

# WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER ASS

***silkstockingslover***

*Mother offers 18-year-old son her last remaining hole.*

Incest/Taboo

4.7

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**Summary:** Mother offers eighteen-year-old son her last remaining hole.

**Note 1:** This is part three of a continuing incest series. I highly recommend you read the first two parts as the layered subplots may be confusing without the background information. But just in case:

In **What Mom Doesn't Know Will Fuck Her** Eighteen-year-old Curtis attends a Halloween party in his absent Dad's costume and tricks his Mom into fucking him.

In **What Mom Knows Fucks Her Again** The next day Curtis fucks his Mom and her hot friend.

**Note 2:** Thanks to the many people who voted, commented and made suggestions for this series.

**Note 3:** Thanks to Goamz86 for reading an early draft of this story.

**Note 4:** Thanks to Estragon for his copy-editing expertise. A massive rewrite occurred in December 2018 by Tex Beethoven

## WHAT MOM KNOWS FUCKS HER ASS

The next three weeks were a whirlwind of sex.

That first night (after my crazy threesome with my Mom and my new MILF girlfriend Miranda), after a good nap to recover, I made it to the TV station half an hour early.

Security wouldn't believe me so I had to text Miranda, who came and pulled me inside, her tongue greeting me as soon as we cleared the door.

She entwined her fingers with mine and led me into the news studio where I was promptly introduced to her ex, Mark.

"Mark, this is my new boyfriend Curtis," she said, her arm hooked in mine.

Mark looked at me with such disdain I was rather nervous. Ignoring me completely as a threat, he replied to Miranda, "Isn't he a bit young for you?"

"Isn't Brittany a little dumb for *you*?" she countered sharply.

"Whatever," he said, walking away having totally dismissed me from any importance. I was inclined to return the assessment, no matter how many times I'd seen his professional charm on TV.

Miranda's smile was big as she pulled me into her dressing room for a quick blow job. As soon as the door was closed, my fantasy jerk-off woman for all these years was on her knees, devouring my

cock. Once she had swallowed my seed, she stood back up and kissed me sweetly, her tongue darting between my lips, the last remnants of my cum returned to me for recycling.

I watched the show live, which was surprisingly boring yet frantic, and once it was done Mark marched up to me for a face to face.

"How old are you, kid?" he asked, sizing me up.

"Eighteen."

"You know she's just using you, right?"

I shrugged. "Well, if that's true there could be worse things to be used for."

He ignored my jibe and just went to threatening me. "I don't want to see you around here again."

Miranda showed up just as Mark was poking me in the chest with his finger to emphasize his point and I was doing my best to look unimpressed. Miranda joked, "Mark, you already had your chance with me. Leave my lover boy alone."

He sarcastically agreed, "'Boy' is the right word."

Miranda shot back. "Be careful about your word choices, tiny. Curtis is a real man and unlike someone I could mention he can get it up more than once. On that note Curtis, let's see how many times you can get it up today. So far your count is four if I recall. Ready for one or two more?"

She grabbed my hand and pulled me along as I blushed like an embarrassed schoolboy. Once we were in her room she closed the door and tore off my clothes. "Curtis, I am so fucking horny. I want you in me right *now*."

Like a kid in a candy shop, I grabbed at everything. I squeezed her ass, I cupped her breasts and I slid a finger inside my dream woman's wet pussy. Each action had her moaning like a porn star and gasping like she was down to her last breath.

Once we were on her couch, I dove between her legs and sampled her heavenly taste. On first contact her moans increased and they continued as I eagerly lapped her pussy. I don't know if I was that good or she was just that horny, maybe both, but she came hard only a couple of minutes in. As soon as she was done, she straddled my rock-hard cock (number five of the day) and bounced up and down on it. She easily devoured all eight inches and I just watched in complete awe as my most frequent stroke fantasy other than my Mother rode me. She purred, "Do you like this, Curtis?"

"Fuck yes," I moaned.

"I love your quick recovery time, stud," she moaned.

Acting studly, my confidence brimming, I bragged, "I can go all night."

She smiled, "Don't make promises you can't keep. I've just hit my sexual prime and I crave cock constantly."

My balls bubbling from the reality that Miranda Collington was my girlfriend and was riding my cock with reckless abandon, I grunted, "I'm not going to last much longer on this go-around."

I expected her to get off me, but instead she bounced faster as she begged, "Then fill my cunt with your cum, baby. I want to feel it explode inside me. Come baby, come for Miranda!"

I needed no further encouragement as I shot my load deep inside her. She didn't miss a beat as she continued riding my cock, milking every last drop of my cum. Finally getting off me, she knelt down and kissed me passionately. One would think I'd be spent after five loads today, two in my Mom and three more in Miranda, but my cock never faltered.

We chatted for a few minutes, where I learned Mark's wedding was to be in Las Vegas and she wanted me to accompany her for a four-day trip. I couldn't believe my past twenty-four hours: I'd first fucked my beautiful Mom last night and I'd begun fucking a local celebrity today. Life couldn't get better than this...could it?

One more lengthy fuck and I headed home, exhausted with my cock raw. Even at my horniest I don't think I'd ever even *stroked* myself six times in one day. I crashed in my bed still dressed and fell into a deep sleep.

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I was awakened the next morning by my Mother's lips wrapped around my cock. That is easily the best way in the world to be awakened...a blow job from your Mother. Even though I'd shot six loads the day before, it didn't take long to get me stirring. Once I was awake, Mom straddled me and her hot lava engulfed my just awakened cock and she said, "I hope Miranda didn't wear you out, I need some quality time with my son."

"Like you promised, she's a minx," I moaned as Mom bounced up and down on my cock, "but I'll always have time for you, Mom."

"You say the sweetest things," she purred, squeezing her breasts together and leaning forward. I took a stiff nipple in my mouth and bit down gently.

She let out a soft moan and teased, "Don't leave any incriminating evidence."

I bit harder and teased back, "Is my Mommy-slut telling me what to do?"

She moaned, "Yes, I am. Now fuck me, big boy."

Never one to refuse such a request, I began bucking my ass up, my cock pistoning inside her like a well-oiled machine. Her luscious breasts bounced in my face and her moans of pleasure increased proportionately. "Oh god baby, fuck Mommy. Your cock feels so good in Mommy!"

Her constant reference to being my Mommy only made it hotter, a constant reminder of the taboo act we both were participating in so eagerly.

"You love my cock, don't you, Mommy?" I asked.

"I fucking do love it, son. I can't get enough of your big stiff cock," she moaned, as I continued to fuck her.

Getting tired from this position, I ordered, "On all fours, Mommy. I'm going to fuck you like a dog, like you're my pet...my pet Mommy."

"Oh God, Curtis. That is so fucking hot," my sexy Mother replied, obeying my order and getting on all fours.

Getting behind her beautifully tight ass, I put my hands on her hips and allowed my cock to roam and tease, rubbing against her lips, but not inside her. Mom, who's never been overly patient demanded, "Shove your cock in me, Curtis, now!"

I spanked her ass gently before sliding my cock inside my Mother's warm cauldron. "Sooooo demanding, Mom."

"Aaaah, fuck, yes," she moaned the instant I filled her. "I can't believe how good you feel inside me, son."

"Right back atcha, Mom."

My first load of the morning never came quickly and this time was no different. But after some serious hardcore fucking of my Mom, I felt my balls boiling and I warned, "I'm going to come soon, Mom."

With lightning speed, my Mom turned around and devoured my cock with her perfect cock sucking lips. She furiously bobbed back and forth like the eager slut she was and I rewarded her with a very full load of cum! Dear God, that was good! Much more slowly now but swallowing every drop, she continued bobbing up and down on my cock until I asked her to stop, the sensations now making me have to pee.

When I returned from the washroom my sexy Mother was lying in my bed waiting for me. She said, strangely like an insecure teenager, "Don't you forget about your Mother's needs, now that you're spending so much time with your boyhood fantasy girl."

I corrected her. "Oh Mom, *you* were my first and you still *are* my most constant boyhood fantasy girl."

She slapped my shoulder playfully. "I bet you say that to all the older women you fuck."

I kissed her tenderly, with the passion of a man in love, gentle, intimate and yet still with the lust that had long accompanied my feelings for her. Breaking the kiss I said, "Mom, I love you."

"I love you too, son," she answered.

I stood up, suddenly hungry for breakfast and said, "Did you know the wedding is in Vegas?"

"I do now," she quipped.

"I'm not even old enough to get into the bars and casinos," I pointed out.

My Mother, always the witty one, quipped back, "But you *are* old enough to get into Miranda."

"Touché," I replied, still basking in my good fortune.

Mom got up and said, "Go shower; I'll make my well-hung boy some breakfast."

"You really are the best mother in the world," I complimented.

Walking over to me and grabbing my semi-erect cock, she leaned over and warned it, "And don't you forget it." She gave me one last tug for emphasis and disappeared.

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I put on hold my attempt to find out more about Ellie's past relationship with my mother since I was focused on Miranda and the upcoming wedding, which had become a full-time job. Miranda paraded me around at work, flaunting me in front of her ex every chance she got and playing with my trombone over and over again.

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A few days later I had just finished fucking Miranda in her dressing room, which had become a daily routine, when she said, "I'm going to buy our airline tickets tomorrow. You're still good with coming?"

I replied with sexual innuendo, "I love coming with you."

"Oh you dirty boy," she teased.

Throwing an idea out there, I asked, "What would you think of having Mom and Ellie join us?"

She asked, pouting like a schoolgirl, "What, I'm not enough for you?"

"On the contrary! But we both care about my Mom and she clearly misses being with Ellie and needs to be pushed past the point of no return and well...what happens in Vegas...I just have a feeling we can do her some good."

Her devious smile crossing her radiant just-fucked face, she asked, "You want to play lesbian matchmaker with your married Mom?"

"Well, that's an interesting way to put it," I reflected with a grin. "Nothing ventured..."

"You know that Ellie used to Domme your Mom, right?"

"Mom said if she ever gave in to Ellie again it would be impossible ever to break free again, and that's pretty much all she said."

"Tell you what, I love the idea. But how are we going to get Ellie to go along?"

"I already thought of that. You invite her as your 'plus one' and later on she'll be pleasantly surprised to see Mom and me on the plane too."

"Hmmm... and I assume you have a plan for while we're up in the air?" she guessed, her hand slowly stroking my already growing cock.

"Only one: fucking. But in my head if we have a cast of four, I have a million different variants," I admitted.

"Do you want to fuck Ellie?" Miranda asked.

"Well..." I began, knowing answering such a question was dangerous.

"It's ok, baby," Miranda said, "I'd love to see you fuck her. I'd also love to play with her as well."

"That will be a pleasant surprise for Mom once she gets past her fears," I said, as I tapped my cock on Miranda's sweet lips.

"I'll make the arrangements tomorrow," she promised before taking my cock back in her mouth.

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The next day, a few days since I'd first fucked my mother, she came up to me in the kitchen as I was getting ready to go meet up with Miranda. Her hand went onto my cock while Dad was in the other room watching the 5:00 news, and she pouted, "Have you forgotten about Mommy?"

My stiff cock gave its own answer as I moaned softly, "God no, Mom. As you can tell, I'm always ready to assist you in any way possible."

She unzipped and opened the front of my pants and fished out my cock. She stroked it quickly. "Fuck, do I want this in me." Surprising me, she lifted up her sundress to show me her hot and ready playground, then bent over the counter and whispered, "Fuck me, Curtis."

"But Dad is right in the next room," I protested.

"Do as your mother asks," she ordered quietly.

Since Dad had gotten home from his trip Mom had given me a quick BJ in the bathroom while Dad was downstairs, she'd daringly rubbed my cock with her foot during supper a couple of times as well, but we hadn't ever fucked while Dad was in the house.

"You sure?" I asked, still nervous about getting caught, even as her tight, shapely bent-over ass had me raring to go.

"Yes, fuck your Mommy, Curtis, fuck me now!" she begged, albeit in a whisper.

Obedying my Mother like a good son always should, I grabbed her hips and easily penetrated her very wet pussy.

I limited myself to slow strokes although they were deep, still pretty scared of getting caught by Dad while I was fucking Mom. Mom's moans were quiet and controlled, unlike the loud, animated slut she was when we were alone.

We continued to fuck for three minutes or so, but then the phone rang. My Dad never answered the phone and it was here in the kitchen, anyway.

Mom cursed under her breath, "For fuck sakes," and went to the phone, reluctantly allowing me to slip out of her. Picking up the receiver, she rolled her eyes. "Hi Mom."

Knowing this would be a long conversation, I put my cock back in my pants and winked at Mom, whose red cheeks would have been incriminating CSI evidence of our crime. She said, "Mom, give me a second. Curtis is just leaving."

Mom set the phone down and came over to me. She whispered in my ear, her hand firmly on my stiff cock, "Don't forget about Mommy while you're out gallivanting with Miranda."

"Of course, not Mom. You'll always be my first choice."

She kissed my lips, shoving her tongue in my mouth, before saying, "And don't you ever forget it."

I quipped, "How could I Mom, you're my MILF slut. You're family."

She smiled and mocked being my authority figure, "Don't you dare call your Mother a slut, young man... unless you're inside me. Fuck, I wish your Dad was gone. I guess I'll have to fuck him tonight."

"Oh, the sacrifices," I mocked.

"Don't get me started," she sighed, before asking, "Have you fucked Miranda in the ass yet?"

"No," I admitted, even though the thought had crossed my mind when she was bent over and I was fucking her in her favorite position, the submissive doggy style.

"Have you fucked *anybody* in the ass, son? Ever?" she asked, still rubbing my cock through my jeans.

"Noooooooooo," I moaned.

"Well, tomorrow your Dad is heading out of town again and mine is going to be the first rosebud you ever pluck. Is that understood?"

"Yes indeed, Mom," I agreed, very enthusiastically.

"Good, so tomorrow is mine, all day, understood?" she commanded with one final squeeze.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied.

I watched her saunter away, flaunting her sexy wiggle. She went to the phone and resumed talking to her Mother seconds after promising her son her ass. My life was fucking amazing!

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I headed out to see Miranda again.

When I arrived at the studio Mark confronted me in the parking lot. He'd clearly been waiting to intercept me. "I thought I warned you to stay away from Miranda."

I replied, "Aren't you getting married to someone else? I'd think such a commitment would veto any such territorialism."

"Don't get smart with me," Mark threatened.

"Or what?" I asked.

"Don't mess with me."

I sidestepped him and resumed walking, tossing back over my shoulder, "I'm not *here* to mess with you. I'm here to mess with Miranda, over and over again."

"You fucking punk," he retorted impotently, as I walked into the studio.

Mark did seem to carry some weight around here and I wondered if he could do anything to restrict my access to the station. But I shrugged off any concerns for now and went to shoot my usual pre-show load between Miranda's perfect cock sucking lips. As soon as I entered her dressing room she smiled and pulled me in for a passionate kiss.

I eventually told her about my encounter outside and Miranda cursed, "Fuck! He just won't grow up! Fucking men, they don't know what they've got till they lose it."

I asked, a bit worried about the answer, "You don't want to get back with him, do you?"

"I'd rather become celibate, and you know how much I love sex," she replied, before her angry expression morphed into mischievous. "But two can play at that game."

"What do you have in mind?" I asked. Her face looked scary and I was glad she knew I was on her side!

"You shall see. But you'll have to wait for your blow job until right before air time."

I shrugged, "Whatever suits you're fancy."

We talked about the Vegas trip for a while and she confirmed Ellie was coming along and Miranda planned to talk to my Mom tomorrow. Miranda smiled, "Your devious plan to get your Mom to submit herself to a Mistress while you and I spectate is almost in place."

"Don't forget, the plan also includes my fucking Ellie," I added.

"That will be yours to orchestrate, although if you need my help, just tell me what to do. But don't you go getting me jealous. I already have to share you with your Mom," Miranda teased, falling to her knees.

She took my cock in her mouth and after a couple of deep bobs asked, "Was your car recently parked in your Mom's garage?"

I laughed at the horrendous visual. "Yes, we fucked for a few minutes in the kitchen while Dad was in the living room. But the phone rang."

"Oh, you poor boy. You didn't get to come in your Mom," she mocked, before asking, "Will I do?"

I grabbed her head and led her mouth back to my raging hard-on. "Yes, baby, you'll more than do."

Ten minutes later, which is as long as I could usually last in the sauna of lust that was Miranda's mouth, I began shooting my cum.

Unlike her usual swallow-every-drop routine, she opened wide and caught my ropes of cum like they were basketballs arcing into her basket. Once I was done, she closed up, stood up and silently left the room.

Curious as hell, I pulled my pants up and followed my devious girlfriend into the studio. She went directly to Mark, who was seated at the anchor's desk and leaned forward, her mouth open to show her mouthful of cum to her ex.

He went beet red as Miranda ostentatiously swallowed it all. I was just close enough to hear her say, "Remember when that was *your* pre-show routine?"

"What the fuck, Miranda?" Mark questioned.

Miranda, now openly mad, threatened for all to hear, "Leave my boyfriend *the fuck* alone!"

"'Boy' is right," he quipped back confidently.

Miranda laughed, a knife dripping with scorn, "Don't you *dare* judge him, Mr. Can't-get-it up-for-round-two-without-a-nap."

The others in the room couldn't help but let out quiet appreciative chuckles as Miranda turned and stalked away, leaving a red-faced Mark utterly speechless, probably for the first time in his egotistical life.

Miranda walked right up to me and shoved her tongue down my throat for all to see. I could taste myself on her tongue but was thrilled to finally receive the public affection she hadn't given me until this very moment.

Mark glared at me and I smugly winked back at him, not a care in the world.

Miranda and I fucked after the show for a lengthy hot marathon session where I deposited two more loads in her, one in her pussy and another in her mouth.

As I was getting ready to head home for the night, I mentioned, "I'm going to stay home and hang out with Mom tomorrow, sexy."

"You're going to 'hang out' are you? Thanks for the visual. You're such an unrepentant mother-fucker," she teased.

I retorted, "Jealous?"

She shrugged, "Maybe." As she kissed me goodbye, giving me another taste of my own medicine, she threw me for a loop as she finished with, "Of course the question is, am I jealous of your Mom for getting to fuck you, or jealous of you for getting to fuck your Mom!"

"Good question," I chuckled appreciatively. "Let me know what you come up with."

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The next morning Dad left early for an overnight meeting somewhere and I replaced him in my naked Mother's bed. I had just deposited a load in her cunt to start the morning right when she informed me, "Hey baby, I'm coming to Vegas with you!"

Acting surprised, I asked, "Really? How did that happen?"

"Didn't Miranda tell you?"

"No, but we don't do a lot of talking when we're together," I joked.

"You're such a male slut," Mom joked.

I corrected her, "When a girl fucks more than one guy she is a slut, often considered a cheap one. When a man is scoring with two women he is a stud and someone to be acclaimed. Unfair I know, but those are the rules of society. I don't make them, I just follow them and bask in the adulation of my peers."

Slapping me playfully, she quipped, "Your peers should aim better, they'd make less of a mess," then questioned, "are you calling me a slut, young stud?"

As my forefinger traced her firm breasts, I answered, "Better. You're *my* slut, Mom."

"Well then," she began straddling my still semi-erect cock, "if I'm going to be labelled a slut, I'd better be a good one."

"Slut away, Mom," I replied, watching her engulf my cock and begin riding me.

Another deposit banked inside my Mom, into her eager pussy this time, I already had visions of going for the triple play in one day: mouth, pussy and ass. Like the triple play in baseball, the last throw is always the hardest to complete.

As we lay there, it still being morning but both of us already glowing in double play after-sex glory, Mom said, "We're going out for supper tonight as mother and son and then coming back here for a very, very special night."

"I can't wait," I replied.

Getting through the school day was a bitch as the thought of a date with Mom and the promised ass fuck was all I could think about. I was a walking erection with a mind of goo all day. At long last I returned home and found a note on the kitchen table.

*Son,*

*Sorry, but I had a last-minute call for a house to show. I'll have to meet you at the restaurant at six. I booked us a table at Rizzo's.*

*Love*

*Mom*

Wow! Rizzo's was the classiest restaurant in the city and therefore meant suit and tie. I went to my room and Mom had already laid my best suit out on the bed. I had a nice shower and got ready, making sure to look my best for my date with Mom. At the last minute I decided to go commando; you never know when you may have to release the beast in a flash. I finished getting ready and sped to Rizzo's. I arrived ten minutes early and was led to my table.

I waited, a bundle of excitement at what Mom had promised me. Mom, being Mom, arrived fifteen minutes late, which was fifteen minutes early for her, but all was forgiven the moment I saw her. Her hair was down, which I loved, but it was the gold cocktail dress that stopped just below the knee, and the mocha colored stockings, my favorite shade of nylon, that had my cock on full alert and begging to be released.

Mom hugged me, closely enough that she could feel my attention so she asked, "Is that for me?"

"All eight inches of it," I flirted back.

"I can't wait," she responded, giving my cock a subtle squeeze before I moved around and pulled out her chair like a gentleman. "Oh, how sweet! But you don't have to impress me baby; you're definitely getting laid tonight."

I replied, "It's the small things Mom, they're always the first to go when a relationship begins to falter, and I won't let that happen."

My Mom, suddenly in reflection mode agreed, "No truer words have ever been spoken."

I returned to my chair just as our waiter arrived. He took our drink orders after taking more than a subtle glance at my Mom's generous cleavage.

Once he was gone I pointed out, "Mom, our server was staring right down your front."

"Was he?" she asked, oblivious to the distraction her beauty still caused among many, many men.

"Indeed he was. Of course who could blame him? You're easily the sexiest person here."

"You and your flattery! I already told you you're getting laid tonight. In fact I'm hoping to go for the Trifecta all in one evening."

"Trifecta?" I questioned.

"Yes, where you shoot a load of your white stuff in each of my three special finish lines," my mother informed me, her stocking-clad foot now snuggling in my crotch.

"Oh fuck Mom, my first load may end up in my pants if you keep teasing me," I admitted, my balls already begging me to shoot some white stuff anyplace at all.

Her foot remained near my imminent white stuff although not moving, as the waiter brought our starter salads. My hand rubbed gently along the top of my Mom's foot, the tactile sensations of the silk nylon the greatest feeling in the world.

As we ate our salads Mom asked, "Ever had a foot job, baby?"

"No," I answered after a brief memory search revealed I never had. Pam, my ex, had once rubbed her stocking feet all over my body in a sensual foot massage of sorts, but her feet had only rubbed my cock briefly before moving on.

"Well, then obviously you've never had a stocking-clad foot job," my Mom deduced.

"Obviously," I agreed, "are you offering?"

As her foot tapped on my cock, she shrugged with a devilish smile, "Well, we already have a Trifecta to complete tonight, but maybe we can fit that in too. Seeing your cock squirt its cum all over my stockings would be pretty hot, don't you think?"

"Shit Mom, we won't be able to see anything it squirts if you keep this up much longer," I warned, thinking I might come like I had back when I started my self-explorations when I was younger, just by touch.

She smiled, "Don't you dare waste that precious cum."

The waiter returned with our meals and taking my point Mom thankfully relented, moving her foot away. We ate our dinners and discussed non-sexual things like school, Mom's job, and plans for a summer trip to visit her mother, whom I'd always liked. If anyone was listening there would be no hint of our sexual relationship, the taboo sin we were planning to repeat very soon.

Once dinner was done my beautiful Mother suggested, "I say we skip dessert here and find a place where I can get some directly from the source."

"Cheque," I quipped, knowing my hard cock, which had never shrunk throughout dinner, wasn't going to make it much longer before it begged to whip some cream.

We paid the bill and once we were outside, nighttime just beginning to set in, Mom asked, "Elma and I did the showing together so I had her drop me off here. Where did you park?"

"In the underground parking."

"Perfect!" she smiled, grabbing my hand, our fingers entwined as if we were boyfriend and girlfriend, not mother and son. "Lead the way, baby!" Just the way she said 'baby' with such syrupy sexiness had my cock twitching.

As we walked down a lower flight of secluded concrete stairs, Mom suddenly tugged backwards on my hand. I stopped and looked at her. She pushed me against the wall, unzipped my pants, pulled out my cock, squatted down and devoured me whole.

I couldn't believe she would take such a risk as to blow me in a stairwell, but we'd hear a loud door echoing around if it opened and be able to cover up in time.

Her warm mouth, her nasty teasing of the past hour and a half and the chancy setting all had me on the brink in record time. My balls were boiling when sure enough, a door above us did open! I told Mom, "Someone's coming."

She paused only long enough to say, "Then you'd better come real soon," and devoured my cock again, unconcerned we were about to get caught.

I closed my eyes, trying to set aside my nervousness about being caught, concentrating on the feel of my cock bumping against Mom's throat even as above me I heard steps approaching, and surrendered to my approaching orgasm, to the sensations Mom's lips, tongue and wet warm mouth were giving me. So close! Within seconds I was shooting a load of my sweet cum down my Mom's throat even as the steps got incredibly close!

They were almost upon us when with a playful giggle Mom stood up and shoved her tongue in my mouth, deliberately feeding me the last remnants of my cum. My cock was still outside my trousers, still erect, but hidden by Mom's body so we looked scandalous but not illegal mere seconds before a middle-aged couple dressed for the opera or some other fancy shindig appeared around a corner of the stairwell and ascended past us. The woman's expression clearly displayed her distaste for such inappropriate displays of affection, while the man saw with a regretful look, a time long past for him.

As soon as they'd gone, Mom dropped back down to the floor and cleaned my cock, hoovering up any last-minute escapee droplets.

Five minutes later we were in my car when she asked, "Can we stop at the Love Boutique? I'll need some lube if you're going to drill my ass tonight."

I gasped at my Mom's shockingly blunt language, but of course pulled up at the store a couple of minutes later. I planned to stay in the car but Mom asked, "Don't you want to come in with me? Maybe pick out a costume for your mother to wear before you sodomize her?"

Such nasty talk had my cock revving to go again and my imagination spinning in overdrive. I unfastened my seat belt and followed Mom in, leading with my cock.

As we entered the store I realized I'd never been in a sex shop. I'd considered it a few times, but never had the guts to break through my psychological barrier. Yet here I was, creeping in with my

mother (who was sauntering), shopping for some lube to fuck her ass. I really had the best life in the world!

Once we were in the store I was like a kid on Christmas morning, surrounded by so many toys and things I didn't even know where to start. Mom went to the toy section and I followed. She grabbed some lube and tossed it to me (to carry around where *anyone* could see what it was), before leading me over to look at toys. I couldn't believe the variety. I was looking at a double-ended dildo size XXL in confused awe not daring to touch it when Mom, holding a strap-on, said, "That does look interesting. Would you like to watch Miranda and me scissor fuck ourselves with that?"

"I have no idea what that means, but yes."

"And which strap-on should I buy, the seven-inch or the eight, for the next time your girlfriend and I play?" Mom asked, holding up two dildo cocks.

I pointed, "Well, Miranda likes them big."

"Good call," my Mom concurred, returning both and grabbing a huge ten-inch cock. "This will have her whimpering like the slut she is."

"Mom, that's my girlfriend you're talking about."

"That she is; but must I remind you she was my personal plaything first? I haven't relinquished her, you know," Mom smiled, bonking me on the head with the big cock.

"Fair enough," I agreed, already imagining my Mom and my girlfriend in a variety of dirty positions.

"Now let's go check out some costumes," she said, grabbing my hand and leading me to a corner with colourful outfits hanging all over the walls.

"Wow!" I said, overwhelmed by the many kinky fantasies I could envision role playing with my mother. "I don't even know where to start."

"Well, real role play is about creating situations and becoming the costume," my sexy mother pointed out.

"Ok," I said, unsure what she meant.

"So, let's see," she paused, pursuing the many different options. "Ah-ha," she said, reaching up on the wall and grabbing a Catwoman costume. "Find a Batman costume, stud."

I found one pretty easily, my mind already creating scenarios of Batman disciplining Catwoman. Mom put on the mask and sauntered over to me seductively, parodying the old Adam West over-the-top-sound-balloon action scenes I used to watch on reruns, "So Batman, do you think you could BING BAM BOOM me into submission?" She was bonking my skull with the dildo again to illustrate.

The innuendo had me weak in the knees as I tried to come up with a witty comeback.

When I couldn't, she purred, actually sounding like a cat, "What is it Batman, cat got your tongue?"

She rubbed my stiff cock through my pants and teased, "Oh, does a certain little man want to come out of the Batcave and play? Is that you, Alfred?"

I moaned, unable to come up with a complete thought.

She took the mask off and reached for another outfit. She grabbed a red one and disappeared into a change room. I looked at other outfits: various princesses, nurses, Superwoman, Lady Gaga... each one creating a new fantasy for me.

Mom came out in the skimpiest red outfit ever, her mocha-coloured thigh high stocking tops completely visible. She skipped up to me and teased, "Well, hello there Mr. Wolf, do you want to chase me back to my grandmother's house and eat me right up?"

My mouth dropped open, my Mom's transformation into a wolf-bait girl in a shelf bodice, so fucking naughty.

Her hand slid down my chest to my cock, her finger like lightning and thunder. "Imagine helpless li'l ole me with a basketful of goodies and no one to use them on me?"

"Aaaah, fuck, Mom," I moaned.

"Does baby want to fuck Little Red Mommy Hood?" she asked, her hand again on my crotch.

"Oh god, yes," I grunted, like a babbling fool.

Mom looked around and pulled me into the dressing room. She pushed me onto the bench, pulled out my cock and sat down on it, engulfing it completely. Her wet warmth coated my basket of goodies and she bounced up and down eagerly, taking every inch of me with each downward bounce. My Mom was really horny and I could feel her excess juice leaking onto my legs as our bodies collided. Her moans, although controlled because of our surroundings, were becoming louder the longer she fucked me. I could tell she wanted to scream, to talk dirty, and the restrictive location was holding her back from the pure pleasure she usually sang to the skies when we fucked.

I whispered, trying to push her past the point of resistance, "Come for me Mommy, come like the son-fucker you are."

"Aaah, fuck, Curtis," she whispered back, "keep talking dirty to me. Treat me like your fucking personal sex-slut."

I wanted to bend her over and take control but the room didn't allow for it, so I continued my verbal assault of my perfect, beautiful, slut Mom. "Keep bouncing, slut. Who owns that wet cunt of yours?"

"You do," she moaned, loader than she meant to.

"I do what?" I asked, slapping her ass loudly.

"Aaah, fuck, you *own* my cunt, baby."

"And I can use it whenever I want, right Mommy?"

"Oh fuck, yes, Curtis, I'm always at your disposal," she moaned.

"My personal live-at-home Mommy cum bucket."

"Oh my fucking God, Curtis, yes, baby, more, I'm so close," she moaned, getting turned on by the submission and the taboo sin of fucking her son where she was now getting so loud the whole

store was probably listening!

"Come for me now, my Mommy-slut, come like the dirty, incestuous, son-fucking whore you are," I demanded, my own orgasm incredibly close from my Mom's furious ride. I was still whispering, so even though my Mom's imminent orgasm probably wasn't a secret any more, at least our blood ties remained privileged information.

She began to scream and I didn't even bother to cover her mouth as her orgasm quaked through her and almost simultaneously my cum exploded inside her. She didn't slow down, my cum filling her cunt, creating crosscurrents as her juice leaked out around me. A minute later she climbed off me and said, "Shit, I should have worn panties, I'm leaking like crazy!"

I laughed, as I saw the mix of her juice and my cum slithering down her leg.

"Get out of here before the police arrive, you dirty boy, you," she teased.

I returned to Costume Corner where an older woman, a saleslady, glared at me because of what we'd just done, although she had no idea that incest had just occurred in her store. I avoided eye contact and looked around for another outfit.

Mom returned a moment later, the Red outfit in hand, and said to the older woman, ignoring her accusatory eyes, "I think we will take this one, the Catwoman and Batman and one more."

"Which one?" I asked, curiously.

"That is for me to know and you to find out when I'm ready to surprise you," she teased. "Go to the car so I can fetch it and pay for all this."

I obeyed and waited in the car, bubbling with anticipation to complete the promised Trifecta. Come in mouth: *Check*. Come in cunt: *Check*. One more to go!

Mom got in and I drove us home. She said, "I can't stop leaking."

I shrugged, "I can't believe we fucked in a sex shop."

"I can't believe all those nasty things you called me," she countered.

I quickly apologized, "Sorry Mom, I...."

She slapped my knee. "Oh Curtis, you're still as gullible as you were when you were young! When I'm revved up like that I *want* to be treated like a slut, it gets me off like nothing else. I can't explain it, but it's true. When you called me a live-at-home Mommy cum bucket it goosed me right over the top! And now I'm leaking like a sieve."

We pulled into the driveway and Mom smiled. "Think you can get it up one more time, son?"

"Oh Mom, I can go and go and go. I'm the Energizer fuck-bunny," I quipped.

"Let's go see if you can back those words up, stud." She smiled in anticipation, getting out of the car.

Once in the house, she took her bag of goodies with her and said, "I'm going to shower and get into costume. Why don't you go shower too, then pour me some wine?"

I did as suggested, taking a long hot shower, my cock never completely shrinking, the curiosity of what Mom had bought for tonight and the thought of fucking Mom's ass constantly spinning through my head.

In my room, I got dressed again and noticed Miranda had texted me. I clicked on it.

Miranda: **Have u banged ur Mommy's ass yet? Here is something for you to think about for our time together tomorrow. When I let you bang mine.**

I gasped. It was a picture of Miranda bent over holding her cheeks open and her enticing rosebud staring at me, begging to be fucked.

My cock was again in missile mode and I adjusted myself before heading to the kitchen to pour us some wine and put together a plate of appetizers.

I'd finished almost a full glass of wine when my Mom called down the stairs, "Are there any Jedis down there?"

Being the ultimate Star Wars geek, I was curious and wasn't disappointed when I turned the hallway corner and looked up to find Mom dressed exactly like Princess Leia, hair and all. In her hand was one of my collectible lightsabers. She slinked seductively down the stairs and quipped, "Well, you won't have to be using your hands solo tonight, Jedi."

She put the tip of my lightsaber in my mouth. "Any guess where I found this light saber?"

I could taste my Mom's heavenly hole. She teased, "Of course I want a very different lightsaber in me tonight, Jedi."

"Oh, I think the force is with me, Princess," I quipped, confidently moving in and kissing my beautiful Mother princess. Being aggressive, I pushed her against the wall and she whimpered. I demanded, "Princess Lay I, it's time to reward your loyal Jedi."

I pushed her to her knees, on the stairs, and she unbuckled my pants and took my skin-tone lightsaber in her hands. She quipped, "You were certainly concealing a deadly weapon, my knight."

"I think I've found the perfect place to hide it for safekeeping," I shot back, shoving my cock in her mouth. Unlike our last couple of times I was being much more aggressive, grabbing the no-doubt-intended-hand-grips of her sexy Princess Leia hair and pumping my cock between her sweet cock sucking lips. A couple of minutes of this and I ordered, "Go get on your bed, my slut princess."

"Yes, sir knight," she replied, unable to conceal her true submissive nature once she had a taste of my dominance.

I watched her rise and turn around while I went and got the wine. I went upstairs and found her on the bed as instructed. I handed her a glass of wine and joined her. I asked, "Does Dad ever dominate you?"

"No," she admitted, before adding, "I've hidden away that naughty, dirty part of me for almost nineteen years."

"Why?" I asked, my hand moving to her white stocking-clad legs.

"I had become an adult with responsibilities, so I had to let go of my past," she rationalized weakly.

"But you have always, and not just subconsciously, craved submission. Didn't you want Dad to take over and use you like a slut?"

Mom nodded and gulped her wine.

Surprising her with a sudden new topic I asked, "So Mom, what really happened between you and Ellie?"

In a heartbeat her expression had transformed from confident and sexy to shy and nervous. "Curtis, that was a long time ago."

"I know," I pushed, my voice soft and tender, like a therapist trying to draw out his patient's past. "But clearly you're not completely over it."

"I am too," she said, attempting to be strong, "I've successfully resisted the temptation for years until you came to my rescue and began domming me."

"Sorry," I said, trying a different route. "I meant you still have lingering feelings for Ellie."

"Keeping her distant enough to be friends and no more than that, resisting her insistent, inexorable web of seduction has been the hardest thing I've ever done. She's been a good friend to me, but there was always that subtle undercurrent of *You need to be my slave* that I could resist but never deny. Lately she's abandoned her reserve and resumed being as insistent as she ever was, and I probably would have succumbed on Halloween if you hadn't shown up and saved me," she explained, her hand falling onto my leg.

"But why is she trying to get you back now, after all these years?"

"Well, maybe she figures you're old enough not to need a mother figure," she pondered.

"I've *never* needed a mother with a figure more than I do now," I quipped back.

She laughed at my naughty implication. "Plus, she knows my relationship with your father hasn't been great. I've even wondered if she hasn't been attempting to conspire with your father, maybe titillating him with the idea of watching us together. Ellie's comment to you when she thought you were Ted only added to those suspicions."

"But you still love Dad?" I asked, this conversation getting much deeper than I'd originally planned, but it was what it was. I wasn't above getting Mom to submit to me and even manipulate her into making unexpected life choices, but if those choices wouldn't benefit her, all bets were off.

"I love him as a provider and as a person, but I no longer *love* love him, if that makes any sense," she explained, her expression betraying her frustration with her married life.

"So if that's the case why not go back to Ellie?" I questioned, getting the conversation I needed to have for her sake back on track.

Her hand just made small figure eights on my hand as she considered my question, a nervous habit of hers. "Well, I don't think you understand how domineering and demanding Ellie is."

"Probably not. Give me an example," I requested, trying to figure out my Mother's atypical insecurity, when, even when she was being submissive to me, she was otherwise a very confident woman. My hand was now at her slightly wet and uncovered pussy, distracting her slightly.

Apparently Princess Leia had opted to go commando tonight. The irrepressible Carrie Fisher would have approved.

She was silent for a while as she seemed to be reminiscing her past with Ellie. "Well, as I mentioned: with Ellie it was always clear that she was the Domme and I the sub. For example," she began, but stopped, struggling to put the experience into words. She detoured, "Curtis, I'm doing my best, but saying anything at all about this is very difficult for me. You've got to understand first of all that I was and I probably still am in love with Ellie. But to try again to give you your example, let me say that while she was comfortable with her sexuality, I was too afraid at the time to ever tell my parents of my sexual preference. Being bi or a lesbian back then was a lot more condemned than it is now, when instead of being a cultural given back then, homophobia is now almost universally considered to be bigotry. We've come a long way! But I'm still skirting around the example I promised you.

"We visited my parents together once and stayed overnight, posing as 'just' college roommates. We were, but it was so much more than that. That evening after dinner my dad had gone up to his study and Ellie and I joined your Nana in the kitchen. We were carrying on a light conversation, but while my mom's back was turned as she did the dishes, my Mistress Ellie had me raise my skirt... she never let me wear panties... and fingered me to three orgasms. Mom could have turned around at any time, and yet I let her do it to me! I might have at least covered up, but Ellie didn't want me to, so I didn't. Then that night with my parents just on the other side of the wall she tied my arms and legs spread eagle to the bed, then fucked me with a strap-on to three more climaxes while I screamed my lungs out in ecstasy! If she hadn't gagged me so effectively I would have roused the entire house and probably the neighbors too! The worst part looking back is that even though I was scared stiff my parents would break down the door to my bedroom and catch us, nevertheless I loved it and would have done it again in a heartbeat!"

"So you loved Ellie," I asked, trying to open Mom up completely.

"Unconditionally," she whispered, a tear forming in her eye.

"And you were in thrall to her; you were her sex slave."

"Again, unconditionally. I often freaked out later, but whenever I was with her I did whatever she wished, no matter what."

"But...."

"But I also wanted a normal life. And I couldn't see how I could have that and be in a lesbian relationship, especially with Ellie. I wanted kids, Ellie didn't. We were completely polar opposites in every imaginable way which made us great friends, amazing lovers, but as far as coping with the outside world or raising a family, a horrible couple."

" And then you met Dad...."

"...And got pregnant with you and I just quit with Ellie cold turkey. She was furious at first, but she missed our friendship as much as I did, so eventually we moved on and pretty much pretended the past had never happened. But during the last year or so Ellie has been giving me subtle and not so subtle sexual hints, although never blatantly enough for me to be completely sure they were anything more than witty comments, until she gave herself away at the party."

"How so?" I probed.

"First, by her hands teasing me like she used to, slowly making me vulnerable. By fingering me, not blatantly like she used to but subtly, so no one would notice. By the way, I probably never would have ended up fucking you on Halloween night if she hadn't gotten me so fucking horny."

I quipped, "I'll have to thank her. Maybe get her a thank you card, something like 'You are so sweet, like an all-day sucker. Thanks for priming my Mom so I'd fuck her'."

Mom smiled and playfully slapped my hand before she continued, "Second, that evening she kept making sexual innuendos indicating she wanted to make me her sub again. Third of course, she admitted it to you when you were in your Dad's costume." She paused, before adding, her expression showing her confusion, "I just can't figure out what Ellie and Ted were up to. Were they conspiring somehow? Why else would she say that to you when she thought you were Ted?"

"Aren't you worried Ellie and Dad will compare notes about Halloween and figure out the truth?" I asked, realizing a potential problem.

"I wasn't until now," she squeaked, a look of panic crossing her face.

"No question then, we need to deal with Ellie," I decided.

"How so?" Mom asked cautiously.

"Well, I'm still working on the details. But my basic idea includes you submitting to her again," I tossed out.

"WHAT? Why?" she asked, a mixture of nervousness, excitement and curiosity.

My finger parted her very wet pussy lips. "First of all and most importantly, because it's obvious you need it. It's obvious you crave it and I believe you regret the decision you made about splitting from her."

"I don't regret it, I got you," Mom said, kissing me gently on the lips.

"Well, *that* is a very good point, a very good point indeed," I concurred, "but be honest with me, Mom. I'm grown up. What are you scared of now?"

"Her power," my Mom admitted.

"How so?"

"I can't say no to her. I was completely amenable to her every whim and some of those whims were crazy."

"Like at your parents' house, I get that. But you can't stop there, tell me more," I insisted.

"She loved to take risks, it was the only way she got off," Mom explained.

"Like with your mother and on that bed; but what more, Mom? You're being rather vague."

"Well, there were many other examples. They started simple. She fingered me to orgasm in a nearly empty theater. But then she did the same thing in a very full theater, where the snooty woman beside me couldn't help but notice what was happening. I was her personal live-in maid. I bathed her, I washed her hair, I made her meals, I even used my tongue to clean out her cum-filled pussy the rare times she went on a date with a guy and got laid. She owned me. She continued to push

the envelope, too. Fucking me in the dorm's shared bathroom early in the morning with a strap-on, making me go down on her at a restaurant whenever the waiter disappeared, and even when she was president of the student union and conducting a meeting she would have me under the table between her legs the entire time. The bigger the threat of being caught, the bigger the thrill."

"Well, that certainly explains your taste for our outrageous public adventures today," I pointed out.

"I suppose so," she reflected. "I really hadn't thought about it, but the thought of getting caught *is* very exhilarating. If you're up to it, you and I can have a lot of fun!"

"Agreed, but all of this just proves my point that you need Ellie," I pointed out, before asking, "so how did you break free of her hold over you?"

"Well, it was my wedding day that was the final straw. She made me eat her out minutes before I got married to your Dad and she fucked me in the honeymoon suite a couple hours before your Dad and I consummated our marriage. It was clear that she still wanted to completely own me even if I was married, so I ended it and was reasonably confident it was for good. Even though I've been slightly tempted for years, the craving to go back has only escalated during this past year."

"Wow," was all I could say.

Mom added, "She joked during her first year of teaching how if I were still her lezzie-slut, she would have had me under her desk during her parent-teacher interviews. I have many, many times fantasized about that suggestion becoming a reality."

"Well, maybe you should," I suggested.

Mom warned, "If I ever submit to her again, there will be no turning back."

"Oh Mom, you're too melodramatic."

"No, seriously! I know for a fact that if I ever submit to her again I won't have the willpower to quit her again. I never felt freer than when I was completely Ellie's disposal, which makes no sense, but that's how I felt."

"Is that a bad thing?" I asked, before adding, "based on your soaking wet cunt right now I would think not."

"Dammit Curtis, enough about making me back into a dyke slave and more about finishing tonight's little adventure," Mom said, her hand going to my fully swollen member. "Hmmmmmm, I see making your Mommy your *own* submissive slut has gotten you nice and stiff."

"Everything about you makes me go nice and stiff, Mom." I leaned in and kissed her. For the next few minutes we weren't mother and son, but two passionate lovers who couldn't get enough of each other.

Finally Mom broke the kiss, removed my shirt and slithered down my body, splattering me with pecks of lust. She tongued my belly button, transforming a useless part of my body into an erogenous zone. When she got to my pants, she pulled them off and continued her exploration of my body: kissing my inner thighs, my legs, even my feet. When she moved back up to my cock she resumed the roleplay, "Is my Jedi ready to play knightly knight?"

Her tongue slid up my cock and I moaned, "Oh God, yes."

She continued the oral tease, taking each of my balls in her mouth separately, before returning to my shaft. Finally, she engulfed my cock with her mouth for a brief minute before quitting and asking, "Is it time for the Trifecta?"

I answered with actions as I flipped her on all fours and declaimed, "Where be the lube for my rectal saber?"

Mom pointed to the shopping bag and I retrieved it. Mom said, "Lube my ass first, baby and finger my snatch. Get me ready for that big hard cock of yours."

I obeyed her instructions, lathering her puckered pink posterior door generously, before slowly sliding a finger in.

She moaned and begged, "Now wiggle your finger around in there, son. Get Mommy's ass nice and wide and slick for you."

I again obeyed, moving my finger every which way inside her, slowly loosening her incredibly tight ass. "That feels *soo* good! Now slide a second finger in baby, and do the same thing again."

I again obeyed, squeezing a second finger inside ever so slowly. Once the two were fully in she whimpered, "Now twist your wrist back and forth slowly, baby. Get me nice and gaped for your big cock."

"Yes, Mommy," I replied, like a good son. Then I surprised her. While keeping my fingers in her ass, I slipped my cock inside her wet, wet cunt.

She screamed, "Oh my God, Curtis, fuck, that feels so good!"

I began pumping both her pussy and ass simultaneously with my cock and fingers. The sensations of the double pleasure were clearly driving my Mom wild, and her moans of ecstasy began increasing exponentially.

"Oh God yes, fuck, Curtis, fuck Mommy! You have Mommy soooo close," she screamed, loud enough for the neighbors to call 911.

I sped up the double assault on my Mom's pussy and ass, eager to bring her to euphoria. The euphoria came moments later when I felt her pussy tighten around my cock and her ass clamped around my fingers as she screamed, "I'm coming, you Mother-fucker, double-fucking Mommy, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!"

She quivered uncontrollably with tremors of pleasure as her orgasm quaked through her entire being. Still breathing heavily, she begged, "My ass baby, fuck Mommy's ass with your big lightsaber."

I slid my fingers out of her ass and moved my cock to her gaping rosebud. I hesitated and Mom leaned back onto my cock. I watched in amazement as my cock slowly disappeared inside Mom's ass. I couldn't believe how tight it was, like trying to pull on a glove a size too small. Mom continued pushing back and I kept inching in until I could no longer see my cock. Mom moaned, "Is my baby ready to fuck Mommy's ass?"

"Oh God, yes," I moaned.

"Pound me, son. Fuck Mommy's ass," she moaned back, wiggling her ass.

I grabbed her hips and slowly began fucking her, getting used to the warm sensation of Mom's tight ass. After a couple of minutes of slow fucking, Mom demanded, "Harder baby, fuck my ass harder. Make me your Mommy-ass-slut."

I obliged, no longer worried about hurting her. I began deep hard thrusts into her ass. Her screams increased as did her nasty language. "Oh fuck son, your cock feels so fucking good in Mommy's ass!"

I responded, "Does Mommy-slut like her baby's cock in her whore ass?"

"Oh god, yes! Use Mommy baby," she whimpered.

"Tell me you will obey me always!" I demanded, a devious plan spinning in my head.

"Oh god, yes baby, I'm yours baby," she replied, really getting into her submission to her son, the language, the commitment, the love and the trust.

"And I own all three of your cock holes?" I demanded, pushing the envelope.

"Oh yes, baby, they are yours to use whenever or wherever you want, dearest Mommy-fucker!"

"So you will never disobey me?" I asked, knowing her subconscious was listening and taking all of this in.

"Never, baby," she whimpered, as my deep hard thrusts penetrated her ass fully.

I pulled out and ordered, "Ride my cock, Mommy. Ride your son's cock with your ass."

She pushed me onto my back, her smile sexy as hell, and straddled my cock. "You want to watch Mommy while you fill my ass, don't you, you dirty boy?"

I reached my hands behind my head and smiled, "I could watch you all day, Mom."

She slowly lowered her ass onto my cock, biting her lip, taking my cock back in her ass, but from this different position I could reach new depths. Her eyes closed as the last couple of inches filled her up. Once I was completely inside her she opened her eyes and wiggled her ass on my cock. "Hmmm, baby, that feels so good!"

I smiled, "I love you Mom."

"I love yooooou too, you naughty fucker," she moaned back, as I bucked my ass up, piledriving my cock up into her, surprising her.

She resumed riding my cock, her beautiful tits bouncing as she rode me. I watched mesmerised, every single fantasy of mine combined into this moment. Mom dressed as Princess Leia, riding my cock in her ass was the epitome of sexual perversion. "Hmmmm, Mom, do I have a naughty plan for you when we're in Vegas."

"You do, do you?" she moaned, beginning to ride my cock faster.

"I do indeed," I teased.

"Are you going to tell Mommy?" she asked.

"Of course," I replied, "when the moment comes."

"Damn you, Curtis. Tell me now! You know I hate surprises," she demanded, now bouncing up and down on my cock like the nastiest of porn stars.

"Beg, bitch, beg to be my slut," I ordered.

"Oh yes, baby, can Mommy be your slut?" she teased, all soft and seductive, a girlish pout on her lips. She added, "Your personal live-in cum bucket, your complete submissive slave!"

"Who will never disobey me?"

"Never," she moaned, really riding my cock now.

"Ever?" I pushed.

"Fuck, Curtis. You own me. I will do anything you say. I will suck your cock right in front of your *Dad* if you want," she declared.

"Wow!" I moaned, and began "I want...." But my balls were boiling, "I w-w-want...." I stammered, "Oh fuck, I want you to *submit to Ellie!*"

"Yes, Master," she moaned, agreeing without hesitation. "I will submit to her unconditionally. I will eat her cunt in her classroom. I will crawl on all fours like a dog for her. I will become her lez-slave. Is that what you want, baby, for me to be a little lesbian slave?"

That was the final straw and my cum exploded into her ass, coating her insides as she continued riding me. "Oh that *is* what you want, you dirty Mother-fucker! You want to make your Mommy a dyke, a lesbian slut who is forced to please cunt after cunt after cunt!"

"Oh yes, Mommy, yes, oh God," I moaned, my orgasm not wanting to end.

"Aaaaaaaaah, *fuck!!*" Mom screamed, her own orgasm shuddering through her again. I tossed her onto her back in one swift move and buried my face in her sweet nectar, lapping up her cum as it squirted out of her cunt. I spent a couple minutes cleaning Mom before she pushed me away. "Stop baby, I can't take it anymore!"

I moved away and we cuddled for a long time as we caught our breath and calmed down, no talking, just cuddling, heartbeats slowing, sweaty bodies cooling, both comfortable in the silence that followed such extreme ecstasy.

At long last Mom turned and looked into my eyes and asked not worriedly, not excitedly, not eagerly, just quietly, wanting to know for certain, "So, you really want me to get back with Ellie?"

"I think you really want to, don't you?"

"A small part of me has always wanted to, but I've always resisted the temptation. By being with Miranda and being in charge I was getting my pussy quota again but was avoiding the submissive trap I'd once been subjected to."

"But now?"

"I will offer myself to her if that is what you want, but I can't remotely predict what she'll want me to do. And no matter what that is, if I'm hers, I'll do it."

I shrugged, "Let me take care of that."

"What do you mean?" she asked, curious.

"Every female Domme like Ellie needs a strong male Master," I answered cryptically.

My Mom's eyes went big. "You're not seriously considering domming Ellie?"

"The plan is already in motion," I smiled, standing up and pulling up my pants.

My Mom smiled, "Well, you certainly have me intrigued, but how will you even start such a plan?"

"Well, they do say what happens in Vegas...."

#### **THE END FOR NOW....**

The fourth part in this series, **What Mom Knows Fucks Her in Vegas** was released in **August 2012**.