

Serving Master E

Faye Valentine

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Being three sheets to the wind with the worst case of blue balls in the history of mankind thanks to a cock tease of a date that ended up leaving the bar with another man had Elliott in the worst of moods. On the one hand, he wanted to give himself the other hand, while another part of him just wanted to pass out while his brain was still pleasantly buzzed. The seven-mile drive home going by in a blur of far too bright headlights that left him seeing spots, he pulled into the driveway, stumbled into the house, and then tiptoed through the house with all the grace of a drunken elephant so as to not wake anyone. Walking past his sister's room, the middle finger of his right hand shot up out of habit. Walking by the bathroom on the left, he then came to his parents' bedroom where, to his utter surprise he not only saw the door standing open about a foot, but in the dim light filtering through from the nightlight plugged into the wall several feet back the way he had come, he could see her splayed out butt naked on the bed with the sheet and blanket mostly on the floor.

Dick instantly throbbing hard in his pants, he adjusted himself just in time to see his mother roll onto her belly with legs parted just enough for him to make out her perfect ass and the meaty inner folds of her womanhood. Feeling the pre-cum dripping from the tip of his cock, he struggled to get the horribly depraved thoughts out of his head, but drunk and horny as he was, all he could think about was relieving nearly a month's worth of pent-up sexual frustration. Knowing what he was doing was wrong even as she crept into the room, he could not help it. Eyes fixed on the curves of her body – her large breasts. Narrow waist. Round hips leading to legs kept tone by morning runs at the nearby park.

Pants and boxers hitting the floor before he reached the bed, Elliott took one last deep breath of doubt and then pushed it aside as he crawled between her legs. Tossing his shirt of the floor, he knelt there for a solid twenty seconds as his hand furiously stroked his manhood. When she stirred, he stopped and waited with baited breath – knowing there was no chance in hell of ever explaining his way out of this one. But instead of waking, she simply adjusted her position without ever opening her eyes. *This is it you sick bastard! Just grab her by the hips and pull her back. Once I'm balls deep inside of her there's no going back. I'll have fucked my own mother. She'll have had sex with her own son. FUCK! I'm going to pump a month's worth of jizz into you, mom,* he thought as he reached out. In a flurry of motion his mother's hips were raised and all eight throbbing inches of Elliott's dick were inside of her and thrusting hard and fast.

Thinking her husband had come home early and decided to wake her with some surprise sex – something he did on more than one occasion, thirty-eight-year-old Bella Spencer buried her face in her pillow and cooed as the dick pistoned in and out of her. “Uhn... uhn... b-best wake up call ever!” she purred. *Wait! OH GOD!* As the fog dissipated from her sleep addled brain, she knew she was not having sex with her husband. First, there was the overwhelming scent of booze. Coming from a long line of alcoholics, Jayden never touched the stuff. And then there was the cock itself. *I know I've been stretching myself open lately, but...* Pulling forward, she quickly rolled onto her ass fully intent on attacking whomever was attacking her, she grunted as she was pulled towards the figure in bed with her only to have her legs shoved back and pushed wide open as the dick once again slammed into her.

Catching a glimpse of the face by the same light that allowed him to see her naked body, Bella sharply inhaled as her son leaned down and sucked her left nipple into his mouth. The milk freely flowing, she meekly whimpered as he gulped the first mouthful down – his wide eyes locked on her own. “E-Elliott? What the hell are you doing?” she groaned, the anger and

humiliation behind her words lost in the orgasm that suddenly and shockingly gushed out of her as his dick glanced off that elusive, magical g-spot. Her body acting of it's own accord, she wrapped her legs around his back and pulled him in as he continued thrusting and drinking. Realizing she was pulling her own son into her, she immediately released her hold and feebly attempted to push him off, but he was a man determined and teeth sinking into her nipple was reason enough to pause. "P-Please... uhn... uhn... oh god please stop. This is so... uhhnnn... w-wrong."

"I'm inside of you, mom. I'm drinking milk from your huge tits. You had an orgasm and are grunting and moaning like a bitch in heat. You might be able to fake an orgasm, but there's no faking that gusher so stop pretending you don't like it and accept the fact you're every bit the pervert I am," Elliott said as he continued pounding his cock in and out of his mother.

"I'm not... you're drunk... uhn... uhn... please..." It was then Bella realized she was once again wrapping her legs around her son and pulling him in deeper.

"That's it you sexy fucking MILF. Now I suggest you keep it down before you alert the bitch to what we're doing." And with that, Elliott leaned down and then latched onto his mother's left nipple.

"Y-Your sister isn't a bitch and... mmmm... n-neither am I. Please just finish quickly."

"Quickly? Are you kidding me? I've spent the last four hours being teased and left blue-balled. I'm going to take my sweet ass time and enjoy every inch of your sexy body. Now keep pulling me deeper into your babymaker and if we're lucky we'll do just that."

Her son's words hitting her like a barrage of bullets," Bella was about to protest, but her words were cut short by a kiss. Breast milk hitting her tongue, she instinctively swallowed – something she had done countless times over the last twenty-odd years, but this was the first with her son and despite the revulsion she felt in the pit of her stomach, the second orgasm erupted from her body in a torrent leaving no doubt in either of their minds just how much she truly loved what he was doing to her.

Milk flowing down his throat as fast as he could suck it from his mother's breast, cock pistoning in and out of the very same tightly clenching womanhood he was born from twenty-one years ago, it was nothing short of a minor miracle that Elliott had made it as long as he had without blowing his load, but her meager protests coupled with another orgasm was enough to send him diving straight over the edge of blissful release. Giving her three more hard thrusts, he then went balls deep just in time to give her cervix a thick coating of baby-making seed. "Uhhnnn! I fucking love you so much!" he moaned as his drunken mind hoped one of those tiny little seeds took root and would soon begin to sprout.

The disgustingly pleasurable ordeal over, her son's obvious pent-up sexual energy and frustrations finally released, All Bella wanted was to take a scalding hot shower to wash away the shame, but as she was beginning to wiggle away from him, he grabbed her by the hips and roughly flipped her onto her belly. "Please, Elliott, you've had your fun now please stop this madness. I'm your mother. We can't... uhnmp!" she grunted as her son's cock tore through her tightly puckered back door like a bullet through flesh. Not the biggest fan of anal – her husband only managing to take her up the ass four times in the quarter century they've been together, she grunted and thrashed about on the bed as if he had just skewered her with a hot poker. "UHN! I don't... oh god please take it out!"

"I'm not stopping until I've been in all three of your holes, mom, so just relax and accept your place as my fucktoy and I'll see about giving you another orgasm."

Dammit, Elliott, are you so fucking drunk you can't see how wrong this is?"

“You taught us to never lie, mom, so right after I’m finished fucking it I’m going to spank your ass.”

“What you’re doing to me is disgusting and wrong on more levels than I care to count!” his mother said, her words having virtually no conviction behind them. “Please, Elliott, it’s not too late to do the right thing.”

“I don’t know, mom, this feels pretty damn right to me. Besides, if you really hate it that much then why are you rocking your hips back to meet my thrusts instead of trying to pull away? Admit it, with dad gone all the time for work you miss the touch of a man. You miss the feel of a hard, throbbing cock pounding you silly.”

“YES! I fucking love your cock, but that doesn’t make this any less wrong,” his mother panted as she felt the third orgasm rapidly building towards another gusher.

“I knew you were a fucking pervert!” Elliott said as he quickly emptied his second load deep inside his mother’s ass. Pulling out, he flipped her around with ease and then shoved his still hard dick into her mouth. “Last hone and then we can go take a shower before heading to bed,” he said as he slid down her throat.

The time for protesting long gone, Bella offered no resistance as her son used her as his personal fucktoy despite the shame, humiliation, and disgust building with every thrust. She did not lie when she said she loved his cock. She absolutely loved every inch of it slamming in and out of her. She loved how quickly and easily it made her orgasm. And given its slightly shorter and much thinner size compared to her husband’s she even loved taking it up her ass. What she did not like, however, what her brain would not move past, was that it was her son bringing her to the heights of sexual pleasure. What she truly hated was the fact that she loved it so damn much that she knew with every fiber of her being that she would let him do it again regardless of how wrong she continued claiming it to be.