

REGIFTED LINGERIE SURPRISE

silkstockingslover

A sexy mom cheers up her heartbroken son.

Incest/Taboo

4.69

7.3k words

Summary: A sexy mom cheers up her heartbroken son.

Note 1: This is a Valentine's Day 2019 Contest story, so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert and Wayne for editing this story.

Regifted Lingerie Surprise

I was feeling pretty down and already rather tipsy when my son came into the house, way earlier than he was supposed to be home after a romantic Valentine's Day evening.

I asked, as he trudged in still carrying Angela's gift bag in his hand, "Did you forget something, honey?"

His response broke my heart.

No words, he just began sobbing. He turned his head away trying to hide it from me, but his grief was obviously beyond his control.

First time I'd seen him cry since his father had passed almost a year ago.

"Oh honey," I said, rushing over and pulling him in for a hug. "What happened?"

"She... broke... up with me," he managed between sobs.

"Oh honey," I repeated, rubbing the back of his head and his back, while I thought, *What kind of heartless bitch dumps someone on Valentine's Day?* I then thought, *Well, at least she didn't get her present.*

After a moment he told of her adding insult to injury, "She left me for Mike."

Mike was his best friend. Apparently, in mere seconds his entire world had come crashing down around him.

Bruce and Angela had been dating since their freshman year.

Bruce and Mike had been best friends since middle school.

It was rare not to see all three of them together.

In no scenario could I have imagined this ever happening.

Again, I repeated my motherly condolences, "Oh sweetheart, I'm so sorry."

"I just can't believe it," he said, looking at me so sad, so completely bewildered.

"I can't either," I admitted, likely not helping the situation, but I didn't know what else to say.

"How could they do that to me?" he asked, shifting from hurt to angry.

"I don't know," I said; I really had no answer for this.

As a parent, there's no worse feeling than coming up empty for your child when he's hurting.

I'd felt equally helpless when his father died in a car accident.

I didn't know what to tell him when he questioned why God would do such a thing. The drunk driver had survived, and he'd spent less than three months in jail. A year later, Carl was still dead.

As before, I had no magic wand to fix what had happened today.

"They fucking told me they've been fucking behind my fucking back since fucking New Year's Eve!" he wrenched out, his burst of words filled with the acidic taste of betrayal.

"Oh my God!" I gasped, this double-team stab in the back making a terrible situation even worse.

"Mike apologized profusely and explained it had just happened, and they fell in love," he continued. "Angela was more nonchalant, as if this was no big deal. I'm not sure which hurt... hurts more."

"Oh honey, can I get you something to eat?" I said; some comfort food usually helped me feel better.

He responded, "Not in the mood. How about something to drink?"

I'd let him drink at home since he was eighteen, deciding it was better to have him at home under the influence than somewhere else, especially after my husband's death. Which meant I knew he was someplace safe while he drank... and I wouldn't have to fret at home alone, worrying about what might happen to him.

When Carl had still been alive, we'd been a bit more eager to have Bruce out of the house for several hours during an evening, since our preferred version of lovemaking had gotten very loud and when Bruce was home it was difficult to restrain ourselves.

"You can join me; I'm already on my third glass of wine," I offered, pointing to the more than half-empty bottle.

My son, a super sweet boy, shifted his problems aside and focused on me. "Oh, Mom I'm so sorry, I should have been more considerate. This is your first Valentine's Day without Dad."

I loved that he cared and that he could even set aside his own pain sufficiently to realize and to care about what I was going through; but I didn't want to make this about me, so I brushed it aside, "Oh sweetie, I'm fine."

"No woman is ever fine when they tell you they're fine," he pointed out accurately, something he'd learned from his father.

"I'm okay," I rephrased, downing the remainder of my third glass of wine.

"Same thing, Mom," he pointed out.

"Fine," I began, and then laughed at automatically falling back on my go-to word. "You're right, honey: I've been better," I admitted.

"Oh Mom," he said, hugging *me* this time.

It felt so good to have someone's arms wrapped around me, someone who cared about me, something I hadn't had since the funeral just after Carl had died. There had been lots of hugging then, but it wasn't the same.

When he released me, I consoled, "Well, at least we have each other."

"That we do," he nodded, and went off (still sadly) to get himself a drink.

I poured myself wineglass number four which emptied the bottle, sat back down on the couch, put my feet up on the coffee table, and took another sip.

He returned with a filled glass in each hand as he joked, "I've got some catching up to do."

"Get to drinking then, Mr. Two-Fisted Drinker," I smiled, wondering whether it made me an understanding mom or a bad parent to be drinking with my son.

I mean, he *is* eighteen. That's legal drinking age in Alberta where we live. So it wasn't really wrong. And he wouldn't need to drive home. Not surprisingly, our family had a real thing about impaired driving.

He downed his first whiskey in seconds, and then sat down beside me.

I smiled, "This is turning out to be a great Valentine's Day: I'm spending it with my favourite man." It probably sounded like a bittersweet comment, but I meant it more on the sweet side. I was incredibly fond of my son, and he'd often said he felt the same about me. My parenting had always tended far more towards nurturing than discipline, and in the past two or three years, even before Carl's passing, Bruce had found a good number of occasions to turn the tables and comfort me about something. We'd always been very close, even when he was little.

He smiled warmly at me, saying, "I can't imagine anyplace I'd rather be, Mom."

"You're sweet. A liar. But sweet."

"No lie, I'm serious. I'm sorry I was so thoughtless," he said. "I just came barging in the door making it all about me."

"Oh honey, you have your own life to live," I pointed out. "What those two did to you this evening had to hurt!"

"I know and it did," he nodded. "But I also have responsibilities as the man of the house; as *your* man. That's what I am, you know. I can't let myself wallow in a pity party when you're feeling needy."

I had to chuckle; I'd been quite horny (still was actually), and until he arrived, I'd been planning a lengthy session with my magic wand. "Trust me son, you can't solve all my needs."

Not catching my meaning, he continued, "I'm serious. I'll do whatever you need to make you happy."

My chuckle became a full-fledged giggle, the alcohol getting to me, making me a little too blunt as I stressed the words, "Trust me: *you*, my loving son, can't really solve my *current* need."

"What do you mean?" he asked, so adorably innocent.

"It's been a year," I offered a clue.

"A year since..." he began and blushed bright red as the lightning bulb (a red one) blinked on above his head, "Oh!"

I tried to make a joke of it as I added, "But not to worry, thank God for technology."

"Oh Mom," he sympathized, downing his second drink. "You should get out and find someone."

"It's okay, honey," I reassured him. "I'm not ready to date."

He got up, "I'll be right back."

"No worries," I replied, sipping on my wine.

Once he'd left, I turned and laid myself out so I was using the whole couch, needing to stretch the backs of my legs.

When he returned with his third drink, I began to move my legs to give him a spot to sit, but he stopped me, saying, "Don't move Mom, you look comfortable."

"I am," I admitted.

He surprised me when instead of sitting on another chair or the love seat, he lifted up my feet, sat down and rested them in his lap.

He surprised me again when he took my right foot (no shoe, but nylon stockinged) in his strong hands and began to massage them... just like my husband used to do.

I have diabetes, and foot massages are helpful for my circulation. I audibly moaned when he put pressure on my foot. Not a sexual moan, just one of pleasure.

He said, "Since Dad is no longer around to give you foot massages, I should man up and do them for you."

"You don't have to," I demurred, even though it felt so good, and I definitely didn't want him to stop. To tell the truth, it was beginning to feel sexy, giving me a little embarrassing tingle you-know-where.

"Yes, I do," he insisted, applying firm pressure on my foot, "it's my job to look after you."

"It does feel nice," I admitted, his massage relaxing me and turning me on.

"Anytime, Mom, I'll do anything I can to make you happy," he reaffirmed, massaging each toe individually. Sometimes Carl would do this and then suck each toe between his lips... it felt so good and so erotic, and it really got me revved up. Unfortunately, I couldn't ask my son to do that for me.

"Be careful what you offer," I warned, letting another soft moan escape me. Truth be told, being touched like this for the first time in almost a year was getting my who-ha not just tingling, but wet.

I had to remind myself I wasn't with Carl, but my son. Which was harder to do than you may imagine since they looked so similar and Bruce even had a similar voice to his father's.

"I mean it, Mom," he reiterated, "I'll do things for you anytime." Then I felt a flinch under my feet.

Was that his cock?

Was he getting hard because of me? I was certainly getting wet for him.

"Well, you may be massaging my feet every day, then," I warned him.

"My pleasure," he agreed. After a minute of comfortable silence he observed, "These nylons are super soft."

Carl had been a nylons guy and I was a nylons girl; he'd even admitted later in our relationship that my legs in taupe nylons were the first thing he'd noticed about me. In the eighties I'd started wearing them because they were in style and worn regularly by the popular girls, and I'd wanted to be popular.

In 2018 they weren't particularly popular, although Princess Kate, Katy Perry, Taylor Swift and Beyoncé were bringing them back into style. And my favourite porn site, Brazzers, featured a woman in nylons almost every second day... sometimes even more often.

Yes, I watched porn.

Actually, I watched a lot of porn.

If you don't have a man to come home at night and fuck you, you have to adapt. My coping was assisted by the occasional journey to an adult shop, where I'd bought a vibe (with ten speeds and a variety of vibration patterns), a magic wand (which was indeed magical), a vibrating egg (good for lengthy teasing) and a suction cup wall cock (a big cock that I could bounce back on and ride, although I'd only tried it once, since it had only made me miss Carl and his real cock).

I explained, to my son, not to Carl unfortunately, "I only wear sheer hosiery."

"So I can feel," he said, enamoured by the nylon... like father, like son.

I said as much. "Your father was obsessed by nylons, and especially by my nylon-covered feet." I then added, deciding for some reason to hint at my secret submissive nature, "In fact he made me wear them every day."

"So... Dad's to blame for my strange nylon foot fetish," he deduced, drawing his fingers forcefully between my toes and making me leak.

"You too?" I asked, even though it was becoming rather obvious, judging by the bulge growing under my foot.

"Yeah, that's one of the things Angela finds... *found*... weird," he admitted.

"Today's girls don't put enough effort into their looks, thinking if they wear skimpy outfits showcasing their tits and ass, that's all they have to do," I opined.

"I guess you're right, I don't need to hunt very far to see a lot of cleavage," he agreed.

Continuing my rant I said, "I mean, a woman has two looks. There's her outside appearance, which should be classy with perhaps a bit of sexuality and tease; while underneath, a woman should have sexy and luxurious undergarments in place, ready to display for her man."

He laughed out loud.

"What? I'm serious," I stressed, as he worked on my other foot.

"I know you are Mom, that's what's so funny. Take a look in the bag," he said, reaching down for it and gently tossing it over to me.

"Is this what you were going to give her?" I asked.

"It was," he nodded, before adding, "that, and a promise ring."

"Oh, that stupid girl," I said, shaking my head as I opened the bag. "Oh, this is nice," I nodded, pulling out a cute red teddy with garters attached, and a pair of stockings still in their packaging... Woford stockings... one of the best, if not *the* best, nylons in the world. A brand I'd never purchased, since they're expensive and need to be imported. "Wow!"

"She wouldn't have thought 'wow', she would have thought 'weirdo'," he sighed, again circling each of my toes individually with his magic fingers.

"I've always wanted a pair of these. Where did you get them?" I asked, in awe of the luxury hosiery in my hands.

"eBay," he answered. "They weren't cheap. And now they're yours."

"Really?" I asked, wanting to rush off and try them on right now.

"Sure, I have no use for them now other than for you," he said, then adding a rather strange clause to his sentence: "you're my best girl now."

"Well, I think they're a *lovely* gift." I leaned over to give him a thank-you kiss. It was intended to be just a brief peck on the lips, but he surprised me by literally welcoming me with an accidentally open mouth, turning a mother-and-son kiss into something else... ever so briefly... for a couple of seconds as he kissed me back.

I was startled as I broke the kiss and he stammered, "S-s-sorry! You surprised me, and I didn't have a chance to control myself!"

"It's okay," I said, startled by my own sudden feelings. And his: why should he need forewarning before he could prevent himself from turning a simple family kiss into the passionate zinger he'd just planted on me? That kiss, added to the sensual massage (whether he meant it that way or not), the alcohol, and now my speculations about his feelings for me... had made me a muddled mess. Or in short, I realized I was fucking horny.

Wait right here, sweetie," I said, standing up.

"Okay, he said, probably thinking I was upset about what had just happened, but the truth was that just now I'd impulsively decided to spring a little surprise on him. I traipsed upstairs, wiggling my jeans-clad ass ever so slightly.

Having grabbed his gift bag before I went upstairs, I removed my jeans, my pantyhose, my panties and what the hey my bra too, deciding to go for broke. It would really surprise him if I donned the ensemble he'd bought for that inconsiderate bitch. In spite of what had been happening downstairs and how I'd felt about it, I wasn't planning to seduce him, or even considering incest at the time, I just wanted to show him the lingerie and tease us both a bit. Although in retrospect I think my subconscious must have been planning way ahead of me.

I put on the teddy.

I opened the Wolfords.

I took my time caressing them onto my legs, taking extra care to smooth them out perfectly.

Once I had them on, I tried fastening them to the garters, but I was fumbling helplessly. Apparently I was drunker than I'd thought. Without thinking I called downstairs, "Bruce, could you please come up here and help your tipsy mother?"

"Sure," he called back, as I continued trying to attach the clasps. I'd finally managed one of them when he walked into my bedroom.

"Holy fuck," he gasped, as he skidded to a halt in my doorway.

"Do these look good on your old mother?" I asked, posing sexily with a cocked leg.

"Ummm... First of all Mom, you're not old. Second, yes, you look absolutely stunning," he enthused, staring at me.

His flattering words and his hungry gaze made me feel good about myself, as if I were the prey of a hungry wolf (the downtown kind), and I asked, "Can you help me with these clasps? My fingers aren't working properly."

"Sure, Mom," he agreed, then repeating his earlier promise, as if hinting that if I wished, he was willing to cross the invisible barrier society placed between a mother and son, "anything, anything at all," staring at me with the same admiration as his father used to. (If I didn't know my husband was dead, I could easily mistake my son for him.)

He walked over to me, clearly nervous, and then lowered himself in front of me, his hands trembling.

"You okay?" I asked, looking down at him.

"Y-y-yeah, never better," he stammered unconvincingly, as he attached the front clasp.

It was then I realized what was keeping him so distracted: I hadn't put any panties on! My hairy pussy, which I hadn't shaved or even trimmed since Carl's passing, was no more than a few inches from his face! He could probably even smell how wet I was for him! Perhaps even see the dampness he'd stimulated!

I apologized, not for the absence of panties, but to justify my hairy bush, "Sorry, I've totally neglected my bikini trimming since your father passed."

He seemed to be addressing my pussy as he said, his eyes never leaving the portal he'd passed through to enter the world, "It looks wonderful, Mom."

"You're so sweet," I said. "When your father was alive, I kept my kitty completely shaved," I added, then again hinting at my submissive nature, "he insisted."

"I can imagine! But it looks amazing now, too," he said, reaching his hands to my other leg, but needing to do it by feel since something appeared to be keeping his gaze front and center.

"Thanks," I said, appreciating the compliment.

He adjusted a clasp as he said, "Anytime, Mom, and like I said, anything."

He then knee-walked behind me and did the final clasp. Once it was done, I got a wicked idea.

"Honey, go ahead and feel the silky sheer nylon you just gave me," I offered, wanting to feel his hands on my legs, and figuring he was dying to feel them there as well.

"You sure?" he asked, sounding cautious in case this was a trap, but far from unwilling.

"You've already seen my cunt and neither of us minded," I said bluntly, using the most vulgar word for a pussy possible. A word I loved to moan when my cunt was on fire... and at the moment it was close to a full-blown forest fire I wouldn't be able to quench without someone's assistance.

"Mom!" he gasped at my vulgar tongue.

"I guess you're now old enough to learn that your mother has a pretty wicked tongue," I said.

"I've never heard a woman use that word except in porn," he pointed out.

"You watch porn?" I asked, as he remained on his knees behind me. So I spun around so my wet, scented bush was once again staring directly at him... hopefully tantalizing him with possibilities.

"It's 2019," he said, back to staring at my pussy, my *cunt*, "I think there's a law saying I *have* to watch porn."

"Then I guess neither of us are law-breakers," I retorted, letting on that I too watched porn.

"You watch porn too?" he asked, looking up at my face for the first time in a while.

"Too much of it," I admitted.

"Wow," was all he said.

Adding more innuendo and hints to the possibility of an incestuous evening, I added, "I especially like a Brazzers category where hot MILFs seduce young men with big cocks."

"Mom!" he gasped once again, as I obviously was overwhelming him with shock. "How do you even know what a MILF means?"

"Porn," I shrugged. "Plus, am I not one?"

"My friends all say you are," he revealed.

That flattered me, but I kept going and asked, "But how about you?"

"I already told you I think you're beautiful," he said, appearing dazed by this entire conversation.

"But am I fuckable?" I asked bluntly.

"Mom, I...." he began but I cut him off.

"No, let me try asking this a better way: If I weren't your mother, would you want to fuck me?" I'd realized I'd overwhelmed him with my aggressiveness.

"Yes," he whispered.

"Yes, what?" I asked, wanting to hear him say it. Needing to hear him say it.

"Yes. If you weren't my Mom I'd love to fuck you," he blurted out.

"That's so sweet," I smiled down at him warmly. "I needed to hear that. Now touch my legs. You need to feel how amazing these Wolford stockings are... they're a whole new level of sheer bliss."

"Okay," he said doubtfully, as he lifted a hand only as high as my calf and moved it down cautiously.

"No, use both hands; move them up instead of down and really feel the stocking; savour the silkiness," I insisted. "Pretend I'm the bitch who will remain nameless, except I promise not to be bitchy."

"Okay," he repeated, placing both hands on my leg and this time stroking them up my leg as far as my knee.

"Isn't that amazing?" I asked.

"I've never felt anything like it before," he agreed with awestruck wonder.

"Take your time, your hands feel very nice," I encouraged.

"Okay," he said, becoming entranced by the sheer silk sensation.

"Do my other leg too," I suggested, preferring to have equal attention paid to my legs or my breasts... my own quirky need for equilibrium.

"Okay," he said mindlessly, and he switched legs.

As he did, I pulled the thin straps of the teddy down, and then pulled the teddy itself down to reveal my large 36C breasts.

"A lot of the Brazzers scenes feature MILFs in stockings, and those attractive stockings assist in seducing the young man," I continued, hinting we could stage our very own live version of a Brazzers scene.

"I still can't believe you watch porn," he said, his hands working magic on my legs.

"What? Your mother isn't allowed to fantasize about being fucked by some young stud who can bang me for hours?" I asked bluntly.

"Mom!" he gasped in shock, then got another shock when he looked up and saw my tits were out.

"Seriously!" I continued. "I tend to be hornier now than I was as a teenager, but all I have is toys."

"I'm sorry, Mom, I didn't mean to insult you," he apologized, "I've just always seen you as my mother."

"And therefore, not as a sexual being," I finished for him, feeling and sounding sad.

"I wouldn't go *that* far, Mom. Trust me, what you just said isn't at all true."

"What do you mean?" I asked, as I reached down and pulled him up as he now had access to a third part of my body to stare at (fourth if you include my ass), and I wanted him to have a good vantage point.

"Nothing," he said, as he tried to look into my eyes and not at my firm rack. God, I was having way too much fun driving my son nuts. God, I am so not a good person.

"Tell me," I demanded.

"It's too embarrassing," he whined.

"Honey, I'm more than half naked in my bedroom showing myself off to my son," I pointed out.

"Well... I often masturbate about you," he admitted.

"How can I not?" he asked, "you're so hot."

"Oh honey," I said, pulling him into a big breast-crushing hug. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," he replied. I could tell he'd said that sincerely, but he was also clearly bewildered by this entire conversation.

I backed away from him and asked, "Now can you be completely honest with me?"

"Always," he said, as his eyes were magnetically drawn to my tits.

No way was I about to tell him where my eyes were. *Au contraire!* I knew had a great pair of tits... they were still perfectly firm, but I asked him anyway, still drawing him in. "Do you think Mommy's breasts are still firm?" I didn't notice until after I'd spoken that I'd called them '*Mommy's breasts*'. I wasn't being honest with myself however, for even as I continued debating with myself over whether I was willing to step across the incest line, that line had already been crossed,

He looked up into my eyes nevertheless, but only to ask me the silent question, *Mom, are you really saying it's okay for me to stare at your naked boobs?* I gave him a smiling nod, so he looked openly; he stared at my firm 36C breasts, my hard-as-diamond nipples, and answered, "They're amazing, Mom. To be honest, they're bigger and firmer than the eighteen-year-old bitch's who will remain nameless." I loved that he was using my description of the unfaithful bitch.

"You're so sweet," I crooned as I cupped them. "And what about my nipples?"

"They're very... very..." he began, then paused, unable to continue as he stared at them like a deer in a pair of headlights, and likely felt very much like said deer.

"Very what, honey?" I asked, knowing what I was doing was wrong, yet it felt *oh* so right.

"Um... I... well..." he continued, unable to look away.

"You can tell Mommy anything, son," I encouraged. "We're both adults now."

"Inviting... they're very... inviting," he forced the words out.

"Well you did love on them for almost a year," I teased, as I pulled the sexy teddy back up.

"Oh, Mom," he said sheepishly, as he caught on to my meaning.

"I mean you would just suck and suck and suck," I elaborated, his already red cheeks somehow going even a darker shade.

"I guess that's why I still love sucking on a hard nipple," he shared, not completely rattled by my naughty innuendo.

"So I'm to blame for *both* your nylon fetish and your tit fetish?" I questioned.

"Yes, you're a very bad influence you terrible person, you," he joked.

"I have some presents for you, too," I said, walking to my closet, feeling the heat of his gaze on my naked ass and stocking-clad legs.

"You do?" he asked as I looked back, catching him as he adjusted his cock.

Before I even had time to consider my action, I blew it a kiss. I didn't wait to see his response, but just went into the closet and grabbed a bag from the adult store as I answered, "Kind of."

I returned to him and said, "I bought these for your father for his birthday, but he passed away before I could give them to him."

We sat down beside each other on the bed, and he began exploring the contents of the bag.

First, he pulled out a set of black pyjamas. They were made of silk; the bottoms were no more than shorts, and the top was cut in the shape of a tuxedo jacket with tails, open in the front, with no buttons.

"Try them on," I suggested.

He began to shrug himself into the jacket, but I stopped him. "No dear, get undressed first."

"Really?" he asked.

"Of course," I said. "First, I've seen you naked many times."

"But that was a long time ago," he said.

"Well, you've seen *my* private parts far more recently, and it was 'up close and personal,' by the way, so I should at the very least get to see yours again, now that they're all grown up," I said.

"I guess," he said, his struggling brain still seeming to be in a state of 'is this really happening?'

He removed his shirt to reveal a nice, chiseled chest. My darling boy worked out.

He then removed his pants to reveal a pair of Saxx underwear.

"Nice underwear," I approved.

"Thanks," he said. "They were a present from the bitch who will remain nameless."

"Well, it wasn't a complete waste then," I said, as I stared at my son's crotch, his very hard cock displayed perfectly by a pouch in the underwear that appeared to be tailored specifically so I could drool at my son's dick. Good news: my son inherited his father's big cock.

"They even feel nice," he reported, moving his hands to the sides of the underwear. "They aren't sheer nylon soft, but they're probably as close as it gets for men."

I wondered why men's underwear couldn't be sheer, smooth silk like most of my panties were. "Life is so unfair."

"Tell me about it," he laughed.

"Socks too," I ordered. "No woman wants to see her man in boxer briefs and socks."

"Good advice," he laughed as he pulled off his socks and tossed them away.

"And finally... the *pièce de résistance*, the underwear," I ordered.

"Really?" he asked.

"Like I said, I've seen it before," I pointed out.

"Um, but, I..." he began, obviously concerned about the hard on that against all logic, he seemed to think I didn't already know about.

"Now son, it's only fair since you saw Mommy's cunt that I should see your cock," I ordered firmly, as I admired the rest of his body. Surprisingly, it was hairless everywhere save for the blond hair on his head... which made me wonder if he was hairless around his main attraction as well.

He seemed paralyzed with indecision and nervousness, so I figured fuck it. I marched over to him, dropped to my knees and yanked his last remaining garment down. I imagine my staring at his cock was very similar to his staring at my pussy: I was mesmerized by my salacious view of his long, hard cock, which was indeed hairless. Easily eight inches, even bigger than his father's. "Oh, my," I said. "It's a lot bigger than the last time I saw it."

"Being shaved makes it look bigger," he said, looking down at me.

"Your being a decade older than eight makes it bigger too: it's fucking huge, son," I said. "The biggest cock I've ever seen up close and personal."

"Really?"

I wanted to just take it in my hand and stroke it.

I just wanted to open my mouth and devour this enticing meat.

I wanted to bend over and invite him to pound my pussy.

Yet even after all the adventuresome progress we'd made so far this evening, I still wasn't sure I could go all the way to the finish line.

I stood back up, my hand tracing up the front of his leg, barely missing his cock, and continuing up to his chest. "You're also the first hairless man I've ever seen up close and personal."

"I shaved my body for the swimming team, then I liked the look and feel of it, so here we are," he explained.

"I'm not complaining," I said. "It's really sexy."

"Thanks," he trembled, as my hand traced around his chest area.

"God, are you built," I said.

"I work out every day."

"I bet you do," I said admiring his entire body. After a tense pause, the sexual tension dripping everywhere in the room, I said, "Can you help Mommy with a workout then?"

"Sure," he agreed.

I took his hand and placed it on my breast. "A while ago you promised to do 'anything' for me. Define what you meant by that word, my darling boy."

With a huge grin as I finally answered the question I assume he'd been asking himself for a while, he looked at where I had placed his hand. The fabric was transparent, with his thumb and forefinger lying on either side of my distended, red nipple. Yes, it was very hard. Because I was excited... for him.

He gave it a tweak and recited, now oozing confidence, "I believe the Oxford Dictionary defines 'anything' as a word expressing no limits."

"That's a pretty good definition," I agreed. "But what exactly does it mean at this moment? What exactly are you willing to do *for* or..." I paused for dramatic sexual effect, as I reached for his throbbing cock, "...or *to* Mommy?"

"Anything it takes to make my Mommy happy," he moaned, as I rolled my thumb over his cock head, feeling a bit of sticky precum.

"Is your cock hard because of Mommy?" I asked in a sultry voice.

"Yes... *God* yes," he moaned.

"And is this pre-cum because of Mommy?" I asked, lowering myself before him.

"Yes."

"I've just realized Mommy is a bit hungry," I said, stroking his cock. "Do you have anything I might snack on?"

"Oh Mom," he groaned, as I stroked his cock and moved my mouth to his big balls, full of the warm creamy snack I suddenly had to have.

"Tell me, son," I encouraged him. "Tell me what you're thinking," as I sucked a ball into my mouth.

"Oh, God, Mom," he trembled, as I simultaneously slowly stroked him and sucked on a ball.

"Oh, God, what?" I asked, knowing the power of sucking on balls. Something few women did.

"It feels so good," he said.

"What does?" I asked, as I found the other ball.

"Your sucking on my balls," he answered.

"You like Mommy sucking on your balls?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Do you want Mommy to suck on anything else?" I asked, gliding my tongue up his shaft.

"Fuck," he groaned.

"Don't use such language," I scolded, before adding, wickedly, "unless you use it in a proper sentence, such as, 'Mommy, I'm going to fuck your face.'"

"I can't believe we're doing this," he said.

"Doing what?" I asked coyly, as I wrapped my lips around his cock, sucked and pulled back, making a loud popping sound as it left my mouth.

"This," he said, unable to process properly.

"Me either," I agreed, before adding, as I stroked his cock, "but I want to, baby. I want to be your Mommy-pet. Do you want me to be your Mommy-pet?"

"God, yes," he said, but then qualified that proclamation with, "I just don't want to take advantage of you while you're drunk."

"Oh, honey," I smiled, still stroking his cock. "That's so sweet. But I'm not drunk. Tipsy, yes. Horny, yes. But I know exactly what I'm doing. Whatever we talk each other into doing tonight, I won't be sorry in the morning; I promise."

"You're sure?" he asked, showing himself to be a perfect gentleman. I loved him even more for it.

"I've never been surer in my life," I replied, and then took his cock into my mouth and began really sucking.

"Oh, fuck, Mom," he groaned, as I sucked his big cock.

I bobbed for a dozen strokes before I pulled out and asked, cupping his balls, "So, do you have something for Mommy, baby?"

"A really big load, Mom."

"Will you fill Mommy's tummy with your big load?" I asked. "She's really hungry."

"You really want my cock, Mom?" he questioned, in... finally! ... an authoritative tone.

"Yes, son," I nodded. "Mommy wants your big cock in her mouth and your big load shooting down her throat."

"Then I'm going to fuck your mouth, Mom," he informed me, as he slid his cock back inside me.

A long moan of , "Mmmmmmm," was my only response, since I was too full of cock to talk.

Although no one except my late husband would know this, and very soon Bruce, in the bedroom I loved to be dominated. I couldn't explain it. I had often been ashamed after the fact when I was younger... I was quite the slut in college. But now I knew and had accepted who I was sexually... although until today 'incestuous son sucker' hadn't been on my resumé.

He fucked my face, but only about six inches deep, so deciding to let him know I could take an eight-inch cock all the way in, I grabbed his ass and pulled him forcefully into me... his balls suddenly resting on my chin.

"You want it all then?" he questioned.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned, since my 'speak-al cavity' was occupied by eight inches of hard, throbbing cock.

"You got it," he said, as he grabbed both sides of my head and began really fucking my face.

It had been so long since I'd been used this roughly ... and the fact it was my son doing it had me nearing a mental apocalyptic orgasm.

I wasn't overly surprised when after a couple dozen deep rough thrusts, he warned, "I'm going to come soon, you cum hungry slut."

I was thrilled that he was taking charge. He didn't ask if I was willing to swallow, although I had indicated earlier I was hungry for his load, so I guess he already had reason to know I was willing.

A couple more strokes and his hot cream spewed into my mouth.

I hungrily swallowed it all, as he pumped rope after rope between my hungry lips.

He slowed down once he'd finished depositing his load, and I nursed his cock for another minute before he pulled out, pulled me up and kissed me.

I melted into him as he kissed me with the passion of a lover.

We kissed for a couple of minutes, before he picked me up off my feet, still kissing me, and carried me to my bed.

I expected him to toss me onto it, but instead he lowered me gently down, spread my legs and crawled between them.

"You're hungry for a snack too?" I smiled, as I watched my handsome son slithering his way towards my pussy.

"Starving," he breathed so I could feel his moist heat, and he buried his face in my pussy.

"Ooooooh, yes," I moaned, as his tongue found a path through my abundant pubic hair and began pleasing me.

"You taste so good, Mom," he said, as he licked me bottom to top, over and over again.

"I'll always have homemade pie ready for you," I responded, hinting that this could be more than a one-time thing.

He replied, "I do love homemade pie; and yours is particularly good."

"You'd *better* love Mommy's cooking," I moaned, as his tongue accelerated my already burning libido.

"Love it," he assured me between licks.

I just closed my eyes and allowed him to get me off.

In a couple minutes I was close, and I grabbed the back of my son's head and demanded, "Eat Mommy's cunt son, dive in and get Mommy off."

Aggressively he attacked my clit and plunged two fingers inside me and I erupted.

"Fuck, yes!" I screamed as my orgasm hit, and cum flooded out of me.

He kept licking me throughout my orgasm before I demanded, desperate to be fucked, "Son, it's time for you to become a literal mother fucker."

"You sure, Mom?" he asked.

"Shove that big cock in your Mommy right now, young man," I demanded in a firm, motherly voice.

"God you're hot, Mom," he groaned, as he sat upright, positioned himself between my raised knees, and positioned his cock at my wet peach.

"Fuck your Mommy, baby," I moaned, feeling his cock just parting my pussy lips. "Mommy needs to be fucked so bad, and you did promise you'd do *anything* for me."

"And a promise is a promise," he replied as he slid inside me.

"Oh yes, son," I moaned, beginning to talk nasty like I always did when I was horny. "Fill Mommy with that big mother-fucking cock."

"Oh God, Mom," he groaned, as he began fucking me. "I love when you talk like that."

"When a big cock gets inside me, I become a complete bimbo slut," I confessed, as I wrapped my nylon legs around his butt and pulled him home.

"You're *my* bimbo slut now," he claimed me, as he leaned over and kissed me.

"Your *Mommy*-slut," I corrected, when he broke the kiss.

He grabbed my knees and raised them towards my face, pulled them together, and really began to fuck me deep as he simultaneously sucked on my toes, "I'm going to be the man of the house now."

"The role of the man of the house includes some very specific duties," I pointed out, in a moan.

"I believe one of those duties is taking charge, and I think you'll find me more than capable," he asserted and added, "for example, the slut of the house needs always to be dressed as one."

"In thigh highs?" I asked.

"Exactly," he replied as he sucked on my toes through the nylon fabric while also really pounding my pussy.

"Mommy can do that for you," I moaned, as once again I closed my eyes and allowed my son to fuck me.

And for several minutes he fucked me in this position, before pulling out and silently positioning me on all fours and pounding me from behind, and then shortly afterwards rolling me onto my side and really giving it to me as he cupped my tits.

"Come in Mommy, baby," I moaned, sensing he was as close as I was to a second orgasm.

"You want my cum shooting inside you, Mommy-slut?" he asked, slamming into me hard and fast.

"Yes, yes, come in Mommy," I begged.

"*You... must come... for... me, too,*" he ordered, our breathing getting erratic.

"Yes, *now* baby, fill me *now*," I pleaded with him, holding back as long as I could.

"I'm coming," he grunted, and shot his load inside me, which triggered my own orgasm as I screamed, loud enough to wake the dead, "FUCK!"

He pumped his load inside me as my body quaked with orgasmic bliss.

Once he was done he pulled out, turned me over as his cum leaked out of me slightly, and kissed me.

For several minutes, we just kissed.

When he broke away, he told me sincerely, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, son," I replied, feeling so at peace.

"So, Mommy-Slut-Dearest, you managed to get your innocent and unsuspecting son totally naked, but I never did put on the pyjamas costume in the bag," he reminded me.

"You also didn't pull out the black silk ribbons and blindfold," I added.

"I didn't see them. What were they for?"

"To tie me up," I said.

"Oh," he said.

"But we can save that for my birthday," I smiled, as I slid my nylon-clad foot up his leg.

"That's only two days away," he said.

"And do you know what I want for my birthday?" I asked.

"Anything?" he smiled.

"Close," I smiled. I then asked, "Have you ever ass fucked anyone?"

THE END