

REVENGE OF THE NERD: MOM

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Nerd ends up fucking his mom in an unorthodox way.

Incest/Taboo

4.65

7k words

Summary: Nerd ends up fucking his mom in an unorthodox way.

This is part four of the Revenge of the Nerds Mind Control story. Here is a summary of the first three parts:

BITCH SISTER

Brandon was fired from his job due to the failure of a mind control drug that had major side effects. Humiliated, he moved back home where he perfected the drug and planned to use it to get revenge on the CEO bitch who had fired him. But unsure of the side effects, he decided to test it first on his bitch sister, who became his personal fuck toy.

CHEERLEADERS

Brandon punishes his sister for her disobedience and, wanting to test if the drug has the same effects on each person, decides to add a second slut to his collection in his sister's best friend Becky. Besides testing the effects of the drug, he also decides to sodomize not one, but both submissive cheerleaders.

EX-BULLY'S MOM

Brandon ponders creating a new formula that isn't permanent to get his Mom, whom he respects too much to use the drug on. After some more ass fucking of his sister, he decides to test the drug on a neighbour MILF and mother of an ex-bully.

Thanks to: Robert, goamz86,

Revenge of the Nerd: Mom

A reminder of how the drug itself works when sprayed at a person:

Changes the moral fibre of a person...in reality, it shifts the decision making of the individual to the low standards they have while drunk...but with even more psychological manipulation:

-the person can't lie (like in that Jim Carrey movie 'Liar Liar')

-the person's body feels the need to obey even though their conscious mind argues against such obedience

-the person's sexual libido increases substantially,

-the individual feels constricted by the clothes they are wearing and wants to be naked

-he had also played with the formula to create what he believed would be potentially permanent impacts on the person infected (the original drug only lasted an hour). This was the one thing he was

still very unsure of: it could last a few hours, days, weeks or maybe forever.

After leaving Mrs. Levees triumphant, Brandon texted his best friend Corey and asked if he was free for lunch. He wanted to show him his new drug. Like Brandon, Corey had been bullied throughout high school, but was now working at a bank for the summer before resuming school.

They met at a restaurant and caught up. It was near the end of lunch, when Brandon asked, "Are there any females at work that treat you poorly?"

"Is the sky blue?" Corey responded.

Brandon laughed, "Pretty grey out there at the moment."

Corey shrugged, "Smart ass. Almost all the women there are pretentious bitches, but the main loan officer is a complete bitch."

"What's her name?" Brandon asked.

"Tara," Corey answered, hating the bitch, "Why?"

"I finally mastered it," Brandon replied.

"Mastered what?" Corey asked, intrigued by his friend's strange behaviour.

"The drug," Brandon whispered.

"Fuck off," Corey gasped. They had been talking about 'the drug' since grade nine.

"I'm serious," Brandon smiled. "Want to test it out on that loan officer?"

"Oh my God," Corey said, bubbling with excitement.

"Is that a yes?" Brandon asked.

"Of course, but how does it work?" Corey asked.

"Still playing with it, but generally it alters forever their ability to say no," Brandon explained.

"It's permanent?" Corey asked.

"So far," Brandon nodded, "I do hope to manipulate the chemicals to make different versions of it. But at the moment, one spray and the person, guy or girl, is obedient to any suggestion given."

"Fucking delicious," Corey said, literally shaking with excitement.

"Tell me about it," Brandon nodded, not telling him about experimenting with it first on his my sister. Instead, he said, "I just came from Parker's. I turned him into a faggot and his mom into my slut."

"Fuck off!" Corey said, remembering just how much he hated Parker. He also remembered just how hot Parker's mom was.

"It was awesome," Brandon replied.

"I bet," Corey nodded, giddy with possibilities.

"So, want to try it out?" Brandon asked again, "I owe you at least one submissive cum slut for your personal pleasure."

Corey laughed, "If I can choose anyone, I want Crystal."

"Of course you do," Brandon laughed. Crystal was head cheerleader and the stereotypical blonde, blue eyed, big-breasted bitch seen in every 1980s high school movie.

"She works at her father's law firm," Corey said.

"You stalking her?" Brandon asked, even though he knew that too. Facebook is a great thing.

Corey shrugged, "Maybe a little."

Brandon said, "Well, do you have to go back to work? Or can you skip the rest of the day?"

"Shit," Corey sighed, "I can't miss work."

"Well," Brandon suggested, "Let's go and make this loan manager a slut for you and then once you're bored of her we'll go after Crystal."

"Delicious," Corey nodded.

Twenty minutes later, Brandon was sitting in her office, Corey having slyly cancelled her next two appointments.

"And what can I do for you?" Mrs. Calentine asked, trying to feign interest as the customer looked clearly unqualified to get a loan. Christ, he probably still lives at home with his mother, she thought to herself.

"What do you think of Corey?" Brandon asked.

"Excuse me?" she asked, surprised by the question.

"What do you think of my good friend Corey?" Brandon repeated.

"I don't talk about other employees with customers," she said. Truthfully, she had little use for Corey. He worked hard, but was socially inept. And unfortunately, personality was crucial in the banking world.

Brandon pulled the spray out of his pocket, seeing her distaste for him, and began, "Well, Tara."

"It's Mrs. Calentine," she tersely corrected, unable to hide her annoyance with him.

Ignoring the woman's obvious tone, Brandon added, "He said you're kind of a bitch... Tara."

"What?" she questioned, standing up, instantly pissed.

"Bitch," he repeated, "A pretentious stuck up woman who thinks she is better than everyone else."

"Leave, now," she ordered.

Brandon sprayed his potion in her face.

"What are you doing?" she snapped, going to press the button under her desk which would bring in the security guard.

"Freeze!" he ordered.

She stopped in her tracks. 'Why can't I move?' she thought to herself.

Brandon gave the instructions. "I have sprayed you with a mind control drug. I have taken away your moral fibre and will power. You will obey any order given to you by anyone."

"Fuck off," she replied, his words ludicrous and terrifying.

"Take off your blouse," he ordered.

"There is no way," she began, but felt her body obeying the command. "What the?" she questioned, as she watched herself unbutton her blouse.

He continued with the standard protection disclaimer, "You will never tell anyone about me or Corey or why you have become a cum slut."

"Please," she said, as her last button was unbuttoned. "I'll do anything."

"I can't reverse it," Brandon shrugged. "But if you're an obedient cum slut, I won't make it worse."

As she took off her blouse, she lost it at being called an 'obedient cum slut'. "Get the fuck out of here, you little prick."

Brandon laughed. "Women never learn. You now must have a load of cum on your face every day. Come and get it, cum slut."

"There is no way I'm doing that," she protested, even as she felt her body move towards him.

"And, of course, you will worship my cock like a good cum slut," he ordered. "But first, take off your bra, let's see those fat tits."

She went to slap him in the face, but instead, moved her hands behind her back and unclasped her bra. 'Why can't I control myself?'

As her bra dropped to the floor, she realized she needed to get out of there ASAP and began to scream. "Hel..."

Her scream was short lived as he ordered, "Shut up."

"If you disobey again, I will have you walk out into your bank completely naked and offering free blow jobs to every customer, is that fucking clear?" Brandon asked, as he made a mental note to really focus on all the potential risks when first spraying a person.

Her eyes went wide. She stammered, "Y-y-yes."

"Now get on your knees, fish out my cock and get sucking," Brandon ordered.

Praying she could just blow him and get him out of there, she obeyed.

On her knees, something she rarely did even for her husband, she fished out the prick's dick and was surprised to see how big it was. She took it in her mouth and began bobbing, praying he was a

quick shooter like the boys she sucked and fucked when she was in high school and college.

Brandon smiled as he enjoyed the blow job. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

He quickly texted:

Come on in.

Corey, who was waiting by the door, quickly came in and gasped as he witnessed the bitch sucking cock.

Tara went to move her head away, but Brandon ordered, "Keep sucking, slut."

An order given, she had no choice but to obey, even as she fumed inside. Her career was at risk.

"Holy shit," Corey said, after closing the door, "you did it. You really fucking did it."

"Slut, you are now Corey's pet. You get turned on every time you see him. You instantly crave his cock and will do anything to have it in you. At least until he tells you otherwise," Brandon said adding conditions for the slut.

Tara scoffed to herself. There was no way she could get turned on by a nerd like Corey, even if his dick was as big as this one.

Corey asked, "Can I fuck her?"

Tara's eyes went wide, but she couldn't say anything as she had a mouthful of cock.

"All three holes are yours," Brandon offered.

Tara wanted to beg and plead. She had never taken it in the ass and never wanted to. Yet, all she could do was suck.

"On all fours, Mrs. Calentine," Corey ordered timidly.

"I think she likes slut, or cum slut," Brandon quipped, as he ordered, "don't you dare let my cock leave that cock sucking mouth of yours as you obey Master Corey's order."

She wanted to bite his dick off. Yet, her brain was conditioned to please. She obeyed both orders, now on her hands and knees as she continued sucking. She felt Corey's hands lift up her skirt, rip her pantyhose at the crotch and slide a finger inside her surprisingly wet cunt.

"She's soaked," Corey declared.

"Sluts like her always are once they learn their place," Brandon confidently said, enjoying humiliating anyone who thought they were better than him.

She couldn't figure out why she was so wet. This was humiliating. This was disgusting. Yet, she moaned as Corey fingered her, her own orgasm undeniably, inexplicably, building.

Brandon pulled his dick out of the slut's mouth and ordered, "Look at Corey and tell him what you want."

She obeyed, like she had a choice. As soon as she turned back and saw Corey looking at her she felt a lust she couldn't explain. The words out of her mouth shocked her too, as her whole body

trembled with desire. "Please fuck me, Corey."

Corey couldn't believe it. A couple of simple suggestions and she had turned completely from a cold hearted bitch to a cock hungry slut.

Corey ordered, finally feeling the full breadth of power at his fingertips, "Beg, bitch."

The formally strong-willed no nonsense leader instantly replied, craving the dick of this handsome stud, "Please, Corey, fuck my cunt with that big dick of yours." As soon as she said it she prayed he did indeed have a big dick.

Brandon offered, "Go get it nice and ready for your slut box."

Wanting Corey's dick more than she had ever wanted a cock before, she quickly went to him, fished out the already hard six inch cock that was smaller than the one she was just sucking in length, but wider in girth and took it in her mouth.

She bobbed like a porn star. She wanted his cock; she wanted his cum.

Brandon put his dick away, figuring he would just fuck his sister when he got home, when he said, "She also must have a load on her face every day."

"That I can probably assist with," Corey groaned, about to erupt in under a minute.

"Have fun with your plaything," Brandon said. He then added, "you love cum on your face, slut. The second your face is splattered with cum you will orgasm no matter where you are."

Tara grimaced at the command as she continued bobbing on Corey's cock.

"Thanks buddy," Corey said, as he pulled out and shot a load all over his boss's face.

She had always hated facials. She had thought they were demeaning. Yet, as Corey's cum splattered her face her whole body trembled and she moaned, completely shocked as the demand came true, "Oh God, shit, I'm coming."

"Wow," Corey said, as more cum shot out of his dick, "you are amazing."

"Her or me?" Brandon asked, with a smile.

"Both," Corey laughed, shoving his dick back in her mouth, "but for very different reasons."

"I'll be in touch," Brandon said.

"Sounds good," Corey nodded, as he pondered fucking her over her expensive mahogany desk.

Brandon left as an idea on how to maybe make the chemical not as permanent suddenly popped into his head.

Brandon drove home excited with the sudden revelation, a revelation that if he was right, was a rather simple way to alter the drug. Although he planned to use the powerful stuff for his revenge plan, he wanted the power to control the extent of the drug. He felt a little bad at his rash decision to test it first on his sister. Oh sure, she was a bitch and needed to be taught a lesson, but he wished he would have experimented on people he didn't care about first, like that loan officer bitch or Mrs. Levees.

Brandon walked into the house and was in deep thought when he heard a voice that made him stop in his tracks.

"Hey, asshole, welcome home," Mrs. Levees greeted, smiling smugly.

Brandon turned into the living room and gasped. His mother was completely naked, gagged, tied to a kitchen chair, with a cucumber in her cunt and something in her ass. Yet, what he couldn't stop looking at was his mother's big tits.

"What? Got no witty comment?" she asked, glowing in her revenge. She had taken lots of pictures on her phone and even filmed the mother of Satan fucking herself with a cucumber.

Elizabeth watched in confusion. Sharon had told her that her son had drugged her and raped her. When she didn't believe her rambling neighbor, she was overpowered by her and forced to strip at knifepoint. Fearing for her life, she obeyed and listened to even more ridiculous ramblings about her son creating a drug that took away the capacity to say no. She was then tied up with her own pantyhose. She had watched in bewildered awe as her neighbour went between her legs, and licked her to orgasm. She tried to deny the pleasure, but Sharon licked and licked until she couldn't take it anymore, her first orgasm at the tongue of another person in years, her husband the last over four years ago, before he died in a car accident.

Elizabeth was then forced to fuck herself with a cucumber and insert a long thin carrot in her ass as Sharon explained, "Your son sodomized me, I'm returning the favour." Elizabeth, although not a slut by any stretch, had always enjoyed anal sex and even had anal toys in her bedroom, so the carrot in her ass didn't really cause the pain she pretended it did.

Elizabeth, though, was mortified to have pictures of her taken in such compromising positions.

"You really are a slow learner," Brandon sighed, feeling guilty that his revenge plan had put his mother in such a compromising position. "Take the cucumber out of my mother, and shove it in your asshole now."

Elizabeth couldn't believe how firm her usually mild-mannered son was.

He added, "And keep fucking your fat ass with it until you come."

Mrs. Levees gasped. As she went to grab the cucumber she threatened, waving her phone, "If you don't fix me, I'm sending these pictures of your mother in very compromising positions to the internet."

"You haven't sent them yet?" Brandon asked with a laugh. Suddenly realizing he could still fix this. "Give me your phone."

"Fuck," she said, as she pulled the cucumber out of the bound Elizabeth. She handed him the phone and pulled down her skirt to put the cucumber in her ass, realizing she had fucked up royally.

Elizabeth couldn't believe it. Everything Sharon said seemed to be true.

"Maybe the bimbo command has already taken place," Brandon quipped, as he looked at the pictures.

Elizabeth was confused at what had transpired and mortified that her son could see her like this and equally mortified that he was looking at pictures of her in very compromising positions. She tried

talking through the panties gag in her mouth.

Brandon looked up and apologized, as he went to his mother, "Sorry, Mom," as he pulled the tape slowly off his mother's mouth.

Once off, Elizabeth spit out the panties and said "Can you please untie me?"

"Of course," Brandon nodded, staring at his mom's tits.

"And stop looking at my tits," she scolded, even though she was flattered.

"Sorry, Mom," he apologized, feeling guilty for what his carelessness had put her through and yet completely horny at the same time.

Once untied, she stood up, pulled the carrot out of her ass, and in a wrath of spite, walked over to Sharon and shoved it in her mouth. "Eat it all, bitch."

Sharon had no choice but to obey the disgusting order.

Elizabeth walked out of the room and Brandon quickly processed what he should do next. He watched with amusement as Mrs. Levees fucked herself with a cucumber in her ass, standing all the while. It was a rather hilarious sight.

Deciding he had an opportunity here to tempt his mom, he ordered, "Come and suck my cock, slut, but keep that cucumber in your ass."

Sharon glared at him, but had no choice but to obey. She moved to him, dropped to her knees and fished out his cock.

She was bobbing on Brandon's cock for about a minute, still fuming at her own ineptitude at not sending the pictures.

Brandon wondered what the odds were that he could end up fucking his mom without using the drug.

A couple minutes later, Elizabeth returned and gasped. She was shocked by two things. One: that she was watching her neighbor suck off her son. Two: that her son was doing this in her house, knowing she was home.

Although Brandon didn't look back at his mom, he sensed she was behind him, and ordered, "Faster, slut. Good cock whores know how to deep throat a cock. And until you take my load on your face you will slap your clit but not come, and we both know you desperately want to come."

Mrs. Levees had no choice but to obey, as she began slapping her clit while deep throating the big cock.

Brandon groaned, another minute later, "Beg to have your face coated in cum."

As Sharon continued tapping on her clit, her orgasm close, she begged, "Please spray your cum all over my face."

"Because you're a dumb bitch," Brandon pointed out.

"Yes, the dumbest," she agreed, willing to say anything to finally come, desperate to come, even if the act was utterly demeaning.

Elizabeth watched in awe of her son's powerful persona. She listened to the degrading talk and couldn't help but feel herself getting undeniably horny... reminiscing about her husband and his dominant persona.

Brandon grunted and splattered the bitch's face.

Instantly, with cum hitting her face, Sharon screamed, "Fuuuuuuuuck," as her orgasm exploded out of her.

The mother, now in a robe, after watching the sex act for a minute or so, her pussy getting undeniably tingly, asked, trying to be firm, "What is going on here?"

Turning around, his dick still hard, "Oh, Mom."

"Put your penis away," she ordered, even as she tried not to stare at her son's very impressive big cock, even bigger than her husband's.

Brandon did as Elizabeth ordered, pulling his underwear and pants up, "And you, dumb slut, keep that cucumber in your ass until supper and then cut it up and serve it to your family."

"Please no," Sharon gasped.

"Now get the fuck out of here before I add more tasks," Elizabeth ordered.

Sharon reluctantly left, her head spinning with the consequences of her actions.

The mother asked her son, "So it's all true. Everything Sharon said is true."

"What did she say?" Brandon asked.

"That you created a drug that controls people's minds," Elizabeth said, even though it seemed rather obvious.

"Yeah, kind of," he nodded, sheepishly.

"Kind of isn't an answer," Elizabeth said, always hating generic answers.

"Then yes," Brandon nodded. "And I needed subjects to test it on."

"That is so wrong," the Mom said.

"I only use it on people who deserve it," Brandon answered.

"Who deserves it?" she asked, thinking how hot it was to see the bitch who had molested her be put in her place.

"Anyone who is a bad person," he answered.

"So you're playing God?" the Mom asked.

"I never thought of it like that," Brandon admitted.

"You need to stop," the Mom said, saying it both for her son and herself as she was already thinking of a nasty revenge on that bitch.

"I suppose." Brandon said, even though he had no intention of actually doing that.

Elizabeth added, seeing that her son wasn't really listening, "You know she snooped in your room."

Brandon was thankful that he put all his data and extra drug mix in a safe and replied, "It's all locked away."

"So you really raped her?" the mother bluntly accused, still shocked by her son's laissez faire attitude as well as the tingling in her loins.

"It's not that simple," Brandon said, guilt coursing through him at the look of disappointment on her face.

"Did you have sex with her?" she asked, even though she knew the answer.

"Yes," Brandon nodded.

"Did she consent?" she asked.

"Eventually," Brandon replied, before explaining, "the drug makes anyone unable to say no to instructions."

"Any instructions?" the mother asked, trying to understand it... curious as to its full scope. The idea of just being told what to do turned her on, like it had with her husband years ago.

"Yes," Brandon nodded. "And she was the test case," Brandon explained, ignoring the part about his sister being the real first.

"Why her?" Elizabeth asked, even though she had always hated the bitch.

"Her son was a bully to me throughout high school and she did nothing to stop it," Brandon answered honestly.

"So you're taking revenge on people who treated you badly?" Elizabeth asked... kind of understanding after what had happened to her the past hour.

"Yes," Brandon nodded. "The drug was supposed to be made for the military and interrogations, but when it failed I was fired."

"Oh," was all the mother said, trying to wrap her head around all this.

"But since the funding was cut, and I knew I was close, I have worked on it at home until I mastered it," he explained, "and now I have."

"Except for the collateral damage," she pointed out, pointing to herself.

Brandon understood she was talking about having been tied up and used. "I will make sure that never happens again."

"You better," she said, trying to focus on being a mother and not revenge or the fact that she could still visualize his penis. Christ, she could draw it for a police interrogator, it was still burned in her

mind (it had been years since a real cock was in her... settling for a variety of toys instead), "but I want you to promise you will stop this. It's dangerous."

Suddenly Sharon was back, having left her house keys on the table.

"Why are you back?" Elizabeth asked, glaring at the bitch.

"I forgot my keys," the neighbour replied.

"Bark like a dog," Elizabeth ordered, wanting to test the full spectrum of this drug.

Sharon immediately began barking.

"Chase your tail," Elizabeth instructed, amused by this.

Sharon began running in a circle while barking.

Brandon watched his mom being entertained and wondered if she would enjoy the power of having her own pet.

Elizabeth was in awe as she watched amused. She turned to her son and asked, "So, she literally obeys every demand?"

"Every one," Brandon nodded, amused at watching Sharon barking and running in a circle.

"Stop," Elizabeth ordered, the barking sound now annoying.

Sharon instantly did, thankful as she was getting dizzy.

Brandon turned to Sharon wanting to clarify his earlier error. "You will never do anything to reveal the truth. You will never try to harm my family in any way. Any attempts and I make every member of your family into complete cum sluts in the porn industry. Is that clear?"

"Yes," Sharon nodded, completely exhausted and defeated.

"Good," Brandon said, before turning to his mom, "do you want to add anything to her conditioning?"

Elizabeth, who hadn't come in months from a real person, and having enjoyed the earlier orgasm completely, shocked both her son and Sharon, by saying impulsively, "Yes, you will be in my garage at 7:30 to give me a morning orgasm before I go to work."

Sharon gasped.

Brandon gasped.

Elizabeth asked, enjoying the power she suddenly had, "Is there a problem?"

"No," Sharon said, shaking her head. At least she would get her daily pussy quota filled that way.

Brandon explained, "You will be doing her a favour."

"How?" Elizabeth asked.

"One of her conditions is to eat a pussy a day," Brandon explained, shocked at the turn in the conversation.

"Well," Elizabeth smiled, realizing she had just ordered lesbian sex in the morning in front of her son, "consider me your daily quota, slut."

"Okay," Sharon nodded, somewhat thankful that her daily pussy task was going to be much easier than she had imagined.

"Now go, and remember, one slip up and your husband and son are making incest gay porn videos," Brandon explained.

"Yes, Master," Sharon replied, understanding her situation was, at least at the moment, completely out of her control.

Once she was gone again, Brandon asked, "You're not mad?"

"I've always hated that bitch," Elizabeth replied, liking the idea of having her own personal pussy pleaser at her beck and call. "But that doesn't excuse what you did."

"I know, Mom," Brandon nodded, "but the drug has many benefits."

"Yeah, you can fuck anyone you want," the mother shot back.

"Yes, I can," Brandon nodded, suddenly wanting his mom and liking her swearing.

"Don't you dare," Elizabeth said, instantly recognizing the tone in her son's voice.

"Mom," Brandon said, "I would never use it on you. I have only used it on people I want revenge on. On bitches."

"Good," Elizabeth said, although the idea wasn't as taboo as it would have been twenty minutes ago, before adding, "but I don't want you using it anymore."

"Mom," Brandon said, "I can't lie to you. I do plan to use it to get my job back."

"And that will be it?" she asked, as she glanced down and saw that her son's dick still seemed hard in his tight jeans, which he had put on when caught in the act.

"I hope so," he nodded.

She shook her head, unable to get the idea of fucking her son out of her head, thinking he was likely thinking the same thing, "I can't believe I just ordered Sharon to come and see me tomorrow."

"You have a little mean streak in you," Brandon quipped.

"No one messes with my son," she shrugged, trying to focus on being a mother even as she suddenly saw her son in a new way.

"Trust me," Brandon nodded, noticing his mom looking down at his crotch, "Not anymore."

Curious, she asked, opening the door ever so slightly, "Did you consider using it on me?"

Brandon was surprised by the question. After a pause, "Honestly?"

"No, lie to me," she joked.

He laughed, sensing something was happening here, "You were the first woman I jerked off to."

"Really?" she asked, surprised and flattered.

"Mom, you know you're absolutely gorgeous," he said. "All my guys call you a MILF."

"Really?" she asked again, flattered.

"And the nylons every day has become my fetish," he added.

"Just like your father," she said.

"Really?" Brandon asked.

"He made me wear them all the time," she continued, before adding, shifting to flirtatious, "He even bought me crotchless pantyhose and thigh highs for... you know."

"No, I have no clue," Brandon said, playing dumb.

"You know," she said, not wanting to say it... and finding his innocence, even after this twisted power concoction he had created, rather sexy.

"No, what are thigh highs?" he asked, even though he definitely knew what they were, but could sense a flirtation growing between the two of them.

"They are pantyhose that only go to your thighs," she explained.

"Oh, those sound sexy," he said, still feigning obliviousness.

"Oh they definitely are," she nodded, wishing she was wearing some right now to show him and then feeling silly for thinking that. She had been wearing pantyhose when she was forced to strip earlier and then tied up with them.

"So you are going to let Mrs. Levees go down on you every morning?" he asked, wanting to keep the conversation going.

She wasn't sure what to say to this. So she went with the truth. "It had been years since I had an orgasm from another person before today." After a pause, she added, "I have to admit I liked it. I almost forgot what it was like to have such an orgasm."

"Oh," he said. "I guess I haven't seen you with any men since dad died."

"I didn't think it was fair for you and Carrie," she answered, her pussy still burning.

"Well, it's not fair that you should not be allowed to have sex because of us," he said, moving closer to her.

"Well, now I have my own plaything," she shrugged, seeing a look in his eyes... the same look his father had when he was about to take control.

Brandon took the risk. He leaned in and kissed her.

She was surprised by the kiss... confused by her mixed feelings of: 'about fucking time' and 'this is so wrong'.

She didn't respond at first as she dealt with her dual personas: a caring mother and a horny woman.

Brandon kept kissing tenderly until she returned the kiss.

She hadn't kissed a man in years and her moral resistance melted away quickly as she returned the kiss with a sudden urgency and passion. She forgot completely that it was her son, forgot completely she was his mother, instead she just gave into the long dormant sex drive (minus her many toys).

Brandon, confident she would obey, broke the kiss, put his hands on her shoulders and guided her to her knees.

She was surprised and turned-on by her son's sudden powerful persona. She allowed herself to be guided to her knees as she looked up at her son and asked, sexily, "And what do you want me to do down here?"

"Pull out my cock," he ordered.

Somehow being ordered by her son turned her on and the taboo of incest only enhanced her lust as she asked, "You want your mother to suck your cock?"

"Yes," he nodded, giddy that this was happening and yet trying to remain confident and in control, "now pull it out."

This was the moment of decision. She could end this immoral incestuous act before it really got started or she could give in the insatiable lust burning through her.

The decision was made quickly.

She moved her hand and unzipped her son's pants. She wanted that big dick in her hands, in her mouth and in her pussy... and maybe even her ass. She smiled that that would likely shock her son.

Brandon watched in awe and delirium as his mother, his greatest fantasy, pulled his cock out and stroked it.

"Wow," she purred, as she stroked the already fully erect shaft, "you're even bigger than your father."

That somehow made another chill go up his spine at the reference. "And I bet you miss his big dick, don't you?" he asked, tempted to call her a slut, but holding back.

She didn't even hesitate as she admitted, "God, yes."

"Suck it, Mom," he ordered, "get it nice and ready for that sweet pussy of yours."

"Did you just tell your mother to suck your cock?" she asked, smiling wickedly as she continued stroking it.

"If you want to be technically accurate," he corrected "I actually told you to suck it and prepare it for me to fuck you."

"What's gotten into you?" she purred, impressed by her meek son building such a strong persona.

"I know what's about to go into you," he retorted as he slid his cock in his mom's open mouth.

'Oh God', she thought to herself as her son was using her like his slut. The cock now officially in her mouth, the act of incest undeniably occurring now, she became the submissive slut she used to love being. She began bobbing on her son's cock, taking half of it in. Apparently, sucking cock was like riding a bike... no matter how long you went without doing it, the skill came back naturally.

Brandon groaned, turned on by the incest too, "That's it, Mommy, suck my cock."

The word 'Mommy' turned the hungry mother on and she asked, "Do you want Mommy to take your entire dick in her mouth?"

"You think you can?" he challenged.

"Is that a challenge?" she asked, as she licked his entire shaft.

"Sure," he shrugged, loving watching his mother willingly suck him.

She took his cock back in her mouth and began bobbing furiously, each forward bob taking more and more of his long, thick cock.

"Oh yes, Mommy," he groaned, "suck my dick."

She was determined to take it all in her mouth and focused on controlling her breathing and gag reflex as almost the entire cock filled her mouth.

Brandon watched his cock disappear in and out of his mom's mouth in awe. He was thankful he had shot his load in Mrs. Levees earlier, for otherwise this would already be a done deal.

She kept bobbing and finally had her son's entire cock in her mouth. A chill went up her spine at accomplishing the mammoth task.

After a minute of deep throat pleasure, deciding he had to fuck her, he ordered, "Bend over the couch, Mom."

She allowed his dick to slide out of her mouth and asked, "You want to fuck Mommy?"

"It's what I've wanted my entire life," he responded back.

"Well, time to make fantasy reality," she smiled, standing up, walking over to the couch and bending over. "Come and fuck, Mommy, baby."

"Those are words I have indeed fantasized about for years," he said, as he walked over to her and put his hands on her hips.

"Just slam it in Mommy, baby," she begged, her pussy desperate to be fucked. "Mommy needs it so bad."

Brandon wasn't going to argue. He slid his cock inside his mom's volcanic warmth and moaned loudly as his greatest fantasy came to fruition.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "Fill Mommy's cunt with that big cock."

Hearing his mother use the word 'cunt' only enhanced this already perfect moment. Once all in, he didn't tease her, he fucked her. Hard.

"Yes, yes, yes," she said, in instant euphoria. "Pound Mommy's pussy."

And for a few minutes he did, the entire time listening to his Mom's wicked tongue... a side of her he never imagined existing.

"Oh yes, plug my cunt with that big dick," "Oh my God, son, keep fucking me hard," "Your cock feels so fucking amazing in Mommy's box," and "Oh yes, Mommy's coming," she finished with as her orgasm erupted through her.

Brandon kept fucking his mom throughout her orgasm as his own began bubbling.

After another minute, sensing from her son's groans that he was close, she got even nastier, "Oh yes, you bastard, you mother fucker, are you going to come in your Mommy's cunt?"

Ironically, he was pondering where he should shoot his load. Every time so far it was about humiliating a woman whether his sister, her cheerleading friend or Mrs. Levees. So he shot on their faces or down their throats, but this time was different. He asked, "Can I come in you?"

"All three of my holes are yours for filling, baby," she added another shock to her son, "just fill me with your cum."

Hearing his Mom offer up her ass was the final straw as he instantly erupted inside his mom's volcanic box.

"Oh yes, mother fucker, fill me with your seed," she moaned, always loving the feel of a load shot inside her, whether in her mouth, cunt or ass. She also didn't mind getting a facial or taking it on her tits or ass, but preferred it inside her.

"Fuck," he groaned, as he pumped his entire load deep inside her.

Once he stopped pumping, the hungry mother, wanting to show her son just how big a slut she was, spun around, dropped to her knees and took his cock back in her mouth... always loving tasting herself on a dick (she often sucked her own pussy cum off her sex toys after finishing an orgasm).

The mother was slowly bobbing lavishly on her son's dick when she froze in mid bob.

"Oh my God," came Carrie's voice, coming home early hoping for a load of her brother's cum as she was incredibly hungry.

Brandon didn't see his sister, but knew he had to take control ASAP. "Hi, my slut, come and get my cum out of Mom's cunt."

Elizabeth looked up as her son took his cock out of her mouth with a look of shock on her face.

Carrie asked, as she walked to her mom to obey the command and retrieve the cum she hoped would satisfy her hunger, "You did Mom too?"

"It's a long story, but no," he answered, as Carrie reached them.

"On your back, Mom," Carrie ordered, eager to get the cum and somehow curious to taste her mother.

The mother obeyed, even as she looked up at her son confused, "Did you test the drug on your sister?"

"Unfortunately, she was my first test case," Brandon admitted, as Carrie buried her face in her mom's leaking pussy... some cum visible.

"You didn't?" Elizabeth moaned, as her daughter's tongue made contact.

"If I could go back in time I probably would have chosen someone else," he admitted, "but she had always been such a bitch to me."

"And me too," Elizabeth moaned, thinking of the horror Carrie had been since she turned fifteen and became the spawn of Satan.

Carrie just licked, her craving for cum being satiated by licking her mom's pussy, which was surreal and nasty.

"So Carrie will obey anything I tell her too?" Elizabeth asked.

"She can't say no," Brandon nodded.

"This is too good to be true," Elizabeth smiled, as she grabbed her daughter's head and ordered, figuring she had already committed one incestuous sin, she may as well commit a second act... her daughter's tongue feeling really good on her pussy. "Get Mommy off, Carrie."

Brandon watched in awe the lesbian incestuous act, his cock already stirring.

Carrie licked eagerly both because she was ordered to and also because it turned her on.

For a few minutes Brandon watched, Elizabeth moaned and Carrie licked.

Once Brandon was hard again, he moved behind his sister and decided he was going to fuck both their asses.

As Brandon moved behind his sister, his mom screamed, "That's it, baby girl. Lick Mommy's cum."

Carrie obeyed, enjoying the sweet taste of her Mommy's cum as she felt her brother's cock slide into her ass. She moaned, "Oh yes, big brother, fill my ass."

Elizabeth was instantly jealous. She wanted a cock in her ass too. Even as her orgasm continued coursing through her, she moved onto her knees and purred, "Don't forget about Mommy's ass."

Brandon smiled, today becoming the perfect day. He pulled out of Carrie's ass and slid into his Mom's ass, and grunted, "Take it all, Mommy."

"Go make supper, Carrie," Elizabeth ordered, thinking she now had a live in maid as well. "Your brother and I have some catching up to do."

"Mom," Carrie whined, wanting her ass filled.

"Now, Carrie," Elizabeth ordered, as she began bouncing back on her son's cock, taking the entire cock up her butt.

"Fine," Carrie sighed, unable to disobey.

"Now ream my asshole, son," she moaned, continuing to slam her ass back on his dick.

"Don't you mean mother fucker?" Brandon asked.

"Actually, three hole mother fucker," she quipped back, as all three of her holes had already been filled.

"Best day ever," Brandon declared out loud as he watched his hot nurse Mom bounce back on his cock with reckless abandon.

"I couldn't agree more," the mom moaned, working her ass off, literally.

The End... for now.

Coming in 2016 the conclusion of **Revenge of the Nerd...Takeover Orgy**