

My Son Jay, part two The Revelation

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Jay learns the truth about his Mom and Pops

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His fingers still pinching my nipples, his hands curled into fists, I heard him curse softly under his breath. My body was being wracked by shudders of want and need. And now I am shaking with fear. How do I explain to my son of 17, that his grandfather is my Dom, and that I am his more than willing submissive? That this man, who raised me, has brought my life back together, and given me the direction that I need to hold it together? Where oh where do I find the words and the courage to tell him this? I tried to turn to face him, but Dad's hands held me in place. I heard him clear his throat as he got ready to speak to Jay.

“Jay, sit down, Son, I, we have something to tell you, and it’s going to take some understanding on your part, do you think you can do that?”

Dad turned to face the questions that we both knew Jay would have. My breasts heaved not in ecstasy but in panic. What will come of this, will my son hate me. Questions fired through my mind as my trembling hands tried to pull myself back together before facing Jay. I was terrified that he would be repulsed by what he had heard and seen. As I turned and tried to step around my father to go to Jay, my father, my Sir, my protector, sensed what I was doing and put out his hand holding me back.

“No, Fay, this is something I will handle. It’s my job to protect you, let me do it.”

“Protect her?” Jay questioned. “Why would she need protection? From who? From what?”

The confusion evident in his young face, his eyes jumping from his grandfather to me and back again. His fists curled tight against his side, like he always does when he is afraid. I put my hand out to comfort him, but Sir pushed it back. He glared at me, and for a moment I was afraid that I pushed him too far. He pulled out a chair from the table and said, “Go get the food from the barbeque Fay, let me and Jay talk.”

I’m not sure what Dad and Jay said to each other while I was outside, but dinner was eaten in strained silence. Jay would occasionally look at me like he had a question, and I would hear Dad

clear his throat, and Jay would go back to pushing his food around his plate. As I got up to start clearing the table, I heard Dad address Jay.

“Jay, go into the other room and wait for me there, I have to talk to your mother for a minute and then we will continue our talk, now go son and I will join you in a minute.”

I watched as he stood and he looked at me for a moment, but he never voiced the questions I saw in his eyes. He shook his head and turned from me. I looked at Dad and he just smiled.

“When you have finished up in here, go and take a nice long hot bath, then go and wait for me in your bedroom. You know how I want to find you Fay, you know you and I both need a little time tonight.”

Dad turned to go talk with Jay, I finished clearing the table then went to the master bath to do as my Sir instructed. I couldn't shake the fear and anxiety of what Dad was about to tell Jay, but as I had known all along, it was an issue that would have to be addressed eventually. I dreaded Jay finding out his mom's secret, a secret need I had, it is my personality, part of me, and I couldn't change it if I tried. I was surprised at the feeling of relief also, that this moment had finally come and we could get my needs out in the open and move forward from here.

As Dad walked into the room, Jay was anxious and full of questions.

“Pops, what's....” But Dad cut him off.

“Jay, there will be time for questions later. You will find many of your questions will be answered after hearing what I have to say. This is going to sound strange to you at first, because it is something you have never heard about before, this is about adults and their personalities and needs.”

“Ok Pops, I will listen, but I do have a lot of questions.”

“I know you do Jay, and like I said, what I have to say will answer many of them, even though you will not completely understand. To start Jay, I love your mother very much, she is my daughter, I never want to see any harm come to her. Your mom is much like her mother, a good person, a good mother, but a weak person needing direction and care.

"If left on her own, with no one to guide her, she would be lost. This does not mean she cannot function on her own, but without someone having control over her, she would not be able to make good decisions. After your dad left, your mom was lost as what to do, she turned to your grandmother and me; and then when your grandmother died, it was only me. We needed each other but your mother was needing more attention than she realized. I have been taking care of your mom, alone, since your grandmother passed. Our relationship has progressed and grown. Our love for each other

has transcended that of traditional father/daughter. Your mom needs someone to give her daily tasks or she would be lost, on where and how to start each day."

"Pops, what daily tasks?"

"I am getting to that Jay, but first, this next part you are going to have a difficult time understanding initially. Your mom needs direction in all aspects of her life, including her love life. Without this direction she chooses the wrong men, your dad being a prime example. Your dad took care of her but when she got pregnant with you, he was not a family man, his Dom ego wouldn't allow him to share your mom with anyone."

"Pops, what do you mean my dad's Dom ego?"

"When your mom wouldn't abort the pregnancy, he left. Jay, to put it simple, your dad was a controlling ass. You don't need to know your entire mom's dating history right now, so I will leave it at that. Your mom has a submissive personality, which is what I mean when I say she needs direction and care, someone to guide her, she needs a Dom. A Dom is a person with a dominant personality, who recognizes the needs of someone like your mom. Your dad had the dominant personality but lacked the love, care and compassion a true Dominant must possess also.

"After your dad left, your grandmother knew your mom needed to stop her bad decision making, your grandmother and I had a long talk. You see Jay; your mom's needs were not unlike your Grandmother's needs. I spent a lot of time with your mom, protecting her, helping her. Without my help, your mom would not have been able to provide for you like she has, and I do not just mean financially. I knew what our relationship was developing into, but it took your mom a while to realize it. I took the role of Dom in your mother's life since she already had the submissive personality.

"I would give her little things to do every day, they started out simple, like going to the store, pick up certain items. As she became stronger and gained confidence, the tasks became more challenging. Along with her confidence becoming stronger, came her need for a man. I let her try dating a few times, but she went from one loser guy to the next, they just used her, and gave nothing in return. Your mom needed someone who would love her, who cared for her as a person, and individual."

"You let her date a few times?"

Jay was getting more confused by the minute.

"Yes, I let her. She did not completely realize her dependence on me yet, but after each failed date and relationship, she always came back to me. You see Jay, your mom and I have always had a

special bond, I love your mom very much, and I know she has always loved me, needed me in a way that surpassed a daughter's normal love, and need for her father. This confused her, she did not understand the feelings. I knew this was the cause of her not being able to find a decent man in her life, because she already had a man she loved, she just had not realized yet.

“Anyway, I am getting ahead of myself a little. Your mom's need for a man still remained, along with the need to be loved and cared for, by the man she was sleeping with. The person your mom needed had been right before her the whole time. My affection for her, the hugs, kisses were only confusing her more, and caused the need for a man to grow. After her failed attempts on her own, I knew I had to take control, help her see the man she had loved, and needed all along. But, I had to test her, I had to see just how much she trusted me.

“I told your mom I had a man I thought she should meet, I thought he would be very good for her, he would take good care of her. I explained it as if it was a blind date. I bought her the outfit to wear, from head to toe. I laid the articles out for her; they were quite provocative and not your mom's normal dress. Jay, your mom is a beautiful woman, and with her lack of confidence she would never dress in clothing to compliment her good looks.

“The night of your mom's blind date, I told her I had to go help a friend for the evening. I instructed her to wear the outfit exactly as I had laid it out for her date. She wanted to question me, but I told her it is what I wanted, what her date expected. It was the first time I had really been firm with your mom about something like this. When she saw I was insistent and was not going to waver, she dropped her head and responded ‘yes sir’. Jay, this was a response I knew I would get from your mom, my firmness was bringing out the submissive in your mom. I just had never taken control of your mom's submissive side before. It was time though, it was time, I gave your mom what she had needed in her life. I still needed to see what she would do left on her own, would she do exactly as I requested. I needed to see if she trusted me as much as I thought she did, if not, I would know she wasn't ready for me to take control.

“I waited for your mom at the restaurant I had told her to go to. She gave the hostess the name I had given her and was led to my table. Your mom understandably was a little disappointed, I was there rather than the wonderful man I had described. She was also a little embarrassed for her dad to see her dressed so provocatively, so sexy. I stood, thanked the hostess, and took your mom's hand complimenting her on how attractive she was. She had dressed exactly as I had requested, her makeup and hair perfect.

“After helping your mom into her chair, she looked up at me, so many questions running through her mind. She asked where her date was, she looked even more confused, when I explained he was sitting in front of her. I asked her if she loved me, did she trust me completely, both of which she

responded 'of course dad, but...' I began to explain, I had seen her wander around lost long enough, I had known what she needed for a long time, but I had hoped she could find it on her own. The man who will be good to her, who will take care of her was sitting right there.

"She didn't understand at first, but the more we talked the more she realized, what I was saying, she needed a man to take control, to take care of her, and with the failed attempts on her own, that man was now going to be me. I would take total control of every aspect of her life, and yes Jay, that includes her sex life. Your mom could not be trusted to handle any part of her life on her own, I had to do it.

"Now, this you will certainly not understand, but I am getting older, my health is not what it used to be, so the man who will take care of your mom will be you. Jay, you will need to take my place in your mom's life. Do not worry, I will help you, and when the time comes you will be ready. Jay, this has been a lot for you to absorb for one day, we will talk more tomorrow, go to bed. I must go check on your mom."

"Pops? Me? Take care of her, how will I know what to do, she is my mom?"

"You will know Jay, I will help you. Now, that is all for tonight, go to your room."

Jay went to his room and prepared for bed. He lay in bed, so many thoughts running through his head, still so many questions. His grandpa and his mom. His Pops in control of his mom, including sex? Finally Jay drifted off to sleep, still confused about everything his grandpa had told him.

* * *

As Dad entered the room, I lay on the bed, my hand between my legs rubbing my pussy, as I had been instructed to do for my Sir. I was nervous, about what I knew Dad was telling Jay but I knew it had to be done. I had an idea what this meant for the future. While anxious about the changes that would be made in our house, I found that my pussy was so turned on, very moist and horny. I knew this day had to happen eventually, I knew it was what was needed. I was excited the ice had been broken, but yet afraid of the unknown, of how this would develop with Jay.

"Ah Fay, I see you are doing as instructed, very good. Now it is our time together. Are you ready for your Sir?"

"Yes Sir, your slut is ready, but I have questions, how did the talk go with Jay, what did you tell him?"

"The talk went well, he still has a lot of questions, this is a lot for a young man to absorb, but he will

be ok. I will make sure of that.”

“But Dad, what all did you tell Jay, what did you tell Jay about us?”

“Dad? What is with this "Dad" crap? It is just you and I, you know you are to only address me as Sir! And, you trust me right? I will take care of Jay. What is said between Jay and I, is between Jay and I only, for now, you will be told when you need to know.”

I knew I made a mistake calling him Dad when we were alone. I knew there would be consequences for my mistake. I trusted Dad and knew he would take care of everything, he always did.

“I am sorry Sir, you are my Sir when we are alone. I will accept whatever punishment Sir chooses for me. I trust my Sir to take care of things, he always does. Thank you Sir. Sir, your slut is nervous, scared and also very turned on, please Sir, come lay with me?”

Sir was considerate of my feelings and needs, both as his daughter and as his slut. He undressed and lay beside me, holding me close, hugging me tight against him. I started to whimper, emotions pouring out through the tears running down my face. Sir kissed the tears on my cheeks, reassuring me everything would be ok. I felt safe in Sir's arms, he would make sure of that.

“Fay, I know what you need, it has been a while since we have been alone together. Tonight Fay; you will pleasure yourself with your Sir's cock. You will show me you know what to do, show me what you want, what you need.”

I knew what this meant, and while I enjoyed it when Sir pleased me, I also enjoyed the freedom to show Sir my appreciation for Him. I know how my pleasure pleases Sir, which would be His pleasure. I wrapped my hand around his cock, and stroked until it was semi-erect. Then slid down between his legs and gently took his cock in my mouth, sucking him better than I ever had, trying to show Sir how much I love and appreciate Him.

I stroked my lips up and down his cock bringing it to full hardness. Crawling up his body I stopped with my pussy just above his cock, grabbing it I guided it inside me. Lowering my hips I slowly took him all the way inside my quivering pussy. He felt so good; it had been so long since I felt him inside me, and I needed him so bad.

Grinding my ass down, pushing Sir's cock even deeper inside my pussy, I started to rock back and forth, fucking the cock in and out. Sir reached up and squeezed my tits, pinching my nipples.

“Talk to me Fay, you know what I want to hear.”

I knew what this meant, I was to tell Sir what a horny slut I am. I enjoy the nasty talk, but I often needed a reminder to get started.

“Oh fuck Sir, your slut needs your cock, your slut adores your cock and appreciates Sir taking good care of his slut. Your cock feels so good in my cunt, I am your slut Sir, this pussy is yours anytime you want it. My body is yours Sir, to use for your pleasure, however you see fit. Fuck Sir, the excitement has me so horny, I am going to cum Sir, may I cum? Will Sir cum with his slut?”

I quickened the pace of my hips fucking his cock, moaning loud each time I pushed his cock deep in my pussy, still talking dirty, the words flowing freely now, coming natural as my pussy spasmed nearing orgasm. Sir pinched my nipples harder, pulling them to his mouth, nibbling and biting them, pulling my nipples with his teeth. "Oh fuck," I groaned from the pressure of his teeth on my nipples, my pussy starting to bite down, I could feel it rippling along his cock, "Fuck me, Sir, I'm cumming," I screamed.

Sir started bucking his hips up, meeting my downward thrusts. I screamed again as my orgasm rushed through my body. Sir emptied his cum into my pussy. Grinding down harder, feeling his hot cum filling me, trying to get every drop inside my pussy. I kept fucking his cock until I felt him soften, popping out of me. I fell onto Sir's chest, breathing hard. Sir held me close, hugging his slut lovingly. I did feel safe, I knew Sir would always give me what I needed.

“Thank you Sir, you are so good to your slut, thank you for taking care of me. I don't know what I would do without you.”

Sir held me until my breathing returned to normal, soft kisses to my forehead as I nuzzled my face into his neck and shoulder. We lay like this for a while, enjoying the feeling of our bodies pressed so close together.

“Fay, now for that little issue of you calling me dad rather than Sir.”

I winced, I knew this was coming, but I didn't know what it was. I knew Sir never hurt me with his punishment, but not knowing what the punishment would be still caused concern. I knew Sir could not let my mistake go unnoticed nor unpunished.

“Fay, you are to go to Jay's room, you are to sleep the rest of the night with the man who will become your new Sir.”

I started to protest. “But Sir, he is my son, what do you expect your slut to do in bed with Jay? Please Sir, no, not that?”

“No Fay, Sir does not expect you to do anything but sleep with him tonight, but, you know soon you will be expected to take care of Jay’s needs and desires just as you do mine. Now go, I will see you in the morning.”

I got out of bed, and went to the bathroom adjoining my room to wash my pussy and get my robe.

“No Fay, you will go just as you are, my cum leaking from your cunt. You are not going as his mother; you are going as my slut, soon to be his slut.”

I sighed, I didn’t want to do this, not this way, but even I knew this had to be done. I kissed my Sir and turned to go, my legs shaking as I walked down the hallway to my son’s room. Jay was asleep, I pulled back the covers and slid in beside him, snuggling close. Thankfully he had his boxers on like he normally does. Jay stirred feeling someone in bed with him, with eyes slightly parted he saw his mom next to him. He looked at me; he was shocked when he realized his mom was in bed with him completely nude.