Man of the House

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I came home from school one afternoon without my sister. My mom, a realtor, didn't have any appointments that day, so she was at home. "Where's Paige?" she asked as I shut the front door behind me.

" Detention," I said.

Mom sighed. "Again? What did she do this time?"

" How should I know?"

" You're her brother, Josh, you're supposed to look out for her. I know, I know, Mr. Big-Time High School Senior doesn't want to have to babysit his 16-year-old sister, but you're her big brother, it's your job."

I dropped my bookbag on the floor and faced my mom. "I don't have time to keep her out of trouble, that'd take all day every day."

" Please, Josh? For me?" my mom asked, putting her hand on my arm. I never could say no to my mom and she knew it. "Oh fine," I replied.

Mom smiled. "Thank you, sweetheart." She stood on tiptoe and kissed my cheek. "I'm going to do my workout, you can grab a snack or whatever and we'll start dinner when your sister gets home."

I headed to the kitchen but before I left, I turned to look back at my mom. She was a very attractive woman; she'd married my loser dad and had me when she was just 18, which made her 36. She was short, about 5'2", and weighed about 120. Her honey-blonde hair fell to her shoulders and she had green eyes in what I thought was a beautiful face. She did this workout routine of hers at least three days a week, so she was in really good shape. And it was a nice shape, too. She had nice curves and her breasts were about a C, kept nice and taut by her workouts. As she started bending and stretching, I couldn't stop myself from noticing that my mom had a real nice ass, round and pert and full. She was wearing a pair of yoga pants that made it look fantastic, and a sports bra. If I'd seen that

ass on a woman on the street, I'd have stopped and checked it out. Hell, if she weren't my mom I'd be thinking about trying to pick her up. She was a total MILF.

I disappeared into the kitchen, the image of my mom's tight ass in those yoga pants refusing to leave my mind.

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Two hours later, my younger sister Paige came strolling in the front door. She threw her bag down in the hallway with a huff. "Paige?" came my mom's voice from the living room.

" Yeah what?" was my sister's sullen reply. Not for the first time, I wanted to smack her one. She was 16, that age where pretty much every girl in the world turns into a total cunt towards her parents and, to a lesser extent, her siblings.

" What did you do to get detention?" my mom asked her.

" Nothing," my sister snapped. "I'm going upstairs." "Paige, honey," my mom called after her, but Paige only replied with "Leave me alone!" as she stomped up to her room and slammed the door. I heard my mom sigh.

I wanted to kill my sister. Our dad had been a real piece of shit; he'd knocked my mom up with me when they were in high school, married her, then proceeded to blame her getting pregnant for the fact that he was a deadbeat loser who held a bottle more often than he'd held a job. He treated my mom like crap until the day she found him in bed with some sleazy broad he'd picked up in some dive bar. She threw him out and had gotten a divorce. Good riddance.

Since then, when I was about 10, she'd raised us ourselves. Worked hard at it, too. It had been rough, and there were times when she went without so that Paige and I could have what we needed. I loved her for it. Once I'd been old enough, I'd gotten a part time job, and when I got my first paycheck I went home and handed it right to her. She cried and told me that I was the man of the house now. 'Why does my sister have to be such a cunt?' I thought.

I went up to Paige's room and opened the door. She was still in the outfit she'd worn to school, one of her School Slut outfits; pleated miniskirt, buttondown sweater with nothing but a bra underneath, knee high stockings, and heels. My sister was a slightly taller version of my mom; she stood 5'5" and was a little thinner, with smaller breasts, but was still shapely like my mom. Outfits like the one she had on only made guys drool over her more and she knew it. Brat.

“ What?” she snapped.

“ Don’t talk to me like that, you little brat. What the fuck is wrong with you, snapping at mom like that?”

“ Oh that’s right, Josh, you’re Mom’s favorite, her son, her little man. Leave me the fuck alone.”

I wanted to grab her and slap her one. “What did you do, get caught with some douchebag’s hand up your skirt again?”

“ Wouldn’t you love to know,” Paige said sarcastically. “Now get the fuck out!”

I left her room, my blood boiling.

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The next day at school I found out what my sister had done. She’d been caught under the bleachers giving some kid a blowjob. The teacher who’d caught her was a middle-aged perv, and I was pretty sure he gave Paige detention so he could get his own cock serviced by my sister. I couldn’t do anything about the teacher, but once I figured out which guy she’d been under the bleachers with, I gave him a pretty good ass-kicking.

When I got home, my mom was out in the yard wearing a little tank top and shorts, tending to her garden. She was down on her knees pulling some weeds, and once again that delicious ass was pointed right at me. “Hey Mom,” I said.

She stood up and smiled at me. She looked so beautiful when she smiled. “Hi honey!” As always she gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek, her breasts bouncing in the tank top as she stood on tiptoe. I told her that I’d found out why Paige had gotten detention and that I’d taken care of it, but didn’t give her any details. She smiled at me again. “I knew I could count on you, Josh. You’re such a wonderful young man. I don’t know what I’ll do without you when you go off to college next fall.”

“ Don’t worry Mom, it’ll be fine,” I told her. Truth be told, I didn’t want to think about how my Mom would handle Paige alone with me gone. My mom smiled and kissed me again, then went back to her gardening. I watched her bend over, admiring her ass, trying to ignore the fact that my cock was stirring in my pants.

That night I had a date with a cute little red-haired junior. We went to a movie, we grabbed a bite, we parked on a side road and fucked in the backseat. When I was about to cum, the image of my mom’s

ass popped into my head. I came really hard.

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The next day was a Saturday. Mom was off showing a house, Paige was off who knows where and I was playing video games. I heard Mom come home from her appointment. She didn't know I was home.

She went to her bedroom and, thinking she was alone, left the door slightly open. I heard her shower running for a while, then it stopped. I went towards my mom's room, intending to ask her how her appointment had gone, but once I got close enough to see inside, I stopped short.

My mom was standing in front of the mirror wrapped in a towel, searching for a comb. Once she found it…she dropped the towel. She turned, looking at herself in the mirror, obviously admiring the results of her frequent workouts. So was I. My mom was HOT!!

My dick started to get hard.

Once she was done combing out her hair, she sat back on the bed and did something I will never forget. She started playing with herself.

I stood, mesmerized, at the sight of my mother laying back on the bed, rubbing her pussy with one hand and squeezing her breasts with the other. She moaned softly. I knew she hadn't had a date in a really long time; not that she couldn't get one, looking as amazing as she did. She just didn't want to date. But I never thought of my mom as a woman with sexual needs before, until I saw her fingering her pussy.

Without thinking I reached down and grabbed my throbbing erection and started stroking it through my pants. Watching her I wasn't thinking of her as my mother, I only saw a beautiful older woman putting on an unwitting show for me, and I wanted nothing more than to walk right into her bedroom and plant my cock inside her.

I watched, enthralled, as my mother brought herself to orgasm, arching her back and moaning. Her head turned towards the door and I was relieved to see her eyes were squeezed shut. I quickly got back to my bedroom, shut the door silently, laid back on the bed, yanked my shorts down, and fervently stroked my cock. Within moments I came, shooting a geyser of cum up onto my chest.

That evening at dinner, I couldn't help sneaking glances at my mom, reveling in the fact that she had no idea that I'd seen her that afternoon. My mom was lonely, I realized. She had needs like any

woman. The thought excited me. That night I stroked off to thoughts of her again.

Paige didn’t come strolling in until 3 AM.

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Sunday, my mom confronted Paige about where she’d been the night before. Paige told her to mind her own business and, as usual, stormed up the stairs and slammed her bedroom door. I came up behind my mom and put my hand on her shoulder. She turned to me and hugged me. I could see that Paige had hurt her feelings. It made me angry.

“ I’ll take care of it,” I told mom, then went upstairs.

Without knocking I went into Paige’s room and yanked the headphones off her head. “What the fuck is the matter with you, Paige?”

“ What the fuck are you doing? Gimme back my headphones!” She reached for them but I held them over my head and she couldn’t reach.

“ You’ve been nothing but a bitch to Mom for months,” I said, angrily. “What the fuck is the matter with you?”

“ What do you care?” yelled Paige. “You’re my brother, not my father!”

I got angry. “Maybe I should play father,” I snapped at her. “You definitely need it.” Pissed, I grabbed Paige, sat on the edge of the bed and, holding her wrists with one hand, pulled her down over my knees.

“ What the fuck?!” she said.

“ You want to act like a spoiled little brat, you’ll get punished like a spoiled little brat,” I told her.

I grabbed the waistband of her pajama pants and yanked them down to her knees. She was wearing a thong and her ass looked…amazing, actually. But that wasn’t my focus. I raised my hand and brought it down on her ass with a loud SMACK!

“ OW! What the fuck, Josh!!”

“ Shut up you little brat,” I growled at her. “You wanna be a pain in the ass, I’ll show you a pain in the

ass.” I brought my hand down on her bare ass again and again, turning the tight globes bright pink. Paige tried to get away but she couldn't. Finally, when my hand was stinging, I stopped. She was whimpering.

I threw her down onto the bed and got up. “Maybe next time you’ll think before you act like a cunt. Because next time you talk to Mom like that, you’ll get punished again.” I stalked out of the room.

Paige’s thong was soaking wet.

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Things were fine for a few days after that, until one day Paige got detention again. This time Mom was out showing a house, so when Paige got home, I was waiting for her. “Who’d you suck off this time?” I said in a stern voice when she came in the door.

She glared at me. “Fuck you, Josh,” she hurled at me.

I grabbed her and started up the stairs. She pulled against me, whining, “What are you doing?”

“ I warned you,” I told her. We reached her bedroom. Once again I sat on the bed and yanked her down across my knees. She was wearing another one of her School Slut skirts, so I just pushed it up to her waist and immediately noticed she wasn’t wearing panties.

I started spanking Paige, listening to her whimpering, leaving handprints on her hot round ass, when I felt a dampness against my thigh. I paused and roughly pried her thighs apart. Her pussy was dripping wet. “What’s going on down here?” I asked out loud.

“ N-nothing,” Paige stammered.

“ Bullshit nothing. Your fucking cunt is wet as hell. You – “ Realization hit me. “You fucking LIKE being spanked! You little whore, you’re getting off on this!”

“ I’m not the only one, big brother,” Paige sneered at me. “Your dick always get that hard when you’re spanking a girl? You getting hot spanking your little sister's naked ass?”

I fumed. “Don’t you give me lip, you little bitch. If you like it so much, I’ll give you something to like.”

Paige’s eyes went wide as I shoved two fingers into her dripping wet cunt. Her eyes went wide and she gasped out loud. I didn’t notice the victorious grin on her face. I fingered her cunt roughly,

thumbing her clit, as she first whimpered, then started moaning. Her ass moved in little circles as…oh good god my little slut sister was fucking my hand! The thought turned me on, and I started fingerfucking her harder. Finally a scream escaped her as she writhed and came.

I pulled my fingers out of her and shoved them into her mouth, so she could taste her pussy juices. “There, you little slut. How’d that feel?”

She glared up at me, her eyes triumphant. “I knew you got off playing Daddy with me,” she said, her voice dripping with attitude.

I didn’t know quite how to take that, so I simply said, “Kiss my ass.” As I got up to leave, I couldn’t help but wonder. I’d come into Paige’s room with the intention of punishing her, but somehow I felt like she’d gotten exactly what she wanted. Whatever the case, she’d been right – I did like it. My dick was as hard as a rock.

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Paige stayed in her room the rest of the night. When Mom came home, she looked tired and dejected. “Hey Mom,” I greeted her. She managed a tired smile for me. “Hi, sweetheart.”

I looked her over. “No sale?” I asked.

“ No sale,” she said. “I’ve shown these people five houses and they just don’t like anything. I give up,” she said as she sank down onto the couch.

I sat next to her and put my arm around her. “Don’t worry, Mom, you’ll get them eventually. Damn you feel tense.”

She looked up at me and smiled. “I am tense. I need a massage,” she joked.

“ Turn around,” I told her. When she looked at me quizzically I said “Just turn around, Mom.”

I slipped her suit jacket off and started rubbing her shoulders. Her head fell forward and she sighed contendedly. “Ohhhhhh Josh where did you learn to do that, that feels heavenly,” she said.

“ What can I say, I have magic hands,” I said teasingly.

“ Mmmmmm, you certainly do, honey,” my mom breathed. I kept kneading her shoulders, feeling her muscles unclench beneath my fingers. I boldly reached further and further forward with each stroke

until my fingertips were grazing the tops of her breasts. Her head rolled back and rested on my shoulder. She moaned softly. My cock was throbbing in my pants. “Ohhhh sweetheart…” Mom breathed in a husky voice.

After a moment, her eyes opened and she shifted on the couch. “I should take a shower,” she said, sounding a little flustered. “Thank you baby,” and kissed me on the cheek. “You really are the man of the house. What would I do without you?”

I smiled and watched my mom’s ass wiggle back and forth as she ascended the stairs, formulating my plan.

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When Mom got out of the shower, I was ready. I stood in the hall, outside her bedroom, with the door open a crack. I watched her come out of the bathroom and comb her hair just like before. Only this time, when her back was to me, I slipped in the door and closed it behind me.

“ Josh!” my mom exclaimed, hurrying to clench the towel tighter around her body. “What is it, sweetheart?”

“ I’ve been thinking about something, Mom,” I started. “About how you always say I’m the man of the house.”

“ Well, you are,” she said. “You take good care of your sister and me.”

“ Not like I should,” I said, sitting on the edge of the bed. Mom sat next to me, tucking one leg up underneath her and turning to face me. “I should be doing more.”

“ Honey, you do more than enough,” Mom said, reaching up and caressing my cheek.

“ Not for you I don’t,” I said, taking her hand in mine. She looked at me questioningly. “I saw you the other day.”

“ What do you mean, Josh?”

“ I mean I saw you. I was coming to see how your appointment went and your door was open. I don’t think you knew I was home. So I came over to your door and…” I let my voice trail off.

“ And you saw…” she said slowly. Then her eyes went wide and her face turned bright red. “Oh my

god Josh, you saw me…”

“ Yeah.”

She stared at the floor, clearly embarrassed. “Honey I didn’t know you were home, you shouldn’t have seen me…doing…that,” she stammered. “I’m sorry you had to see that.”

“ I’m not.” Her eyes shot up to meet mine. “That was when I realized I wasn’t doing everything I should be doing for you.” Still holding her hand, I started stroking her palm with a fingertip. “You’re a woman, Mom. You have needs like any other woman. And you’re so beautiful, Mom. A beautiful young woman like you shouldn’t be lonely like that.”

She looked at me for a long moment, a shy smile creeping across her face. “Thank you, sweetheart. You are a very handsome young man and it’s been a long time since I got a compliment like that from a handsome young man. But honey, what do you mean when you say you’re not doing what you should be doing for me?”

“ I mean,” I said, drawing closer to her, “that if I’m the man of the house, and you’re the lady of the house, then it’s my job to make sure that you have everything you need. EVERYTHING,” I said in a low, husky voice.

Mom’s eyes went wide. “Josh honey you can’t mean…”

“ I do, Mom,” I said. Then I leaned in and kissed her.

She pulled away. “Josh!” she exclaimed. “What do you think you’re doing?!”

“ Giving you what you need, Mom,” I said, moving in on her. “And what I need.” I grabbed her wrists and lowered her to the bed. She struggled a bit, but she was a foot shorter and about 80 pounds lighter than me. I pressed her into the mattress and lowered my body atop hers, kissing her again.

With one hand I kept her wrists pinned above her head and with the other, I undid the towel and pulled it open. I gasped at the sight of my mother’s naked body, my cock instantly going stiff. “God damn you are so fucking beautiful,” I whispered hoarsely, then kissed her again.

“ Mmmf, mmm Josh, we can’t - ” she whispered halfheartedly. I kissed her neck, her shoulder, down her collarbone to her amazing breasts. I kissed all around, running my tongue in circles around her dusky nipples, which got hard and invited my lips and teeth to suck and nibble on them. “Josh, you’re my son…” she murmured.

“ Yes I am. I’m also the man of the house, and it’s my job to take care of whatever you need,” I said. "And you do need this, don't you, Mom?" With my free hand I undid my shorts and tugged them down, freeing my raging hard-on. Despite herself, my mother gasped at the sight of my erect cock. I stood 6’2” and my dick was proportional to my height; it was a good 8” long and pretty thick.

“ Oh my God look at the size of it,” she whispered in awe.

" I’ll be gentle,” I replied, using my knee to pry her thighs apart. I positioned myself between her legs, feeling her body pressed against me. I also felt a heat pouring from between her thighs. I pressed the tip of my cock against the opening of her vagina. She was dripping wet.

“ Baby, we can't,” she moaned, but with absolutely no conviction in her voice, like she was protesting just because she felt she had to.

“ Yes, we can,” I whispered hoarsely, and pressed a little harder against her opening. She gasped and I felt her move beneath me…moving to press her body tighter against mine.

I worked my hips so the length of my cock rubbed against her slit, coating my shaft with the slick juices dripping from her swollen pussy lips. Mom closed her eyes and her soft, full lips opened in a quiet moan. “How long has it been, Mom?” I said softly in her ear. “How long since you’ve had a man’s cock inside you?”

“ Too long,” she moaned softly. “But sweetheart…”

“ But nothing,” I said, and kissed her neck. “You’re the lady of the house and I’m the man, and I have to take care of you. I WANT to take care of you, Mom, I’ve wanted to do this to you for so long…”

Her beautiful eyes opened and stared up into mine. There was tenderness there, and love, and a burning, shining desire. She hadn’t had a good fucking in a very, very long time, and her body craved it. I could see her warring with herself, her intellect fighting her instinct, her brain fighting her body. I decided to help her body win the argument.

The tip of my cock popped in through the tight opening and I stopped, looking into my mother’s eyes, which went wide. She gave a little moan, looking up at me. “Josh…”

“ Yes, Mom?” My heart was hammering in my chest.

“ You’re…you’re an incredible young man…my incredible young man…taking care of your sister and

me…” She was hesitant, as if she was trying to admit something she shouldn’t. She continued, “You’re…my man…and I need it, I need it so bad, baby…” Her hips started moving in little circles as she closed her eyes and said in a low voice, “Take care of me…”

I couldn’t keep a huge grin off my face as I pushed forward, burying my cock inside her to the hilt.

“ Oh my GOD!” my mother cried out as my cock filled her pussy. And shit was she tight! Between not getting laid for years and her regular workouts, her pussy had toned up like the rest of her until it felt just as good as that little junior’s cunt had felt last weekend…even better, because of the forbidden thrill of nestling my cock inside the very vagina that I had emerged from 18 years ago. I closed my eyes and gasped at the sensation of her pussy taking me inside and cradling me.

My eyes flew open and met hers, and I knew she could see the desire burning in them. She stared back at me, her own eyes wide, her apprehension gone, replaced with a burning need. I lowered my lips to hers and kissed her deeply, then started moving my hips.

I fucked her slowly at first, stroking my cock in and out of her tight pussy, feeling her writhe and twist beneath me. Her chest was heaving and she was murmuring “oh oh oh we shouldn’t we shouldn’t oh baby oh Josh oh honey we shouldn’t oh my god don’t stop baby don’t stop…” Her pussy was dripping, her juices dribbling down my balls, and the twinges and spasms of her vaginal muscles belied the pleasure that she was feeling.

I let go of her wrists and her hands immediately went to my shoulders, gripping them hard.

“ How long has it been, Mom,” I breathed in her ear as I thrust my cock deep inside her. “How long has it been since you’ve gotten fucked like this? How long have you been wanting it, needing it, you’re so beautiful, you shouldn’t go without and I want you and I’m going to give it to you, as much as you could ever want and more, as much as I want…”

“ J-Josh…” she whispered. Her hands tightened on my shoulders, her nails digging into my skin. "Fuck me, Josh..." Her hips started moving beneath me, in time with my thrusts. Her body had won. It had longed, needed, craved this for far too long. She was fucking me back. Her legs closed around my waist. Her nails raked down my back and she moaned long and low, her back arching, tipping her hips upwards to take each thrust of my rock-hard cock as deep into her pussy as she could.

I increased the pace, turned on by her need. I ached to fuck her until I came. So I did. Soon I was plowing away at her little pink cunt and she was moaning with pleasure, her tits bouncing, inarticulate sounds of ecstasy issuing from her wide-open mouth. Her cunt tightened down around my shaft and she screamed, literally screamed, as her whole body bucked and shook with the force of the orgasm

ripping through her.

That sent me over the edge. “FUCKKKKKKK!!!” I bit out as I slammed my cock home one last time. “Oh fucking hell Mom!!!” My cock felt like a cannon as I blasted my jizz deep inside her, my whole body trembled with the hardest orgasm I’d ever had in my life. I filled her little pussy with the biggest load I’ve ever delivered, so much that it dripped from her and ran down her ass.

We collapsed on the bed, catching our breath. I turned to look at her as she was lying there, her eyes closed, chest heaving, breasts moving up and down invitingly. “Mom?”

“ What did we just do, Josh?” she said quietly.

“ We did something amazing,” I said. “We did something I’ve been wanting to do for a long time, something you’ve needed for a long time.” I gathered her in my arms and pulled her close. She didn’t resist. “Something we’re going to do again and again and again, whenever we feel like it.”

She looked up at me then. “We can’t!” she said. “Josh, you just…we just…you’re my son! I’m your mother! We can’t...”

“ We can’t what? Have sex?” I said. “We can’t fuck each other? We can’t screw each other’s brains out until we cum so hard we can’t stand up afterwards?” She nodded. “But we just did,” I said. I kissed her neck. “And we’re going to do it again.”

“ Why?” came her almost silent whisper.

“ Because you’re beautiful and I fucking want you. I want to fuck you over and over again and I’m the fucking man of the house, and now that I’ve had you I’m not going to be able to get enough. I’m gonna fuck you whenever I want it, and I’m gonna fuck you whenever you want it. Neither of us is going to have to need it that badly again. I love you, Mom.”

She looked at me then, tears filling her eyes. “I love you too, Josh,” she said, her voice quivering. She hadn’t been cared for like that by a man in a very, very long time. Sure guys wanted to fuck her, like Josh wanted to fuck her, like her son had just fucked her, but no man had ever touched her with such caring or given a shit about what she needed. Her eyes searched my face, looking for I know not what, then she sighed, closed her eyes, and drew closer to me, wrapping herself in my arms.

“ Okay, sweetheart,” she murmured into my chest.

TO BE CONTINUED

What you have just read is a complete work of fiction. None of the events depicted herein actually happened. Any similarity to any person, place, or event, is entirely coincidental.