

Hey, Professor!

(FF, FM, voy, ws, scat, inc)

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John watched his mother's lovers arrive at night, but he stayed hidden in his room. For nearly two years he'd had the house wired with hidden cameras, and he could comfortably stay put at his desk, watching the monitor, fucking his hand as much as he wanted. But, of course, that was just the beginning of the fun he liked to have.

John's mother, Teresa, was a lesbian. When John was eleven his mom came out of the closet and divorced his father, all very suddenly. He remembered the shocked voice of his dad downstairs, the trembling protests as he tried all night to change her mind. Then his dad was gone. In the middle of the custody battle for John and his sisters, his dad killed himself. Drunk, hit a tree, dead forever. John was crushed for a long time, but he never could hate his mom. He never did blame her.

How could he? His mother had been the center of his world his entire life. Even though she claimed she was a lesbian her entire sexual life--that she'd only married and had children heterosexually because she was unable to deal with the "shame" of the truth about herself--she nevertheless had always treated John with special attention and affection. By the time he was nine it was overtly sexual attention--she gave him baths nearly every night, and so nearly every night he got a nice sudsy hand job and a finger up his ass. By the time he was thirteen and able to truly ejaculate it was a blow job several nights a week, his mother sucking him dry, then kissing his cum back into his mouth.

His sweet sixteen present was his first fuck. His mother took him on a vacation to Disney World in Orlando. It was a long-time tradition with his mom once the divorce occurred--the whole family vacationed together once a year, but then she would take each child on a one-on-one trip, too. So his two sisters also took individual vacations with his mom at various times, but John could never tell that any of their doings were incestuous. His time in Orlando, though, left him no doubt that he would be able to enjoy amazing and forbidden sex with his

mother for as long as he wanted. She told him that he would be the only man she'd ever want to have, for the rest of her life, and John felt just like a god.

Nevertheless, his mother was truly a lesbian in all other respects. She lived for a long time with the woman who'd been her closet lover for many years while she was still married. That woman, Kathy, was tall and muscular, with short black hair and a tattoo of a dragon on her back. Kathy only left after John's fourteenth birthday, when she'd accidentally walked in on Teresa as she knelt sucking her son's cock in the kitchen. Kathy called her a sick bitch, packed her considerable stuff up, and was gone by the next morning. John's mom cried for a long time about it, but within a few months she was bringing home new women to make love to, and John found himself with a new pastime: watching lesbians fuck.

It had never been something he'd tried to do when Kathy was living there. It felt so much like his dad, as far as her size and authority went, that John was cowed subconsciously into maintaining the "good boy" veneer he'd always had prior to the divorce. He wasn't going to risk getting himself into more trouble and shame. But, after Kathy, he found himself urgently interested in what his mother did with the women she brought home. So he found ways to watch them.

His best strategy, for all of his teenaged years, was to simply hide inside his mom's closet and wait for them to get into the bedroom. Rarely ever did his mom do anything sexually with her lovers until they were behind closed doors. His younger sister was always liable to wander out of bed and discover adults at play, and his mom had enough maternal rectitude to be at least a little conscientious about that.

John would wait and watch through the louvered doors of the closet, safely ensconced behind a thick row of old church dresses. And even when his mother would pull open the closet doors to get something--like her little suitcase full of dildos--he was out of sight but still seeing. A lot of times the closet doors were left wide open, and John got to see without obstruction as his mother and her lover would trade turns with the strap-on, fist each other, lick each other.

Of course, he never dated girls much in high school. There wasn't any need. He got what he wanted at home. The girls he did like were usually just friends, and it was usually them who pressured him about dating and kissing and fucking. But they never lasted. He was a good-looking but geeky guy who just didn't have much interest in what they wanted. He got super grades, was motivated to make a lot of money after college some day, and he just didn't focus on the sexual needs that clouded so many of his peers at that age. He graduated valedictorian of his class. He went on to college at a great school just forty miles away, so he could still live at home. And of course he continued to spy on his mom and to fuck his mom whenever he wanted.

It wasn't ever clear to him whether or not his mother knew that he

spied. He suspected that she must. She wasn't nearly dumb. She taught in community college, after all. However, she never made any indication, even by accident, that she'd discovered John's sneaking and peaking. It wasn't brought up when they fucked. It wasn't hinted at, not ever. So John went on doing it with the sustained thrill that he was really getting away with an awesome bonus scandal.

After college, John began working as a programmer for a software company in the same city as his college. The long hours really killed him for the first couple years, but as his status in the company rose, he was able to telecommute more and more. Finally, he reached that magical moment in a star programmer's career where he was so valuable that his company allowed him to work from home and simply "be available" during normal hours for teleconferences and various troubleshooting. Otherwise, he worked the hours he wanted, and he made sure he was free for fucking and spying whenever he desired. He knew his lucky turn in his job might not last forever, but he made sure at least to take full advantage of it.

Now, at 29, he had a completely wired house to enjoy. Every room was under surveillance. He'd spent a very large portion of many paychecks ordering the best covert equipment money could buy, and the results were boggling--even after he'd thought he'd grown used to his voyeuristic omniscience, there were still moments that simply blew him away.

He had a wireless picture frame camera hung in the hallway bathroom that he shared with his younger sister, hoping to catch glimpses of her when he got bored. What he discovered instead was that his mother would lock herself in that bathroom on many mornings after his sister showered and finished preparing for school. She would take off all her clothes and rummage in the clothes hamper for Jessica's dirty panties. Holding them against her face, his mom would masturbate furiously, then take a long bath, in which she'd usually masturbate more. From time to time she even took Jessica's hairbrush and fucked herself with the handle. John, initially alarmed and jealous of this lust of his mother's being directed away from himself, was finally comforted with the fact that his mom always took great care to wipe down the hairbrush, even spraying it with Lysol every time--apparently to take away the odor of her ripe cunt. And his sister, from all his observations of her, was clueless about it.

He did watch his sister with his cameras, too. Her room held three of them. But she was a chaste, studious girl. Her senior year of college was nearly over, and John still didn't think she even masturbated. He'd seen her naked thousands of times, of course, but never erotically. Just changing clothes. Getting into the tub. Real yawn-of-the-week stuff. But he continued to check in on her every day, nevertheless, because she had a hot body and because his mom thought so, too.

And then his mother began to bring Megan home, and John's journey took a wild turn.

Megan was one of his mother's students. She was only 21, younger

than John, younger than Jessica, too. She stood only 4'11", kept her black hair cut short like a boy, and had one nostril, one eyebrow, and one lip pierced. A gigantic tattoo of fire could be seen by only its tips above the collar of her shirt, where it licked its flame of ink up the nape of her neck. Just to glance at her, John thought she looked exactly like a ten year-old carnival boy or something. But her eyes were the softest blue, and her lips were full. And John could tell it was no accident that his mom was falling in love with her.

John's mom, at 53, was a sexual maniac, and that kept her looking attractive to men and women of all ages. The longer John knew her, the more he could spot others like her in the world. They held a confident, savage look of hunger in their bodies. They radiated a heat that no observant person could miss. The confidence alone was attractive, but the fact that it was being generated out of an eternally-burning sex machine soon overrode any problems most people would have about her age. And she was still attractive, anyway. Her body was as fit as it could be. Her abs and ass and tits were firm. She worked out every day after work. She wore her clothes like Hollywood. She smiled like the sun. It was not a mystery to John at all how his mom had become such a sex-lover, not when people must have been offering it to her for her entire life.

Definitely more femme than her lovers, John's mom managed to pick her lady friends seemingly without a preference for butch or femme. Some would be Loretta Lipstick, while others were Donna Dyke. But Megan, for all time, was definitely in a class of her own.

Her voice was deep and full, and she laughed loudly, boisterously. It was a confident laugh, and it was clear in all ways that Megan was Teresa's equal in terms of self-possession and sexual goals. They went after each other in bed like eagles locked and rolling in the air--knowing when to claw and bite, knowing when to pull and break. They hardly spoke, but they laughed a lot and encouraged each other with hoarse throaty curses, threats, and halleluiahs.

"Eat me, you filthy bitch!" John's mom would growl, grinding her cunt down onto Megan's greedy mouth, as Megan's fingernails dug viciously into the older woman's ass.

"Suck my cunt forever, you beautiful whore," his mother would then purr, falling forward to lick and chew on Megan's huge clit, flicking at the ring pierced through the hood just above it, burying her entire face in that wet goopy crotch.

They fisted each other violently. John's mother would usually lie on her back, and Megan would kneel between her knees, pumping her arm repeatedly until Teresa arched herself into a painful spasm, pulling Megan by the arm along with her. Then they'd switch, and Megan would get on her hands and knees, pressing her small tits into the bed, sticking her ass into the air, her sopping cunt wide open. John's mom knew how to work her hand in smooth and fast, and she'd always lick the girls asshole while she fisted her. The sucking sound of the pistoning fist, the slurping sound of the tongue on her asshole--

they came through John's hidden microphone, into his headphones, loud and clear. He would sometimes accidentally ejaculate all over his equipment when they did that, but he didn't care. They got after each other. They wanted it bad. And he couldn't believe he could watch and hear it all.

In the kitchen on the mornings after such lovemaking, Megan and Teresa were usually still affectionate toward one another, but discreetly. They'd kiss and nuzzle a little at the coffee maker, but both were so exhausted from the previous night's exercise that usually they went their separate ways still in a fog of sleepiness. They fucked nearly three or four nights a week, so John got used to their rhythms in the morning to the point where he'd stop watching on the cameras and come down into the kitchen to eat cereal and talk with his mother after Megan--who always left first--drove her car away; he knew his mom often liked a good fuck to get herself ready for the day.

"Mornin', Mom," he'd whisper, slipping up behind her to hug and nuzzle, just as Megan had done moments before.

"Mmmmmmm," his mother would croon, leaning into him and rubbing his arms as she settled in around her. "I like that," she'd murmur.

Soon she'd turn within the circle of his embrace and slide her arms up around his head. Her lips would find his cheeks as he bent down and offered them. Jessica was long-gone by then, so he'd turn his lips to hers with no fear of getting caught. Their mouths opened, tongues slid together.

John knew how his mom liked her nipples rubbed, so his fingers would slip inside her robe, feeling her breasts softly, running his hands across the hard nubs just, just, just the right way.

His mother moaned into his mouth every time, and her hands would tighten on his head, his neck.

After a lot of breast-rubbing, John's mom eventually broke off the kiss and would begin to talk to him, discuss the dirty incest with him. They both loved it that way, reveling in the badness of their acts.

"You are not supposed to touch your mother this way, young man," she chided. "This is wrong."

John, now pinching her nipples and twisting them brutally outward and down, would scoff and reply, "Only a son would know how to fuck his mom the right way."

Her hands would find his cock, pulling on it fiercely. Their mouths would meet again for a hard, needy kiss.

"Now, Mommy, sweet mother, do you want me to fuck you or not?"

Teresa would then get up on the kitchen table, or else down on the floor, lift her feet in the air, and offer her cunt to her lusting son. He never failed to pause at least one moment to admire her. She was gorgeous, and the sight of her giving herself to her own son like that was such a slutty, filthy thing for a mother to do, it took his breath

away. And she appreciated the worship, of course, so she didn't mind waiting that extra beat while he collected himself and took in the beauty of a mother about to fuck her son.

"Come here and give me that cock, Johnny," she'd whisper, and as soon as he'd penetrate her with his head, she'd moan and buck against him.

"That's it, Mom, fuck me, fuck your man!" John would often say, and they'd strain and grasp against each other, her legs wrapping around his waist, her fingernails on his shoulders, his back. She'd come over and over, and he'd fill her up and leave her dripping.

And that was how it went for nearly six months while Megan was coming over. John thought his sex life and his spying was at an all-time peak, and it almost began to worry him.

And then Megan did something amazing.

One night, as she knelt above John's mother in a sixty-nine, she simply declared, "I've got to piss."

Teresa pulled her mouth away from Megan's pussy and looked up toward her face, around the girl's hip. Megan looked back at her, then reached back to run her finger through Teresa's long auburn hair. The girl tenderly asked her, "Is it OK? Do you still want it?"

John's mother closed her eyes and groaned lightly, then swallowed hard. "It's just been so long, that's all. I'm just being chicken like I was way back then." Teresa opened her eyes and grinned, though. "But now I know better. I know it's great and I can't believe I stopped doing it for so long!" Megan was grinning back.

"Go on, little bitch!" Teresa barked, slapping the girl's ass hard. "Let me drink your piss!"

Megan went rigid, and John's mother opened her mouth wide and pushed her face right up under the younger woman's dripping cunt. John, shocked and leaning forward in his chair, had his face only a few inches from the monitor. His cock was the fattest and longest it had ever been.

Suddenly--hisssssss--a torrent of piss erupted from Megan's pussy. It hit Teresa all over her mouth and nose, over her cheeks, down her chin and neck, soaking her hair. Megan pissed on and on, holding herself still, letting Teresa bath her face in it. John's mom was moaning, gulping down mouthfuls of the hot urine, her eyes tightly shut, her hands hovering in the air above Megan's ass, as if they were conducting this symphony of piss, and Megan was the prize virtuoso.

Megan, while holding herself still, was nonetheless still fingering her clit. John could see clearly on the monitor that her arm was moving steadily, her finger strumming while the piss poured out. Both women were making wild noises, and the pissing itself was so loud! John had come almost as soon as the first drop of urine splashed into his mom's mouth, but now, only a few moments later, just realizing how loud and nasty they were was almost enough to make him shoot again.

"Mmmmmm--oh God *gulp*--oh God *gulp*--mmmmmmmm--oh yes, baby *gulp*--let me drink that hot piss!" his mother moaned. Then she blurted, "Here's mine!" And a fountain of urine erupted from her own upturned cunt and completely soaked the ecstatic girl above.

Megan, being shorter, had her face located above Teresa's navel at that moment, so the first torrents of piss went up from Teresa like a geyser, then rained down on both of them from above. Teresa's legs were bent back, the knees hooked against Megan's sides, the heels dug into her back, so it was easy for John's mom to angle her pussy to cause such a deluge of gushing warm water onto both of them. Megan squealed. She came harder than John had ever seen her come before.

"Oh, baby, THAT'S IT!" Megan yelled, then it was just gurgling as she thrust her face fully into the onslaught of bladder fluid that was still bursting out of Teresa's urethra.

Both women soon ran dry and weren't spurting any more, but they continued to rub and lick frantically at each other's cunts, sucking off all the piss they could get to. Finally, Megan got down onto the soaked bed with Teresa and they locked in a traditional embrace, kissing deeply, laughing about how wet they were and how cold they were getting.

But they weren't done. John's mom had gone back to her old ways, and she wanted to go back for even more.

"Baby, let's go get some beer and eat some of that old pizza and see if we can manage to do it ALL tonight," John's mother whispered.

Megan tilted her head back and looked in amazement for a long moment at her lover.

"Teresa, are you sure?" But the older woman just chuckled.

"Well, baby, why not? It's not like I've never wondered, you know."

Megan still seemed unconvinced. "Well... just as long as it's not because I'm pressuring you or anything, OK? I mean, you can change your mind, OK?"

Teresa just chuckled some more and nodded, kissing the twenty-one year old on the tip of her piss-soaked nose. "Don't worry about me, baby," she said, "I'll know what to do."

"OK..." Megan seemed content, then excited as she sat up, shivered, and threw on their robes. "But what about John or Jessica? What if they wake up and come down to the kitchen while we're in there? We're pretty smelly right now, you know?"

John's mom only laughed some more and pushed the girl toward the bedroom door.

"Don't you worry about that," she whispered. "Jessica's upstate visiting her sister, and my Johnny knows better."

Then they went to the kitchen, their nude bodies clothed only in dripping piss and comfortable terry cloth robes. John watched them as

they ate cold pizza and drank a six pack of beer for a half an hour. He was amazed either one of them could even get up from the table, but they did.

"Let's do it baby," said John's mother. "That pizza we ate at dinner has got to be ready by now. And the rest of it is gonna help do the trick. I think I can feel it real good now that my bladder's full again." She took off her robe and flung it into the hallway. "Here. Help me slide this table over so we've got more room on the floor."

Megan just stood there. "What? Here? Out here? What about----?" She waved her hands absently toward the stairs.

"Johnny?" Teresa snorted. "I told you, my Johnny will stay out of our way. You've GOT to trust me, baby." She came up and nestled Megan against her naked body. "If we're going to really do this, then we've got to have some room, some surfaces we can clean, and some trust." They kissed for a long time, and Megan's robe came off. Teresa finally began rubbing the girl's pussy, and she said, "I do want this, you know. It's always been my fantasy."

Megan moaned against her and humped the older woman's thrusting fingers. "And I can't think of anyone else I'd rather share it with than you, sweet love." And John's mom kissed the girl so long, so tenderly, that John felt a strange jealousy surge inside himself that he'd never before known. But he forced it away and continued to stroke his cock.

Then Megan pissed all over Teresa's hand. The older woman dropped to her knees and glued her mouth to the girl's raining pussy. In spurt after spurt, Megan controlled her flow so John's mother could drink mouthfuls of the hot golden juice. Teresa was frantically rubbing her own clit, squirming her ass as she squatted, moaning without restraint.

Megan simply stood and pissed and pinched at her nipples. She watched John's mother worship and drink her piss, and she bit her lip and came.

And then she farted.

"Oh, Teresa, honey, we better hurry," moaned Megan. John's mom jumped up and shoved the kitchen table roughly across the tiled floor. It banged into the refrigerator and chairs went flying, but neither of them seemed to notice. John could feel the vibration of the impact through the upstairs floor, and it nearly made him come again.

His mother sprawled herself on her back in the growing pool of piss, fingering herself ferociously as Megan squatted above her face, once again as if they would start a sixty-nine. However, this time the girl maintained a true squat, staying upright, still playing with her own breasts, and straining her guts to move.

John thought he would die. He truly worried for an instant about a heart attack, because his chest tightened to a point where he could barely breathe. He admitted to himself that he knew what his mother--his own sweet, wild mom!--wanted to do, and he couldn't believe that

he wanted so, so, so badly to see her do it!

Teresa, her mouth wide open, snaked out her tongue and licked Megan's anus. The girl moaned and strained even harder. One of John's cameras had just enough light to pick up the gorgeous pink crinkled rose as it puckered, cracked and spread. The tip of a dark brown turd was slowly creeping out. Megan's asshole widened impossibly around it as it got fatter and longer, and both women began to moan continuously.

And then Teresa licked it.

John's mother ran her tongue lightly along the underside of the log of shit as it stayed stuck halfway out her lover's ass. As it began to droop and descend toward her mouth, Teresa licked more confidently. She growled deep in her throat and let the filthy excrement push its way all the way out of Megan and drop fully into her mouth. Just a little bit was visible sticking out of her lips.

John came painfully all over his keyboard.

Megan stopped any further movements of her bowels and got up to help her lover. She knelt down beside Teresa and whispered encouragement.

"That's it, momma, honey," she muttered. "Just hold it and let it melt a little. Get used to that smell. Mmmmmm---yeah, the smell." One of Megan's hands began to finger herself again. "But if you're going to chew, you better do it before the juice melts off and chokes you. OK?"

Teresa was just moaning, rubbing her cunt like crazy, but then she pushed half the turd up out of her mouth and looked eagerly at her young lover. Megan grinned and bent forward.

The girl put her mouth around the other half of her own shit, and the two women kissed around it. Then Megan bit off her end and chewed. She groaned and closed her eyes and chewed her shit and swallowed and chewed until she opened her mouth to show Teresa nothing but a paste of dark shitty residue all over her teeth and tongue. And then she bent and sucked one of Teresa's tits into her mouth.

Teresa began to chew, but then she gagged, turned her head, and spit out half of what she had left. Tears streamed down her face, but she was smiling as she started chewing the remainder that was still in her mouth. Megan wiped the tears tenderly.

"Hey, honey, can you do it? Do you like it?" And John's mom just nodded and smiled and chewed, still rubbing her clit and moaning. Megan picked up her spit-out shit and held it between their faces.

"Well, my sweet momma-bitch, you like it! Are you my shit eater now? You gonna' eat shit with me from now on? Huh?" Megan waved the dripping piece of turd and Teresa's eyes followed it, and she was nodding, and she groaned and spasmed a little.

"And you know what else?" Megan growled, "Know what else I love--what you'll love too?" She smeared the shit all over Teresa's breasts.

She smeared the shit around and above and below the woman's tits until they were nicely brown and slippery. "I love to WEAR IT! Feel that filthy SLIME! Are you my SHIT-MOMMA?" Teresa arched her back and came, trying to nod, clenching her teeth in ecstasy.

Megan, both her hands now covered in shit, began to rub her own breasts, then her cunt, and she soon fell back onto the tile, masturbating heavily. John, transfixed in horror and in joy, could hear his mother's voice finally rumble thickly through her shit-thickened mouth.

"Baby girl, if you shit some more, I'll smear you too." His mom was up on her hands and knees, trembling, dripping piss and shit in little rivulets down her sides. She got between the girl's legs as Megan raised them into the air and began to strain. A few spurts of piss washed across Teresa's brown-smeared tits, and then she got her mouth down there to drink it.

Soon a turd was once again sliding slowly out of Megan's neat pink pucker. John's mom got her mouth around it and captured it between her teeth as it came free. She went up and let Megan chew off the tip, then she grabbed it in her hand, chewed off her own end, and held the bulk of it up for inspection while she ate and fought down her gagging.

John could hear more farts as Megan made some more shit on the floor. His mom scooped it up and piled it on the girl's stomach, because this last shit was softer. But as she began to smear the softer filth with one hand, she took the firm turd that was still in her other hand and began to rub it against Megan's fat clit. The girl instantly began to squeal around her mouthful of shit, and she began to frantically help the older woman rub the dirty feces all over her tiny titties.

"You like that, shit-baby?" Teresa grunted, using the shit log like a dildo across the tip of the girl's clit. "You like fucking shit so much. You're getting so filthy, you pig. You PIG!" Megan pinched her nipples and moaned "Uh-huh, Uh-huh," faster and faster as Teresa continued to talk and chew and rub and smear.

"You dirty baby, I remember what you told me you did with those other pigs," Teresa whispered, and Megan stiffened bodily, pulling up hard on her nipples. They were stretched impossibly far out from her body, and John winced as he watched. His mom continued talking.

"You really FUCKED SHIT with them, didn't you?" Teresa screamed. John could hear her clearly as her voice echoed up the stairs and down the hall to his closed door. "You fucked shit---in your FILTHY CUNT---and it made you COME! DIDN'T IT?!"

Teresa immediately shoved the entire log of shit fully into Megan's cunt, and the girl twisted and strained with an orgasm. John's mother wasn't finished, though, because she began to work her hand into the girl, fisting the shit into her stretched pussy. Pummeling the shit out around her hand and wrist, so that it fell out upon her labia and plopped in little bits and brown squirts back down onto her dirty

asshole and the soiled floor. Megan's eyes rolled back into her head, and the girl's heels bounced spastically against the tiles as she came against the shitty fist that was defiling her.

John, painfully stroking his sore cock, finally sat back in his chair, nothing left to shoot, just spasming, hurting from over-strummed skin. He tried to catch his breath and keep up with it all as his mother withdrew her hand. Both women lovingly licked the terrible brown debris off his mom's glistening fingers, and then they kissed and laid down in it all. Pulling Megan's robe to them, they partially covered themselves and seemed to take a rest. Neither of them spoke. Neither of them moved.

And John, his mother's son, began to slowly get his own ideas. As he drifted off to sleep in his comfy chair, the monitors still humming, he realized his bladder was full, his rectum was heavy, and he didn't want to leave that chair for a long time.

The thought made him smile.

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