

MOM SUBMISSION

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Catching my son nude fucking a MILF changes everything.

Incest/Taboo

4.68

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SUMMARY: Catching my son nude fucking a MILF changes everything.

NOTE 1: This is a **Nude Day 2013 Contest** entry so please vote. Please note that nudity is not the main plot of the story and thus may not seem to fit the Nude Day theme...yet I disagree. The whole premise is based on a mother seeing her son nude which triggers a domino effect in her life that changes her from conservative mother to submissive plaything.

NOTE 2: Thanks to MAB7991 again for editing and plot suggestions...you are a lifesaver.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

I came home early from work and was surprised to see my son's car in the driveway. It was only two o'clock; he should still have been at school.

I pulled in, parked, and entered the house. I called out, "Joey," but there was no answer.

I went upstairs and saw his jeans on the floor in his room and assumed he was in the pool. I walked to his window and looked out. I gasped.

He indeed was in the pool, well his legs were. He was sitting on the edge while a blonde bobbed on his cock. I didn't recognize the girl, I was too far away, but the window was open, and I could hear my son say, "That's it slut, suck my cock."

I was stunned; strangely, this seemed to excite the blonde who began bobbing faster, her whole body in the water except her head. I couldn't believe my son, a straight 'A' student, a member of the church choir and going to Harvard this fall, on an all paid scholarship, was calling another girl a slut.

Part of me was furious at his disrespect for the girl, but also for his disrespect towards me by having sex in my pool. Yet, another part of me was turned on watching the sexual act, myself not having had sex with anyone but myself in over a year, since my husband Jack was killed in a tragic car accident.

I should have pulled myself away from the window and watching my son getting head, I should have went downstairs and confronted him. At the very least, I should have left and dealt with it later. Yet, I did none of those things; instead, I continued to watch him get a blow job, as he continued to humiliate the blonde mystery girl verbally calling her a slut, a cocksucker and his bitch. I tried to get a closer look at the blonde, she looked vaguely familiar, yet I couldn't place her yet. I couldn't help but notice that my son, a dead ringer for his father, had a very impressive package down below, at least it looked to be from this distance.

"Ready to get fucked, my MILF plaything?" my son asked, as he slid into the pool.

I suddenly recognized who the mystery blonde was. Jane Wilkinson, a trophy wife from down the street, a stuck-up bitch who wouldn't give me the time of day and who detested me for being a working woman, a psychiatrist. Luckily, my husband's life insurance policy was very generous and we were still capable to live the same lifestyle we were accustomed to. We were not rich, like the Wilkinsons, but we were still financially stable and able to live in a rather upscale neighborhood.

I smirked at the thought that the stuck-up bitch was being put in her place by my son.

"You love my cock don't you, my little slut?"

"God, yes," she moaned as she bent over the side of the pool as he got positioned behind her.

"Beg slut," Joey demanded.

"Fuck me, baby, shove that big snake in my cunt," she begged, listening to her obey him like a bitch in heat was both amazing and arousing.

"Not your ass, slut?" my son questioned, surprising me yet again. I had only had anal sex a couple times, both in college and both times I was very, very drunk. Both times I walked a bit bow-legged the next day, my college ex had a small but thick cock. I would have let Jack take my ass, if he had ever been aggressive enough to try. But he was the utmost gentleman and we always had rather bland sex. I loved him unconditionally, but in the bedroom, I longed for more. I knew without a doubt I was definitely submissive and liked being told what to do...I liked to please...to obey...to be a good bad girl...an oxymoron if there ever was one.

"All my holes are yours, baby," she answered, sounding just like me all those years ago in my wild college days.

"Tomorrow I am going to pound your ass while your husband is outside entertaining guests," my son said, as he clearly penetrated her.

"You are such a dirty boy," she moaned.

"And you're a dirty slut," my son countered, as he began fucking her.

"Oh God, I love your cock in me," she whimpered, as my son slammed into her. My mind flashed back to when I was fucked hard like that, pounded, and used as a fuck-slut. My cunt dampened in my panties at the thought of someday again being fucked hard like my son was fucking that bitch Jane Wilkerson.

"What about your husband's cock?" Joey asked, although his tone implied he already knew the answer.

"He couldn't fuck his way out of a wet paper bag," she said, her tone harsh, her marriage the facade I assumed it was.

"Who owns your cunt?" Joey asked, as he continued fucking her.

"You do, Masssssster," she squealed.

"Come finish me off me," Joey demanded, pulling out of her and getting out of the pool, his hard cock swaying like an elephant's trunk, long and thick. I couldn't take my eyes off his cock. He laid down on a lawn chair his cock standing completely erect. Jane got out of the pool completely

naked and I saw what thousands of dollars can do. Her fake breasts didn't move as she climbed out of the pool and sauntered like a teenage slut to my son's cock.

Joey snapped his fingers and pointed to the ground. Jane immediately dropped onto all fours and crawled the rest of the way. Once the submissive slut reached him, he snapped his fingers again and pointed to his cock.

Jane moved to his cock and began bobbing up and down impressively taking most of his cock in her mouth. 'Well at least she is good at something' I thought rather cattily.

"That's it slut, get it all in those sweet cocksucking lips," Joey groaned.

My hand went inside my pantyhose, inside my drenched panties and to my burning cunt as I continued to watch the taboo act of my son getting head.

I frantically rubbed myself for a couple of minutes and was close to coming when my son turned me on even more by ordering, "Open wide, slut and take your Master's cum." Joey sat up and started pumping his cock aimed at her open mouth. I watched as rope after rope after rope of his cum sprayed into the bitches' mouth and across her face.

I flashbacked once again to my college ex coming on my face while at the lake and making me walk around all night with it on my face. It was so humiliating, yet so satisfying allowing myself to be controlled. Thankfully, it was dark and only my friend Kim noticed the white goo in my hair.

The slut was back deep throating Joey, apparently trying to retrieve any last remnants of his cum.

I fell onto my son's bed and brought myself to orgasm reminiscing about my slutty college days: my many lesbian encounters, my time as a submissive to my college roommate, my one black man, my one four-way (is that a gang bang?) and my multiple threesomes. As my orgasm crashed through me, I envisioned my face being coated with cum by my son as I eagerly kept my mouth open from my submissive position on my knees. When I finally opened my eyes, my son was smiling down at me.

It was like a cold splash of water as I was instantly brought out of my fantasy and into a cruel reality where I just subconsciously fantasized about my eighteen-year-old son shooting his cum all over my face.

I pulled my hand out of my still trembling cunt and weakly walked out of his room, down the stairs and back to my car. I pulled out of the drive way my head spinning.

INQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW

Two hours later, I returned home still flushed and rattled by what I had seen and what I had done in my son's room. I decided I would confront him about what I saw but when I tried to during dinner I couldn't even begin to bring it up. Near the end of dinner, I attempted to bring it up again.

I asked, "How was school?"

He answered with the most overused answer to the question, "Fine."

"What did you learn today?" I continued.

"Nothing," he answered, like he always did, apparently high school was just a glorified babysitting school.

"I saw, I mean I um, so prom is soon," I finally got out after attempting to bring up what I had witnessed.

"Yep," he said, his one-word answers suddenly driving me nuts.

"We should go rent you a tux soon," I suggested.

"I was planning to just wear one of dad's," he replied. My husband had three, as he often had to go to formal dress events as part of his job. I looked at my son, my mind flashing back against my will to his earlier nakedness, and I realized he had a very similar build to his father.

"We'll let's try them on," I suggested. "Make sure they fit."

"Ok," he said.

After dinner, I called Joey upstairs and laid out the first tux onto my bed. He came in and I said, "Try it on. Call me when you are done."

A couple of minutes later he called me and I returned to my room. I gasped. I briefly didn't see my son, but rather I saw my husband. I stammered, "Y-y-you look exactly like your father."

"Really?" He said, looking at himself in my full-length mirror.

Without realizing it, I checked out his ass. I quickly shook my head as I realized he had inherited his father's perfect ass too. "Yes, you look dashing handsome."

"It fits perfect," he said, turning back to me.

I glanced at his crotch, unable to resist, as I agreed, "Yes it does."

I zoned out for a minute remembering his father and the one time I sucked him off in this very room while Joey was banging on the door. He must have been five and was mad as hell that we were leaving him with a babysitter. Jack was in the same tux and I couldn't resist devouring him whole.

"Earth to mom," Joey said.

"What? Oh, sorry, a brief moment of early menopause," I joked. My face flushed as I wondered how long I was staring at his crotch.

"Mom, you are too young for menopause," he said, although he had a slight smirk on his face.

I playfully hit him. "Trust me, your mom isn't getting any younger."

Joey surprised me when he said, "Mom, maybe it is time you started dating again."

I was surprised by the sudden turn of events; Joey becoming the adult, while I was the insecure teenager. "I am not ready," I admitted.

"I hope it is not because of me," Joey said.

"It is a variety of things," I answered, which was true. I wasn't ready to replace Jack, I was worried how Joey would react, and truthfully, I was scared of going back into the open market after being out of the game for over twenty years.

"Mom, you are still a very beautiful woman," he complimented.

I felt a chill go up my back, as his voice too had transformed to sounding like his father. I stammered, "T-t-thanks, but you have to say that."

Joey laughed, "Trust me, I am not the only one who says that."

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused by his innuendo.

"Mom, you must know you are a MILF," Joey said.

"What's a MILF?" I asked, the term one I had heard before, but never bothered to inquire the meaning.

"A mom I would like to...." He answered.

"Like to what?" I asked, still clueless.

"Rhymes with duck," he said, clearly amused by my complete cluelessness.

"Ooooooh," I said, the light bulb finally flickering on.

"All my friends say so," Joey continued.

"Oh my God," I said with a chuckle, "this conversation has taken a turn."

"The point is Mom, you are still a very hot woman and need to get back out there," Joey said, a slight shift in his demeanor.

"Did you just call your Mother hot?" I asked, smiling, even as my face felt flushed, memories of earlier today popping into my head.

"Mom you are the hottest woman I know," he said, moving towards me and giving me a hug.

The words were out of my mouth before I had time to process them. "Hotter than Mrs. Wilkinson?" I asked.

He let go and asked, "W-w-what?"

Realizing what I had just said, I joked, "Oh nothing, you know she just thinks she is all that and a bag of chips."

He relaxed a bit, assuming his secret was still safe, "You and your eighties sayings. Plus she is all show."

"How so?" I asked.

"She is all outside dressing," Joey said.

"You and your 2000s sayings," I quipped, wanting him to say more.

"She looks good all prim and proper, but underneath she is completely different," Joey said, a confidence he rarely showed in front of me revealing itself.

"What do you mean?" I asked, trying to get him to admit the truth I already knew.

"Well her breasts are definitely fake," he said.

"But they are huge," I pointed out.

"And unnatural," he countered.

"How so?" I asked, setting him up to tell the truth.

"They don't move when she jogs," he covered nicely, before admitting, "I'm a guy, sorry I look."

"Men are all the same," I replied, playfully hitting him on the shoulder.

"Mom you are an incredibly intelligent, slightly corny, very attractive woman, who would be a great catch," Joey said. "You deserve a man who knows that."

I squeezed his hand, apparently flirting with my own son, as I said, "I do have a man who knows that."

There was a strange silence as our conversation shifted tone. I couldn't believe what I just said, nor could I believe how giddy I was as I waited for his response, like I was a high school girl in the eighties waiting by the phone for a boy to call.

I broke the awkward silence as I said, "I'll let you change." I high tailed it out of my room mortified that I had just hit on my son.

Nothing else was said the rest of the night about that conversation, both of us returning to the superficial mother-son conversations.

A DISTURBING WET DREAM

That night, in bed, my subconscious drew me deeper into the underlying thoughts that lay just below the surface.

Joey, wearing his father's tux, in my room, looked at me with a smug smile, "How do I look, mother?"

The way he said mother was completely different from his usual tone and I felt a sexual tension between us, my pussy getting wet staring at my handsome son. "You look very handsome."

"Not hot?" He asked, his smile, crooked and playful.

"Yes, Joey, you look really hot," I played along, even though deep down I thought he looked good enough to devour whole.

"On your knees, mother," he ordered, as he walked over to me in what felt like slow motion.

"P-p-pardon?" I stammered, my cunt instantly damp at his words even as my mind tried to comprehend the four words my son had just said.

"On---your---knees," he repeated, slowly, as he reached me and placed his hands on my shoulders.

"B-b-but you are my son," I weakly protested, even as I felt my body giving in to the gentle pressure from his hands guiding me to my knees.

"You crave submission, don't you Mommy?" he asked, somehow knowing what I craved.

I didn't respond as I was now crotch level and in a daze.

"Answer the question, Mommy," he ordered, his stiff cock outlined by the rather tight black pants.

"This is wrong," I said, even though I couldn't pull my eyes away from his outlined cock.

"Take it out, Mother," he instructed. "We both know you want to see it up close."

"I-I-I shouldn't," I weakly replied, even as my hand went and unzipped his zipper.

"Yes, you should," he firmly responded.

"But I'm your mother," I pointed out, even as I could see the tip of his cock poking out of his underwear.

"Right now you are just another MILF for my personal enjoyment," he corrected as he released his fully erect cock out of its restrictive cloth barrier.

"But..." I began but couldn't finish as I was mesmerized by his long, thick hard cock.

"But what?" He asked, his tone implying he knew exactly why I hadn't finished my sentence.

Unable to put into words my reasoning to why I shouldn't be on my knees in front of my eighteen-year-old son, I just sat there frozen unable to take my eyes off his perfect cock.

Seeing he had me exactly where he wanted me, he ordered, "Take my cock in your hands."

I obeyed, his cock feeling like steel in my small hands.

"Stroke it," he demanded.

I again obeyed, distancing myself from reality as I focused entirely on the task at hand (pun intended).

"Do you want to suck it?" He asked, a minute later.

"I-I-I don't know," I stammered, even as my mouth watered with an insatiable hunger.

He tapped his mushroom top onto my lips as he asked, "Are you sure, you don't know?"

"Joey, you are my son," I said, looking up at him.

"And you are a slut, my slut now," he countered, as he traced my lips with his cock.

My face burned with shame, yet I opened my mouth and took it between my lips.

"Good Mommy," he purred. "You look so good with my cock in your mouth."

I slowly swirled my tongue around his cock, in awe with the reality that I was sucking my son's cock.

"Tell me what you want, Mommy," he ordered, as he pulled his cock out of my mouth, showing amazing restraint for a teenager.

A switch turned on in my head, I was no longer his mother nor he my son, I was a hungry slut and he a studly teen. I answered, "I want to suck your big hard cock."

"But you are my Mother," he replied, using my own weak earlier resistance against me.

His cock swaying slowly like a watch that hypnotized I responded, "No, I am your cock-hungry slut ready to please you."

"You'll give me your cunt?" He asked as he shoved his cock in my mouth and back out, a teasing appetizer.

"Yes, fuck my cunt as you wish with that long, thick rod of yours," I replied, my only focus now giving him pleasure, obeying his words.

"And your ass?" He questioned, as he again shoved his cock in my mouth, slowly fucking my face with his stiff cock.

I didn't answer because I had a mouth full of cock, but when he pulled out I answered like a good slut is supposed to, "All my holes are yours to use as you wish."

"Good Mommy," he purred, as he slid his cock back into my mouth and began slowly fucking my face. My hand went to my cunt and I frantically rubbed my clit trying to bring my fevered cunt to a climax. "That's it Mommy-slut, get yourself off thinking of being my full-service plaything; my personal fuck-toy; my very own cum bucket; my very own Mommy-slave."

I rubbed and rubbed, his nasty talk only enhancing my desire to come and to make my son come. My orgasm continued building and just as my son shot a full load of his white seed down my throat my cum flooded out of me like a rapid river.

I woke up in a sweat, my hand in my soaked panties, having apparently come from my shockingly vivid dream. My eyes wide open, my dream came rushing back to me. Had I really just dreamed of becoming my son's sex slave? Obviously, I had based on my very wet panties. I was mortified by my own thoughts, even if only in dream. Being a psychiatrist, I understand that dreams are often deep down truths in our sub consciousness and thus my incestuous dream was all the more alarming.

I got up, changed my soiled panties, and returned to bed still disturbed by very authentic dream. I eventually concluded it was a mixture of what I saw today and a lack of sex since my husband's death. I tossed and turned for a while before falling asleep.

I REALLY NEED TO GET LAID AND MORE DIRTY DARK SECRETS ABOUT MY SON

I slept in and was surprised at how refreshed I felt before I again recalled my wet dream. I got up, stretched, grabbed my robe, and had a long shower.

At lunch, Joey was still asleep and I knew we were supposed to be over at the Wilkinson's soon for their annual block party barbecue, which they had every year. It was always an over the top affair with food, servants and music. I knocked on Joey's door and when he didn't answer I walked in to wake him up like I had all my life. Yet, when I walked in he was lying in his bed, completely uncovered, on his back, and his penis was fully erect in his boxers. Again, I had seen him in such attire before, but since having caught him yesterday in the act, at that moment I saw him no longer

as just my son, but as a man. I froze, staring at his crotch, my head again clouded. Shaking my head, my sudden thoughts ridiculous, I moved to him and shook him awake. "Wake up sleepy-head; we have to be at the Wilkerson's in a couple of hours."

He stretched and as I glanced back at his crotch, I saw it flinch, last night's dream flooding into my head again. My pussy began getting damp again, against my will, and I gave him one more quick shake and left him so I could calm myself down.

In the bathroom, I looked at myself in the mirror. What was happening to me? I was still quite attractive at 42 (a natural redhead, with green eyes, mostly firm 34C breasts, a tight ass and long legs), I could easily still get a man if I tried, I had rejected many overtures since Jack's death, but obviously my lack of real physical contact was beginning to have a psychological impact on me.

Did I find my son attractive? Although I had never considered it other than in a maternal way before yesterday, I had to admit he was very handsome, being a younger version of his father.

Did my son turn me on? Before yesterday such a question would have been ludicrous but my masturbation while watching him with Jane yesterday, plus my very real dream and my undeniable reaction to him almost naked this morning had me confused.

Did his rugged, dominant behaviour turn me on? It was so opposite of his father and yet so much like a couple of my ex's, the men who I had the best sex with. I loved Jack, we were great together, yet sexually the heat was never close to as hot as my college lovers. I just assumed that the difference between love and lust were prevalent in the differences in relationships. That said, hearing my son's dirty talk and his controlling attitude was an undeniable turn-on, just like it was when I was in college. I liked to be talked dirty to, be called names; it was so much the opposite of my rather dull day-to-day life and personality. I didn't want to be made love to, I wanted to be fucked, pounded, and drilled. I missed the passionate lust, the insatiable hunger of a man and a woman letting go of society's prim and proper expectations to break down the barriers and return to the carnal natural urges of humans.

I concluded as I looked at myself in the mirror that I needed to get laid...SOON!

I finished getting ready for the picnic, the thought that my son planned to fuck Jane at her own party permanently etched in my mind.

Joey came downstairs in shorts and a t-shirt dressed casually as he always was and said, after kissing me on the cheek like he always did, "Good morning, mom."

"It's afternoon," I pointed out.

He laughed, kissed my other cheek and said, "Good afternoon, Mom."

I blushed as such an innocent act like being kissed by my son was suddenly feeling taboo, even if he didn't realize it. My hands got clammy, like they did back when I was in high school and waited for my boyfriend to take my hand. The feelings were ridiculous, yet I couldn't get rid of it or the sudden butterflies in my stomach.

He said, "I'm going to meet Adam for lunch before going to the Wilkinson's."

"Ok," I said, having already decided what I planned to do next.

Once he was gone, I watched out the window to see him pull away before I went to his room to search his computer. I knew I was violating his privacy and what I was doing was wrong, but I was curious what other secrets my son might have. Being a psychiatrist, I long ago have learned that a computer is where the secret truths of all of us are. On your computer, when alone, feeling safe with no one to judge your kinks or fetishes, you can be your true self. I logged into his computer, he trusted me so much he didn't even have a password, which only made me feel guiltier at invading his privacy, breaking his trust. Yet, I had to know...it had become an obsession.

I went to his favorites and, like most boys or men, I saw a long list of porn sites. I clicked on the most recent and saw it was a MILF stockings site, the next one was a site about submissive sluts, I clicked on a few more and a pattern began to emerge: the women were usually older, they usually included pantyhose or stockings, and they often included women in submissive positions.

I decided to search his files out of curiosity and saw he had a folder called Literotica. Curious I clicked on it, and saw more folders labelled: blackmail, illustrated, group, submission and incest. I froze as I saw the word incest even as an undeniable tingle occurred down below instantly.

I moved the cursor and clicked on the incest folder and was stunned to see over a hundred stories and another folder marked 'best'. Again curious, I clicked on that folder and saw a dozen more stories, all of them with 'mom' or 'mother' in the title. A chill went up my spine at the thought of my son fantasizing about me, just as I had about him last night.

I skimmed the titles:

How to Dom Your Mom

Taking Mom

Seducing Mom

Mom's New Owner

Mom's Progressive Submission

Mom's Leggy Attic Attack

Mom's Hidden Urges

Making Mommy Mine

I read a couple of them. Both were about a mother and son, with the son dominating at some level his mother and each of them included pantyhose or stockings, something I often wore. Before yesterday finding such information out about my son would have been alarming, yet after yesterday it only enhanced a growing desire inside me...a taboo I had never considered before...a sudden obsession to sleep with my son.

I heard the front door open and I panicked and reached down and hit the off button on his computer, knowing I didn't have time to log off properly. I quickly rushed out of his room and into mine where I returned to my mirror and stared at myself.

What was becoming of me?

Did I really want to have sex with my son?

Did he want to have sex with me?

Why can't I get these thoughts about him out of my mind?

"Mom, you still here?" He called out from downstairs.

I called back, "Yes, Joey, just finishing getting ready." I considered adding pantyhose to my attire, to turn him on more, but decided that would look absurd at an outdoor summer gathering.

After one more deep breath, I prepared for the torture that this event usually was, pretentious, fake and long.

PLAYFUL BANTER WITH MY SON

"Ready?" Joey asked, offering me his arm, a gesture he often did. I always thought it was so sweet how he always treated me with such chivalry, especially since his father's death, yet now I pondered what his real intent had been all this time.

I took his arm and asked, "Are you my date for the day?"

He was briefly taken aback by the question before he said, "I would be your date any day, Mom."

His sweetness warmed my heart and simultaneously warmed my cunt, my emotions mixed between motherly love and incestuous lust. I replied, hinting at my submissiveness, "And I would follow you anywhere, son."

Joey didn't seem to catch the slight hint as we headed out of the house and down the block. Wanting to see his reaction, I sighed dramatically during the brief walk, my arm wrapped in his feeling so comfortable, so right.

"What?" Joey asked.

"Oh nothing, it's just these events at the Wilkerson's are always so pretentious," I answered, trying to draw out his thoughts on her.

"How so?" He asked, clearly curious by my accusation.

"Jane always walks around all high and mighty, talks all condescending which I find ironic considering," I said, deciding all of a sudden to stir the pot.

"Considering what?" Joey asked.

"Rumour has it she is banging some teenager on the side," I revealed, although I had no idea where this plan of mine was going.

"Really?" He asked, not really alarmed, but more curious. "Where did you hear this?"

"The grapevine," I shrugged. "Plus let's be honest, she dresses like a slut, walks like a slut, odds are...."

"She's a slut," Joey played along, brilliantly hiding any hint that the teenager in question was him.

"Exactly," I said, adding, "Although I guess she is a MILF, even if her kids are not hers."

Joey laughed, "I teach you a new word, and it is already added into your vocabulary."

"Of course," I said, posing playfully I asked, "Am I a hotter MILF than Mrs. Wilkerson?"

Joey's laughter stopped as he paused before saying, "You are the hottest MILF of all, say all my friends, and have been since they were old enough to get it up."

"You are just saying that," I playfully replied, trying to draw out his feelings.

It was his turn to look awkward. "Trust me mom; I'm not just saying that."

Squeezing his arm, I playfully said, the innuendo dripping, "Too bad you're my son and twenty years younger than me. Twenty year old me would be all over you."

Joey stopped, his eyes going big, "Now you are just saying that."

I took both his hands in mine and said, "Baby, I am serious. You are the spitting image of your father." After a brief moment, I added, "And I was all over your father when we first met."

"Mom," he squeaked, looking so adorably uncomfortable, so unlike his powerful domination of that slut Jane yesterday.

"What?" I asked playfully. "I am still a woman with needs."

"Oh my God," he said, flabbergasted by my frank talk.

"What you think your mother doesn't have needs? Many that have not been fulfilled in a long, long time I might add," I continued, making him squirm even though my intent was to plant a seed I hoped he would allow to grow.

"TMI, TMI," he said, his hands going up.

"What does that mean?" I asked, my quick wit ad-libbing, "Totally Mommy Irresistible?"

"It means too much information. Mom, what has gotten into you?" he asked.

"Nothing, that is the problem," I quipped.

"TMI again, Mom," he said exasperated as I glanced down and saw without a doubt his physical reaction to my naughty conversation.

I laughed. "Sorry Joey, I will keep my lack of sexual satisfaction talk to my girlfriends."

"Thanks," he said.

"Although watching you squirm was a lot of fun, you remind me of your father and his awkwardness when it came to sex," I said.

"I am not awkward about sex," he countered, "just sex conversations with my Mom."

"Your MILF Mom," I corrected.

"Aaaah," he screamed playfully, "this is the most surreal conversation I have ever had."

Taking his hands back in mine, I said seriously, "Honey, you are eighteen now, you are an adult. If your dad was here he would be having these conversations with you, but since he isn't I think it is important for me to be there for you if you have questions."

"Trust me, Mom, I know all I need to know," he said, the confident swagger he had while dominating Jane back.

"You do, do you?" I playfully teased.

"I haven't had any complaints," he shrugged.

"Honey, I hate to break it to you, but we ladies are great actresses. If you were not great you would never know," I said, my tone a mixture of flirtatious and playful.

"Trust me, I would know," he replied, again his tone firm, confident.

"How?" I asked.

"This conversation once again is crossing the awkward stage," Joey replied.

"Would you answer if you were talking to your father?" I asked.

"Probably, I don't know," he shrugged, his confidence again fading into awkward confusion.

"Honey, I understand you find this awkward, so do I, but I want you to know I will always be here if you need to talk about anything...anything at all including sex," I smiled.

"I know," he said, unable to look me in the eye.

"I love you, Joey," I said, kissing him on the lips just briefly.

His eyes went wide again, but he quickly composed himself, "I love you too, Mom."

"Shall we?" I asked, pointing to the party already under way, thinking I had pushed about as much as I could. I needed our conversation to marinate in his head until he was good and ready to understand the offer I had begun laying out in front of him.

THE RETURN OF MY SUBMISSIVE NATURE

Joey led me to the party and I was surprised when I saw Jane in a sundress and pantyhose. I cursed her and myself for not wearing them when I considered it. Everyone else there was in casual summer attire: bikinis, sundresses, shorts, except for Jane and Breanna, my next door neighbour and best friend. She was also in a fun white skirt, beige pantyhose, and a cute blue blouse. The first thing that popped into my head was: 'was Breanna fucking my son too?' It was a ludicrous thought but it was the first one that occurred seeing her in those pantyhose.

Breanna, was Mrs. Salmon Joey's English teacher. She was only twenty-eight, a third year teacher, and currently pregnant with her first child. Another thought popped into my head...'what if the baby was Joey's?' I shook my head as I continued to jump to extreme conclusions without even a thread of evidence to back it other than she was wearing pantyhose on a very hot day.

I squeezed Joey's arm and joked, "Well let's see you in action."

"Pardon," he asked, his gaze directly at Breanna.

"Who here are you in to?" I asked. "How about Beth?"

"Are you serious?" He asked.

"She is a cheerleader, pretty and has that wicked British accent," I said, using my own pretty good British accent.

"She has the IQ of a bag of potato chips, plus I like them a bit more experienced," Joey said, his tone seemingly to be flirty and directed towards me.

"How much more experienced?" I questioned.

"Twenty years," he revealed.

"You're a MILF hunter are you?" I coyly joked.

"And I am on the hunt," he joked with a smile as he left me alone.

I watched as he didn't even pretend to be sly as he walked directly to Jane and started talking. He glanced over to me to see if I was looking, before continuing his conversation. Not wanting to look like I was stalking my son, I meandered my way over to Breanna.

On my walk, a waiter who looked straight out of a GQ magazine walked by with wine and I took not one, but two. I finally reached Breanna who was rather intently watching Joey chatting with Jane.

I said, "Rather dressed up for an outdoor gathering, aren't you."

Her face flushed as she saw me and my random suspicions that she had slept with my son continued to become more credible. "My man likes my legs in nylon."

"I was going to wear some too, but thought I would have looked strange," I replied.

Breanna laughed, "That would have been interesting."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh nothing," she said, her eyes glancing back to where Joey and Jane were standing.

"So what's new?" I asked, before adding, "Besides the obvious."

"Were you always horny when pregnant with Joey?" She asked, out of the blue, moving closer to me.

Reflecting back, I wasn't, except near the end. "Not really, except when I couldn't handle him in me anymore and read that sex was a good way to trigger labor."

She laughed, "I need it every day. I have turned into a nympho since getting pregnant, although I got it pretty regular before then."

My head went to my last time, over a year ago.

As if able to read my mind, she squeezed my hand, "I'm sorry Sarah, have you, I mean when was."

"Over a year ago," I answered the question she couldn't finish.

"Oh my God," Breanna said as if I had said I was dying. She added, "Wow, I went a week once and I thought I would die,"

"You get used to not getting it," I smiled back.

"I can't fathom," she said. "It is my addiction. Some girls love chocolate, others shoes, I love sex." After a brief pause, she added, her tone shifting slightly to flirtatious, "all kinds of sex."

A chill went up my spine at what I perceived as her hitting on me, my last lesbian experience over twenty years ago.

She glanced over again to where Jane and my son had been talking but her facial expression changed and I looked over to see neither was still there. I recalled yesterday's declaration that he planned to fuck her in the ass at this party and couldn't help but feel slightly envious at the thought.

I turned back and asked, "Is something wrong?"

Hiding her anger, there was no longer any doubt in my mind that Joey was fucking her too, she said, her tone rather dominant, "Come with me back to my place, my appetizers should be ready now and I could use a hand bringing them over."

"Okay," I said, following her.

Once in her house, she turned around and said, "Your son is fucking Jane."

"I know," I said.

"You do?" She said, her face going pitch white.

"I saw them yesterday afternoon in the pool," I replied.

"What did you do?" She asked, clearly curious.

"I wanted to freak out, but I didn't," I answered, slightly ashamed by my answer.

"He is fucking other women too," Breanna said.

"And one of them is you," I guessed, "isn't it?"

"How do you know?" she asked.

"The way you kept looking over to him and the look of jealousy that was written all over your face when they disappeared. Plus, only two of you were wearing nylons today and I know he has a thing for them," I answered.

"Stockings really are his one fetish," Breanna stated.

"We all have our kinks," I shrugged.

"We do, do we?" She questioned, her tone shifting. "And what is yours?"

"You know of my past," I said. Although Breanna was quite a bit younger than me, we had coffee regularly and our discussions were often very frank. I knew Breanna was bi, and she had implied on more than one occasion that she would love to draw me back into my wild past, often touching me playfully or talking very openly and candidly about her lesbian trysts. The temptation to give in to Breanna's relentless advances were constant before Jack's death, but Breanna had quit the sexual flirting since he died probably thinking too much too soon. We talked about our wild pasts and our less wild present, of course she had neglected to talk about the fact she was fucking my son.

"I do," she purred, as she lifted up her skirt, revealing her pantyhose were actually stockings and sat on a chair.

I watched frozen in place, remembering the many times I had pleased girls back in college.

"Come please me, Sarah," she ordered; her tone soft yet firm. "You know you want to."

"Breanna," I said, "I am not a lesbian anymore." Even though as I said it, the idea of tasting her had my own pussy wet, my horniness not yet subsiding since Joey's and my earlier conversation.

"Me either, but we have both switched teams on occasion and since your son isn't here to do as he promised he would do to me, I think I will get the next best thing," she said, opening her legs, "his mom."

I flashed back to college again and the memories of my roommate and I regularly getting each other off when our men didn't.

"I don't think we should," I said weakly, even as I could feel a hunger growing. I hadn't eaten pussy since college, yet the second such an opportunity was presented to me the hunger was back as if I had never quit.

"I wasn't asking your opinion, Sarah," Breanna said, as if knowing all I needed was a firm push to obey. Her tone firm, in control, she ordered, "Get on your knees, crawl between my legs and eat my cunt."

I could never refuse orders, flashing back again to college when my roommate Debra had me lick two of her friends to orgasm because she told me to. Obeying orders, making people happy, had always been my two greatest aphrodisiacs. My mind and body were already giving in, as my legs began to bend and my mind rationalized that I had done this many times before.

"Good girl," she purred as I obeyed her command and once on my knees, fell onto all fours and crawled towards her. I didn't look up as I moved between her legs and to her surprisingly hairy cunt.

She said, "Sorry, sweetheart, shaving down there has been a challenge the last couple of months."

I laughed remembering how big I was in my eighth month and said, "Been there, done that."

"And you have been there, done what you are about to do," Breanna joked.

"But that was a long, long time ago," I replied.

"It's like riding a bike, you never really lose the ability," Breanna said, grabbing my head and gently pulling me into her hairy bush.

Her scent was strong, captured and held in by her hairy bush, and yet it was instantly like I was back in college. I loved licking pussy back then, especially Debra's and as soon as I began licking her pussy and tasted her wetness, I wanted more. I created a clear path through her pubic hair, and then began licking slowly remembering how much I used to love to tease Debra or any of the other girl's cunts I ate until their moans got loud and they begged for sexual release. It was like sucking cock, when I was between someone's legs I had the power, I was in control of their pleasure, when they came and I reveled in it. I also loved to please, both in and out of the bedroom, and as in this situation, the living room.

"Clearly you haven't lost your skills," Breanna moaned as I continued to lick her.

The compliment increased my hunger to please as I began flicking her swollen clit with each upward tongue stroke.

"Shiiit," she whimpered, the first time my tongue made contact on her clit. Each following tease she flinched on contact and her breathing began to escalate.

"Get me off, Sarah, I need to come soooo bad," she moaned, her hands drawing me in deeper.

Going for the kill, I slid two fingers inside her wet cunt and began pumping them in and out getting her closer to eruption. As her breathing again increased, I found her g-spot and tapped on it like it was a drum. As expected, her orgasm cascaded through her and my mouth was rewarded with an abundance of her cum as she screamed, "Oh yeeeeeeeeees, I'm comiiiiing, don't stop, fuuuuuuck."

I didn't of course, as I continued tapping her g-spot and licking her clit making her whole body have convulsions of pleasure.

"Shiiit, you are going to be doing this a lot morrrrrre," Breanna whimpered, as she let go of my head.

Looking up at her, I said, "I look forward to it."

"I can't believe I have let you get away with not dyking out with me all these years," she said, her breathing beginning to return to normal.

"I felt it was cheating on Jack and then you quit hitting on me," I replied, standing up.

"I just thought you needed time," Breanna said. "I have wanted to fuck you since we first met, you know that don't you?"

"Yes," I replied, smiling.

Sitting back up, Breanna said, "Let's taste that sweet cunt of yours. Straddle my face."

I quickly got out of my shorts and panties as Breanna laughed, "Horny are we?"

"It's been over a year since I was intimate with someone," I admitted.

"Shit, I still can't believe it, I would shrivel up and die," Breanna said, her face wrinkled up in a look that showed complete bewilderment. "How could you go so long?"

"Well one week becomes two, two becomes a month, a month becomes two and suddenly it's a year," I shrugged, before adding, "Plus I was never sure how Joey would take having me date again."

"I'll be right back, I think this moment requires something special," Breanna said, standing up and kissing me softly. Walking away, more of a waddle really, she said, "A year, a fucking year."

My body trembled at what she had planned for me, my pussy tingled with eager anticipation. I couldn't believe I had resisted her for so long, the taste of pussy as addicting as I remember it to be. Yet, I could never cheat on Jack, but now that he was gone, this didn't seem at all wrong...actually it felt so right. I wondered if Joey was fucking Jane right now. I assumed he was, although it seemed damn risky with so many people at the party.

"Get on the couch, my new pet," Breanna said, as she came down the stairs completely naked except for a strap-on cock and her thigh highs.

I didn't move as I stared at her as she walked towards me. Her large belly and even larger breasts were so sexy in only a way a pregnant woman can radiate.

"What? Never been fucked by an eight month pregnant woman before?" She joked, her usually sarcastic sexual playfulness back, as it was before Jack's untimely death.

"Now that you mention it, you are my first pregnant woman," I smiled back, my pussy beginning to leak a bit as I moved onto the couch. I asked, coyly, "Do you want me on my knees or my back?"

"Compliant, I like that," Breanna purred, before adding, "On your knees, my fucking options are pretty limited with this belly."

"As you command," I joked back, hinting at my submissiveness without being blatantly obvious.

I got into position, on my knees, my body leaning into the couch, as Breanna said, "You understand this is not a onetime thing?"

"I hope not," I answered back, her hands on my hips sending electric shocks of excitement directly to my fevered cunt.

"Tell me what you want, Sarah?" Breanna asked, her cock head rubbing up and down my wet pussy lips.

"For you to fuck me," I whimpered, the teasing only enhancing my desperation to be fucked.

"In your cunt, Sarah?" she questioned.

"Yes, dammit, fuck my cunt Breanna with that big cock of yours, I need it so bad," I begged, my only focus now coming.

"You sure," she continued to tease. "Once I fuck you there is no going back."

"There was no going back when you ordered me to crawl between your legs and eat you," I countered before begging, "Please, just fuck me."

"As you wish," she said, her whole cock filling my very wet cunt completely with one deep forward thrust.

"Yeeeeees," I moaned, the feeling of a cock and a real person touching me causing unbelievable pleasure to course through my very being. The intimacy of another person's touch during sex bringing a level of pleasure no toy can replicate.

"I have wanted to fuck you for so long, Sarah," Breanna said, her hands firmly grasping my hips.

"Then make up for lost tiiiime," I said back, as she began slowly fucking me.

"Oh I plan to," Breanna promised, giving my hips a subtle squeeze.

For a couple of minutes, she pumped her cock in and out of me slowly, until I pleaded, "Harder, Breanna, fuck my cunt harder."

She obliged my request and soon her body was crashing into mine, the physical contact that had always turned me on, and the urgent hunger of two bodies becoming one.

"Oh yes, I fucking love it," I whimpered, my orgasm on the rise.

"Don't come until I tell you," Breanna ordered, her tone shifting from sweet and tender to authoritative suddenly.

"Kkkkk," I obediently agreed like I had always done during sex.

"You are a submissive little thing, aren't you?" She assessed as she continued deep thrusts inside my burning cunt.

"I-I-I don't know," I stammered, even though I knew I was, knowing it since I was in college.

"You like to be told what to do, to obey, to please," Breanna clarified.

"I guuuuess," I replied, not wanting to admit to her my true nature even as the thought of submitting unconditionally to Breanna, like I had Debra on occasion, had my head spinning.

"You know," Breanna said, as she stopped fucking me, but left her cock buried deep within me.

"Don't stop," I whined, not wanting this fucking to ever end.

"I want you to fuck yourself on my cock," Breanna said, as she gently slapped my ass.

"Kkkk," I replied, willing to do anything to bring myself to my long overdue orgasm, as I tried to move back to fuck myself.

"But don't you come until I tell you, is that clear?" She clarified, holding my hips firmly in place.

"Yes, Breanna," I agreed, even though I knew it was going to take very little for me to reach the holy land.

"You see Sarah, I am submissive to Zack, but when it comes to my lesbian relationships I like to be in charge," Breanna explained.

"That doesn't surprise me," I smirked back.

"Are you ready to obey me," Breanna asked, as she slowly moved her cock in and out of me.

Finally giving in to my past submissiveness, to my desire to please, to the idea of being submissive to Breanna, I replied subserviently, "Yes, my queen."

"Queen, I like that," she purred, as she filled me again with the plastic fuck-toy.

"Aaaaah," I moaned, as her body met mine again.

"Fuck yourself," Breanna demanded.

I didn't need to be told twice as I began to move back and forth on her plastic cock.

"You look so hot fucking yourself, my pet," she complimented, as I bounced back smoothly on her cock.

"Thank you, my queen," I moaned back, as my breathing began to escalate again.

"Do you want to come?" She asked.

"Yes, so badly, my queen," I replied.

"Tell me a dirty secret of yours first," she ordered.

I don't know why, but before I even had time to think, I blurted out, "I got turned on by watching Joey fuck Jane yesterday."

"Oh my," she said, clearly surprised. "What did you do?"

My face burned red, but I admitted, ignoring the details like I masturbated myself to orgasm, "I watched, I didn't want to but I couldn't turn away."

"Was he dominant?" Breanna asked.

"Veeeeeeery," I admitted, thinking of my son while I fucked myself on Breanna's plastic cock.

"Did you see his big cock?" She continued the interrogation.

"Yes," I moaned, both from fucking myself and from the image of my son's hard cock that was now back in my head.

"Did watching your son fuck another woman turn you on?" She asked.

"I am taking the fifth," I joked, not wanting to admit to another that I had incestuous thoughts, still in denial myself over last night's dream and my flirting like a school girl with him earlier this afternoon.

"I'll take that as a yes," she laughed.

"I didn't say that," I protested.

"But you didn't say it didn't either now did you?" Brianna pointed out.

"I again take the fifth," I said, realizing I was only going to make this worse if I continued talking.

"Ready to come?" She asked.

Thankful to change the topic, especially to one about me coming, I replied, "More than ever."

"You may come when I say the word slave, is that understood, my new pet slut?" Breanna questioned.

"Yeeees, my queen," I eagerly agreed, the thought that I would soon come had chills coursing through my very being.

"Faster, my pet, fuck yourself faster," she ordered, which I again eagerly obeyed.

"Close your eyes, my submissive," she instructed, as I slammed back onto her cock allowing the plastic clock to reach new depths inside my burning inferno.

I again obeyed, allowing my mind to just give in to the orders of my good friend and now lover. Instantly the first image in my head was my son's hard cock.

"What popped into your head, my pet?" She asked.

I didn't want to admit the truth, but she followed her question with a strong-willed order, "And don't you lie to me, Sarah. I can see right through you and into your true submissive soul."

Such a blunt declaration sent yet another chill up my spine as I admitted, through a moan, as I continued bouncing on the fuck-toy, "Joey."

"Just Joey or anything particular?" She asked, digging deeper.

"Dammmiiiiit, his big cock, does that make you haaaaappy?" I frustratingly answered, my orgasm so close to eruption I would answer any fucking thing she asked if it allowed me to get off.

"Yes it often does," she replied, the innuendo obvious, before adding, "the real question is does it get you off?"

I didn't answer, instead begging, "May I please come."

"On one simple condition," Breanna said coyly.

"Anything," I replied without hesitation.

"Be careful of such a word choice, my pet," Breanna cautioned, hinting at pulling me deeper into her web of submission.

Craving an orgasm and the thrill of ultimate sexual submission which I had long forgotten how good it felt, I declared, "I am yours, my queen. Just please let me come."

"You will do anything?" She asked, clearly curious about the depths of my commitment.

"Yeeeeees," I said, as she again grabbed my hips and held me in place, "nooooooooooooo!"

"Anything I want," she reworded.

"If I can come," I answered, frustrated at the long refused orgasm making me sound like a bimbo.

"You will be my complete submissive?" She asked.

"God, yes," I replied, the idea sending pulses of excitement through me.

"You will let me fuck all three of your holes?" She continued.

"Do it now," I responded in compliance, ready to take it in the ass to show my willingness to obey.

"What if I want to share you with some of my friends, my husband," she questioned. "You know Zach and I are swingers?"

"You are?" I asked, her bi-sexual affairs and her affair with my son making more sense.

"I thought it was obvious," she replied. "So will you be my slut at my next swinger's party?"

"If you command it," I answered, the thought an equal mix of excitement, trepidation and utter fear.

"Shit I can't believe all the time we wasted with you being all prim and proper," Breanna said.

"I have always hid my secret sexual desires," I admitted, "Well since I got married."

"That won't be happening anymore," Breanna declared. "I have so many plans for you, my pet."

"Can one be getting me off," I joked, although it really wasn't a joke.

"You may if you commit to one tiny test of obedience," Breanna said.

"I already said I will obey you," I paused, turned to look her in the eyes, before saying the word I had not said since college, a word more powerful than any in distinguishing roles, "Mistress."

"Mistress, I like that, you really are ready to go all in," she said impressed.

"Like you are now," I teased, wiggling my ass.

Breanna laughed, "You really are a slut, Sarah."

"I'll take that as a compliment coming from you," I quipped.

"Are you calling your new Mistress a slut?" She asked.

"A slut worth worshipping completely," I clarified.

"Well when you put it that way," she laughed, as she slowly began fucking me again.

"Oh yes, fuck your slut," I whimpered, degrading myself only adding to the submission, to the humiliation to the official transition into my new life.

"You may come after agreeing to complete a task that you have already decided you want to do," Breanna said.

She didn't have to say it, I knew what the task was, and as she implied a growing part of me was wanting to cross societies line of rules and just let Joey take me, all I needed was the final push; Breanna was giving me that final push, making my decision for me. This was my chance to back down and be a good mother, but instead I agreed to become the bad mommy. "I will seduce my son," I declared.

"Oh my," Breanna replied surprised, "I was just going to make you seduce Jane. You are sick."

I stammered, "oh my God, I am so sorry, I just, I mean I, um, I...."

Breanna's stunned face exploded into laughter as she said, "I'm just kidding, the task is to seduce your son."

"You bitch," I shot back, both frustrated by her joke and equally relived.

"Queen bitch," she corrected.

"Mistress Queen bitch," I corrected.

"Close your eyes again and imagine it is Joey fucking your wet cunt from behind with his big hard cock," Breanna ordered.

I obeyed, closing my eyes and allowing my sick twisted mind to just loose and break free from the restrictive chains binding my sexual desires, desires I had kept under lock and key for so long.

My orgasm began to again rise. My mind free to roam, I instantly envisioned that it was Joey, not Breanna, fucking me. I moaned, "That's it baby, fuck your Mommy."

"You love your son's cock in your cunt, don't you Mommy-slut?" Joey replied, as he filled me completely with his cock and long hard strokes.

My orgasm continued to rise as I replied, "Mommy loves your cock, baby."

"Are you ready to be my full time fuck-toy, Mommy?" he asked, as his cock continued to piston in and out of me.

"God, yes, son, I'll be your full-service plaything," I moaned, the idea bringing another rush of pleasure through me, my orgasm imminent.

"Ready to come, Mommy-slut?" He asked a few strokes later.

"Oh yes, can I come son? Please let Mommy come," I begged, the dam ready to burst.

"Come my slut, my whore, my slave," Joey rattled off my new roles of servitude to him as the orgasm hit like no other I had ever had.

"Fuuuuuuuck, Jooooooooey, Mommy is coooooooming," I screamed, loud enough to wake the dead, as my own dormant sex life awoke with a literal bang.

His cock continued to fuck me as my body quaked, my mind spun and my screams echoed.

Unfortunately, all good things must end and I felt his cock slip out of my well-fucked wet cunt.

"That was fun," Breanna said.

Hearing her voice, I was instantly brought back to the reality that it was Breanna fucking me and not Joey. I was so drawn into my fantasy, I believed it was Joey. I asked, confused, praying it was all in my head, "Did I scream out Joey's name?"

"You did," she smiled as she moved around the couch and placed the cock covered in my cum in front of me. "Clean off my cock, my slut."

Although exhausted, my knees suddenly aching, I opened up and retrieved my own cum. I had always liked my own taste, often licking my fingers clean after a solo session, yet somehow it was way more erotic and demeaning to be doing it off a plastic cock strapped to my neighbour.

"You realize you talked to me as if I was Joey while I fucked you," she said.

The cock sliding out of my mouth, I asked, "I did?"

"You really got into it my pet. You really thought Joey was fucking you, didn't you?" Breanna asked, clearly amazed.

I stammered, "I-I-I guess I did."

"Shit, I can't wait to watch you and Joey live," she said, as she began to take off the strap-on harness.

"Are you serious about that?" I asked, my mind no longer fogged by the need to come, my conscious suddenly returning and asking lots of internal questions.

"Deadly," she said seriously. "The idea of incest turns me on a lot, as it does you it seems, and I know Joey would fuck you in a heartbeat."

"H-h-how do you know that?" I asked, yet another shocking revelation in a domino of them.

"He has pretty much said as much," Breanna shrugged as she headed to the stairs. Stopping at the foot of the stairs she said, "You should probably get dressed so we can get back to the facade of a neighbourhood gathering."

I laughed at her thinking of the gathering just like I had as I bent down to grab my clothing, a gush of my own cum leaking out of me. I got dressed, my head spinning with both my submission to Breanna and how great and natural it felt as well as the thought that I had been ordered to seduce my son.

Breanna arrived back downstairs with a package in her hand and a black skirt. "Take off your shorts, sexy."

"You just told me to get dressed," I playfully replied, curious of her intent.

"We are going to give your son a hint of your willingness to join his MILF harem," Breanna revealed.

"Harem?" I repeated.

"There are a few of us in the neighbourhood he regularly services," she said rather nonchalantly.

"There is?" I questioned, still shocked by my son's growing sexually prowess. I would have guessed he was still a virgin a day ago.

"You already know about me and queen bitch," she said. "There is also Zelda, Eleanor and Bridget for sure and I think he finished his conquest of Pearl but I have not seen him since his attempt last week."

"I can't believe it," I said, as she handed me the skirt. The list of women in our community listed were a diverse group of women with little in common, except apparently all fucking my son.

Zelda is in her late fifties, although looks much younger, a recent widow and liked to have bridge nights and tea parties. She is an old school lady and reminded me of someone out of the play Pygmalion. Of all listed, she seemed to be the one who didn't belong. How in a million years did my son end up fucking her?

Eleanor is Norwegian, a blonde beauty, who is a stay-at-home mom as she raises her triplets who are in kindergarten this year; her husband is in the military and often gone for long stretches of time.

Bridget is a TV news anchor and has been married for a couple of years. She is a fiery redhead, with blue eyes and is always dressed to impress. I hadn't seen her at the gathering, but if she was there

she would be dressed to the nines. Her career has been more important than having children and thus even though she is in her early forties, like me, she has no children and travels extensively.

Lastly Pearl, she is the sweetest woman in the neighbourhood. She is in charge of the community welcome wagon, chair of the PTA, head of the church choir Joey is a part of, the best baker in the world in my opinion and the hub of the community. Her two children are in high school, her eldest graduating with Joey later this month. Pearl has a very pretty face, but is somewhat chubby having not lost the baby weight all those years ago and having a weakness for her own baking. That said, she always radiated with her big smile, soft tone and warm heart. Again, the thought of this mother of two fucking Joey, her husband is a big time lawyer, was incomprehensible.

"Put this on," she ordered, handing me a black mini skirt, as I tried to wrap my head around all this information, "Your son is a fucking stallion, Sarah. First off he can shoot five or six loads with little or no recovery time, he loves to eat pussy, he is very dominant in the sack and he is sexy as hell."

"How did he get all these women?" I asked, trying to figure out how he could possibly woo all these older, mostly married, women.

"A mixture of alluring charisma, nerd cliché sexiness, and great word of mouth," Breanna answered.

"Word of mouth?" I asked, sounding more and more like a bimbo as I kept repeating her words, the black skirt now on.

"Women talk, Sarah," Breanna said, "and when Eleanor and I were having coffee one morning when the kids were at school she let slip of her torrid affair with your son and how well equipped he was and boom the rumour mill began to spin."

"This is a lot to take in," I said.

"So is his cock, especially in the ass, but fuck does he know how to use it," Breanna said.

"He has ass fucked you?" I asked, even though she just said he had.

"Fuck yes, I love a cock in my ass, and his is just the perfect length and girth to open me up and get me off," Breanna answered.

"I can't believe we are having this conversation," I said, sitting down.

"Don't worry soon enough his cock will be buried in your ass and you will understand exactly what I am talking about," she promised as she handed me the package. "Put these on."

They were black thigh highs. I opened the package and asked, "Why stockings?"

"For your son's nylon fetish which he blames you for by the way," Breanna revealed.

"Me, why?" I asked, although I could guess. I wore pantyhose pretty much every day as I liked how they made my usually white legs darker thus more alluring, something Debra had pointed out early in our relationship.

"He grew up with you always walking around in nylons, your toes always perfectly manicured and it eventually became his fetish. He has come in your pantyhose many times," Breanna said.

"No way," I gasped, as I put the first stocking on.

"Way," she laughed. "All his MILF sluts, although I guess Bridget isn't technically a MILF are to wear nylons whenever we are around him to imply we are available. Nylons mean you are ready to suck or fuck."

"Oh my God," I gasped again, as I finished putting on the first stocking.

"I usually scream that when your son's cock gets me off," Breanna said, taking the second stocking and dropping to her knees.

My pussy dampened again as I looked at my beautiful, pregnant neighbor between my legs. Her hands felt electric as she slowly slid the silk stocking up my leg. "We really should be getting back, but I can't resist at least a taste."

She pulled my soaked panties off. "Joey's sluts don't wear underwear."

"Does Breanna's slut wear underwear?" I retorted.

"No, she doesn't," Breanna smiled at my wit as she tossed them onto the couch. "The queen needs easy access to her pet's cunt at all times."

I opened my legs more, the anticipation of her tongue sending chills up my spine. Like the electricity of her hands on my legs a moment ago, her tongue on my cunt was electrifying. I moaned on contact, not having had anyone down below for an eternity. Jack did it only rarely and he was never even remotely as good at it was during my lesbian trysts or even my ex-boyfriends.

No toy can replicate the thrilling sensation of someone's tongue on your pussy, the hot breath between your legs. As her tongue explored my cunt slowly a second orgasm began to bubble inside me.

Just as the crescendo of pleasure was rising, Breanna's cell buzzed three times.

Instantly, Breanna's demeanour changed as she stood up and said, "It's your son."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"All his sluts must have a special ring tone just for him," she answered as she walked to the table and grabbed her phone. She read the message and said, "Time to get back to the party."

"What does it say?" I asked.

She tossed me the phone. I looked at the message and my cheeks went redder.

Slut

Where are you?

I got a load just for you.

Master J

Downstairs storage room...5 minutes.

"That is rather blunt," I said, slightly mortified by my son's obnoxious behaviour.

"That is what I like about him. Everything is black and white with him. He is in charge and I just obey," Breanna replied, clearly giddy with anticipation.

"I guess," I replied, standing up annoyed that my son had prevented me from the orgasm that was on its way.

"I'll finish what I started later, my pet," she smiled. "By the way, when I kiss your son, your pussy juice will still be on my lips."

"Oh my," I blushed again, the thought both naughty and embarrassing.

"Oh my indeed," she smiled back. "Let's go."

"Yes, my queen," I responded, loving the way queen rolled off my tongue.

"So step one for seducing your son," she said, as we walked out of her house.

"Yes," I said, listening intently.

"Always wear thigh high stockings and skirts short enough that at the right angle he will see. Also paint your nails red and always walked around in your stocking feet."

"Easy enough," I agreed, that not being much of a stretch from my usual attire. Although in the now plus 90 weather, it was a little impractical.

"And make sure they are always sandelefoot stockings," she added, just as we were reaching the party.

I usually bought that kind when I was going out as they were just sexier, but wore reinforced for work because they didn't rip as easy. "Why?"

"He has a thing for toes in sheer nylon," she shrugged. "So wear only those."

"Can do," I agreed, adding, "I will probably have to go stocking shopping."

"You should take him with you," Breanna suggested. "I am off to get fucked by your son...hard."

"Have fun," I said, the words feeling as ludicrous as they sounded.

"Oh trust me, I will," she smiled.

"What about when he sees me in this outfit? He knows I came in shorts," I said, realizing my predicament.

"You did come in your shorts," she quipped back, before adding, "Figure it out." She left leaving me alone and still horny.

I considered leaving the superficial gathering, it was the easiest solution, and just go home. Yet, curious if my son's other supposed submissives were here, I decided to walk around, even though I felt awkward in the thigh highs at an outdoor picnic.

THE OTHER SUBMISSIVE SLUTS AND JOEY'S TWISTED MIND

At first I didn't see any of the accused, until I saw Eleanor, with her three little girls, dressed as Breanna said a Joey sub would be...in dark beige pantyhose, or assumedly stockings, although her

lengthy sundress hid that well. For a woman of triplets who stayed home all day, she was in ridiculously good shape. I imagined that she would be really flexible in the bedroom and wondered if she was bi-sexual as well. Just as quick as the thought popped into my head, I tried to shake it out. One relapse in lesbian lust and I was addicted again which concerned me as my submissive hunger in college definitely impacted my marks and I didn't want it to impact my career.

A minute later I heard my name called, it was Carol another neighbor and thankfully she was not wearing pantyhose. I wasn't sure what I would say to one of Joey's subs knowing what I now knew. I spent the next twenty minutes chatting with Carol, as we got ourselves cocktails from the bar. I did notice Bridget during this time. She was dressed as if she was about to go on air in a blouse, blazer, skirt and, of course, nylons. Her walk so confident, her look so perfect, it was hard to believe she would be submissive. Yet she too was kind of a bitch like Jane and the thought of her being forced to please, after all the ways she dressed to tease, was kind of a turn on. I also noticed Jane socializing like she usually did. I wondered if Joey had kept his promise of taking her ass. Strangely, I hope he had.

Carol went to check on her son in the pool as I surveyed the crowd. No one else was wearing pantyhose. I was most curious about Pearl. Did she submit? No doubt she would be here. Suddenly I knew exactly where she was...in the kitchen. Knowing Pearl she was making sure everything went perfect.

I saw Breanna come out of the house and look around, I waved at her and she headed towards me. As she reached me, without a word, she extended her hand and grabbed my drink. Turning away from me, she took a drink. Once done, she handed me back my drink and said, "Fuck your son is a pervert."

"That seems to be the pot calling the kettle black," I retorted.

"The 1950s just called they want their sayings back," Breanna quipped right back. Scanning the crowd, she asked, "Where is the hostess with the mostest?"

"Over there," I pointed to, where Jane was standing with a group of people with her legs oddly crossed.

"That is so funny," Breanna said, watching Jane with a strange amusement.

I shot the rest of my drink, which had a strange taste to it, as I asked, "What is?"

Turning back to me, she said, "Did you just finish your drink?"

"Yes," I replied, dumping my cup upside down to show her.

"Delicious," she laughed.

"What is?" I asked confused.

"You just drank your son's cum," she revealed, before adding, "Whatever I didn't swallow that is."

"You're not serious?" I said, even though I knew she was as it explained the strange salty taste.

"Like I said your son is a sick twisted pervert," she smiled. "He has decided to shoot a load on or in every one of his sluts today and make them do something extreme."

"Like making his mother drink his cum," I quipped.

"Yes, I told him I had been hanging out with you today and he ordered me to catch his cum in my mouth and put it in your drink."

"Why?" I asked, suddenly paranoid. "You didn't tell him about us."

"No, I will let that come out in its own good time," she smiled. "He just gets turned on by making us do kinkier and kinkier things, plus he clearly has an Oedipus Syndrome."

"Thank God," I sighed relieved he didn't know, before realizing that it sounded like I was happy he wanted to fuck his mother.

"You will soon be praising more than just God," Breanna joked.

I stammered, "I meant thank God he doesn't know about you and I."

"Or your task?" she added.

"Yes," I replied, before correlating that she had referred to Joey and I and the Oedipus Syndrome. I had many times diagnosed men with the Syndrome, but had never considered it for my son...until now. I considered saying more, but decided not to.

"You see how awkward Jane is standing," she said.

"Yes," I answered, thankful to change the subject.

"Her ass is filled with his cum. He put a small butt plug in her ass to keep it in there," she revealed.

"Oh my God," I gasped, shocked by my son's sexual depravity.

"I find it funny as hell," Breanna said, clearly amused.

"It is twisted," I said, hiding the reality that my pussy was tingling at the humiliation of it all.

"Just wait and see what he has in store for Bridget, Eleanor and Pearl who he has indeed added to his growing collection of fuck-toys as he calls us," Breanna said, not remotely phased by the name.

Curiosity overriding common sense I asked, "What does he have in mind?"

"Ask him yourself," Breanna said, pointing to him sitting with a couple of his friends by the pool.

"Not sure we are quite there yet," I smiled, although the thought of being his fuck-toy was playing in my mind.

"Have you had any of the surprise spread yet?" Breanna asked.

"Not yet," I replied, suddenly craving some, it is my favorite appetizer.

"Let's go get some," she said.

We grabbed another drink and some surprise spread just as Pearl walked out with a plate of appetizers. Like the others, she was wearing nylons. When she saw me her face went instantly beet red, guilt written all over her face. Of course, she had no idea I knew she had fucked my son.

"Hi Pearl," I greeted, wanting to play with her a bit. Instantly, for some strange reason, the idea of making her my submissive pet popped into my head, although I was usually submissive, on the rare occasion I met someone outright wholesome back in college I fantasized about making them mine.

"Hi, Sarah," she greeted back in her usual southern drawl, which was sexy as hell.

"Come hang out with us. Jane has servants to bring out food," Breanna said, clearly amused as well by making the situation more awkward for Pearl.

"I-I-in a bit," Pearl stammered, clearly flustered. "I just need to finish one more batch of surprise spread."

"I love surprises," Breanna replied back, as she took a cracker scooped up some surprise spread and put it in her mouth.

Pearl winced slightly it seemed as she said, "I got to go."

I filled my plate with surprise spread, one of my favorite snacks, and some crackers. We sat down at a table. Realizing I was famished, I devoured the delicious, as always, surprise spread made by Pearl.

"Was it good?" Breanna asked.

"Amazing as always. Pearl's surprise spread is addictive," I replied, using my finger to get the last of it.

Breanna laughed out loud.

"What?" I asked.

"So Joey's first load of the day was with Pearl this afternoon," she said.

"He really gets around," I joked, his stamina and ability to reload a turn-on. I suddenly realized he lied to me about having lunch with Adam.

"As does his cum," Breanna said, clearly as a joke I didn't understand.

"Ok," I said, her intentions beyond me.

"Do you know what makes surprise spread a surprise?" Breanna asked.

"Of course," I replied, making it myself many times. "You can make it different every time."

"Exactly," Breanna nodded.

"Breanna I am not getting where you are going with this," I said.

"The surprise in this surprise spread is a full load of your son's cum," Breanna revealed, a wide smile on her face.

"No way," I gasped, realizing Pearl knew I was about to eat my own son's cum.

"Hilarious, isn't it?" Breanna asked still laughing.

"Well it sure explains Pearl's reaction to me filling my plate," I said.

"And she is your son's newest submissive fuck-toy," Breanna added rather matter-of-factly.

"Well yes and that of course," I joked, playing along, the situation getting so absurd there was nothing left to do but laugh. "I just can't fathom how my son got Pearl to submit."

"He is irresistible," Breanna said.

"So it seems," I said.

"And creatively twisted," she added.

"So it seems," I repeated.

"So Bridget is actually filming a brief segment here today for the news about small-knit communities," Breanna said.

I couldn't resist saying, "Older women who fuck my son?" I joked.

"Well it is a growing community," Breanna laughed, before adding, looking directly at me, "and soon to get bigger."

I blushed but didn't say anything.

"Once he is ready for round four, he is going to text her for a quickie and shoot his load all over her black blazer and make her keep it on during the newscast," Breanna said.

"He always was creative," I joked, impressed by his strong personality and the clear power he had over these women.

"You don't know the half of it," Breanna smiled, as we walked to get another drink, one without my son's cum in it.

We joined a few other ladies for a while before Breanna nudged me. I looked up and saw Bridget looking at her phone. She stood up, looked around, and made her way into the house. Oddly, I felt jealousy at knowing she was about to get my son's cock.

Another twenty minutes went by with more inane chitchat about the weather, fashion, the Bachelorette, prom and graduation in a couple weeks before Bridget returned. Her face was red as she walked by us, Joey's cum was splattered everywhere on her blazer, skirt and even her stockings. I couldn't help but let out a laugh that only Breanna and I understood.

A few minutes later she had a microphone in her hand, cum on her outfit and was getting ready to be filmed. It wasn't obvious it was cum staining her outfit, but it was obvious that her outfit was stained. In the piece she joked about the hazards of her job, blaming baby puke for making a mess on her outfit as she soldiered on keeping hidden her secret slut persona.

I glanced over and saw Joey grinning from ear to ear amused as he watched her obey his order, only he, Breanna, and unknown to him, me aware of her humiliating reality.

I went to grab another drink, the beginning of tipsy on its way, when I saw Eleanor looking at her phone and then around. Deciding to make the situation more entertaining for me and awkward for her, I walked over and asked, "Everything okay, Eleanor?"

She stammered, seeing me, "F-f-fine."

"You look a bit distressed," I said.

"Oh, it's just I am having a delivery at my house right now, but the kids don't want to leave yet," Eleanor lied.

"I can watch them until you are done receiving your delivery," I responded, again the innuendo hilarious to me.

"Would you?" she said, even as her face flushed, "That would be great. If I miss this delivery it may be a while before I can get it again."

I could barely contain my laughter as I said, trying to add to her awkwardness, "Get what again?"

"My delivery," she replied, before adding, "I got to go, he is waiting for me. I will be quick."

"Take your time," I said, as she rushed off across the street.

Breanna joined me. "You are almost as twisted as your son."

"Well like mother like son they always say," I joked.

"So it seems," Breanna mused.

"So what does Joey have in store for Eleanor?" I asked.

"After he fucks her, he is going make her put pantyhose on and make her pee in them before returning to the party," Breanna said.

"No way," I said, still not able to comprehend just how sick and twisted my son was.

"Ever peed your pantyhose?" Breanna asked.

"Can't say I have," I replied.

"You should add it to your bucket list," Breanna smiled. "It is a very unique, submissive sensation."

"I'll do that," I replied, although I wasn't sure that was up my sexual ally.

We chatted and joked like we usually did until I saw my son walking back to the party. Breanna went to get us more drinks just as Joey, seeing me, walked over and gave a strange look as he saw my altered outfit. Reaching me he said, "You changed."

"You noticed," I quipped back, feeling like a schoolgirl again.

"Hard not to," he replied. "You kind of stand out."

"I am not the only one who is dressed like this," I pointed out.

"I suppose not," he said, acting casual like he didn't know why a few select women were dressed like they were.

"Did you enjoy the surprise spread?" He asked, "I hear it is delicious."

I couldn't believe what he was asking. He wanted to know if I had eaten his cum unknowingly and if I enjoyed it. Realizing it was the perfect moment to start my task of seduction, I replied, "I had a

plateful. It was the best I ever had. I may have to get the recipe; I could eat it all day long."

His smirk was adorable as his face went red at my seemingly accidental innuendo.

"So why did you change mom?" he asked a moment later.

"I saw Breanna dressed in pantyhose and a few others and thought I would class the place up too," I said. "Plus Breanna says nylons make a statement."

"What kind of statement?" He asked, his eyebrow raised.

"She never said," I shrugged. "But as you may already know having spent most of your life seeing me in stockings you know I am always more comfortable in them. My legs are so white."

"Your legs are perfect, Mom," he complimented.

"You are such a sweet son," I smiled back, squeezing his arm. Seeing one of the triplets hitting another of the triplets I yelled, "Maddie and Sadie stop."

"You are watching Mrs. Zevin's kids?" he asked, both surprise and amusement on his face.

"Yes, she said she had to go home for a delivery and I offered to watch her kids," I explained.

He laughed.

"What?" I asked, innocently, even though I knew exactly why he was laughing.

"Oh nothing," he said. He kissed my cheek and said, "I am supposed to go with the boys for supper and pool."

"Have fun," I said.

"Oh, I plan to," he said, his ominous tone implying something more fun than pool with the boys.

I watched him walk away noticing for the first time ever how nice his ass was.

A couple of minutes later, Eleanor returned looking humiliated and awkward, her pantyhose clearly wet. She said, "Thanks for watching the girls."

"Did the delivery go well?" I asked.

"Great," she said. "I need to get the girls home for a bath. Thanks again."

"You're welcome," I said, before going in search of Breanna hoping maybe I could get fucked one more time.

A few minutes later, we were chatting when I said, "I never saw Zelda here."

"That is where Joey is off too right now," Breanna said, before adding, "She has to be at the airport in an hour and he is going to give her a goodbye bang."

"Goodbye bang, really?" I laughed at the ludicrous casualness of it all.

"His plans for her are pretty devious too," Breanna smiled.

"How so?" I asked, curious what more sexual depravity my son had left.

"He plans to shoot a load of his cum in her hair and on her face and it must stay there till she gets to the hotel," Breanna explained.

"Oh my, I would just say I did and not really do it," I replied, unable to imagine such a public humiliation.

"Really?" She said, her tone shifting. "You would disobey an order given by your Master or Mistress?"

"What? No, I am, that is different," I protested, suddenly on the defensive.

Breanna laughed, "I was just teasing you, Sarah."

"This is all so new," I said. My mind still spinning a million miles a minute.

"I understand," she smiled as her cell rang. "Shoot I was going to give you another snack and finish what I stated earlier, but apparently my husband is on his way home."

"Bastard," I mocked, although deep down I was disappointed. The dam had been broken and now that it had I wanted more and more.

"Don't worry, my pet, I am planning to play with you a lot," Breanna smiled, squeezing my hand. "Now go seduce your son."

"Yes, Mistress," I whispered, the idea of seducing my son getting me even wetter.

The rest of the gathering was fine. I chatted with Jane a bit, who treated me with the same vague contempt she usually did. I almost asked her if she was enjoying her ass filled with cum, but I behaved myself. I wanted to put her in her place, but now wasn't the right time.

I returned home and stayed in my sexy attire waiting for Joey to come home. I was on my laptop reading Literotica incest stories about sons and moms while watching television when Joey got home. My cunt was burning after reading or skimming almost a dozen incest sex stories when he came into the living room.

My legs were on the coffee table, thus the top of my thigh high stockings were definitely visible.

"Mom, I'm hooooome," he paused, as he saw me on the couch. He was clearly distracted by my legs.

"You're hooooome, are you?" I playfully teased.

He recovered quickly as he said, "Sorry, I wasn't expecting you to be in the living room."

"Where were you expecting me to be?" I asked.

"I have no idea," he laughed.

"Can you do your old Mom a favour, honey?" I asked, a new plan in my seduction just popping into my head.

"Anything Mom," he replied, more eager and less self-confident than he was with Jane, in his text to Breanna or at the picnic.

"Anything son, that is a pretty wide scope of possibilities," I teased.

"I mean it Mom, I would do anything for you," he replied, his tone sincere and not remotely full of the innuendo I was giving him.

"Could you massage my feet, they are killing me," I sighed.

"S-s-sure," he stammered, clearly excited by the offer, but equally surprised. I was offering to make one of his fantasies come true.

"Come sit," I said, patting the spot beside me as I minimized the website, putting my laptop on the table away from him but still open.

He joined me on the couch and I spun around putting my stocking-clad feet onto his lap. He tentatively took my right foot and began gently massaging it.

After a couple minutes, with not a word said between us, I said, "Harder, honey."

I smiled at the accidental innuendo as I imagined I would soon be saying these words to him as he slammed his cock into me.

He began to give a firmer foot massage and I let out the odd over-exaggerated moan, ones I hoped to soon be giving out of unbridled passion.

His face was red and I felt his cock growing underneath my other leg.

I asked, "So I didn't see you around much at the picnic."

"Oh, I was around," he said.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked.

"I had a blast," he said, his naughty innuendo caught by me unknown to him.

"I sure could use a good blast one day soon," I sighed.

"Mom!" He gasped, surprised by my blunt declaration.

"Sorry honey, but it has been a long, long, long time," I admitted. "And a woman has needs."

His face was full of confusion as I sensed he was trying to figure out if the stockings, the requested foot massage and the frank sex needs discussion were hints at him or not.

I apologized, suddenly having fun playing with his mind, "Sorry son, I doubt you care to hear about your mother's sexual needs."

I lifted up my other foot and he changed feet, a glimpse at my cunt available if he looked at the right angle.

"It's ok, Mom, share away," he said, clearly trying to get more intel about my predicament and potential willingness to commit incest.

"Oh no, I shouldn't have opened the door, honey, especially to you," I said, continuing to string him along.

He remained quiet for a while until I asked, "You are really going alone to the prom?"

"Yep," he answered.

"There must be a dozen girls begging for you to take them," I said, the visual of Jane begging for his cock popping into my head.

He laughed, his tone suddenly more cocky, "I wouldn't say that many."

"How many then?" I asked.

"A few," he shrugged, before adding, "but they are all out of school."

"College girls," I teased. "You sly boy."

He didn't respond even though it was obvious he would love to.

"Did dad have the birds and the bees talk with you before he passed, honey?" I asked, after another brief lull in the conversation.

"No Mom, but I got it figured out," he said.

"You do, do you?" I asked, playfully.

"Oh yeah," he said, his hand moving to my calf as he began a more tender, sensual massage.

"Well if you ever need to know more let me know," I said.

"Thanks Mom, I will keep that in mind," he said.

I stretched my arms, letting my breasts be outlined perfectly for my son to stare at.

He took the opportunity as his cock flinched under my leg.

I purposely put some pressure on his cock with my free leg and he let out a whimper.

I asked all concerned, "You okay, Joey?"

He weakly said, "I'm fine."

A couple of minutes later, I sat up, leaned in, and kissed his cheek, "Thanks son that felt great."

"Anytime," he said, his face red.

"I'm going to bed, honey," I said as I stood up and left the room leaving him high and hard, the first piece of my seduction plan completed.

A few minutes later, after having washed my face and brushed my teeth, alone in my room and horny, I decided to get myself off. I was about to read more porn when I realized I left my computer downstairs, still open and on a Literotica story about a son and mom called 'Pet Mommy: Becoming a Mommy-Slut'.

I hurried downstairs and saw Joey reading on my computer. It was my turn for cheeks to go red.

Even after all the women he had shot loads in or on, he still was horny, it was unfathomable. He was furiously pumping his cock while reading the story about a mom who seduced her son and became his unconditional submissive slut. I watched from a distance and considered just walking over to him, dropping to my knees and taking his cock in my mouth, but my legs wouldn't budge and allow me to cross that invisible line.

My body begged me to just submit and yet my motherly morals held me back. I needed to know for sure that he was alright with fucking me, with crossing that line too. The idea of being my son's sex slave was powerful, yet making it happen was more of a struggle. I was shivering with confusion as I watched my son masturbate and my cunt leaked when he moaned, "That's it Mom, suck my cock like a good Mommy-slut."

I finally decided 'fuck it' and was about to cross the line and become his surprise Mommy-slut, when he grunted, "Here it comes, Mom," and his cum shot in the air. My mouth watered at the thought of tasting his cum, but the moment to cross the line past, I quietly backed up and returned to my room where I, like my son, got off quickly thinking about mother-son sex.

MORE PLAYFUL BANTER

Sunday, I woke Joey up for church, already wearing thigh highs but nothing else other than my robe. "Rise and shine, sleepyhead."

He rolled over, his morning wood prevalent as he groggily said, "Is it morning already?"

"It apparently is," I joked, looking directly at his well framed cock in his briefs.

He instinctively covered up and stammered, "S-s-sorry."

I laughed. "You are a man and a man wakes up with morning wood."

"Morning wood?" He questioned.

"Yes, an erection. A hard on, morning wood," I listed. "What do you guys call it now-a -days?"

"Any of those are fine," he laughed just as he noticed I was wearing nylons.

He shifted to quiet as if in deep thought so I said, "I'll go get breakfast started...so get moving and no playing around," giving him a devilish smile to wonder about.

I left him alone and made our usual Sunday morning breakfast of bacon, eggs, hash browns, and toast. I remained in just my robe and stockings as I continued to have fun both obeying Breanna's orders and seeing the reaction of my son.

When he came downstairs, his hair still wet from his shower and dressed in his usual Sunday attire I wondered if he had finished his task with Zelda.

He took a long look at my legs before sitting down still in deep thought.

We had breakfast and chatted about next week's prom, he didn't have a date and was okay with it. We also chatted about graduation which was also on the horizon.

Once done, I said I was going to go get dressed and he offered to do the dishes as he always did. It was a usual Sunday other than the fact that I was dying to sin.

I got dressed in a conservative skirt and blouse that would hide my thigh high stockings and we headed to church.

Joey and I split up at church as he was in the choir and I was to help by sitting at the fundraising table for camp.

I joined the church service late, after all the parishioners had arrived, and sat in my usual spot. The choir was singing and I couldn't help but stare at Pearl who was dressed in black nylons. I still couldn't fathom how my son ended up seducing her or any of the other women in his so-called harem.

Joey joined me just as the sermon began. The minister seemed to be speaking directly to me as he ranted about resisting temptation that is everywhere in the world. Guilt riddled me at how much I had sinned and how much more I was considering sinning. Yet, looking at Joey, I noticed he kept doing two things: one checking out my feet in my open toed three inch heels and glancing over to where the Minister's wife, Cassie Chamberlain was sitting. She was a very conservative woman, in her early fifties, who was still pretty and very voluptuous, especially in the breast area. I instantly felt jealous as my son was clearing assessing his next prey and it wasn't me.

My guilt was quickly replaced with jealousy which was replaced by a competitive hunger to be noticed. I played onto his fetish as I allowed my shoe to hit the floor to distract him. I then wiggled my toes, rubbed them with my fingers or stretched out my leg throughout the rest of the sermon which I was no longer listening to. My only attention was now to constantly tease my son.

I smiled when I saw constant glances at my feet and toes, which I painted red just this morning as suggested by Breanna. I also smiled to myself when I saw him constantly adjusting himself, my feet apparently getting him hard.

The service ending, Joey returned to the stage to sing and I went to the washroom to splash my face with water to cool me down.

Church over, I asked Joey, "Want to come shopping with me?"

"I promised Mrs. Addison I would help her after service."

"I bet you did," I said before I had time to realize what I said, jealous of Pearl and the help I assumed she was about to get.

"Pardon?" he asked confused.

"Oh nothing," I shrugged. "Plus what I am shopping for you would probably find awkward."

"I would, would I?" He smiled.

"Breanna suggested I get some thigh high stockings, she lent me a pair yesterday saying they would make me look sexier," I revealed.

"Really? Mrs. Salmon said that?" He asked, his mind clearly spinning at his slut's intentions.

"Yes, all I have are pantyhose as I really had no purpose for thigh highs since your dad died," I continued, before adding, "I use to wear them all the time."

"Oh," was all he said, clearly still in deep thought.

"Plus, Breanna said I should get some new self-help toys until I can find a man," I added.

"TMI, again," Joey said, although this time he was laughing.

"Toys for Mommy's insertion," I teased.

"You are literally killing me," he said, I hoped with the innuendo of driving him sexually nuts.

"That is my job, to bust your balls," I replied, pushing the envelope even further.

"Killing me," he repeated, turning away.

"Have fun helping Mrs. Addison," I called out.

"Oh, I will," he replied, turning around and looking me in the eye.

I blew him a kiss and headed out to shop for a few new things to continue my seduction.

TOY TIME

I hadn't really shopped much since Jack's death. I didn't go out almost ever, thus I never really needed to get a new outfit, or heels or stockings or sexy underwear.

I first went to a few clothing stores where I really stretched my credit card buying a few blouses, new lace bras, a few skirts all shorter than my usual attire, a couple of dresses and a dozen pairs of thigh high stockings in a variety of colours, all of course, sandlefoot. I felt young and rejuvenated as I shopped to dress sexy, both to seduce my son but equally to reclaim the sexuality I had lost long ago.

I then went to an adult store in a secluded strip mall. I walked in realizing I had never been in such a store even during my crazy college days.

Inside I was like a fat kid in a candy store for the first time...where do I even begin?

I was stunned at all the bondage contraptions, whips, gags for your mouth and other strange things, all of which did little for me, but the thought of being handcuffed was kind of a turn on.

I came looking for a new vibrator as mine was a bridal shower present over twenty years ago and I was in awe at the technological advancements since my thin silver toy. They came in so many shapes and sizes that I was overwhelmed.

A woman about my age, dressed casually in jeans and a blouse, asked, as if reading my mind, "Can I help you? You look a little overwhelmed."

"I don't even know where to begin," I joked.

"What are you looking for?" she asked.

"I don't know," I replied, before adding, "I was just trying to buy a new vibrator."

"Still got the one from college?" She joked.

"Close, bridal shower over twenty years ago," I admitted.

She laughed. "Well technology has improved a lot since then."

"I can tell," I said.

"Would you like me to recommend one I think is amazing?" She asked.

"Please do, otherwise I will be here all day," I joked.

"There are lots of good ones, but the best bang for your buck in my opinion are the rabbit vibes," she said, grabbing a unique shaped toy and handing it to me.

"How does it work?" I asked, a bit confused by the extra part.

"It buzzes inside of you like a normal vibe but the other part here stimulates your clit for an amazing double sensation," she explained.

"Wow!" I said, my clit being intensively sensitive, the thought of using this toy instantly had me excited.

"It does the trick every time," she smiled.

"I'll take it," I said, a little too excited.

"Can I help you with anything else?" She asked.

"Um, well," I stammered, finding asking about anal toys awkward.

"It's okay my dear, we are all women with needs and kinks," she smiled, squeezing my arm.

"I want to try anal sex," I whispered.

"This way," she smiled, her smile so warm and inviting.

I gasped at the large variety of choices of anal toys. Some so ridiculously big I couldn't fathom it ever going in without doing lifelong damage while others were shaped assumedly for the prostate.

"Have you had anal sex before?" She asked.

"In a galaxy a far, far away," I joked, "the early nineties."

"Then we better start with an anal training kit," she said, grabbing a box. She handed it to me and explained, "This is the most popular beginners' package. The kit has three plugs, each bigger than the next, lubrication and instructions on how to prepare your bottom."

"Oh my," I said, realizing this conversation was so unreal.

"I'll take it," I said, the thought of something in my ass both exciting and daunting, yet it was obvious my son expected his sluts to have all three holes at his disposal.

"You won't regret it," she smiled, "anything else?"

"I am going to sound like a nympho, but I would like to look at strap-ons."

Her smile changed slightly, "For a man or a woman."

My face went red as I whispered, "A woman."

"Delicious," she smiled as she led me a few feet over to another smaller display.

Again there was a vast array of colours and sizes. "Do you want to see something really cool?"

"Always," I replied.

"This is called a strapless dual penetrator," she said, handing me what looked like two vibrators.

"How does it work?" I asked, realizing the second vibe was not in the right position to make it hit both the pussy and ass thus double penetrating.

"You put the top part there inside you, while you use the other on your lover," she explained.

"Oh my, that is creative," I said, looking at the toy closer trying to envision how it worked.

"It's all the rave with the lesbians or bi girls," she said, "that way you can both get off, both the giver and the receiver."

"Wouldn't it fall out?" I asked.

"It is made to be a tight fit," she said. Leaning in closer, she whispered, her hot breath innocent yet causing my cheeks to flame, "I have used one a few times, it is amazing, no matter which end you are on."

I stammered, slightly rattled knowing she was a lesbian or bi, "I-I-wow-I will take it too."

"Be sure to give as well as receive," she joked playfully, her tone dripping with innuendo.

"I will," I smiled back.

"Shoot someone is at the register. If you need any more help let me now," she smiled warmly, giving my hand a squeeze, then added, "I'll hold these for you at the register."

"Thanks," I replied.

"Oh, by the way, there are some unique items in the corner back there, take a peak," she suggested, pointing to the back of the store before walking away.

Curious, I meandered back to the area she mentioned and saw a variety of items. Most of it I didn't understand its purpose, but then I saw the craziest, coolest thing ever: it was called a wallbanger, a vibrator that could suction to a wall. I flashed back to yesterday and bouncing back on Breanna's cock and how much I had always loved being on my hands and knees getting fucked or fucking myself. With this toy I could literally fuck myself. I grabbed it, my pussy getting wetter as I added it to my growing collection of kink and headed towards the counter.

I stopped when I saw costumes in front of me. Although Halloween was a ways away, I thought I would buy one now and maybe use it to tease Joey somehow. I looked through all the different costumes before finding the perfect costume: Super Girl. Joey was obsessed with Superman since he was a child and this would, with a couple additions, be sexy as hell.

I also noticed they had full body nylon suits and crotchless pantyhose, both which would be perfect additions to the Super Girl outfit. I grabbed two of each and finally made it to the register.

"You done, darling," she smiled.

"I better be," I joked.

She rang the items up and said, as she grabbed the suction cup vibrator, "I haven't tried this yet, you have got to let me know if it is worth buying."

My face was red, but I agreed, "I'll let you know."

Once done, she said, "Wait a second there is one more thing you need."

I was curious; she returned a moment later with small balls. She explained, "These are black glass Ben-Wa balls. Put them inside when you are out and about and it will keep you revved all day long."

"Thank you," I blushed.

"You are welcome, my dear," she said, before adding, "Since I have a hunch you will be back for more, I am going to give you a twenty percent discount."

"Thank you so much," I said as I paid her. As the receipt printed, she wrote something on it and said, her tone definitely implying more than just business. "So you can let me know how the toy works or if you just want to chat."

I said, trying to show my own potential interest, "Great, my name is Sarah."

"Pamela," she smiled. "Enjoy."

"Oh I plan to," I smiled back.

I returned to my car horny and broke having spent way more in my sexual rebirth than I had planned. I drove home already thinking of which toy I would try first, although unable to decide. I looked at the receipt and saw Pam's name and number was on it. I smiled at the thought that she was definitely hitting on me...I was back in the game in seemed and it felt exhilarating.

TIME FOR A PEEP SHOW

I got home, took the bag of toys to my room and went through them inspecting each one closer. I took each toy out of its wrap and pulled out my toy box. Realizing my toy box was way too small now, I left the toys on the bed realizing I would have to go downstairs to get a bigger box.

Yet, I wanted to try on the bodystocking, curious how the nylon bodysuit would look and feel like on me. I got completely undressed and then put it on. It was a tight fit to be sure, but the nylon on the stomach, breasts and arms made me feel luxurious, sexy and naughty all at the same time. My nipples poked through the sheer nylon as I posed in front of the mirror.

I heard a subtle sound just outside my door and knew without looking that my son was watching me from behind the bedroom door that was slightly ajar. Deciding it was a perfect opportunity to really tease him, I began talking to myself.

"What toy should I try first?" as I went to my bed and bent over giving my son a perfect look at my ass. I grabbed the largest butt plug and looked it over. "I haven't had anything in my ass in years, I better start with something a little smaller."

I grabbed the smallest one and said, "This is better, I don't want my ass to gaped for him," leaving the him vague.

I grabbed the lube and then said, "Shit, this would be so much easier with someone to help." I smirked at myself at the obvious offer I had just given to my son.

I climbed onto the bed, generously lubed the three-inch black plug and also my fingers. I coated my ass with the lube as I giggled, "He will so love this body stocking and the conveniently placed hole."

Taking the well-lubed toy, my ass directly facing my peeping Tom son, I slowly inserted it into my ass.

"Aaaaaah," I moaned as it slowly broke through my long ignored back door. There was a brief numbing pain, but it faded almost as quickly as it came.

I stayed posed, like a picture, for a minute allowing my ass to get used to the rubber violation. I then stood up, picking up the wallbanger and said, "Now where should I put this?"

I walked around my room, looking for a reasonable place, although none instantly came to mind.

"Dammit, where would it work?" I sighed.

I kept looking, before I said, "Oh, this will be perfect."

I got back on my bed and put the suction cup on my headboard. "Is that the right height?" I said out loud, trying to eye ball it. "I guess there is only one way to find out for sure," I shrugged as I turned around and slowly backed up towards the vibrator.

There was no way for Joey to not get caught peeking at me as I was now staring straight at the door, but he wasn't there. I assumed he was just beside the door and could still hear me, so I continued backing up until the toy was at my pussy entrance, it was a tad high, so I quickly turned around adjusting it to the perfect height, and again slowly backed up. "Aaaaaah, that's it," I moaned as I slowly backed onto the vibrating toy.

Once my ass was against the headboard, the toy completely in me, I moaned loudly, for both Joey's eavesdropping ears and my own hunger to come. I closed my eyes and began fucking myself again imagining it was Joey's cock buried in my cunt and not a toy.

I could sense I was being watched again and pondered if I should begin talking like I had yesterday when Breanna was fucking me. Knowing that my son had a harem of MILF sluts; knowing he had purposely had me eat his cum; knowing he knew I was reading incest porn as he did and knowing he was watching me fuck myself; I decided to go for broke, to let him hear me declare my hunger to fuck him. "Oh yes, Joey, fuck Mommy's cunt," I moaned, "Your big cock feels so good."

Over the next few minutes as my orgasm continued to build I said a variety of naughty things including:

"That's it Joey, make mommy yours."

"Oh God Joey, fuck your mother harder, fill her wet cunt completely."

"Ooooooh Joey, is Mommy a good fuck pet?"

"Oh yes, baby, my ass is yours too. All my holes are for you."

Finally, my orgasm exploded through me, the nastiness of knowing my son was watching making it take longer but the climax was even bigger as I screamed, "Yes, Joey, make Mommy your Fuuuuck-tooooooy."

I collapsed forward and allowed the orgasm to course through my entire body all the while wondering if Joey was watching.

After a couple of minutes, I rolled over and yelped, forgetting I had a butt plug in my ass. Standing up, I put on a robe and went to get a box for my toys, leaving the just fucked vibrator on my headboard.

Joey was gone, and I smirked realizing he probably left just like I did once the sex act he was watching was over. I grabbed a plastic storage container from the basement just as Joey walked in the door, his cheeks still red.

"Hi, Joey, how was your afternoon?" I asked, casual as if I hadn't just allowed him to watch me fuck myself while verbally pretending it was him.

"Oh, it was full of surprises," he said, his smug tone clearly back.

"I hope they were good surprises," I replied, acting innocent, pretending I didn't know that he had just watched me.

"Oh they were," he said, hugging me tightly.

Letting go, I asked, "What was that for?"

"To let you know how much I love you," he said.

I hugged him back, "I love you too son.

"You about to have a shower?" He asked.

"No, why?" I asked.

"You're in a robe," he pointed out.

"Oh yeah, no I was just trying out some new clothes I bought today and didn't want you to see your old Mom almost naked," I joked, the irony that he had just seen me obvious.

He smirked, "That would be terrible."

It was obvious by his tone he was playing me, but I acted oblivious, "Exactly, son's aren't supposed to see their mom's almost naked."

"No, that would scar me forever," he retorted, looking at my nylon covered arms with curiosity.

"And I can't have that," I said, before adding, "I'm going to get dressed."

Back in my room, my cunt was still burning, but I got dressed, taking the body stocking off and tried on the crotchless pantyhose. I added a red blouse and a too short for hanging at home skirt and headed downstairs to make supper. As I did a rush of frustration hit me. Why didn't Joey just walk in when he heard me fucking myself fantasizing about him? Why was he so aloof in our

conversation? Was he not interested? What more did I have to do to get him to make me his? Frustrated, I walked past his room, the door closed, and headed downstairs to make supper.

Joey stayed in his room and until I called him down for supper forty minutes later.

All during dinner there was an underlying tension as we both skirted the issue unsure how to get from A to B.

Dinner done, Joey said, as he began to clean up the table, "Mom, you need to start dating again."

"I am not sure I want to," I replied, which was true. I had no interest in dating anyone, I just wanted my son.

"You need someone, Mom," he replied, coming up behind me and began massaging my shoulders.

"That I agree with," I moaned softly, his hands on my tight shoulders feeling great.

"You are really tense," he said.

I replied, "I have a lot on my mind of late. I think I may be going through a female version of a kid-life crisis...or withdrawal."

He laughed, "We can't have that."

"Agreed," I said, thinking he was about to make a move on me, understanding I was too weak and nervous to make the first move.

His hands moved down my shoulders and I thought he was going to go to my breasts but instead gave my arms a squeeze and moved away. Disappointment cascaded through me as I realized he had moved away.

"I am going to the movies with Jake," he said, as he grabbed the plates and put them in the dishwasher.

"O-o-okay," I stammered rattled by his touch.

I got up and said, "You better get going or you will be late. I'll finish up here."

"You sure?" He asked.

"Of course, now go," I said.

"Okay, thanks Mom, I'm just going to go change," he said.

"Okay," I said, as I continued cleaning up.

I finished cleaning up when Joey came downstairs and said, "I'm off."

"What movie?" I asked.

"World War Z," he answered.

"Sounds romantic," I joked.

"It's a zombie apocalypse movie," he clarified.

"If you say so," I shrugged.

"I left something for you in your room, Mom," he said.

"You did?" I asked, surprised.

"Yep, although wait till I leave to go check what it is," he said.

"Okay," I agreed, having no clue what he may have left me

"By the way Mom," he added, at the door, "that is quite the addition to your headboard."

My cheeks burned red, but he left before I could respond, although I really have no idea what I would have said.

Curious, I scurried upstairs and saw on my bed a small cup and a note.

Mom,

Since you seemed to like the surprise spread so much I thought I would give you the special ingredient to make your own or just eat whole.

Love

Joey

I knew without looking what my son had left me, my face went red and my cunt dampened at the forwardness of my son.

The moment had come...literally. The cat was out of the bag...the elephant in the room was finally addressed and the avalanche of life altering consequences had begun.

I could, of course, deny everything and attempt to maintain the traditional mother-son relationship we had always had; yet, that thought lasted only a minute before my hunger to submit, to give in to my taboo desires took over.

I took the small cup and swirled it around as if I was about to sip on a glass of wine.

Then before I had time to contemplate my decision I poured my son's semen in my mouth. My cunt leaked instantly, the act on its own so naughty and submissive, but the fact it was my son's cum quadrupled the naughtiness.

The taste was salty, sweet and I wanted more. Without even thinking, I used my finger to scoop up any more of his addictive seed in the cup.

As soon as I had retrieved every last spec of my son's cum, I still wanted more; I wanted it directly for the source.

Deciding to go for broke, I texted Joey.

Thanks for the appetizer. Though, I would prefer the full course meal.

As soon as I pressed send, I panicked. I just propositioned my son. I fretted, pacing back and forth waiting for his response, wishing I could go turn back time a few seconds.

My anxiety continued to build as he didn't respond.

Stressed and freaking out, I texted Breanna.

Can you come over? I am freaking out.

A couple of minutes later she texted back.

Be there in five my pet.

Tranquility transcended over me at seeing the words my pet as my body shifted from stressed to horny in a flash.

PLAY TIME

She walked in a few minutes later and called out, "My pet, come get your snack."

I quickly went downstairs and saw she was in a sundress and beige stockings.

"Crawl to me, my pet," she smiled as she moved to my couch and sat down.

I obeyed, dropping to my knees and crawling to her, my anxiety fading as my natural need to obey and please again took over.

Reaching her, she asked, "Are you hungry my pet?"

"Starving," I admitted, the thought of being between her legs and licking her unique nectar drawing me in like a moth to a flame.

She opened her legs and said, "Good, because I am so fucking horny."

I didn't need any further instructions as I leaned forward and buried my face in her hairy cunt. Her scent was even stronger today than yesterday which only enhanced my hunger. I licked slowly at first enjoying her wetness.

I explored every inch of her cunt with my mouth and tongue for a few minutes before she said, "Shit, I need to get fucked sooo bad."

I looked up and said, "I bought something today that just may do the trick."

"You did? You really are an eager optimistic little sub, aren't you?" She smiled.

"For you, I am," I playfully replied,

"What did you buy?" Breanna asked.

"Lots of things," I answered.

"Show me," she said.

A minute later I was pulling my new toy box out from under my bed, I had since taken down my suction cup vibe, and she was reading the note that Joey had left me.

"Holy shit," she said. Then looking at the empty cup added, "You drank it."

My face burned with shame as I nodded, "That is why I texted you." I then recapped the whole story of fucking myself with my wallbanger, knowing he was watching me and then talking dirty to myself using his name.

"Tonight is the night then," she smiled.

"Here is the text I sent," I added, handing her my phone.

"Fuck," she gasped. "That is soooo hot."

"But now I am freaking out. I pretty much told him to come home and cum in his mother's mouth," I said, my anxiety again building.

"Yes, you did," Breanna said. "Which is exactly what you want him to do right?"

"Yes, but now it is out there," I tried to explain.

"It obviously is based on this note. He is just playing with you. He loves the initial conquest," Breanna said.

"But now what?" I asked.

"You wait his response and do as he says," she answered.

"Is it that simple?" I questioned.

"It really is. He wants you, you want him. Case closed," Breanna said, as she began to rummage through my new collection of toys.

"You make it sound so easy," I said, still tentative.

"It is," she said, "You are my sub and you have an order to fulfill do you not?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

"Do you plan to finish the task?" she questioned, holding the strapless dildo.

"Of course," I said, not wanting to disappoint her and wanting to fulfill the task for my own selfish desires.

"Then no more questioning yourself. Just do what comes naturally," she smiled, "pun intended."

I laughed, "Yes, Mistress."

"How does this work?" she asked.

I took the strapless cock from her and explained, "This part goes in the one getting fucked like a regular strap-on, while this goes in the one doing the fucking. It's a strapless cock."

"Put it on or in or whatever, we are so trying this right now," she said, getting out of her dress.

I got undressed too and she questioned, "You're wearing panties?"

"To keep the plug in my ass," I sheepishly explained.

"Fair enough," she laughed, now only in stockings and bra. She climbed onto the bed on her hands and knees and said, "Let's see how that thing works."

Panties off, I pulled the plug out of my ass not wanting it to fall out during the fucking. I turned the strange contraption on and slid the smaller planting cock in my cunt.

I joined Breanna on the bed, her ass bent over in eager anticipation.

I placed my hands on her hips and moved into position.

"Hurray up, Sarah, fuck your Mistress hard and deep," she demanded, implying that patience wasn't one of her virtues.

Obedying like a good submissive, I pushed forward my vibrating cock easily disappearing inside her cunt.

"Gooooooooood," she moaned, the moment I filled her cunt.

"Was that God or good," I teased, as I began pumping my cock in and out of her.

"Booooooth," she moaned.

I couldn't believe I was fucking Breanna, I couldn't believe how everything had changed in just two days. The buzzing in my own cunt was also quite thrilling as it was a constant tease. Not enough to get me off, but enough to keep it in a constant state of arousal, a perpetual state of tease.

Breanna's moans echoed throughout my room, increasing with each deep thrust. Eventually the moans became whimpers as her orgasm continued to build and she demanded, "Harder Sarah, fuck me harder."

I obliged as my body slammed into hers.

"Fuuuuck, yeeees," she screamed as I filled her completely. "Don't stop," she whimpered her breathing now erratic.

Watching her so close to orgasm was a complete turn on, I decided to surprise her as I slid a finger, without warning, up her ass, hoping to trigger her orgasm.

"Oh fuuuuck, you dirty cuuuunt," she screamed, her whole body trembled as she collapsed forward as the tidal wave of euphoria crashed through her.

I continued pumping my cock in her cunt even as her body quaked with joy, my finger slipping out of her ass as she fell forward.

Finally she said, "No more," and I pulled out.

She rolled onto her back, looked up at me and said, "Holy shit, that is the best toy ever."

"I don't know, my wallbanger is pretty sweet," I countered, staring at her large breasts and even larger belly which somehow made her even sexier.

"How does it feel in you?" she asked.

"Good, it's like a perpetual tease. I couldn't come this way, but it is a great way to get me ready," I answered, hoping she would take the hint and finish me off.

"Let me see it," she said, opening her hand.

I pulled it out if my hungry cunt and handed it to her.

She looked it over before taking the smaller cock in her mouth. "You taste heavenly."

"Want some direct from the source," I asked.

"Would love some," she smiled, before adding, "but I think I am going to keep you in what did you call it? Oh yes, perpetual tease."

"Please no, I'm so horny," I pleaded, disappointment coursing through me.

"No, Joey may want to fill his mother's mouth, cunt or ass with his big cock and I want my pet thinking about it all night," she smiled.

A small gush of cunt juice leaked out if me at the thought. "I still can't believe I texted him that."

"He is irresistible," Breanna shrugged.

Curious, I asked, "How did he get you?"

BREANNA'S SUBMISSION STORY

"You want to hear how your son made me his personal fuck-toy?" She smiled, opening her legs slightly.

"Yes," I admitted, instantly imagining being his personal fuck-toy too."

"Okay, but you are not allowed to touch yourself," Breanna ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," I agreed, even though my cunt was a burning inferno in desperate need for an eruption.

"Lay beside me, my pet," she said.

I did and she rolled onto her side. We were now looking into each other's eyes, it was a very intimate moment especially considering what we had just done and what she was about to tell me.

"A few days after I learned about Joey and Eleanor, he was in class and really seemed to be checking me out. Eleanor had explained to me his nylon fetish and I had worn them to work each day after that, having gone shopping on the weekend to purchase stockings. Anyway, he definitely noticed and to enhance my hint of interest and to tease him ruthlessly, I continually sat on top of my desk, legs crossed and dangled my shoe. My skirts were just long enough to hide the top of my thigh high stockings, but it was exhilarating to know underneath my conservative teacher attire I was dressed sexy: lace bra, thong, and thigh high stockings. I didn't know what sandlefoot was originally so looked it up and learned it was stockings with clear toes. I also painted my toenails fire engine red to accentuate my whole foot look. I felt like a teenager again trying to impress some hot football player," Breanna explained.

"You are such a tease," I quipped.

"As are you," she quipped back. "At least I didn't try to pretend I was something I wasn't."

"That facade is long shattered," I replied.

"Indeed it is," she said, before instructing me, "Massage my feet as I continue my little story."

"Of course, Mistress," I agreed, eager to obey and to hear her sordid tale of sexual submission to my son.

I moved in position at the foot of the bed and took her right foot in my hands and began a gentle massage of her stocking-clad leg.

"Even as I teased him I had no real intentions of becoming his sex slave, but it was fun to see him clearly hot and bothered. I mean he was your son and a student, two lines I didn't plan to cross. I just enjoyed the attention I wasn't getting at home as Zach had quit fawning over me ever since I began to show."

Anyway, one day at the beginning of class he brought me a coffee and said "I got you your usually Mrs. Salmon. Two sugars and two specialty creams." Yet it was the way he stressed cream that instantly had me thinking, 'He came in my coffee'.

Playing his game, I replied, "I do love specialty cream."

He quipped right back, "Well this is a one of a kind cream," and then went and sat down. I stared directly at him as I took a long drink of his cum coffee before looking away and getting ready for class. When class ended, he jettisoned out of class before I could thank him for the coffee."

"Other foot," Breanna ordered.

"Of course, Mistress," I obeyed, letting go of her right foot and taking her left.

"All day I was full of excitement over Joey's bold move and how horny it had made me. Yet, equally full of trepidation because he was my student and your son. I wasn't surprised when he walked in after school and asked, "Did you enjoy the coffee, Mrs. Salmon?"

I looked up from my desk and said, staring straight into his eyes, "Yes, Joey, I loved it, especially the cream."

He smiled, "Would you like more cream?"

I paused knowing my answer would either end this here and now or open the door to a journey I would have no control over. Finally I answered, "I would love more cream."

Joey walked over to the door closing and locking it before returning to my desk. Reaching me, he stood right beside me, his crotch at my eye level. My body trembled like I was in high school, waiting for the inevitable. Finally he said, "Go ahead, Mrs. Salmon, pull out my cock."

"Here?" I questioned, the thought of getting caught and losing my job instantly popping into my head.

His tone shifted from his usual soft spoken to assertive as he ordered, "I wasn't asking, Mrs. Salmon. Now take out my cock and get some of my special cream."

Even though I wanted to and even though Eleanor told me he was aggressive, hearing the words out of his mouth shocked me. I stammered, "Joey, we are at school".

He smirked down at me and said, "And you are hungry for my cock. If you don't want to, I will find someone else. It's now or never, Mrs. Salmon."

I let out a sigh as I saw the outline of his cock in his jeans. My mind was still debating, but my body had a mind of its own as my hands fished out his fully erect cock from his pants.

"Go ahead; take it in your mouth, Mrs. Salmon."

My body in control, I opened my mouth and took his cock between my lips. I can't explain it, but it just felt so right. I swirled my tongue around his thick mushroom cock as I forgot I was in my classroom and just let myself become consumed by my submission."

"Shit, telling this story is getting me horny again, why don't you come crawl between my legs and please me," she suggested.

I let go of her foot and moved between her legs and buried my face in her hairy pussy. Still wet from her earlier orgasm, her bouquet of pleasure was captured perfectly in her pubic hair.

"That's it, Sarah, get used to being between my legs," she moaned.

"It's already very comfortable," I replied between licks.

"So I slowly bobbed back and forth, taking more of Joey's long, thick cock in my mouth. I loved his cock in my mouth and all the things he said to me while I slowly blew him in my classroom. I don't remember it word for word but he talked the whole time.

"That's it, Mrs. Salmon, your mouth feels just like I imagined it all this semester."

"You look so hot with a cock in your mouth, Mrs. Salmon."

"I have thought about this forever Mrs. Salmon."

"Is your cunt yet, Mrs. Salmon?"

Hearing him repeat my married name over and over somehow made the submission to him hotter, dirtier and yet my panties were soaked. I took his stiff rod out of my mouth and admitted, "I am very wet, Joey," and took his cock back between my lips.

As I bobbed faster, attempting to take all his cock in my mouth, suddenly craving his cum, he asked, "Mrs. Salmon, do you want to be my pet?"

I again took his cock out of my mouth and asked, curious, "What does that entail?"

"Complete obedience to me and access to all three of your holes, Mrs. Salmon. Essentially, you become my personal plaything," he explained.

"But I'm pregnant," I pointed out.

"Makes that sweet cunt of yours a perfect cum deposit, doesn't it, Mrs. Salmon?"

"I-I-I guess," I stammered, the thought of him fucking me causing a gush of pussy juice flooding out of me. Giving someone head was cheating, but I didn't feel overly guilty, it was just oral sex. And as I mentioned yesterday, Zach and I are swingers, but he knows everyone I fuck and is always there...this would be cheating.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth now, Mrs. Salmon. If you accept my terms of complete submission to me swallow my load. If you don't accept these terms, ask me to leave," he said, as he shoved his cock in mouth.

I would like to pretend I seriously attempted to get his cock out of my mouth or remotely considered saying no to his outrageous expectations but I didn't. I was so drawn in by his confident demeanour and his big cock all I cared about was obeying. He fucked my face hard, his whole cock now in my throat and I had to really focus not to gag. It felt so good being used, I felt so dirty as his balls bounced off my chin with each aggressive forward thrust. Finally, he grunted a couple of minutes later, "Here it comes Mrs. Salmon, my new slut." A chill went up my spine at his words and a second later I was getting a mouthful of cum exploding into my mouth. I have swallowed a lot of cum in my life, but none had the addicting taste his did. Swallowing cum was always just part of the sex act, something I expected to do, something submissive that got me off, but his cum was addictive in a way unlike any I had ever swallowed. When he finally pulled out, I leaned forward and took it back in my mouth hungry to get every last drop of his addictive seed.

He laughed, "I knew you would be an eager little slut."

Without hesitation I replied, "For you I will be."

"I know," he smugly replied as he took his cock away and put it back in his pants.

The aftertaste of his cum lingered in my mouth as he started walking out of my classroom without another word. I wanted to say something, my cunt was on fire, yet I just watched him leave wondering what he had in store for me. Once he left, closing my door for me, I lifted up my skirt and frantically rubbed myself to an orgasm as I imagined his cock fucking me."

"God I'm close, suck my clit, Sarah," Breanna moaned her story seemingly done.

My cunt was on fire too listening to her story of my son taking her in her own classroom. I sucked her clit between my lips and shook my head left to right which had Breanna screaming in pleasure. Her orgasm followed a few seconds later as she screamed, "Yeeeeesssss."

Her cum flowed out of her cunt and into my mouth as I eagerly lapped her sweetness.

Finally, she pulled me up and said, "Fuck you are good at that."

"Thanks, Mistress," I smiled back, my face shiny with her cum.

"So next morning, seconds after Zach left for work, there was a knock on my door. I had just finished showering and was in my robe. I assumed it was Zach forgetting something, his keys again probably, when I opened the door though it was your son. He walked in and asked if I still had my wedding dress. I admitted I did although joked it may not fit with this new belly that seemed to be growing each day. He ordered I put it on, as well as thigh highs, and get on all fours on my bed for him. Again I was stunned by his aggressiveness, stunned by the instant wetness down below, and stunned by how extreme his expectations were. Yet, without a word I went upstairs and dressed as ordered. Once on all fours on my bed, in my wedding dress, I called out I was ready and he sauntered in, got in position

behind me and asked if I wanted him to fuck me. He loves to be in control, but also revels in the thrill of having his submissive give in unconditionally. I begged him to fuck me, to make me his slut and the instant his cock filled me I knew without a doubt I was his."

"Wow," I said, I can't believe how kinky he is.

"He just left you a cup of his semen and you drank it," Breanna pointed out.

"Touché," I laughed.

"You look like you're ready to burst," Breanna said, as her hand went to my cunt.

"I'm a volcano ready to erupt," I replied, her fingers teasing me.

Suddenly she stood up and said, "Good and it will stay that way until Joey gets home," she announced, deflating me in an instant.

Breanna got herself looking respectable, but noticed my disappointment. "Sarah, I am positive he plans to take you tonight."

"How do you know? He could have walked in when I was in my bedroom fucking myself or in the kitchen, maybe he is as unsure as I am," I said, feeling insecurity unlike I had not experienced since I was a teenager.

"He plays games, it's his thing. The cum in a cup is a delicious test and if he had any lingering doubts, which I doubt he does, you quelled them with that text," Breanna reassured as she pulled me up off the bed.

"I guess," I laughed, thinking just how strange this whole conversation was.

"Trust me, I know your son, and he has plans to fuck you tonight," Breanna said, as she reached into my box of toys. "Get on all fours my pet."

"Okay," I agreed unsure what she had in store for me.

"I doubt he will want your ass first time, but just in case let's get your backside ready," Breanna said, as I felt warm liquid poured between my ass cheeks.

I closed my eyes, clenched my teeth as I prepared to have a bigger plug slipped into my ass.

"Ready, sexy?" She asked, her hand gently rubbing my lower back.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, agreeing to be sodomized.

"I'll go slow," Breanna promised, as the toy poked between my ass cheeks. Slowly she pushed forward and the toy after a brief resistance broke through and inside my ass. Much wider than the first one I was wearing earlier, I could feel my ass burning as it tried to get used to the self-violation. I tried to keep my breathing regular until the pain dulled and as I got accustomed to having the big plug in my ass. Breanna caressed my ass and back gently during this time understanding when to be firm and when to be gentle.

Finally, I cautiously moved off the bed and stood up. Looking at my toy box, I realized Breanna had bypassed plug number two and went directly to the largest plug.

Breanna shrugged, "Go big or go home."

"I am already home," I quipped.

"And you are soon going to get something big," she quipped right back.

"God, I hope so," I said, my pussy still burning with hunger.

"I know so," she said, as she moved to me and kissed me tenderly. I melted into her kiss, the tenseness something else I had missed since my husband died.

When the kiss was broken a couple of minutes later, she said, "I should get back home, eventually Zach will wonder where I am."

"Just tell him I needed you," I said.

"Which was true," she smiled.

"You would be completely telling the truth," I agreed.

"And he won't ask anything deeper," she said.

"Doesn't he know that it is always important to go deeper," I played.

"Not as much since I got this belly," Breanna replied.

"I think you look sexy," I said, which was true.

"Ditto," she smiled, giving me one quick kiss and heading out.

I got dressed in the same outfit I was wearing before Breanna came over, adding panties to make sure the plug in my ass didn't fall out when I walked, and slowly made my way down stairs.

I saw my phone flashing meaning I missed a call or text message. A chill went up my spine at the possibility that it was from Joey. I grabbed my phone and saw it was indeed a text message from Joey. I took a deep breath and clicked on the text message.

Mom,

I'll be home at 9:30.

Master Joey

We need to talk.

I re-read the short text a dozen times before glancing at the clock. It was 8:43. Dressed still rather provocative, I did what I usually did when stressed, I cleaned the house. It was a great distraction to my spinning head and burning cunt. I dusted the house, cleaned the windows and was vacuuming the living room when I was startled by my son's voice.

FINAL SUBMISSION

"I'm home, Mother," Joey announced.

"How 1950s?" I replied, turning around.

"Vacuuming the house while dressed up is also so 1950s," he countered, a sly smile on his face.

"Back then the man of the house was in charge," I pointed out, shifting the conversation to where we both wanted it to go.

"And the woman of the house was usually subservient to the man," he countered, walking towards me.

He looked so sexy, something I had never noticed before I learned of his reputation. "Those were simpler times," I said coyly, my hand trembling on the vacuum cleaner.

"Things have went astray," he replied, now directly in front of me. "For example, it is rare for a man to properly compliment a woman."

"Very true," I nodded, my hands clammy, "especially when we work so hard to look so good for our man."

"You look beautiful Mom," he said, as he took my hands in his.

My face went red. I expected an aggressive dominance; instead he was being sweet and gentle; yet another surprise in this weekend of surprises. "Thank you, you look handsome yourself," I smiled back.

"Not rugged or sexy," he asked playfully.

"A little rugged, a little aloof, a little bad boy and a lot sexy," I complimented, squeezing his hand and looking directly into his eyes.

"Just like dad?" He said, his tone implying it was a question.

"In all ways but one," I flirted back, no longer his mother, but rather a cougar on a prowl.

"And what would that be?" He asked, his hand moving up my arm.

"Well you are both sexy, both have hypnotic eyes and both were born well equipped," I complimented, my hand taking the risk and going to his cock.

He was surprised briefly by my aggressiveness, but recovered fast, "And what is our one major difference?"

"He was a nice guy in the bedroom and sometimes a woman doesn't want a nice guy in the bedroom," I flirted, rubbing his cock through his jeans.

"Knees, Mother," he finally ordered, his hands now firmly on my shoulders.

Like a leaf, my legs felt so light they floated to the ground.

"What do you want Mother?" Joey asked, looking down at me.

So many words spun in my head, yet I was speechless as the climactic moment had finally arrived. I wanted to suck his cock, to obey his every word, to get fucked by him, to become his submissive.

His hands still on my shoulders, he repeated the question, "What do you want, Mother?"

"Everything," I answered, which made perfect sense to me but probably not to him.

Joey chuckled, "That is a pretty broad scope."

Letting go of the last of my inhibitions, I answered, "I want you to be my Master and I your unconditional slave."

"But I'm your son," he said, clearly enjoying this moment he had assumedly fantasized about for years.

"No, you're the man of the house," I corrected, unzipping his jeans.

"And your my Mother," he continued.

"And also your pet, your whore, your sex toy, your slave, your cum bucket, your mommy-slut," I rattled off getting hornier with each self-degradation. I fished out his cock and like a hungry slut took it into my mouth.

"Shiiiiit," he groaned, as I took the majority of his cock in my mouth and began bobbing back and forth.

Silence, other than my slobbering sounds, existed for a minute or two as I worshipped Joey's cock and Joey relished the reality of the moment.

Finally, he spoke, "Mom, I have fantasized about this moment for years."

I took his big hard cock out of my mouth and looking up sexily asked, "Is it how you imagined?" I slid my tongue down his shaft and took a ball in my mouth.

"What triggered your submission?" He asked, clearly curious to how I went from wholesome mother to eager cocksucker.

"I saw you banging that bitch Jane in the pool and I couldn't believe how turned on it got me. I also dreamt that night I was your slut," I admitted, switching to his other ball.

"That was all it took?" He asked, seemingly surprised by the trigger.

I slid my tongue back up his shaft and looking up at him I explained, "It brought back memories of my youth when I was very submissive to my boyfriends," I explained, pausing for dramatic effect by swirling my tongue around his mushroom top, before adding, "or girlfriends."

"You are bi?" He asked, clearly surprised by my declaration. Obviously, Breanna had not told him about our new relationship.

"Very much so," I smiled. "College was a pretty wild time."

"Apparently," he chuckled, as I took his mushroom top between my lips and sucked back. "So seeing me with Jane made you want to submit to me?"

"Well it was the trigger. I then searched your computer and found that Literotica site and all those stories. I read a few and then learned of your growing MILF harem from Breanna," I revealed.

"You did?" He asked, again surprised.

"She admitted her submission to you seconds before she made me her sub," I revealed, before deep-throating his great cock.

"Oh God," he grunted, although I wasn't sure if it was from my revelation or his cock deep in my mouth.

After a few quick bobs, I pulled out and retold everything that had transpired since I first saw him with Jane, including just fucking Breanna in my bed and that I knew he was watching when I fucked myself.

"Wow," he said, clearly amazed by all I just told him. "Slut Breanna ordered you to seduce me."

"Yes, but I think I would have anyway, although probably not as aggressively or quickly. I would probably be up in my room right now fantasizing doing this," I answered, as I again took his pulsing member between my lips.

Silence again lingered as I bobbed back and forth all my secrets out in the open. After a couple of minutes of steady cocksucking, he grunted, "Here comes your first full load, Mommy-slut, swallow all my cum."

I bobbed faster hungry to obey his command and taste a full load of his yummy seed.

"Aaaaaaaah, yes Mommy," he groaned, his hands squeezing my shoulders as he shot a full load of his cum in my mouth.

I continued bobbing wanting to retrieve every last drop of my son's cum from his pulsating cock.

Finally, he said, "That was amazing, Mom."

Taking his cock out of my mouth, I concurred, "Agreed."

"So Breanna really didn't let you come?" Joey asked, still looking down at me.

"No," I replied.

"And you obeyed?" He questioned.

"Of course, I always obey," I answered.

"Always?" He asked, for clarification.

"Always," I repeated.

"I will test that," he said, his tone implying he would.

"I am yours, son, if that is what you want," I said back, a part of me scared he wouldn't want me.

He pulled me up, looked into my eyes and said, "Mom, I love you and I have never wanted anything more in my life."

"Even more than the Mac book you pleaded for, for two years?" I joked.

He laughed, and replied sarcastically, "Don't press your luck."

"Yes, Master," I replied, throwing out the word I had hungered to say to him since I first saw his dominance of Jane that had awakened my submissive slumber.

"Master, I like that Mom," he said, leaning in and kissing me gently. It wasn't a son-mother kiss, nor was it a Master-submissive kiss either, it was something totally different: tender, sweet, passionate, it was like falling in love.

Our tongues explored each other's mouth at first with a tentative sweetness, but the longer our lips were locked the more aggressive and intense the kiss became. It was raw, it was hunger, it was unbridled and it had my cunt burning again.

Finally breaking the kiss, he looked into my eyes and asked, with compassion and not the dominance he had used with Breanna, "You sure you want this, Mom?"

"Without a doubt, son," I replied. "I have longed for years for your father to take the plethora of hints I gave him, but he was too much a gentleman to catch on to my need to be used. Sadly, I was too much a lady to just come out and say what I needed."

"Which is?" Joey asked.

"To be used as the submissive I am. My job has me always on, always the listener, always the one giving advice, but once I get home I want to let go and just be told what to do," I admitted.

"In all ways," he asked, clearly unsure of exactly what I was saying.

"I want to be a fifties woman in regards to the role, but a submissive porn star who can't say no as well," I revealed. "Is that too much?"

"God, no," Joey replied. "We both want the same thing."

"We do?" I asked.

"I too want a fifties mother as well as a dirty cum deposit mother for my personal sexual satisfaction," he said, finally shifting the moment from oddly romantic to powerful Domme.

I purred playfully like a playboy bunny, "Does my sonny, wonny, to fucky-wucky his yummy-mommy?"

"I want to do a lot more than that Mom," he smirked.

"Do away," I replied.

"Get undressed for me Mommy-pet," Joey ordered.

My hands didn't tremble anymore; I wanted this, I needed this. I unbuttoned my blouse, tossed it aside, allowing my firm breasts to be seen by my son. I asked, "Does Master like Mommy's tits?"

"Very much so," he said, reaching forward and cupping both my breasts with his strong hands.

"Mmmmm," I moaned, his touch sending electric jolts of lust through me.

He leaned forward and took my right nipple, hard as a diamond, in his mouth.

Again I moaned, "Yes, Joey, suck on Mommy's nipples."

He sucked, nibbled and bit on my nipple before moving to my left and replicated the attention.

A moment later, Joey ordered, "Take off the skirt Mommy-pet."

I didn't hesitate as I unzipped the skirt and allowed it to fall to the ground.

"Panties?" He questioned, "Apparently, Breanna didn't explain the rules well."

I stammered, "I didn't have any on until Mistress Breanna put a large butt plug in my ass."

"Let's see," he ordered.

I turned around and bent over showcasing my pantyhose and panty covered ass.

His hands went to my hips and slowly pulled down my panties revealing the large butt plug and my very wet vagina. He squeezed my ass and suddenly pulled out the large butt plug.

"Can you grab your ankles, Mother?" He asked.

Still very flexible, I could, and without a word did so.

Without another word being said, I felt his hands on my hips and then quickly his cock filled my ass.

"Ohhhhh God," I screamed as I almost fell over, bent as I was, but Joey held me in place. A mixture of pleasure and pain cascading through me.

"Fuck your ass is tight mom," he grunted.

"Fuck your cock is big," I whimpered back, the sharp pain fading as he remained lodged deep in my ass.

"Ready to get ass fucked, Mommy-whore?" Joey asked.

"Pound Mommy's ass, son," I replied, "it hasn't been fucked for twenty years."

"Dad never fucked your tight back door?" Joey asked, as he began slowly moving his cock in and out of my long neglected ass.

"No, it was too dirty for him. He was a perfect gentleman," I answered.

"Do you want a perfect gentleman or a powerful Domme?" Joey asked, his cock beginning to move in and out of my ass faster.

"A big cocked Master you uses me as he wishes," I answered.

"Fuck Mommy, I can't believe I didn't go after you first," he grunted.

"Better late than never," I whimpered, as he began to slam into me, my balance precarious at best.

"I plan to make up for lost time," he promised, his hands firmly holding me up even as he moved me like a yoyo.

"Gooooood," I moaned, before adding, "I can't hold this position much longer Master."

He pulled out, lifted me up in one quick swoop, put me over his shoulder and carried me caveman style up the stairs and to my bedroom. Once at my bed, he tossed me onto the bed, grabbed my feet, bending my knees so my stocking-clad feet were on his chest and slammed his cock into my fiery cunt.

"Oh yes, Joey, fuck Mommy's cuuuuuunt," I screamed, my long-neglected cunt finally getting the attention it craved.

Raw, carnal, forbidden lust shivered through me as he slammed his cock inside me. In seconds, my orgasm was already on the rise as Joey thrust in and out of me. "Yes Master, fuck Mommy, pound Mommy's cunt harder."

"Does Mommy want to come?" he asked, as he stopped deep inside me.

"No, yes," I whimpered, "Yes, I want to come; no, please don't stop fucking Mommy."

"Beg me slut," Joey ordered, his cock still deep in me, as he moved his fingers to my clit.

"Oh please, Master," I whimpered, my orgasm so close, yet so far away. "Can Mommy come from your big hard cock?"

"That's all you have?" he asked, rubbing my clit, bringing me even closer to bubbling over.

"Oh Joooooey," I moaned, my mind muddled by my need to come. "Please fuck your slut Mother, make her your cum-deposit, use Mommy's holes whenever and wherever you want, just let Mommmmmmmmy come."

He sucked on my toes through my sheer nylon, his cock never moving, before he grabbed my legs, pushed them on either side of my head, and said, "You may come after fifty strokes, is that clear, my cum-bucket-Mommy?"

"Yeeees," I whimpered, as his cock, in this position, hit depths I didn't know existed. My ankles were at my ears and his whole body was pressed against me.

"I am going to go back and forth between your cunt and ass, Mommy-slave," he announced, as his cock pulled out of my cunt and filled my ass.

"Fuuuuuck," I screamed, the angle making his cock go deeper than I could imagine.

The next few minutes were sexual euphoria as my body was riddled with pleasure from the unorthodox and yet completely mind-numbing fucking. He went back and forth between my pussy and ass, stroke after stroke, creating a slow but rising pleasure that had my whole body trembling. I tried to count, but couldn't concentrate properly as my son fucked my cunt and ass hard and deep.

"Like this Mommy," he asked.

"Looooove it, Master," I screamed.

"Where do you want my cum, Mommy-slut?" he asked, as he continued to pull out of one hole and into another.

"Wherever you want, Joeeeeey," I moaned.

"Is my slut's cunt protected?" he asked.

"Noooooooo," I moaned, never even considering the thought of getting pregnant until then.

"Your wet, slut cunt it is," he announced, as he filled my ass once more.

"Okkkkkkay," I whimpered, not caring about anything but the impending orgasm that was near apocalyptic measures.

"Only ten more strokes, Mom," he said, his cock now filling my cunt.

"I can't last much longer, Joey," I weakly admitted.

"Come before fifty and you will be punished," he threatened as he filled my ass again.

"I'm tryyyyyyying," I whined, the orgasm so close I could anticipate it in every pore of my very being.

"I'll make you go through the drive-through at McDonalds with your face coated in cum," he threatened.

The thought only turned me on more even as it horrified me and was the final straw that broke the camel's back as I screamed, "Sooooooooooooorry Maaaaster." My body tingled from my head to my toes as the most electrifying orgasm of my life surged through me.

"You dumb slut," Joey cursed, even though he was smiling, as he slammed into my ass.

My body continued to shake and quiver as my son continued to pound my cunt and ass, my ankles still at my ears.

Finally, a minute or two later, my orgasm still not having completed its journey through me, Joey began fucking just my cunt. He asked, "Does my bad Mommy want her cunt filled with her son's cum?"

I screamed, the idea so hot, dirty and wrong, which made it feel so fucking right, Yeeees. Joey, fill Mommy's cunt with your cum."

"Tell me what you are," he demanded, even as his breathing increased, his orgasm obviously imminent.

I told him exactly what he wanted to hear. "I am your Mommy-slut, your slave, your cum-bucket, your blow job queen, Breanna's lesbian whore, your fuck-toy, your Mommy, your whore, your pet."

"Fuuuuuuuuuuck," he grunted, and I felt his cum coat my cunt walls.

"That's it baby, fill Mommy's cunt with your cum," I purred, as he continued to pump in and out of my cunt but slower.

After a few more strokes, he pulled out, and rolled beside me. I could feel his cum leaking out of me as I finally was allowed to move my legs into a normal position. I rolled to my side and said, "I have never been fucked so thoroughly."

He smiled, "I could tell, you couldn't even obey my simple instructions."

"Sorry, it was just too much," I said.

"I will have to punish you," he said.

"Yes, Master," I nodded, the thoughts of going through a drive-thru with my son's cum on my face deliciously naughty. "Could we at least make it on the other end of town?"

"I suppose," he shrugged. "Also, you may not come now for three days."

"Three days!" I gasped.

"Should I make it a week?" he threatened.

"No. No, three days is fine," I said, devastated. Now that the dam had been broke, three days seemed like an eternity.

"By the way, I loved the crotchless pantyhose," he said, caressing my legs.

"What about the body stocking?" I asked, playfully.

"That was hot too," he said.

"It's all for you, everything is for you, Joey," I said, kissing his lips.

"I do love you Mom," he said back, returning the soft kiss.

A couple of minutes later, breaking the kiss, he asked, "Is Aunt Carissa coming to my graduation?"

Not even thinking of any scrupulous intent, I replied, "Of course."

"Excellent," he said, his tone suddenly making it very clear of his intention. Suddenly an image of my sister, eight years younger than me, with two younger girls and recently divorced popped into my head.

"You don't plan to add my sister to your harem of MILF sluts?" I asked, even though I already knew the answer.

"Well she is a MILF?" he said.

"That she is," I laughed.

"And I want you to bring her to me," he added, surprising me once again.

I stammered "Y-y-you want me to seduce my sister?"

"Is that a problem?" he asked.

"I-I-I have never been the seductress," I said.

"Well you can practice on one of my MILF sluts first," he said. "Confront them about knowing I am fucking them."

Jane popped into my head. "I would love to put Jane in her place."

"Good, it's a plan," he said.

"What is?" I asked, unclear of what I had just agreed to.

"You will make Jane your bitch and then you will seduce your sister," Joey said.

"Oh," I replied, my head spinning with both trepidation and possibility.

"But first, get dressed we are going to McDonalds," he said, standing up.

"Now?" I asked.

"I think I got one more load in me," he said, his cock shockingly still rock hard.

"What do you feed that thing?" I joked, standing up, realising in only a couple of days my whole world had been turned upside down. I was no longer a lonely single mother, I was now a submissive lesbian to my best friend and a submissive mommy-slut to my son and I wouldn't change a thing.

THE END