

My Son Jay: Part 4 Preparing for training

By albertagirl

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This weekend Jay starts to train to replace Pops

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Due to length part 4 is being posted to build for the upcoming chapter

Thank You to Sir Ryder for His input

The next morning I woke to the smell of coffee brewing and bacon frying. Jay was still asleep. Oh my god, what had I done? A rush of guilt flowed over me. I knew I had done what I had to do, but I couldn't help this feeling. I slipped out of bed careful not to wake Jay. I walked softly to my room and slid on my robe and went downstairs.

"Dad... Sir, what are you doing up so early?"

"I knew my pet and grandson would be hungry after the night they had."

"What do you mean the night we had?"

"My dear sweet slut, do you not think I don't know what happened last night in Jay's room? I know you, remember, I trained you. You are a good mother, a good daughter, but more than that you are a good slut, my slut. I knew you couldn't just sleep with Jay."

"Oh Sir, but I feel so ashamed, he is my son!"

"Fay, are you not my daughter, have we not looked after each other, took care of each other in every way? And we have survived. Just think where your life would be had it not been for us, not been for me. Fay, you knew the day would come when I would no longer be able to take care of you, the way you need to be taken care of..."

"But Sir, I never thought it would be Jay who took your place; I never thought of anyone taking your place, I guess I just took it for granted you would always be here, even though rational thought tells me that isn't possible."

“There is no one else who can take care of you like I have; but, the logical replacement is Jay. You two are closer to each other than either of you will ever be to anyone else. You love Jay and Jay loves you, neither of you want to see the other harmed.”

“I know Sir, but still, he is my son?”

“Yes, he is your son, and he is your lover, even if it is only oral for now. Soon you will gladly give all of yourself to him. You will need and be proud to be his sub/slut mom, just as you need and are proud to be my sub/slut daughter. Jay is a smart boy, a worthy candidate to take my place. Fay, the feelings you have are understandable, but those feelings have been placed there by society; the same society that expected you to find a man, get married, have a family and live happily ever-after. And, how did that work out, Jay’s dad is an asshole, a poison to both you and Jay.”

“Yes he is Sir, and thank you for rescuing me from him.”

“You’re welcome, but I only did what any father would do, protect his daughter and grandson. But I did go a step farther, I recognized the need in your life, and rather than have you wreck your own life, searching from one controlling asshole to the other, I took control. Making sure you and Jay would never be hurt again. Are you not happy Fay, do you not have a good job you enjoy, a nice safe home, Jay is cared for and isn’t living in poverty?”

“Yes Sir, I owe you, I owe you my life; I can never repay you for what you have done for me and Jay.”

“I do not expect repayment. All I expect is appreciation and respect, the appreciation and respect I feel I have earned and deserve...”

“Yes Sir, I do appreciate all you have done for me, and not only do I respect you as a father, I respect and appreciate you as my Sir. Thank you for all you do for us. But, how can you help me with the feelings I am having about last night with Jay?”

“Fay, do you trust me? Have I not always done what is best for you, taken care of you? Trust me, the feelings will change, and you will soon grow to need Jay, as much as you need me, in the same way you need me.”

“Yes Sir, I trust you, and you have always known, and done what is best for your sub/slut. But this is more than I can handle, I have no idea how the feelings will change, and how I will ever be comfortable with the transition from you to Jay?”

“That is why you have me, so you don’t have to worry, so you don’t have to try to work things out on

your own or try to make things happen. The transition will happen without you realizing it, and your relationship with Jay will feel as natural to you as ours does. Now, no more talk about this, set the table then you will go wake up Jay.”

“Yes Sir.”

I set the table as requested and offered to help prepare breakfast, but dad sent me to wake Jay. I turned to go when dad stopped me.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“I don’t think so...?”

“How is a slut to be in presence of her Sir?”

“Naked Sir, but you are my Sir not Jay.”

“But, Jay is now in training to be your Sir, and you shall treat him as such. Drop it, leave your robe here, I will take care of it, you won’t need it for a while.”

“Yes, Sir.” I dropped my robe and stepped out of it. I felt strange walking to my son’s room naked. I had never done this before, but I knew it had to be done.

Jay was still sound asleep. At first I wasn’t sure how I should wake him. I started to cover myself, then I remembered what my Sir had said; I also remembered how I should wake my Sir. I was always to show attention and appreciation to the cock that gave me sanctuary, safety and life. Since my Sir said Jay was in training to be my Sir, I knew what was expected of me.

I pulled the covers back and slid my hand up Jay’s leg. I found the hard cock of a young man, hard from sleep, probably dreaming about what took place last night. I found ‘morning wood’. I stroked his cock feeling it get even harder, Jay only moaned but didn’t wake up.

What was I to do now? I was to do what I was trained to do. I lowered my mouth taking the head of Jay’s cock between my lips, softly licking and sucking. Then going farther down, bobbing my head up and down, stroking with my closed hand against my mouth. Jay arched his hips up and slowly his eyelids parted.

“Mom, what are you doing? Mom, last night, this morning, am I still asleep, am I dreaming? This can’t be real?”

“Yes son, I mean Sir, (I might as well get used to addressing Jay properly) this is real and no, you are not dreaming and what happened last night wasn’t a dream either.”

“Oh fuck; I am sorry, Mom. I mean what are you doing, this is wrong, Mom. You can’t...”

“Jay, Sir, I need this, you need this. Pops knows we need this. But, I do need to stop for now. Pops has breakfast ready for us. Slip on some shorts and come downstairs.”

I turned and walked away, actually proud of myself for doing as my Sir had instructed me. Thinking back to last night, thinking back to Jay saying our tryst was as hot as any Internet porn he had watched. Could it be possible, even hotter than the porn I had caught him masturbating too? And also telling me, his mom was hot, sexy and slutty. I twisted my ass a little more than normal for Jay’s benefit. I stopped at the door and turned...

“Hurry down, Pops has been working hard in the kitchen this morning.”

I stopped and turned to tell Jay to hurry down to breakfast, I wanted to see if Jay was watching his mom’s naked ass as I walked away. Sure enough, his eyes were looking down even with the level of my ass. When he realized I had stopped and turned, he quickly looked away and pulled the sheet over his steel hard cock.

“I will be right down, Mom, now go on so I can get out of bed.”

I giggled. “Jay, after last night and this morning, I hardly think you need to be shy and cover up.”

I turned and went downstairs, again the thought hit me, and how could a mom be acting this way with her son? But then thoughts of me and dad popped into my head. Sure our relationship had felt strange at first, but what seemed like no time at all I felt comfortable with dad being my Sir. I knew I could trust dad, and soon I would have the same comfortable feeling between Jay and I. I smiled to myself and walked into the kitchen.

“Well, is he coming down to breakfast or not?”

“Yes Sir, he will be right down.”

“And, did my slut wake her future Sir properly?”

“Yes Sir, you trained me well. I did as I was trained. It still feels awkward but I am trusting that everything will be ok. Are you sure we are not doing harm to Jay?”

“Trust me Fay, everything will be ok. Now fix your future Sir-to-be a plate and we will talk about this more when he gets here.”

“Yes Sir, where is my robe?”

“I told you, you will not need it for a while. Have you forgotten how you are to be dressed, or should I say undressed, when home, especially home with your Sir?”

“Yes Sir, but we will be eating. Naked in bed with Jay is one thing, but this is in the kitchen...?”

“Fay, you know what is expected, you know without me telling you, please don’t question me or question your position with me.”

“Yes Sir”

I was just setting Jay’s plate on the table at his chair when he popped around the corner into the kitchen.

“MOM?!!!”

Jay looked at me, and then looked at dad. Dad just pointed to Jay’s chair.

“Have a seat son, breakfast is ready.”

Dad didn’t even acknowledge Jay’s shock, that I was still naked in the kitchen, not only naked in front of him, but now also naked in front of my dad. I fixed dad a plate and set it at his place at the table, then fixed my own and took a seat at the table as if there was nothing unusual about my state of undress. The meal was quiet as we ate, no conversation, just the sound of utensils against the plates. I had no idea what to say and was waiting on dad’s lead. Jay would glance up from time to time, look at me, look at Pops, back to me then back to his food. Dad seemed to know that if he talked now, the eating would stop; he waited until Jay was finished. Just as Jay laid his napkin in his plate, dad spoke, before Jay had the chance to get up and leave.

“Jay, I know you are confused. Remember our talk? I said you will know?”

“Yes Pops, but....”

“No buts, Jay just trust me. Just as I asked your mom, have I not been there for you and your mom,

have I not always took care of you and always known what was right for you, always had the right answers to your questions?”

Dad spoke in a stern voice, a paternal voice, a voice of authority not the voice of a friend, dad was taking charge. He always seemed to know just the right times when to show compassion, when to be a friend, and when to be a leader and take charge.

“Yes Sir,” Jay answered with respect, he knew his Pops always took care of him, and Pops was using his business voice right now and Pops meant business. Or, at least he hoped Pops meant business, because Jay was so confused with the events of yesterday, last night and this morning; Jay needed an explanation to help him understand.

But Pops knew there were no words to explain it, only time would help Jay to understand.

“Jay, your mom needs us, she needs you. Like I said last night, I am getting older; you will need to take my place taking care of your mom.”

“Yes Pops, but...?”

“Jay, trust me, we have all weekend for you to understand, there is no way I can explain it to you so you will understand in a matter of minutes. Trust me, by Sunday evening everything will be much clearer. Do you have any plans with your friends? This weekend I want it to be the three of us, there is a transition that needs to take place and I need you here.”

“Pops, you know I never have plans with friends. I am the geek at school; all I do is go to school, come home and study.”

“Well Jay, you are growing up, and all that will change soon, I will make sure of that before I go. Not only will you learn to be what your mom needs, but you will also learn to have confidence in yourself, you will like the change in you that is going to take place.”

“Pops, what do you mean ‘before you go’, where are you going?”

“Son, I am not going anywhere soon, you can bet on that, but you know I won’t be around forever and I want to make sure both you and your mom are prepared for a future without me.”

“Okay Pops, if you say so, what do you have in mind? But, I do have some homework to do this weekend; will I have time to do it?”

“Yes Jay, you will have time to do your homework. Go on up to your room and do it. Shower when you are finished, and put on the black jeans and black dress shirt I bought you. Don’t forget the black socks and shoes.”

“And Mom, what will she be doing? I don’t know what to expect anymore. Is she going to be ok, I have never seen this side of her; I mean this side of you and her together? And dress in all black, why?”

“She will be ok, we have some things to talk about and clear up about your future; and yes, she will be ok, she won’t be disturbing you while you do your homework. Jay, please don’t ask too many questions, just do it and come on down when you are finished, now go son.”

Jay looked at me, I kept my head lowered, and I knew it was not time for me to speak. I was to maintain my place in dad and my relationship, what will soon be Jay and my relationship. Jay got up and disappeared around the corner and up the stairs to his room.

“Sir, may I speak?”

“Yes my slut, you may speak.”

“Is Jay going to be ok, are you sure he isn’t too young? He looked so confused, he looked lost.”

“Fay, he will be fine, Jay is far more mature than you give him credit for. I have spent a lot of time with him, I know him better than you do. I have actually been training him for this day for years without him realizing it. Yes, he is confused right now, but the subtle hints and training I have been doing will come to him this weekend. He will be ok, and he will realize the role he has been trained for. While he may not seem confident in himself at school, he is actually very confident in himself at home. Once he assumes his role of authority here, his confidence will carry over into all aspects of his life. I have had to be very careful that this confidence will not turn into cockiness, and I am not sure that without my guidance, a boy his age would be able to handle the power he will have, not to allow it to take control of his personality. That is why we must start now while I still have control.”

“I don’t know Sir, he is awful young, and this will be so different than anything his classmates are experiencing; but, you haven’t failed me before, and I trust you will not fail me or Jay now, I trust you know what you are doing.”

“Yes Fay, I know what I am doing; and, trust me, even though you don’t know it, or think it happens with other moms and sons, it occurs more than you would think, the closeness of a mom and son crossing that taboo line of mother/son to lovers. The love and affection they have for each other

changes as the son grows into a man, and they realize they can share a whole new kind of love, a love expressed between two consenting adults.”

“But Sir, Jay isn’t an adult, he is just a child.”

“He is more of an adult than you might think. Right now in your eyes, you are having trouble seeing him as anything other than your little boy; but Fay, you will have to let go, let him grow up. Many guys his age are still nothing more than a little boy, but many are young men, taking on the responsibilities of a grown-up; and with it having been just you and Jay, Jay has been forced to grow up quicker than most guys his age. Quicker than most girls too for that matter; why do you think he has so much trouble with friends and girls at school? He doesn’t have the freedom to be carefree like other guys, knowing mommy and daddy will bail them out of any trouble they get into.”

“But Sir, you know I will always take care of Jay the best I can; I won’t let anyone hurt him.”

“I know Fay, but without me your resources are limited, both mentally and financially, you can’t just give to Jay like other parents give to their children. You can see that hasn’t done the kids any favors, they are brats who would die if they had to take care of themselves. I have taught Jay he needs to be responsible for him, Jay is on the path to take care of him, and he is on the path to take care of himself and his mom in any and every way.”

“Sir, the thought of you not being here and the thought of Jay growing up scares me. I can’t imagine life without you Sir. But, I have known deep down inside this day was coming and I have been dreading it. I couldn’t do this without you, without you I would be lost, I will be lost.”

“Fay, by Sunday evening Jay won’t be the only one that things will be a lot clearer too; you will also be more comfortable with the future.”

“Thank you Sir, but what about today, what do you have planned?”

“We will begin the transition, and it will start with us discussing what happened between you and Jay.”

“OK Sir, what do you want to know about last night?”

“Not now, this will be something the three of us discuss together.”

“The three of us discuss together? No Sir, please, I know I told Jay the three of us would talk about it today, but I don’t know if I can do it?”

“Slut! You can do it and you will do it!”

Dad was using his Dom voice now, knowing it was time for him to take control and for me to do as asked.

“Slut, go upstairs and take a bath. You are to be shaved smooth in all the right places and have your cunt fresh and smelling sweet when you come back downstairs. You are to wear the little black dress that wraps and ties at the waist. You know what I expect you to wear to match it. Now, take this robe to your room, you won’t need it.”

“Yes Sir. What about the breakfast dishes, does Sir wish for me to clean and straighten the kitchen before I go?”

“No, I will take care of things here, go and do as you are told. Prepare yourself for the afternoon and evening ahead of you. You have a huge part to play in this transition.”

Without speaking I stood and headed upstairs to the master bath. As I hung my robe on the hook where I kept it, I longed to be able to wear it when in the presence of Jay. I knew this had to happen just the way dad said, but the feeling of confidence, on what was about to take place was struggling with the expected fears and anxiety. I drew a hot bubble bath using a sweet flower scent. On the CD player I turned on soft, soothing music. I slipped beneath the bubbles in the large tub, got comfortable and closed my eyes. Images of last night in bed with Jay, and Jay’s hard cock this morning raced through my mind. I hadn’t planned on this. I fully expected my thoughts to be of what dad, my Sir, had planned for us this afternoon, and this evening as well as the rest of the weekend.

I could almost feel Jay’s cock touching my lips the same as it had last night. My hand found its way between my legs; I was slick and wet, I could feel my juices flowing even in the water of the tub. My clit was hard and I was so horny. Until now I hadn’t realized how turned on I had gotten last night, and how much my cunt needed attention. Last night it was all about Jay; but now the thoughts of me being a slutty mom were driving me crazy. I had given my little boy pleasure he had never felt before, pleasures no girl his age could hope to give him.

My hands roamed over my body, I could feel I was in pretty good shape for a woman my age, maybe what Jay said is true, maybe I am a ‘hot mom’ a MILF! And my skills in bed without question rivals those of any pornstar. Sir had taught his slut well. Yes, the fears were still there of what mom had done with her son, and what needed to take place this weekend; but I was becoming more comfortable with the thought of power transitioning from dad to Jay. It is something that has to happen, it must happen. My thoughts returned to Jay and his beautiful cock; yes, my son has a beautiful cock, as beautiful a cock as I have ever seen. Soon that cock would be mine, mine to show

how much I love and need Jay. My body shook, my fingers were feverishly rubbing my clit, I needed to cum but I couldn't; I didn't have permission from my Sir.

Reality brought my eyes wide open; I needed to finish my bath. I shaved my pits, shaved my legs then carefully shaved my cunt silky smooth. It still amazes me how stimulating a smooth shaven cunt feels. Opening the drain and standing to dry off, I went to the cabinet and chose a floral douche to match the floral smell left on my body from the bubble bath. The right seductive perfume would complete my body; now for the rest of my preparation.

I sat looking into the makeup mirror. God had been good to me; my complexion looked young and smooth. I not only still had a nice body; I had a good base to build on to be an attractive sexy woman. I knew what was expected of my makeup by my Sir. I was to look the slut I am, the slut I have been trained to yearn to be; and I had learned, my cunt did stay wet and horny all the time, always needing cock, always needing to be fucked. I was careful to get just the right look. Thankfully I did have some artistic skills which help to 'paint' the desired picture expected of me. I looked in the mirror again, not only did I see the attractive woman in the mirror when I started, I saw a sexy slut, a slut capable of seducing any man that wandered into her sights. Not only was I the slut my sir wanted me to be, I am the slut I want to be, I am proud of what I am, proud of what my Sir knew I wanted and needed to become.

I slid the sexy thigh highs up my legs, careful to straighten the seam in back, the words 'slut' running from my toes to the lacey tops. I slid the tiny black G-string over my ass and positioned it; the G-string was so narrow it barely covered my puffy cunt lips. Wrapping the matching lace black bra around my breasts, I snapped it closed in front. Sir loved the way the bra pushed my tits up, if I bent over too far my full 36D tits would fall out.

Now for the dress, I let it slide down over my head and straightened the hem, it barely came below my just right plump ass. I pulled the tie tight around my waist giving the illusion I had a much slimmer waist than I actually have. It's not that I don't have a slim waist, I do; but, I am not 19 anymore. I am a late 30's mom who has had a child, and it has been a chore to maintain an hourglass shape. Pulling the 5" black stilettos from my closet, I sat down and strapped them around my ankles.

I looked in the full length mirror, twirled like a model, my dress flowing out exposing my bare ass the thin material of the G-string hidden between my cheeks. Damn! I looked hot! Any man would give his left testicle for the opportunity to bed me. I really was a MILF! I wondered how many of Jay's friends had seen me around town, dressed as Sir has me dress when out shopping, not inappropriate, but always with a hint of seduction and sexuality. How many of Jay's friends' moms had discovered the cum-covered sheets of their son's beds, not knowing it was the image of Jay's mom, the MILF, they had jerked off too.

Satisfied my look and dress was acceptable, I went downstairs. Dad had obviously took a shower downstairs and was dressed all in black; which only meant one thing, tonight he was Sir, he was Dom, not dad! The only light in the room was the glow of candles and soft music playing on the stereo. I caught a glimpse of rope partially hidden behind the sofa.

My stomach dropped for a minute, what did Sir have planned for tonight, what side of mom was my son going to see, what would Jay think of mom after tonight? There was a wooden chair in the middle of the room, a chair I recognized, a chair Sir and I had used many times before. His slut tied helpless to the chair, stripped and exposed for Him to use however he pleased. Would Jay react with fear seeing his mom tied helpless, would his protective side take over and he insist mom be released, or could Sir convince Jay to go along with his plans, with the training? Tonight would surely tell if Jay as ready to step into the role of Sir.