

MASTER OF THE HOUSE

silkstockingslover

Son masquerades in Dad's costume to fuck unsuspecting Mother.

Incest/Taboo

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Editor's note: this fictional work contains scenes of fictional incest or fictional incest content.

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NOTE 1: This revision of a 2018 revision - now illustrated.

NOTE 2: A special thanks goes to Estragon for his copy editing work in 2011! A massive rewrite occurred in Dec 2018 by Tex Beethoven. And now in 2023, some more editing plus illustrations by Tex Beethoven

MASTER OF THE HOUSE

Until I began reading stories on Literotica, I had no idea how many sons had fantasies... or sometimes even realities... about having sex with their Mothers. It isn't really a conversation a guy might have with his buddies. Imagine this:

"Dude, you know who I'd really like to fuck?"

"Anyone who moves, I imagine."

"True. But do you know who's the most frequent inspiration for my daily stroke-fest sessions?"

"Beth, the head cheerleader?"

"She's in the top five, for sure, but she's not number one."

"Well, who would be number one then?"

"Promise you won't judge me?"

"Sure! You do some crazy shit, and so do I."

"Seriously, this is really embarrassing."

"Fine. I promise not to ridicule you too badly."

"My Mom."

"That's not so bad. I was expecting Big Bertha, or Old Woman Burgess. First, your Mom is ridiculously hot! And second, I've stroked about my Mom lots of times."

"You have?"

"Of course. And my Mom is nowhere as hot as yours."

"So it doesn't make me a freak?"

"Oh, it makes you a freak all right. It even makes you a perverted little freak. But hey, at our age, every guy is a perverted little freak. Christ, even Hamlet was supposed to have had a thing for his Mother. Remember the Ophelia song? 'Ah, ah, when I was young, I, I should've known better.' He's got to be singing about his Mom!"

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Anyway, the point is simple. The older I got, the more obsessed I became with the thought of sleeping with my Mother. My fantasies shifted from cheerleaders and hot blondes to my forty-three-year-old, blue-eyed, chestnut-brown-haired Mother with her big tits.

As far as calming me down, she wasn't any help either. She was a real estate agent, and she always dressed in skirts, hose and heels. All three of which had become fetishes of mine, probably because I'd grown up seeing them worn by the hottest woman I knew. I was sixteen when I started giving my Mom foot massages after a hard day at work. She always kept her stockings on, so my cock always rose whenever her stocking-clad legs were resting in my lap. She had to know what it was doing to me, but she never let on. And it never progressed any further than a son giving his Mother a respectful foot massage. At least not outside my own fevered brain.

Forty-three is considered middle age, but Mom knew she was still hot. She flirted with my friends, and she loved the compliments they threw back at her. She was a MILF, and she knew it, even revelled in it. That said, I never thought I'd ever have the chance to do more than just her feet...but then *that* Halloween happened.

Every Halloween, my parents got dressed up as a sexy matching couple and go to some fancy party. (Mom was sexy anyway; but speaking as a hetero guy, I don't think there's *anything* a man can do to look sexy.) Every year I could see their excitement growing for the big day; Mom's creative juices always came alive for Halloween. She always designed and made their two costumes, often starting months in advance. I can't recall all the outfits, but I do remember a few recent ones:

-Bonnie and Clyde, with Mom dressed as a hot flapper. (Mom looked stunning in fishnets and a cute bob haircut, with her toy tommy gun and an evil grin, ready to shoot someone's balls off.)

-Fred and Wilma Flintstone, which had my dick thinking Bam Bam all night. (Mom as Wilma, with her tattered neck-and-hemlines, with *almost* a nipple, and *almost* her naughty bits showing, was memorialised in a photo still hidden under my bed for stroke sessions.)

-Her fifties icons Marilyn Monroe and James Dean. (I also have a picture of her wearing that outfit hidden away for playtime.)

-And last year she was Princess Leia, while Dad was Luke Skywalker. (Her diaphanous, almost transparent white dress with no underwear that year, kept my light sabre erect for months!)

This year they were going as Beauty and the Beast. As always, Mom refused to reveal her costume to anyone until Halloween Eve (if that phrase isn't redundant).

I've always been a believer in whichever you'd like to call it... destiny or fate. And it could only have been through destiny that the dominos could have tumbled the way they did... giving me the perfect opportunity to fuck my Mother, and live to tell the tale. (But only to you, since as far as you

know, my Mom and I could be anyone at all, living in either the United States or Canada. I don't kiss and go around shooting my mouth off if there's the slightest chance of any repercussions.)

First off, my Dad phoned at five o'clock to tell Mom that due to some late bargaining (Dad is a high-powered mediator... the guy you hire to negotiate the treaties for long-standing feuds), he wasn't going to make it home in time, although he might get home early enough to throw on his costume, and join her at the party later on. Mom was furious, because this was *the* night she always looked forward to every year, and she'd invested hours upon hours into making the costumes perfect. Although she was angry at Dad, she still planned to stomp out the door and attend the party, and she'd make the best of the state of affairs that she could.

A couple hours later, seven o'clock, Mom came downstairs wearing her Belle costume, making my cock want to be her guest (if you know that song).

I've always thought Belle was the hottest cartoon character, the same way I think Betty is easily the hottest comic strip Archie girl. But seeing my *Mom* dressed as Belle in a short dress with an ornamental lace train displaying a generous expanse of her flawless upper chest, although nothing quite illegal, her straight hair the same shade of chestnut as Belle's, plus dark blue stockings, was the sexiest moment of my young life.

So I did what I always did whenever I was alone with Mom: I complimented her. "Wow, Mom! You could be a real-life Belle. This is your best costume yet!"

"You think so?" she asked, smiling and posing seductively.



"I know so. Dad would have loved it."

Her smile faded. "I can't believe he ditched me for a *transportation union*, of all things."

"I'm sure he'll get back soon."

She shrugged and snorted, "He'd better!" But then she relented and told me, "But it's not your fault, honey. It was sweet of you to say something that nice and supportive." She gave me a kiss on the cheek, and let me kiss hers like she always did, and she was off, leaving me standing there in a cloud of testosterone mist.

All the stars were lining up perfectly that night, even though I didn't know it yet. Even my being home in the first place, was because of a string of well-planned (well-planned by *someone* up there)

'coincidental' moments. Usually after seeing my parents off (not ever wanting to miss how my Mom would look that year), I'd usually leave for a different Halloween party with people my own age, but this year, I didn't feel like it. I'd been dumped a couple weeks earlier by my girlfriend of eight months Pamela, and I really didn't want to see her there. So I was watching the 1978 'Halloween' movie for the umpteenth time, when the phone rang again.

"Is your Mom still home?" Dad asked nervously.

"She left an hour ago."

"Shit!" he swore, "was she angry?"

"Think PMS cubed, and you may be close," I warned.

"Double shit!" he cursed. "I called her cell, and she didn't answer."

I went into the kitchen and saw her phone sitting in the charger. "She couldn't. It's right here, being charged."

"Triple shit!" he swore, knowing he was indeed wading through deep shit. After a pause, "Then can you leave her a note? This negotiation is going to be an all-nighter."

"Shit!" I parroted, which earned me a nervous chuckle from Dad.

Mom was sexy and caring, but we never wanted to get on her bad side.

"I'd better get her some flowers," he rationalized. I noticed an address on a pad of paper in my Mom's handwriting, and I assumed that was so I could tell Dad where she was.

"You'd better get her a whole garden. This year's costume is her best yet!"

We said our goodbyes, and I returned to watching TV. Then about ten minutes later, a light bulb flickered on in my head. A few seconds after that, and the bulb was shining as bright as the sun!

I dashed upstairs and into my parents' room. Laid out on the bed was Dad's Beast costume.

I stripped to my undershorts and put it on, and I was pleased by how comfortable it was. Apparently the peasants in Medieval France dressed similarly to the nobility, except that the quality of the nobility's clothing was far superior. The outfit also came with a featureless leather mask, which I donned. No one would have a clue it was me! I was the same height as my father; I had the same amber-coloured eyes as my father; I even had the same red hair and voice as my father. I went downstairs, snatched up the address, jumped into Dad's Mercedes (the first thing a good negotiator negotiates is his considerable fee), and sped off to the party.

I arrived at the party a few minutes after nine-thirty, and while I was walking towards the porch, the hostess Gloria came out the front door to greet me. She was dressed in a fairy costume, featuring wings, a deep scoop neckline, and some eye-catching sheer panels. Her face brightened as I approached. In her usual giddy voice, she said, "If Alexis is Belle, then you must be Ted. Thank God you're here! Your wife is really mad at you!"

"I know," I acknowledged, "That's why I hightailed it over here just as soon as I got home."

"She's had a few glasses of wine, and you know how she gets once she's into her wine," she warned me with a wink.

Recalling the few times I'd seen my Mom intoxicated... usually on New Year's Eve... I remembered her getting extra touchy feely and very flirty, even with me. So Gloria's innuendo wasn't remotely subtle. I responded vaguely, "Tell me about it."



Once I joined her on the porch, she gave me a flirtatious grin and said, "Before you go inside, you have to give me a kiss. Since none of our kids are here, we're being extra friendly with each other tonight. You may think of me as a toll booth with benefits."

Since Gloria was one of my regular MILF stroke fantasies, I certainly had no objections to paying her toll.



She then took my hand and led me into her house, and downstairs into her party room. There were only a handful of people down there, and all of them except for me were women. I recognized all of them from various of my parents' gatherings. Except tonight's dress code wasn't like my parents' parties! It seemed to be a sexy Disney Princess theme party, with each sexy MILF costume more outrageous than the rest. For instance, the dark-skinned Elma, who worked in real estate with my Mom, was ridiculously hot, and she came as a belly dancer. She had bright blue hair, and was wearing a harem girl outfit made of diaphanous material, through which, even without much light, I could see her milk chocolate skin.



Mom's assistant, the short and plump but very pretty Cassidy, was wearing what she was calling a Cinderella costume, but was more of a grape-coloured ballroom gown with slits on both sides up to her waist. Her blonde wig really brought out her blue eyes and dimples. Nice legs! No evidence on her exposed hips of her wearing panties.



My Dad's partner's spouse, a trophy wife twenty years younger than he was, was dressed as Ariel, complete with mermaid non-legs and everything, so whenever she needed to go anywhere she needed to be carried by someone or other, a service she rewarded with wet kisses. Her tentacle olive green hair, hypnotic green eyes, and bright green lipstick stood out even more in her mermaid costume. But her upper body was best: it was covered only by a tiny, flimsy bra, which kept no secrets.



Everywhere I looked were reasons for my dick to get so stiff that I desperately wanted to give it some attention. My Dad's best friend's wife Katie was dressed as Sleeping Beauty. She looked incredibly peaceful, appearing to be sleeping in her sleep-rumpled babydoll nighty costume... unless she'd been doing something else in bed for the past hundred years. I thought it would be neat if thorny Prince Phillip kissed awake an Aurora who was already two thirds of the way towards delivering a baby, when he made her his bride! Could that baby become the crown prince, or would he be known as His Highness the Royal Bastard? The implications were like a farcical Disney soap opera!



Then I encountered my Mom and Ellie. She'd been my Mom's college roommate way back when, and she was now teaching high school. Mom told me later that Ellie was dressed as a 'shy nudist', which I guess explained why half of her dress was missing, and the rest of it was great... or at least it was great if you enjoyed looking *through* as opposed to *around* fabric, which I certainly did. Whenever Mom and Ellie got together, they were incredibly touchy feely, and I'd enjoyed many a stroke fantasy while picturing their playtime back in college, munching on each other's cunts. They always brought out the worst in each other... talking like drunken sailors and hinting at a time when they'd been *really* crazy. Right now my Mom, still in her fucking hot Belle costume... except now it was even hotter, because somehow her bodice had totally disappeared!... she was sitting on Ellie's lap while they were kissing each other and giggling drunkenly. Her face was flushed in the same way Pamela's (my recent ex) always had been when she was horny from my fingering, licking, or fucking her pussy. I couldn't see where Ellie's left hand was, so I hoped my sick imaginings were being replicated right now.



Just then, one more sex object (at a party like this, objectifying was unavoidable) returned... probably from the bathroom. My mouth dropped. It was our locally famous weather girl Miranda Collington! Tonight she was dressed up like an ultra-sexy infernal creature... my guess was a succubus. She was dressed in all black, with black horns on her head, and skulls on her shoulders. Bra and panties that were see-through, and a corset that wasn't, and long stockings. Very much unlike her normal persona, she was sneering, which I guess she needed to do to match her wicked costume. I took one look at her, and my knees got weak.



Miranda had been the local weather girl since she was eighteen, back in 1988. She was famous for her long legs, which were always, and I mean always, in hosiery, which had been pretty common in the eighties, but was incredibly rare in 2011. Like my Mother, she was a constant but imaginary participant in my stroke sessions.

Distracted by the sight of Miranda, who stood out even in that sea of pulchritude, I barely noticed, when Gloria announced my arrival. "Ta-Dah! Cast your eyes upon the beastly man who's finally gracing us with his presence!"

Everyone looked up and I was greeted warmly, and in many cases flirtatiously. My Mom climbed off of the gorgeous Ellie and wobbled towards me. She fell into me, and hugged me tight. She slurred slightly, "You finally made it, shweetheart."



Attempting to sound just like my Father, I replied slyly, "Baby, I never planned on missing this. I got here just as soon as I could!"

She grabbed my hand and whispered into my ear, "You are soooooo lucky you showed up when you did. Ellie has gotten me so fucking horny!"

My cock flinched at hearing my MILF Mother talking so slutty, and confirming my long-held assumption and stroke fantasy about her and Ellie. Pushing the envelope, I asked, "How did she get you this horny, honey?"

Mom just shrugged. "You know how she gets."

Stunned but delighted by Mom's clingy attention, I asked, "So what's the plan now?"

Before my Mom could answer, and interrupting so many nasty possibilities spinning in my head, Gloria announced in a loud voice, "Charades time!"

Mom smiled and whispered, "I guess your blow job will have to wait." She gave a quick, subtle squeeze to my already stiff and eager cock, gave me a strange look, and wiggled away. She then sat back down in Ellie's lap and patted the couch next to her, indicating that I should join her. I obeyed like an obedient puppy dog, sitting down next to my Mom. I hemmed and hawed about whether I should place my hand on her silk-stockinged legs. But the decision was made for me a moment later, when Mom took my hand and placed it there herself! I'd touched and massaged her nylon feet many times, always fantasizing about my hands going all the way up her thighs, and now she'd just placed one there! It was happening! I just sat back, stroked my Mom's smooth, soft leg, and enjoyed the moment. With Ellie sucking her nipple and probably fingering her, she wasn't paying

much attention to me, but I had her promise of at least a blow job later on, so I could be patient. And also, I couldn't *believe* she had her tits out for everyone to see... including me... and I couldn't stop myself from staring at them.



The game started, and it was couple against couple, although since I was the only 'spouse' in attendance, the couples were spur-of-the-moment ones. I watched vaguely as the other couples acted things out. When it was our turn, Gloria called me up and handed me a card displaying a quote: 'two heads are better than one.' I was happy to get an easy one. As soon as my time began, I went to work portraying a guy with two heads, and Mom quickly got it right.

My Mom slyly mentioned to the room, her tone dripping with sexual innuendo, "I've always thought two, or even *three* heads were better than one." Everyone laughed, and Mom winked at me. The wink, plus hearing my Mother use such an innuendo, made me want her even more.

Ellie got up to go to the washroom, and I sat back down beside my Mommy topless princess, and she repositioned herself to lean against me in such a way that her voluminous skirts completely hid

what she was about to do. She slowly ripped open the Velcro so it wouldn't make that telltale noise, slipped her hand inside my costume, and fished my cock out of my underwear! I thought I might come right then, but somehow I didn't.

She gave me that odd look again, and said, "Interesting."

I asked, suddenly nervous, worrying she knew it was me, "How so?"

There was a long silence, while my Mom seemed to space out, before she asked me, seemingly sincerely, as she gave me a solid how-do-you-do squeeze, "Did I get you that hard, Baby?"

Without hesitation, I confirmed, "It's all you, Princess Alexis."

Her smile went wide, and she began slyly and unknowingly to give her son a hand job. "Baby, your cock is so fucking *hard*!" I looked around the room, and I couldn't actually testify to anything specific, but it *appeared* that various other couples *might be* similarly engaged.

She kept gently playing with my cock until Ellie returned to the couch. Mom gave me one last squeeze before whispering, "We aren't finished, Baby."

I tried to calm down, my head spinning, because Mom had just been playing with my cock. For the next few minutes I watched others play out their charades, and now more confident, I placed my hand back on my Mom's thigh. I moved it up and down gently, the touch of her stocking-covered leg the ultimate tease. This sensual tease continued, until it was Mom's turn to do me... I mean to act out a charade for me.

As soon as she looked at the card, she laughed, and gave me a wink. Which led to yet another twitch down below. As soon as her time began, she made the film symbol, before falling to her knees and crawling sensuously towards me, like a panther in heat. It was incredibly erotic! Once she reached me, she used my thighs to push herself to her feet, and started lap dancing in front of me. I was so in awe of my Mom's naughty moves, I forgot we were playing a game! She turned around to grind her ass on my lap, and I whimpered in pleasure. Suddenly the answer was obvious, and I shouted/moaned "Dirty Dancing!" She stood up, slyly squeezed my cock with her hand and gave me a full-on flirt, fluttering eyelashes and all, moaning, "I hope now you're ready for some dirty fucking, Baby."

One of the gals high-fived me, after hearing that offer, and Mom leaned into me cleavage first and whispered, "Meet me in the upstairs bathroom in a couple of minutes."

My MILF Mom walked away, and I took a deep breath. If I wanted to, I could just waltz upstairs and fuck my Mom! The majority of me was screaming, '*Go for it!*' while my conscience reminded me she was my Mother and drunk, and unaware that I wasn't her husband. My cock head doing the thinking for me, I felt myself standing up and heading *nonchalantly* (yeah, right) upstairs to the bathroom.

At the door, I took one last deep breath, one last brief hesitation, before I knocked on the door. Mom opened it, tugged me in, and slammed it shut again. Then she very carefully and deliberately locked it.

She smiled, which made her look even more beautiful, and dropped to her knees. I watched, frozen in shock, while she pulled my fully-erect cock out of my convenient Velcro opening, and took it into her mouth.



While I enjoyed the best blow job of my young life, I pondered the obvious drawback that Mom thought she was sucking her husband's cock. I tried to get my head wrapped around this stunning development, but it was very difficult, with Mom's lips wrapped around the same cock that had stolen all the blood from my brain. Pamela had never given me head for more than a couple of minutes, and she'd never finished me, so Mom's eager blow job was amazing! I just watched from above, as my beautiful Mom bobbed up and down on my cock, devouring it whole.

After only a couple minutes of her constant deep-throat cock sucking, I felt my balls bubbling, and I warned, "I'm going to come soon!"

She took her luscious lips off my cock and smiled, "Do you want me to swallow it Baby, or would you like me to jerk you off so you can shoot your cum on my face?"

I couldn't believe the choice she was giving me! I'd come in a couple of girls' mouths, but I'd never had a chance to play out every guy's favourite fantasy, the porn movie finale. I mumbled like the first-time teenager I was, worried I was giving myself away, "May I come on your face?"

She smiled, "Just tell me when you're close, Baby." She took my cock back into her mouth and bobbed back and forth, with even more reckless abandon than before.

She was sucking my cock furiously fast, desperate to get me off. So it didn't take long, before my balls were boiling, and I moaned, "I'm gonna come *real* soon!"

She took my cock out of her mouth and jerked me off with her left hand. Her next nasty words both shocked me, and led me to my eruption: "Come on, Baby, shoot that hot cum of yours all over my slutty face. Come on me, Baby, coat my face with your hot cum!" I spasmed and shot a large load all over my Mom's beautiful face. My cum landed in her hair and on her forehead, nose and chin. Once I'd finished spraying her face, she took my cock back into her mouth. After a couple minutes of her heavenly stimulation, my cock was still fully erect. She took it out of her mouth and smiled, while she stood standing back up. "Fuck, do I love your cock, Baby."

I replied, shocking myself, "And I love your cock sucking lips."

She said, "We'd better get back. But when I get you home, you owe me a good tongue-lashing, for keeping me waiting so long."

I stammered, "O-o-of course," while cramming my still erect cock back into my costume.

Mom asked while she was bent over the sink, washing my cum off her face, "You're still hard, honey. What's gotten into you? You're like your old eighteen-year-old self."

Wanting to end this conversation before she realized what she'd just done, I answered, "You bring out the best in me, Honey," and hurriedly opened the door, leaving her to finish freshening up.

As I returned to the party, everyone's eyes were looking at me... some with envy, others with hunger. I went and grabbed a drink from the bar, and Ellie came up to hug me from behind, and she whispered, "Fuck, Ted! I was *that close* to seducing your wife, and you had to step in and ruin it!"

"What?" I asked, confused by her complaint.

"I *am* going to fuck her again one day Ted, and that's a promise," she guaranteed, before wiggling her cute, kind of visible ass away, and going directly to my Mom, all sultry.

The next hour was excruciating. All I wanted to do was get home and hopefully fuck my Mom. Instead we played bobbing for Barbie parts and actually, believe it or not, attempted to do the Thriller dance as a group, which was either damn funny or ridiculously absurd, depending on how you looked at it.

Finally, my Mom, who'd ignored me for the past hour, came over to me all flirty again, and asked, "So, big boy, are you ready to take me home?"

I inwardly flinched. 'Big Boy' was the nickname she'd called me when I was a kid. I stammered, "L-I-let's go."

She winked at me and said, "I'll meet you at the car in five."

She gave my rigid cock a squeeze and turned away to say her goodbyes. I did my own thirty-second farewells, and waited outside. Each second felt like an eternity, as I waited for my Mom to come rejoin me and be an unknowing participant in furthering our incest.

Finally she arrived, but instead of getting into the car, she whipped out my dick, grabbed it, and gently tugged me into the backyard. As soon as we'd found a secluded spot, she stripped off her outerwear (which left her wearing only her stockings and heels, since she hadn't been wearing panties). She then shoved me onto my back, sat on my face, so I was staring up at my Mom's naked, wet, beautiful, inviting cunt. She then begged, "Start licking, Baby, I need to come so fucking bad, and I want your expert tongue munching on my pussy."

Realizing this was probably a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, I wanted to make every fantasy I'd ever had come true, so I dove right in. My tongue gazed her clit, and she shook involuntarily. She begged, "Please, Baby, lick my cunt. I need to come so fucking bad!"



But instead of making her come right away, I licked her only for a couple minutes, before I removed her heels, took a stocking-covered foot into my mouth, and instead of massaging her feet like I often did at home, I tried something new... I took her stocking-clad toes in my mouth, which I'd fantasized doing to my Mother so many times, and gave both of her feet a tongue bath. Although after I'd begun, I worried she'd realize I was her son instead of her husband.

"Oh my Baby, that feels so fucking good," my Mom purred, her breathing changing into something throatier.



I spent a few minutes kissing, licking, nibbling and massaging both of my mother's perfect silk-covered feet, before I slowly moved up her leg, my tongue teasing her ever so softly, wanting this fantasy-come-true never to end. I reached her pussy, her scent speaking eloquently about her excitement.

It took all my willpower to resist the temptation to bury my face back in her pussy. Instead, I detoured past it, and continued down her other leg.

"Damn you, Baby, you're fucking driving me nuts!" she whined.

I smiled to myself, and took her left foot into my hand and my mouth. She moaned again, and her begging became desperate pleading. "Please, that feels so good, you've got me sopping wet, Baby. I need you so bad!"

No longer able to resist, I crawled back between the legs of my beautiful Mother, and buried my face in her pussy as well as one could while wearing a mask. It was awkward, and slightly uncomfortable, but there was no way I was going to stop licking this cunt that I'd fantasized about for years. Her taste was heavenly, and I used my abnormally wide tongue (something genetic I'd gotten from my Father), and licked her puffy pussy lips. Her moans were loud, and her body spasmed from my touch. Her juices were flowing excessively in a constant stream. I sucked her clit into my mouth, and she screamed, "Oh my God, Baby, I fucking *love* your tongue! Shove a finger in me too, Baby!"



I honoured her request, slipping not one, but two fingers into her gaping cunt. As soon as my fingers were inside her beautifully tight folds, she went ballistic! "Oh fuck, Baby, finger-fuck my box! Make me come all over your hand!"

I pumped her pussy with two fingers while sucking and licking her clit. I felt her legs stiffen, and I knew her orgasm was imminent. I took my free hand and did something I'd seen in a porn movie last week: I slapped her clit sharply. That was the final spur, and she screamed "Yes, Baby! I'm coming, keep spanking your slut! N-n-n-n-nnnng!!"

Hearing her calling herself my slut was surreally hot! I kept spanking and pumping until her orgasm finished running its course. As soon as it had, she then begged, "Fuck me, Baby! Fuck me with that big, hard cock of yours!"

It was like every fantasy I'd ever had was cumming true on the same night! I climbed on top of her, and slid my raging hard-on into her soaking wet cunt! It was heaven! Luckily I'd already come once, or this would have been the shortest fantasy-come-true in history. She wrapped her stocking-clad legs around me, and pulled me deeper inside her oasis of pleasure. I leaned down and kissed my Mother. She shoved her tongue into my mouth for some sloppy and passionate kisses.



Getting aggressive, she surprised the shit out of me, when she flipped me onto my back and straddled me! She engulfed my cock and began riding me, leaning forward so her very impressive breasts were suspended right above my face. I sucked on those puppies, like I had all those years ago.



Then I watched... mesmerized... at my gorgeous Mother sitting on top of me, riding my cock with eager enthusiasm. A few minutes more of hardcore bouncing, and I knew I was going to come. I warned her, "I'm gonna come soon, Mo..." I caught myself just in time and attempted a cover, sounding aggressive, "Where does my slut want my cum?"

I was surprised once again when she continued riding my cock and begged, "Come inside me Baby, fill my cunt with your hot seed!"

Such nasty talk was the final straw, and I exploded jets of cum into my perfect Mother-slut, another longtime stroke fantasy coming true. She continued riding my cock as my cum coated her pussy walls. Finally spent, she got off my cock and took me back in her mouth, cleaning me up with her amazing lips and tongue, something no other girl had ever done. After a couple more minutes, she quit cleaning my cock, and collapsed beside me.

She looked through my leather mask and into my eyes, and complimented me, "You've always been an amazing lover, but tonight was a new high."

"You just bring out the best in me," I deflected slyly.

Hand in hand, we laid there in silence for a while, before she suggested we head home. She left her car at Gloria's, since she was too tipsy to drive, and I drove her home in Dad's Mercedes. Halfway home, I felt Mom's hand gliding over my leg before fishing my cock back out of my costume. I let out an involuntary moan when my cock, still hard, was released from its solitary confinement.

I sped home, hoping to fuck my Mother one more time. For the remainder of the drive, my Mother slowly stroked her son's cock.

Once we were inside the garage, Mom crooned, "You're still hard, Baby; I can't remember the last time you could get it up even twice in a day, never mind *three* times!"

I replied, "It's your costume, Baby, it's brought out the Beast in me."

She laughed, "And now you're even being witty. What's gotten into you?"

Feeling confident, I adlibbed, "I don't know, but ask me what I want to get into *you*."

She giggled like a schoolgirl and purred, "You're *such* a bad boy."

"The baddest," I agreed confidently, got out of the car, and then went around to the other side to pick up my Mother and carry her into the house, like the dominant man I felt like, right now. I thought, *The Beast can do no less for his lovely Belle! Aarrghh!* I carried her all the way upstairs to my parents' bedroom, and tossed her onto the king-sized bed.

My Mother, clearly still very horny, and with a strange smug smile on her face, and her voice syrupy sweet, "Do you want Mommy to suck your big cock again, big boy?"

I gasped. She knew it was me! I stammered, "W-w-what do you mean?"

"Oh, Curtis, did you *really* think I couldn't tell the difference between my husband and my son?" she asked, her voice still sexy, her hand reaching for my cock. "For one thing, *this...*" she bestowed a light kiss on the head of Exhibit A, "...is about three inches longer than your Dad's, and it's tastier, too! I'd guessed something was up when I grabbed it through your pants, and then I knew for sure you weren't your Dad, as soon as I was holding it skin to skin. Remember I called it 'interesting'? And if you weren't your Dad, there was only one other person on the planet it *could* be! Ever since then, you weren't the only one of us play-acting, although the hunger I felt for you wasn't acting at all!"

I apologized, "I'm so *sorry*, Mom! I didn't go to the party to take advantage of you. I went because you looked so upset that Dad wasn't going to show!"

Her smile never faded, as she began stroking my hard-as-rock cock. "Baby, don't be sorry. I love your Dad, but he's gone so much, and even when he *is* home, he can't *ever* keep up with my sex drive. But you, young man..."

She took my cock into her mouth. And unlike the last time, she sucked it slowly. She made love to it with her mouth, slow and gentle. She continued doing that for a few minutes before she took it out of her mouth and asked coyly, "Do you want to see your Mommy's breasts again?"

"Y-y-yes p-please," I stammered.

She slowly, seductively, pulled her entire costume over her head, leaving her naked except for her stockings, but particularly her breasts, which were still firm, even though she was twenty-five years older than I was. I stared in perverse awe at my Mom's perfect boobs. Then I was brought out of my sexual trance when she began attempting to remove my costume. "Well, son, don't just stand there. Let's get you out of that costume. This Jocasta can't wait to see her hot Oedipus naked!"

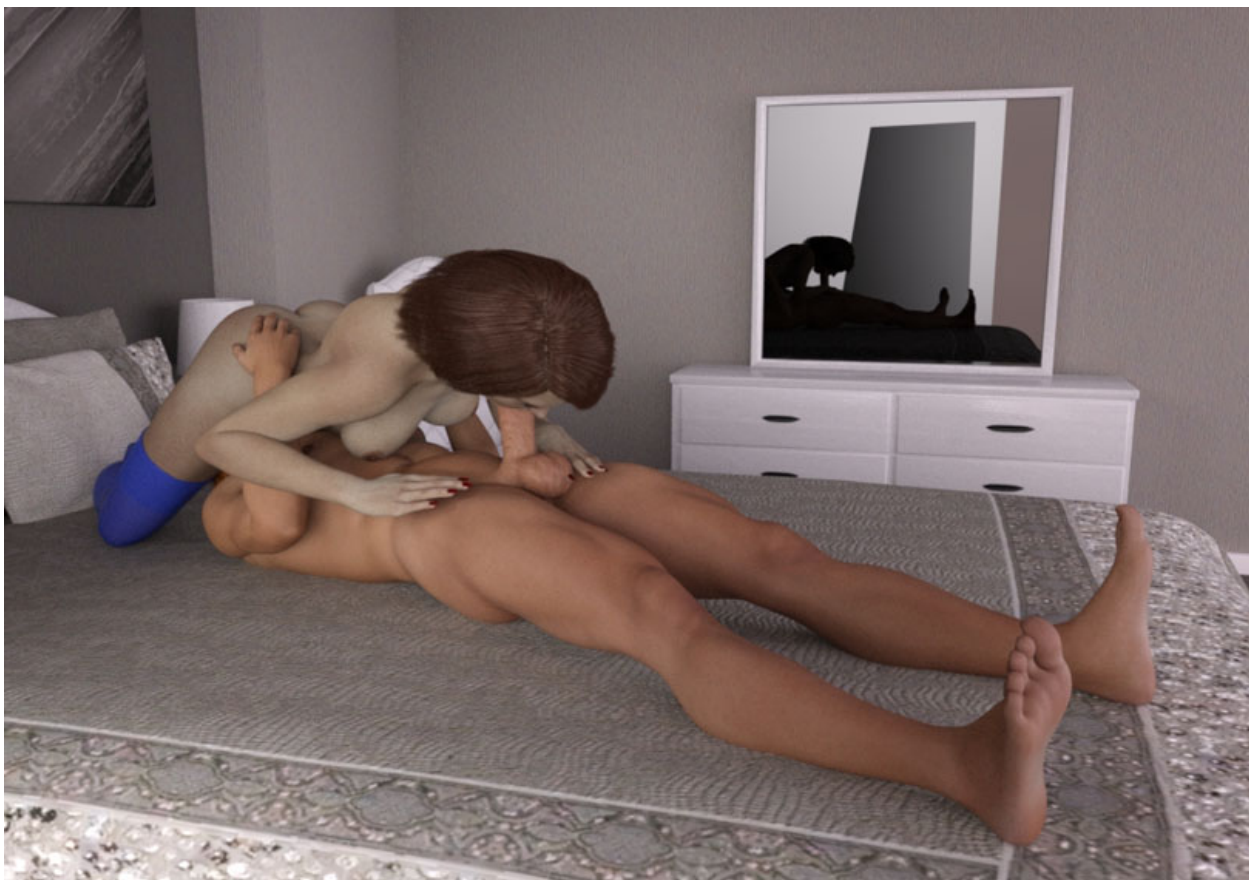
After some fumbling and stumbling, I was finally freed from my not-so-secret identity, and now I was only wearing my boxer briefs in front of my Mom, who was now totally naked except for her ubiquitous stockings. Suddenly I felt self-conscious, my confident persona whisked away with my

costume gone. Mom, maybe sensing my insecurity, built me back up, "Looking good! Has my baby boy been working out?"

In two short sentences, she'd built my confidence back up. I replied, attempting to be funny, "Yeah, I've been trying to buff up for the ladies."

She smiled, "Well, I know *one* lady who's very impressed." She pulled my underwear down and off. She fell backwards onto the bed, pulling me on top of her, and finally our lips were touching while we could see each other's faces. Softly and tentatively at first, our kissing became passionate and eager. Time stood still as we kissed like two horny teenagers. Without a word, we scrambled around on my parents' bed, and ended up in my first-ever sixty-nine. I was lying on my back, my cock standing erect like a flagpole, while my Mom straddled my face, her legs draped over both sides of my head. Her glistening pussy lips were directly above me. I stared at them like one would at a car crash, unable to look away.

I felt my Mother's hand getting a grip on her son's cock, and a few seconds later, I felt her mouth wrapped around it again, teasing my mushroom top. The slow rotation of her tongue around my cock was Tease Heaven. I grabbed my Mother's firm ass and pulled it closer, her pussy now *touching* my face, so I began licking. I savoured each lick, her sweet juices as addictive as any drug. As she got wetter, she also began to get more aggressive on my cock. Meanwhile, I lapped her juices like a man who'd finally found water in a desert. I wanted to make Mommy come! I began sucking on her clit, pulling it down and letting it snap back up. She took my cock out of her mouth and moaned, "Keep doing that, Baby! Mommy *loves* that."



She kept her hand on my cock, but as I repeated my clit pull, her moaning got loud, and she got very animated. "Oh, yes Baby! You're making Mommy feel so goooooood!" and "You're going to make Mommy come!" Finally, her moans got so loud I thought she might awaken the neighbours. "Fuck, Curtis, I'm coming! My son is making me *commmmmmmmmmmmmmme!!!!*"

Her juices poured out of her pussy, onto my face and into my mouth. I continued lapping my Mom's pussy, eager to swallow every drop of her juice! Then as soon as her orgasm subsided, she turned around, straddled my cock, and engulfed it completely. Our eyes met, and she asked with a naughty smile, "Do you want to suck on Mommy's titties again like you used to do all those years ago?"

I moaned, her warm, wet, flesh cocoon gliding up and down on my cock, "Yes please, Mommy."

She leaned forward, dropping her left breast into my mouth. I sucked on my Mom's nipple and heard her moaning because of my touch. In this amazing position, my Mom fucked me forever! I moved from her breast to her mouth, while she continued slowly milking my cock with her pussy. Somehow she was able to tighten her cunt muscles around my cock, making their grip even tighter.



She whispered, "I love fucking you, son. Your cock feels so good inside my cunt. Do you like fucking your Mommy?"

I moaned, "I've dreamed about doing this forever, Mom. I've *never* felt this much pleasure!"

Mom smiled and asked rhetorically, "Do you know this is just the beginning, Baby? We're going to do so *many* naughty things together! For instance, what do you think of Miranda? Her looks? Her personality?"

"All things considered, she's the second hottest woman I know."

"I'd better be the first one in that lineup," she teased, beginning to ride me faster.

"Mom, *you* are perfection personified!" I moaned.

"Then one of my perfections is a total lack of jealousy where you're concerned," Mom said. "Would you like to fuck Miranda while I watch?"

Astonished, I moaned, "What? Of course I would!"

"She and I have been playing together secretly for years," my Mom revealed. "She's one amazing cunt muncher. Something you two have in common, by the way."

"No way," I grunted. Apparently my second fondest fantasy was about to come true, not to mention that the thought of my Mother doing lesbian things was fucking hot.

"Way," she joked. "She loves young cock, and she can go for hours and hours! She's like the Energizer Bunny, but with a pussy... she keeps going and going."

"Oh my God," I moaned, "I can't believe it."

Mom began bouncing on my cock, taking it completely, and she said, "Believe it, stud. She's my little sex kitten, and she'll eagerly become *your* plaything too. Now tell me when you get close, Baby. I want to taste your sweet load."

"Yes, Mommy," I moaned. Watching her riding me like a complete slut, her breasts bouncing around in sweet mirror images, my balls began bubbling in a few minutes. So I warned her, "I'm gonna come soon, Mommy."

Mom leaped off me and ordered, "Stand on the floor! Quickly!" Then when I did, she jumped down, knelt before me, and gobbled down my whole cock. She urgently bobbed back and forth on it, desperate to taste my seed. Her fast-paced bobbing was amazing, and in less than a minute, I was shooting my third load of the evening, the trifecta of coming: on (1) her face, coming in (2) her pussy, and now (3) coming down her throat. Unlike many women, she swallowed my cum down completely, and she kept bobbing until long after she'd extracted the last drop.



Finally, she took my shrinking cock out of her mouth, and collapsed beside me. I wrapped my arms around her, and held her tight.

I whispered in her ear, "I love you, Mom."

She turned her head and looked into my eyes, "Curtis, I love you too." She kissed me again, sweet and gentle.

She then broke the kiss, looked back into my eyes, and added, "I also love fucking you."

I chuckled, "I love fucking you too, Mom."

She let out a yawn and said, "Sorry Baby, you've fucked me to exhaustion, and I need to crash. If I knew your Dad would stay away long enough, I'd ask you to stay in bed with me, but sadly..."

"Not sadly at all! Of course I'll stay, Mom. Dad said his meeting would be an all-nighter, you know he *never* comes home earlier than he said he would, and I *never* want to let you go!"

She rolled over to face away from me, and I reached around to hold her tight, spooning lovingly with my naked Mother, while she crossed her arms over mine, to hold them against her breasts. In a couple minutes I heard her soft snoring begin, and then I too faded into darkness, knowing that everything that mattered in my life had utterly changed.

The end...

Continued in part two: **Man of the House 2... Curtis fucks his Mom again and meets the amazing Miranda... up close and personal.**

