock. But when she did, she opened her mouth and our tongues explored each other.

When I broke the kiss, she answered the question I had asked, "You will always have a place to deposit your cum."

"I have a full load now," I said, turning her around and bending her over the counter.

"I like a man who takes charge," she moaned.

"I like a slut who knows her position," I responded, oozing with a confidence I didn't know I had.

"You like calling your Mother a slut, don't you?" she purred, looking back at me.

"I love having my very own Mommy-slut," I answered, as I moved behind her and slid my cock in her very wet pussy.

"Aaaaaaaah," she moaned, "I was already looking forward to this cock tonight."

"Well, you can have it again tonight," I groaned, "but now we need to deal with my morning wood."

"And what a glorious piece of wood it is," she playfully responded.

"And what a glorious hole you have," I responded back, as I began pumping in and out of her warmth.

"I have three glorious holes at your disposal," she purred, adding to her sexy sluttiness.

"You do, do you," I groaned, my balls already beginning to boil.

"Mommy is a dirty three hole cum slut," she declared, bucking back to meet my forward thrusts.

"Fuuuuck," I groaned, her nasty tongue turning me on. I had never heard her swear before yesterday and now she was calling herself a cum slut.

"Pound Mommy's cuuuuuuunt," she moaned, as we both began fucking each other.

I tried to hold back as long as possible, as I groaned, "God yes, you're my dirty fucking Mommy-slut."

"Come in Mommy," she moaned, "fill Mommy's cunt with your cum, baby."

I couldn't resist any longer and declared, "Here it comes my Mommy-cum-slut," as I coated her cunt walls with my load.

"Yesssssss," she screamed, "fill Mommyyyyyyyyyyy."

I could sense that her own orgasm was close, and I kept slamming into her as I ordered, "Now come on your son's big dick, Mommy-slut."

"Yes, harder," she said, getting animated, "Fuck Mommy, you bad boy, you mother fucker."

I fucked her as hard as I could wanting to hear her scream, wanting to get her off.

"Yes, fuck, drill me, drill me, fuck, fuck, aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh," she screamed when her orgasm finally hit her.

When I pulled out a moment later, I ordered, "Clean me off, Mommy-slut."

She didn't hesitate, spinning around, dropping to her knees and taking my cock, shiny with her cum, in her mouth.

Finally, I pulled out of her amazing mouth, pulled her back up and kissed her again, both of us melting into each other.

When I broke the kiss, I smiled, "So, think you can stay away from the gloryhole?"

"I don't know," she smiled, "I usually need a full load or more for lunch."

"Pick me up at lunch and I'll satisfy your hunger," I promised.

"It's a date," she smiled.

"Oh, it's a glorious day," I smiled, walking naked towards my room.

And with that, Mom and I started having sex at every opportunity including a crazy sex-filled weekend after our morning encounter.

But that is an entirely different story.

THE END ... maybe.