It Started with the Floors

I first started getting hardons for my Mom when I was recovering at home from a concussion which I received in a car accident just after turning 18. I had to stay home and do school by correspondence for a whole term. I fought against this home prison sentence, not wanting to stay home, bored silly, with my Mother all day, but the doctor insisted. So I set myself up with my books and laptop in the dining room but soon migrated to the living room so I could watch TV while studying. Bored, I actually started to hang out in the kitchen to talk with my Mom. By the end of first the week, we were talking about all sorts of stuff, and I was really enjoying being around her; she seemed like a different person. She also seemed to enjoy our talks because whenever she finished a job she would come to spend her free time hanging out with me. She'd just flop down next to me on the couch, swing her feet up, and read a magazine or something. We were near each other all the time and made a habit of watching movies together in the afternoons.

On the tenth day, the signal event happened. Mom waxed the hardwood floors. She did it the old fashioned way, paste wax applied on her hands and knees. But that wasn't the good part. She swept into the living room announcing, "It's floor day. I don't want to bother you, but I really need to do the floor."

"OK, Mom, but will you be finished before the movie starts in half an hour?"

"Yup."

Then she did it. She absently doffed her housecoat. Underneath, she was wearing an old slip, like women wear under a fancy dress. It's silky material hugged her form, from the fragile shoulder straps to mid-thigh. She lifted a leg, bending it at the knee, and slid a knee pad up her calf and

adjusted it before repeating the act with the other leg. I immediately noted how sexy her legs looked, although I'd never noticed them before.

It's a good thing she wasn't paying any attention to me because I was mesmerized, my eyes glued on her body. It was really worth looking at. I don't know why I'd never noticed it before. She had nice, athletic legs, a narrow waist that flared out over her hips above a nice prominent tush, and small but pert breasts. The lace on the front of the slip traced a line across the tops of her breasts just above her nipples, but dipped down in between her tits so it wouldn't show if she was wearing a dress with a lower neckline.

She walked over to the edge of the room farthest away from me near the entrance hall, pulled the little knick knack tables away from the wall, got down on her knees and started applying paste with a circular motion of her arm. I had stopped typing since she'd dropped her robe on the chair.

"Don't let me bother you, dear."

"Oh," I finally replied, "I'm just reading."

But I wasn't. I was staring at the little motions her ass made as it reacted to the swirling motions of her hand as she applied the wax. I could see her crack through the thin material. As she worked, the slip slid up higher until it barely covered her cheeks. With her legs now set wider apart than when she first started, I could clearly see the soft backs of her thighs. Her ass swayed from side to side and back and forth in mini fuck-like movements, treating me to teasing glimpses of her yellow panties. My cock was painfully raging against the confines of my jeans.

It took Mom about fifteen minutes to work her way back to the coffee table in front of me. Her ass was always pointed right at me and I never took my eyes off it. Rubbing my cock through my jeans, I had to quickly stop when she backed into the coffee table and suddenly turned around to face me. She didn't look at me. Her face was flushed and the front of her slip was damp between her tits. She reached under the coffee table and started working the floor under it. Intent on her task, I was free to watch her small tits jostling about. Working her way along the coffee table, she turned when she got to the end, her back to me again, and started backing towards me between the coffee table and the couch.

"Lift your feet, honey," she said and passed under me.

I let my legs scrape her back, dragging her slip higher over her hips and then shifted to the far end of the couch so I could look directly at her ass covered only in the little yellow panties.

"Mom, you missed a spot at the end of the table," I said, jokingly. I was surprised when she unquestioningly crawled back to the far end of the couch and somehow found the missing spot I had simply invented. She worked her way back toward me again as I gawked at her ass covered only by her sweat dampened panties. Fantastic!

When she drew near, I slipped back to my end of the couch. She stood when she finished, smoothed her slip down her thighs, and flopped down on the other end of the couch. She laid her head back on the sofa's arm and stretched her feet toward me, knees slightly bent. Crossing her arm over her eyes, she said, "OK, I need a little rest before I polish that."

Polish it? Great, I was going to get more eye candy?

Then I realized I was being treated to another show while she rested. Her slightly parted knees afforded me a view up her tanned legs to her panty-clad pussy, damp with her sweat and clearly outlining the vertical crevice between her pussy lips. If she'd opened her eyes, she would have caught me leering at that sweet spot between her sculptured legs, shiny with the sheen of her sweat. But she didn't. Instead, she stretched her legs out until her feet rested against my thigh.

I cupped my hand over the tops of her feet as they pressed against my leg, rubbing them gently. "Oh, that's nice Doug", she said. I worked my hand in between her feet and up the inside of each foot to her ankles. "Mmmmmmm", she sighed appreciatively.

This was great, I could look, and touch her too. I started rubbing, stroking really, up the inside of her calves. Up one and down the other. As I did, I applied gentle pressure to open her legs, every so slightly, to improve my view. She complied passively, allowing me to open her legs. "Mmmmmm, mmmmmmm, that's nice", she said, as I stroked her legs, drawing the "nice" out into almost a soft hiss. Lifting her feet, I swung my knees underneath, putting her feet down on either side of my left knee, and started to caress her legs with both hands. "Mmmmm, that's really nice, Dougie".

I pushed closer to her, sliding her feet back, bending her knees and opening her legs more, so I could extend my strokes past her knees to the inside of her thighs. She sighed appreciatively, but I didn't dare venture further, contenting myself to stroke her leg just to the point where it widened out into her inner thigh. I dearly wanted to touch her farther up,

but I contented myself with looking, her open legs providing a clear view of her pussy and the light dusting of hair that covered it under her panties.

I scratched lightly at her leg for quite a while until she seemed to be sleeping. I ventured further, stroking the inside of both legs on the very soft skin a little higher up, almost to her pussy. Her breath caught in a sharp intake, and then several breaths in rapid succession. "Doug", she sighed, "don't be naughty."

I was startled. I had thought she had dozed off or I would never had touched her so intimately. I stopped completely, not moving at all. Then, seemingly changing her mind, she said, "Maybe for just a few more minutes."

I continued, and a moment later tried to get right up close to her pussy.

"No, son," she said, "be a good boy, now."

She let me touch her for about five more minutes during which time I finally noticed her small tits flattened against her chest with the nipples struggling to poke through the slip. At that moment, she opened her eyes, catching me staring at her tits. I blushed deep red, panicking, expecting an angry rebuke but she just smiled and got up, saying it was time to polish the floor. To my disappointment, she used an electric polisher stored in the hall closet. The show was over.

When Mom finished polishing, she came and sat down beside me, very close, even leaning into my side. "Let's watch a movie," she said, and curled her feet up beside her. After a few minutes of watching the movie,

I slid my left hand over and rested it on the top of her thigh. She patted her hand over mine and smiled.

"Just like when you were little, always wanting to play with the things you weren't allowed to touch. OK, I'll let play with your new toy while the movie's on. But don't be bad."

She let go of my hand, leaving it on the middle of her thigh. I pushed it between her legs and started sliding it slowly back and forth. Eventually, I managed to back my hand within an inch of her pantyclad pussy. When she stirred uncomfortably, I mumbled, "Sorry," and pulled away.

"Uh huh," she responded, in a 'I don't believe you' tone of voice. I managed to let it happen a few more times but I didn't say anything, and she didn't react. When a particularly intense scene came on in the movie, I did it again but left it there, almost touching, less than an inch from her pussy. She didn't notice until the scene ended a minute later. "Doug," she whispered softly, "Move your hand, sweetie." I didn't respond. "Move your hand, sweetie," she repeated softly, not angrily, but firmly. I did.

I moved my hand completely away, reaching around and resting it on her collar bone in the front of her shoulder. She snuggled tightly into me, "Oh, you're such a good boy." Her movement let my hand slip down onto her breast. I froze, but she didn't move or say anything. We watched the rest of the movie with my hand resting lightly on her tit. After a while, her nipple stiffened and poked into my palm. It stayed hard through the entire movie. I wished that movie could have lasted forever.

She didn't get up right away when the movie ended. She let me continue holding her. Then she turned her head up to me and gave me a long kiss

on my cheek. "Your Dad will be home soon," she whispered huskily, "I guess I better get up." And then she gave me another quick kiss, on my mouth. When Dad came home, she had changed into a blouse and jeans. That evening, I could still feel the press of her lips on my mouth, and the sensation of her nipple in my palm, but Mom was her same old self around me, without a hint of the afternoon's activity.

The next day, I studied and worked my courses all morning. We had lunch together but nothing was said about the previous afternoon, and Mom didn't act any differently toward me. Had it even happened?

After lunch, I finished my work, then turned the TV on. Mom came into the living room and said, "Starting the movie a little early today, I see."

"Yup," I said, "but I can wait if you need to was the floor again, Mom."

"I just bet you can," she laughed. "I'm sorry, sweetheart, but you'll have to wait until next week for your little show." I was caught. She knew I'd been watching! I froze up, like a deer caught in headlights, not knowing how to react.

"But if you pick out a chick flick I'll watch a movie with you," she said, and disappeared upstairs. I didn't relish cuddling Mom through a long movie while she was clad in a starched white blouse and jeans. That'd just be boring. But I picked one out anyway. When Mom came back downstairs, I was very pleasantly surprised. She had changed into another slip. This one was cut lower in both the front and back. Her small tits jostled freely underneath.

"This feels more comfortable," she smiled as she flopped down and sidled up next to me. "Put our movie on, honey," she whispered, and kissed me on my cheek. I hit play, and dropped the remote, moving my hand to her thighs, which were bare. But she grabbed my hand and swung it over her shoulder, and snuggled in tightly, like she had the day before when I has holding her breast. I shrugged, and moved my hand directly to rest on her tit. She didn't object. The material of her low-cut slip pulled away sufficiently for me to see the full outline of her breast from the side, the swell of the plump bottom sweeping up from her tummy to her just-covered nipple.

After a while, I tired of just resting my hand on her tit, turned slightly toward her and pushed my right hand between her legs.

"You're not going to make me watch the whole chick flick, are you?" I asked.

She parted her legs a little. "If you're bored, you can play a little bit, but don't be too naughty."

"I won't, Mom," I said as I pulled my left hand back and slid it down her back, slumped down and rested my head on her left shoulder, looking at her half-bare tit. I started sliding my right hand back and forth between her thighs, pressing them outward as I went, pulling toward me on the inside of her right thigh and pressing out as I ran the backs of my fingers up the length of her left. Once her legs were parted all along, I moved toward her pussy. I just couldn't wait, I had to get close to it. As I neared the tops of her legs, it seemed to be very warm, and a little damp. Slowly, I moved my hand closer, until I hit ... hair!

She had no panties on. Her pussy was uncovered. I froze, my hand not quite touching her pussy, but feeling her pubic hair. She hadn't reacted, so I was afraid to move in case she made me take my hand away. Although I couldn't see with my head against her shoulder, I could sense that she continued to watch the movie, so I barely, barely rustled my fingers in her pubic hair, and stopped. Then again, and again. I pushed my fingers just a little bit closer, touched her pussy lips, and stopped again, just resting the tips in the crevice between her lips.

"Mmmmm, mmmmm," she murmurred. Her cunt actually moved, almost imperceptibly, against my hand, opening the lips a little around my fingers. I kept still for a minute, enjoying the feel of it pulsing against my fingertips. Then, with the tiniest of movements, I slid my fingers up and down, very, very slowly. "Mmmmm, mmmm, mmmmmmmmm," she breathed huskily.

I pushed two fingers slightly in to the first knuckle. "Oh, oh, ohhhh, ohhhhh, oh baby ..." she mewled. I started to slowly finger her. "Oh, god, oh goooddd." I don't know what she meant by not being too naughty. We'd been sitting down for less than ten minutes, and we were way past where I thought I would ever get. She must have been really horny, working herself up through the day knowing she was going to let me let near her bare pussy. But I don't think she was going to actually let me finger her, until I actually touched her cunt. I think she just got carried away.

Could I fuck her? I didn't think so. Pausing to get undressed, she was sure to stop me. I'd have to try the next time. Be dressed in my pajamas, or something I could easily slip my cock out of, not jeans like I was wearing now. I needed to continue, to make her come, and to keep her with me. I

needed to cuddle with her, to make our share secret moment the best memory it could be. She'd let me inside her, and she had to realize that things had changed between us forever.

I slid up a bit, turned her face up to me, and kissed her tenderly. I pushed my fingers deep in her and started to twist them slowly in her cunt, grinding against her mound. I slipped my tongue into her mouth and kept it there until she came. After her last involuntary thrust, I slipped my fingers out and slid my hand possessively around and under her bare ass, pulling her closer in to me. I kept kissing her. We necked for a long time. I told her I loved her, that she was beautiful. Eventually, we pulled apart and watched the rest of the movie in silence, cuddling, french kissing through the commercials during which I possessively fondled her ass. I made her promise me we'd watch another movie the next day. She resisted, saying I'd been bad, we'd gone way too far and couldn't do this again, but I kept at her, kissing her gently, until she acquiesced, promising to wear the same slip. She said I couldn't touch her like that again, but she did promise to let me look at her if I wanted to.

Mom was quite quiet during dinner. She had changed into a white, sleeveless blouse and a pleated skirt. Later, sitting in the living room with Dad watching one of his favorite movies, she got up to make some hot chocolate. I followed her into the kitchen.

"Stop, staring at my legs. Your father will notice," she snapped at me when I came in.

"I'm not" I said.

"You are. Now stop it."

"I didn't realize I was. I can't help it, Mom. Dad won't notice anyway, he's watching TV. He's facing away."

"Well, he might look over, so stop it."

"Cmon, mom. It isn't hurting anything to look at your legs. They're stunning, I love them. You should pull your skirt up a bit for me instead of complaining."

She looked at me, dumbfounded for a second, then broke out into big grin. "God, where did you get your genes? You're just plain naughty."

"I got them from you, gorgeous," I said, grinning back at her.

"Shhhh, watch what you say," she said, looking over her shoulder at the kitchen doorway. But her face flushed and she looked pleased.

"OK, Mom, I'll be careful, but I'm going to keep watching you."

"You're just bad news," she said, carrying a hot chocolate for herself and one for Dad. I followed her into the living room, watching the sway of her ass as she walked.

I didn't return to my chair, I moved to the opposite end of the couch from her. She was leaning against the arm with her legs curled up beside her. Suddenly, she said, "I'm going to read my book," got up and left the room.

I guess she was madder than I thought. She returned a minute later with a book in her hand and sat down on the couch, but this time she put her back against the arm, slouched down so the light could pass over her shoulder, and started to read. Her legs were stretched out, her bare feet almost touching me.

I slouched down out of sight from both her and my father. I turned my head and looked at her legs, bare from the knees down. She held them primly together, blocking my view under her skirt but after a few minutes she let them part a little as she changed pages. On the next page change her legs parted slightly more and on the next, she pulled her knees tightly together again but moved her feet apart. Five minutes later her feet were a full foot apart, and her knees were parted as well. I had a great view under her skirt, and a tremendous hardon to match.

What was that? Was I seeing things? Had she moved her pelvis up and down? I strained my eyes, watching like a hawk. Yes, she was, she was really teasing me. Bad mom. On her next page turn, she swung her knee away from the couch and looked right at me, catching me staring up her skirt. "How's the show, sweetie? Are you enjoying it?" she asked.

"It's really, good," my father replied. My mother broke out into a big smile, and returned to reading her book. She opened her legs wider, moving her feet to each edge of the couch. I stared. I couldn't believe it. She was wearing very thin panties, just a strip covering the front of her pussy, a strip that had sunk in the crevice between her lips. She was almost baring herself to me, sitting on the couch with her husband right behind her. I almost came in my pants.

She started her little fuck movements again, tilting her pussy up and down, lifting it just a little off the couch with each push. Fuck she was

being wicked. I guess she was showing me. I would have left her to her little game, but I was too enthralled to leave. I stared at her pulsing mound for the rest of the movie. When it was over, she got up and went to bed with Dad. I went to the downstairs bathroom and jerked off.

The next morning, she seemed to be quite amused with herself. Dad couldn't figure what had gotten into her. She kept smiling, saying that she was just in a really good mood. Dad looked a little bewildered for a moment, then went back to reading his newspaper. Mom sat down, facing away from him, toward me at the other end of the table. Her housecoat was pulled tightly around her. Something about her big grin made me pause and look closely at her. Then I looked down. She had opened the bottom of her housecoat, letting it fall to the sides of her legs, which were bare up to her hip. I didn't see the sidebands of any panties and, sure enough, when she saw me looking, she opened her legs. Bare pussy. My mom was flashing me at the breakfast table!

When Dad flipped his newspaper to change pages, Mom quickly pulled her housecoat up around her legs but when he stuck his nose behind the paper again, she turned once more to me, pushed the housecoat aside, and swung her right knee out wide, so wide that her pussy lips parted. She smiled sweetly at me. "What are you up to today, Doug?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'll just hang around home with you, Mom."

"I'm going shopping all day, sweetie, but I'll be back when Dad gets home."

Christ, she was really playing hardball. She'd got me all worked up and now she was going to leave me. I pushed my chair back, got up and left

the kitchen, walking angrily upstairs toward my room. Mom called out just as I reached the top of the stairs. "Doug, honey wait." I stopped to let her catch up to me. "I'm sorry, honey, I was just teaching you a lesson. Don't be mad."

"You're going out all day and I have to stay here," I whined. "You said I could watch you."

"Oh, poor baby. I'll just go out this morning for groceries and then come back for a movie. Ok, sweetie? Would you like that?"

"Yeah, mom, I would." I reached out and yanked the belt undone on her housecoat, pulling it open with both hands. She had a sexy, short nightie on underneath.

"No, baby, none of that. Just a movie," she said.

"You said I could look. I want to look at you. You're really are beautiful, Mom."

"You can look a little but no touching, understand?"

"We'll see."

"No, we won't see. I'll let you look but no touching. Don't try anything like yesterday, kapeesh? Or I won't play anymore."

"Alright, I won't touch you unless you let me," I said.

"I won't let you."

"But I can kiss you, right?"

"Yes, you can kiss me, but nicely, and only if you're a good boy. I don't want to see any of that naughty, badass little Dougie. Promise?"

"Promise, Mom."

She didn't get home from shopping until after 1pm and it was almost 2 before we settled in on the couch for a movie. I had drawn the curtains to dim the light. She complained about it, saying it would look weird to the neighbors, but left them closed. She came downstairs in her housecoat, the tightly cinched belt accenting her narrow waist as she sauntered toward me on the couch. She swung down, sitting beside me. I started the movie right away and pulled back away from her, making room to pull her toward me and swung her legs up on the couch.

"I can't watch the movie if I'm facing this way," she complained.

"Turn your head to the side, you can see it," I said as I reached down to undo the belt on her housecoat.

"What are you doing?"

"You said I could look."

"I'm not going to watch a movie while you sit there and gawk at me."

I realized I was going about this all wrong. I had planned to play it very cool but her late arrival had left me eager and impatient. I was going to blow it. I needed to settle down.

"No mom. I was just trying to make you more comfortable before I get you a glass of wine. I got up and went to the kitchen, filling a large glass of wine and bringing it and the bottle back with me. After handing it to her and setting the bottle on the coffee table, I said, "I think I'll get into something more comfortable too, Mom."

I left and went upstairs. The fear of screwing things up had made my boner subside, and cleared my head. I shucked my jeans and undies and put on a pair of pajama bottoms. I put my timer on for ten minutes and forced myself to stay, until it went off. Then I returned downstairs, looking as relaxed as I could.

She was watching the movie, having twisted herself half into the corner of the couch and putting her elbow up on the arm. She was laying on her side with her legs stretched along the couch. Her robe was still undone and had parted, letting the low cut nightie show through. I could see the bare insides of her tits, and one nipple poking up against the light material. Her glass was almost empty.

As I approached, she said, "You were gone for a long time. Were you sulking?"

I sat down on the edge of the couch in front of her, picked the wine bottle up from the table and filled her glass. "Yeah, but I'm over it now. I'd rather be with you even if you don't let me look. I just like being near you."

"Oh, honey, that's sweet. You can look if you like, I don't mind. I was just teasing you." She tried to twist a little more onto her back but was blocked by me sitting in front and leaning against her tummy. She raised her glass to her lips, took a long drink of wine, then faced me with soft, sultry eyes, "Open my robe for me a little, will you. I can't do it while I'm holding my wine."

"No, mom. You'll have to do it. That would be touching. You'll have to drink your wine first."

"I can't drink it that fast, darling. You won't be able to see anything until the end of the movie."

"That's OK, mom. You watch the movie and sip your wine. I'm happy just to be here," and I reached out to touch her hair. She shrugged and turned back to watch the movie. I kept gently touching her hair, stroking the side of her head and under her ears. After a few minutes I could tell she was aware of me watching her while I caressed her. She started to sip her wine more frequently. Soon it was gone. She asked me to put her glass down for her, which I did. As I leaned forward to do so, she paused the movie, twisted onto her back and shifted down so her head was resting against the arm of the couch. When I turned back to her, she reached up and parted her robe, pulling the lapels out until they were on the outside of her breasts. I could see both hard nipples poking up against the satiny

material of her nightie, and the inside swell of both breasts were clearly visible.

"I'm going to take a little rest from the movie. The wine has made me a little sleepy. You can watch something else, if you like," and she closed her eyes, a satisfied smile on her face.

I sat for several minutes, taking her in, before grasping her robe at her waist, where it was still closed, and pulling it apart, laying it out to the sides of her legs all the way along. This yielded two tremendous surprises for me, one of which I'm sure mom was unaware. First, her nightie was held together all down the front, a lace threading back and forth through each side from bodice to hem. Second, sliding down on the couch had pulled her nightie up to her hips. I was staring down at her panties with just a strip over the front and two little side straps disappearing around her waist just over her hips. "Wow," I whispered. She smiled.

"Can I look at your tummy, Mom? I just want to look at your tummy, it's like a teenager's." She smiled again. I lightly tugged on her nightie, pulling it even higher to bare her tummy. As I did so, I undid the lace at the top, and pulled it down, leaving the sides of the nightie disconnected along the entire front. I stared at her flat tummy, "Wow," I whispered again, and was rewarded with another pleased smile. My eyes followed her tummy as it pouted up around her navel and then sloped down to her panties, over a field of blondish fuzz, and the pussy underneath. My eyes burned into the line drawn between her pussy lips. I willed her pussy to move, but it didn't budge, or even quiver.

I turned back to face her. Her breathing was regular but shallow, as if taking an afternoon nap, but I was sure she was awake and aware of my appreciative eyes. I was trembling, and I'm sure she could sense that.

"Thanks for letting me look at you, Mom. I love you. I absolutely love looking at you," I said as I gently pulled her parted nightie completely to the side, baring her little tits to my rapturous gaze. God, how I wanted to grab them, to squeeze the nipples between my fingers, to suck them into my mouth. I lowered my mouth down, right above her stiff, extended nipple.

"No touching, Doug," she whispered.

"I'm not, Mom. I'm just looking, I'm just getting close to you." I blew on her nipple with my warm breath.

"Doug."

I blew some more.

"Dougie. No touching."

"I'm not touching, Mom. I'm just blowing."

"Oh, you're so incorrigible. You've always got an angle."

I blew again. She let me. Her nipple noticeably hardened. I switched back and forth between her tits, blowing on each nipple in turn. Then raised up and kissed her, on her mouth.

"Doug."

"You said we could kiss." And I kissed her again. I worked her lips but she wouldn't let me slip my tongue in her mouth. I kissed her for a few minutes, then trailed my way down to her tummy, blowing all the way, lingering at each nipple. When I reached her tummy, I blew down the line at the top of each leg, crossing between them directly over her pussy, blowing all the time. I went back and forth, pausing to give an extra hard and warm blow on her panties right over her pussy.

"Doug," she whispered.

I slid up to her face. "What?"

"Be good."

"I will, Mom," I said, and kissed her. I slipped my tongue into her mouth and we had a very long, intense kiss. When we finished, gasping for air, I said, "Open your legs." She didn't respond. "Open your legs, Mom," I repeated. Not a move. "Please open your legs a little, Mom." Her legs parted. I kissed her again, my tongue fully into her with no resistance, and then blew my way down to her parted legs.

I started blowing on her pussy again. I laid my head against the inside of her left leg, pressing it back against the couch. I used my hand, a clear touching violation, to push her other leg out, opening her crotch and pulling at the strip of panty covering the front of her pussy, baring one side. I began gently blowing on her bare cunt. Soon, it was pulsing at me in response to my adoring wind. I blew harder every so often, more frequently, now, trying to form an air finger to stab into her slit. She was

wet. I had her going. She was pulsing quite quickly now. I stuck my tongue out between blows and let it touch her pussy lips, then let it slip into her cunt. She was grunting now. "Unghh, unghh, uunnghhhhh, ugh, ugh, ugh, uuunngghhhhhh!" She came. I quickly slid up and lay on her, raining little kisses on her face, forehead, neck, and mouth. I had my hard cock pressing right on her pussy, the head sticking out on her bare tummy. I held it firmly against her.

"Doug, you touched me," she accused me, surprised but not angered.

"No, Mom, I didn't," I lied, "I didn't. I just blew, honest."

"Ok, honey, Ok. Whew, that was different. We can't let your Dad find out about that."

"He won't, Mom, but you have to keep letting me look at you."

"Doug, you're being bad. Are you trying to blackmail me? I'm not afraid to let your Dad know you've been a very naughty boy. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Mom," I replied, but I wasn't convinced, and neither was she.

"You can only play this game as long as I let you, and by my rules, understand?"

"Yes, Mom," I said submissively, and kissed her. I turned the kiss into a very long tongue twister, the whole time pressing my cock against her.

As we got really deep into the kiss, I started rocking my cock against her. When our lips parted for air, she was gasping, and I was grinding against her pussy.

"Dougie stop, Dougie stop, stop ..."

"Stop what?"

"You know, you know, stop it."

But I didn't. I started kissing her again. As soon as my tongue was in her mouth, I really starting rubbing against her pussy. Hard, grinding, pressing my cock deep into her crevice, dry-humping her with abandon. I kept my mouth on her. I felt her legs lift up on either side of me and close over my back. I increased my pace. I ground my whole body into her. I came, so did she, clutching my back strongly to her as I spurted by spunk on her belly, and collapsed against her.

"Doug, you touched me."

"I'm sorry, Mom."

"It told you if you can play by the rules we can't do this again. You broke the rules."

"I'll tell Dad."

"If you do, we'll never be able to do this again."

"OK, I won't. But I want to keep watching movies with you."

"We can watch movies, but you have to learn to behave yourself."

"I will, Mom."

"Gosh, look at the mess you made on my tummy. Jeez, look how much there is."

I looked appropriately admonished as I rose up and looked down at the white spunk splattered all over her flat belly, pooling in her navel. "I got it on me, too," I said, pulling down at my pajamas. As I did, my cock, still quite hard, flopped into view. Surprised, Mom stared at it.

"Well, I can see why you made such a big mess," she said with a smile.

"I can make more, Mom."

"No, you don't. Come on, let's go get cleaned up before your Dad gets home." And that was the end of another incredible afternoon. As we walked together up the stairs, she let me slide my hand down from her narrow waist to cup her right ass cheek. I stopped her at her bedroom door, pulled her back as she started for her ensuite and kissed her, tenderly. At the end of the kiss, I slipped my tongue into her. She let me finish the kiss, then, "No, son." Shit, back to square one, I thought. "No more today, sweetie."

"Awww, Mom. Let me kiss you tonight. Come see me so I can kiss you before bed."

"We'll see," she said, and slipped away into her room.

That night, there were no innuendos, no teasing glimpses, no flirting of any kind. Mom treated me like her son, like she always had before. I decided not to torture myself. I went to bed early. At the top of the stairs, I spontaneously turned and yelled down, "Goodnight, Dad."

"Goodnight son," he automatically responded.

"Hey, Mom, you forgot to give me a kiss goodnight," and I quickly retreated to my room. I undressed quickly and got into bed. Mom knocked lightly and came into my room five minutes later.

"That was quick. It took me ages to get you into bed when you were little." Then she laughed at herself, "Not that I'm trying to now. That was a ballsy thing you said. It's a good thing your father lives on another planet most of the time."

"Well, you're here now, Mom, so give me a kiss."

"Alright, but just a kiss."

"Ok, but you have to turn out the light and lay on the bed. I want a real kiss, not a quick peck."

"Alright, but you be good," she said, and turned out the light. A moment later I felt her kneel on the bed and then stretch out to lay beside me. She reached over to me, touching my shoulder and then the side of my face.

"Aren't you wearing your pajama tops?" she asked.

"No, its too hot," I replied and pulled her to me for a kiss. We snoggled for a couple of minutes and then I pulled her on top of me. I centered her pussy over me and slid my hands down over her ass and pulled at her legs, parting them around my hard cock. I pressed upward.

When our kiss broke, she said, "Dougie, you're being very naughty again. Your Dad's right downstairs watching TV."

"I know, Mom. That's why you have to let me play quickly, because we only have a few minutes," I argued lamely.

"OK, you can play for a few minutes," she said, and lowered her head to kiss me. I pulled the hem of her skirt up while we were kissing so only her panties were between us. She must have realized then that I was naked. I had no pajamas or undies on. My bare cock thrust against her panty covered mound. I slid my hands up onto her ass and held her in place while I started little fuck motions against her.

She broke our kiss. "Oh, you little bugger," she said, breathing in little gasps as my cock lunged between her slit. She was genuinely surprised, "You little bugger!"

I laughed in her ear, holding her against me, rubbing harder and longer against her, pausing to grind my cock into her pussy. "I'm a little bugger, Mommy," I said, sliding my hand down her cheek, between her legs, and pushing with my fingers against the bottom of her pussy through her thin panties next to her damp cunt. I started to shove my cock up and down the channel formed between her pussy lips.

"Oh, oh, oh, ugh, ugh ohhhh, ohhh, ooohhhh, ugh, ungghhhh. Oh, you little shit!" She started pressing back on me, spreading herself open around my cock.

"Come on me, Mom. Come on me. Come." She started to thrust in earnest, in time to my shoves against her cunt. I tongued her ear, and pushed the finger stroking the rear of her panty inside and rubbed it along the line between her ass and her pussy.

"oh, oh, oh, uh uh uh, uhh uhhhhh ungnhhhh, unnnnghghhhhh." She collapsed on me, her pussy twitching and periodically pulsing against my cock.

"You little bastard, you little bastard," she gasped out, trying to catch her breath.

"I can't help it, Mom. I love you. I want to fuck you."

"No! That will never happen."

"But it feels good, doesn't it Mom?", I asked.

"Yes." She pushed her pussy against my cock as her body involuntarily agreed with her. "Yes it does, but I won't let you fuck me. I just can't."

"'Then let's just say goodnight like this, Mom, our own secret ritual."

"You're only supposed to look, remember?"

"But I like rubbing against you. It's only fair if you won't let me have you." I whined in a little kid's voice.

"Oh, don't try to pull that on me. I'll think about it. You can give me a little rub now and then, maybe, if you're a good boy, but that's all."

"OK. Mom?"

"Yes?"

"If you wake up and can't sleep you should come and wake me up too. I don't want you to be alone if you wake up at night."

"Oh, my god, your Father. I've got to go. I've got to get downstairs," she cried in a panicky voice, springing up and rushing to the door where she

paused, gathered her wits, opened the door, and exited into the hall, talking back to me in a voice loud enough to be heard downstairs, "Goodnight, dear, we'll talk about it in the morning. Sweet dreams."

She didn't come again that night. The next day, things were back to the normal mom/son relationship. Mom was particularly conservative in her dress. I didn't complain, or act miffed in any way. Patience, I was learning, reaped huge rewards. I paid no extra attention to her. When she skipped floor waxing day, I didn't mention it. I just kept treating her like a regular Mom.

One day, Mom came home around noon dressed in a flowered, sleeveless dress hemmed just above her knees. It swirled about her lovely legs as she walked. It was the most liberal thing she had worn for two weeks. It was a summer dress cut a little lower and held together by buttons all down the front. She fussed about in the kitchen for a while, emerging with a tray of sandwiches and two glasses of milk. "Do you have time for a movie break?"

"Yeah, sure, Mom," I casually answered, feigning disinterest. "Something particular you'd like to watch?"

"How about that chick flick we missed most of the other day?"

"Absolutely," I replied, and went to put it in the DVD player, intrigued that she was raising that memory. When I turned around, she'd sat down leaving me just enough room to squeeze between her and the end of the couch. She handed me a toasted tomato sandwich as I sat down. As I took it, a little mayonnaise dripped out onto her legs, just above her knees. She ignored it, so I turned toward her and, with my right hand, used my

fingers to scoop it up. I licked my fingers and said, "Ummm, spicy mayonnaise, my favorite."

"Stop," she laughed, then, "Start the movie, and close the drapes a bit, the light's reflecting off the TV."

I did as she asked, then settled in to eat my sandwiches and watch the movie. I didn't do anything else for half an hour, ten full minutes after finishing my last sandwich. Mom was restless. She stretched her legs out on the coffee table, then pulled them back to rest her bare feet on its edge, raising her knees and letting her dress slide a little higher up her beautiful legs. Each time she changed position, she sidled a little closer to me, until her thigh was pressing tightly against me. When her dress restricted her leg movements, she undid a couple of the skirt buttons, and then a third before her foot rested comfortably on the edge of the table. She had bared a lot of leg but I just kept watching the movie.

"It's so warm in here," she said softly, a minute later, and undid the top two buttons on her dress. She snuggled into me, "Whew, shopping really tired me out."

I kissed the top of her head, "Just rest, Mom." She settled in closer, and tried to pull her feet up close to rest on the edge of the couch instead of the table. I reached down and undid two more buttons for her. If she'd stood up, her dress would have been undone from the bottom up to her belly and from the top down to her waist. She had only three buttons left holding her dress together. "Thanks, baby," she murmured, and snuggled in closer to me.

"Stretch your legs out on the couch and have a nap." She didn't say anything, so I slid my arm under legs and lifted her around parallel to the couch. I made sure her dress slid up to her hips before stretching her legs out. I started to undo the remaining buttons on her dress. She didn't open her eyes, or move to stop me.

"Are you going to have a little look, dear?"

"Yes," I said without pausing, moving straight on to the next button.

"Ok," she answered softly, "I'm going to rest, I'm so tired."

Undoing the last button, I pulled her dress fully apart, baring her tummy and chest which wasn't covered by anything. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were hard and jutting into the air. I moved my hand over them, letting my palm gently caress and bend the nipple of each tit. She didn't admonish me for touching her, so I pinched her nipple between my fingers and tugged, rolling it gently back and forth. Her breath quickened. She arched her back slightly and smiled, "Do you like that, Dougie?"

"Yes, Mom. Do you?"

"Yes," she replied, turning her head toward me, eyes still closed, inhaling sharply as I tugged harder on her nipple. I continued to play with her tits, kneading them and pulling her nipples until they were fully extended, then I leaned down and took her left tit into my mouth, sucking the nipple back hard.

"Oh, Doug, Doug, Doug," she cried, hoarsely, but she didn't try to stop me. When she put her hands on my head, she kept it in place, her fingers curling in my hair. I slid my hand down her pulsing tummy toward her snatch until it came to rest lightly cupping her mound. I continued to suck her tits. "Oh, Doug, oh Dougie, oh Doug," she kept saying over and over. I started moving my finger sideways across her pussy lips, digging into her. I could tell from her very ragged breathing that she really liked this. I slipped my fingers under her panties and quickly resumed. She arched her back up, causing my mouth to envelop her whole tit. She coated my fingers, moving her legs apart. I raised my head to look at her. She was stunning, eyes closed, face flushed. She turned her head, opened her eyes, and looked at me. I formed a small cock with my three middle fingers and pushed it into her cunt. Her face scrunched up, her mouth opening into a big 'O'.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh, Douuugggiee!"

I moved up toward her, grasped the back of her hair with my left hand, pushing her knees up to her chest with my shoulder, keeping my right hand in her. I stared down at her and started working my fingers in and out of her, grinding and twisting them into her cunt.

"Oh, god, oh god, oh god," she started saying over and over. I kept working her pussy until she flooded my fingers. She went still. I stood up and shucked my t-shirt and started unbuckling my jeans.

"No, Doug, you can't," she said. "I'm sorry, sweetie."

"I'm just going to rub against you Mom," I said, gasping for breath, desperately pushing my jeans down over my legs, kicking them off.

"Ok, baby, but just rubbing." She closed her eyes and opened her legs to welcome me.

With her eyes closed, I shucked my undies before climbing between her legs and quickly pressed my cock against her panties. Her eyes opened. I started humping furiously against her. "No, keep your undies on," she complained, sounding panicked.

"It's too late," I cried, grinding at her pussy. In less than a minute, I leapt up over her breasts and leaned my knees against the couch arm on either side of her head, dangling my cock over her face. She was surprised and not sure what to make of this. "I can't mess the couch, Mom," I said, "I can't get it on the floor," and pressed my cock to her lips. I could see comprehension dawn on her face, and then resistance. "Hurry," I said, "I can't wait!" I pushed harder. Her lips opened and I shoved my cock into her mouth.

I just held it there, expecting to come right away, but I didn't. I think the shock of being in her mouth stopped me from coming. I don't know how else to explain it. I started to work it in and out of her mouth slowly. Fuck, this was unbelievable. I was fucking my Mom's face. I reached down and held her head. She couldn't move back but she could have twisted sideways to pop me out. I moved back and forth slowly, trying to push in a little more each time. When she gagged, I pulled right out and waited, then pushed in until she gagged again. I fucked her mouth, pulling out, rubbing my cock on her face, then pushing back in. Finally, I came in her mouth, spurting wildly. As her throat backed up, refusing to take anymore. I pulled out and squirt the rest of my spunk on her face.

I immediately got up and ran to the bathroom. I knew she'd be mad. She caught up to me as I was washing my cock in the sink and let me have it.

"But I had to Mom, I couldn't come all over the couch. And you were choking at the end, I had to pull out," I pleaded with her to forgive me.

"Yes, I was choking," she said almost absently, her eyes glued to my cock as I was cleaning it. Her eyes followed my hand as I soaped my cock, slowly squeezing the ring formed by my palm and fingers up and down.

"You're bigger than your father, she said in a small voice.

"Yeah?" I said, cleaning in longer strokes now, feeling myself harden. "Much bigger, Mom?" I asked, turning it toward her.

"Yes, I think so," she said, keeping her eyes on it.

"Does it feel bigger?" I grabbed her hand and closed it around my cock, just below the head. She instinctively tried to pull her hand away, but I held in there. "Is it bigger, Mom?" I whispered.

"Yes."

"Jack me, Mom. I need it," I begged her, "Please, Mom."

There was no sign of her anger as she slowly pumped my cock. After a few minutes I put my hand on her shoulder and gently pressed her onto

her knees in front of me. I brought my cock close to her face and pushed the head into her mouth. She didn't resist. I reached down, grasped both sides of her head, and started to fuck her face again. When I was near, I rasped, "On your face, Mom. I want to mark you. I want to mark you," and groaning loudly, I pulled out and spurted all over her face for the second time that day, for the second time in my life. I pressed her tightly against my cock, "Oh god, Mom, I love you, I love you."

When my cock softened, I pulled her up to her feet and hugged her. She was still wearing her dress, open all down the front. "We'd better clean up before Dad gets home," I said.

"Yes," she said and turned woodenly to go downstairs. She seemed to be in shock.

"No, Mom. You clean up here," I said, turning her toward the sink, "I'll take care of downstairs."

Dinner was interesting that night. After our last encounters, Mom had acted as if nothing had happened. But now, she seemed distracted. Once, while Dad's attention was drawn away as he tried to listen to something on the news, I caught Mom looking at me. I turned my eyes down, to my crotch, and slowly slid my gaze back to capture her eyes. Her face turned beat red. As Dad turned his attention back to the table, she sprang up, spinning away from him and quickly headed to the far counter where she fussed with some dishes until her blush subsided.

I was surprised, yet elated at the sense of power that welled up in me. I had unsettled my Mom. I was in control. Dinner over, Dad left for the living room to watch the rest of the news. I grasped Mom's hand as she

rose to follow him, holding her back. I stood and pulled her back with me until I was pressed against the far counter. I could hear Dad settling back into his lazy boy chair. I pulled her hands to my crotch.

"Stop it. Your Dad is right there, in the next room!" she rebuked me.

"He's in his chair. I can hear him if he gets up." I could see in her face she knew this to be true. Just touch it, Mom, that's all, just touch it for me." I easily held her hands there with one of mine since she didn't try to pull them away, while I undid the button on my jeans. "Unzip me and pull it out."

"No," she countered.

"Yes, Mom. I'll stop bugging you if you touch it. Just a quick touch and I'll leave you alone." I let go of her hands and used both of mine to pull my unbuttoned jeans apart, undoing the zipper. I quickly pulled the top of my undies down, freeing my hard cock, which sprang out toward her. "Touch it," I demanded.

She moved both of her hands in and squeezed my cock between her soft palms. "That's it," I said, "Hold it like that for a minute." I started to fuck into her improvised beaver. Her head tilted down, she watched me fuck her hands.

"Come see me tonight." She nodded her head. The situation, the power I felt, overwhelmed me. I came in her hands, spraying my spunk all over her apron. "Remember to come," I said, zipping up, and strode out of the room.

She didn't come that night, and she avoided me the next day. In the evening, I sulked in my room and didn't come downstairs until about 9 o'clock. Dad was reading some work papers and Mom was watching a movie. I sat on the couch at the opposite end from my Mom and started to watch the movie. Then I turned and just watched her. Her face started to blush.

I stretched my bare feet out and rested them against her thigh, then turned the left down and tried to dig my toes under her leg using my right to push against her hip, prying her left cheek off the couch just enough to let my left get under her thigh. Once there, I turned it outward, hooked the hem of her skirt, and dragged it up toward her pussy.

I slid my foot up between her legs until my instep was pressed against her pussy, wiggling against her panties. After a while, I pushed her cheek up again, and kept pushing, until she adjusted herself so her left side was cocked up, opening her backside to me a little. I used the access to slide the toes of my right foot into the crack of her ass, moving my big toe toward her pussy, slipping it under the little band at the bottom of her panties. I worked my big toe into the crevice between her pussy lips and started wiggling it there as I kept pressing my instep against her damp mound. I worked her pussy with small movements of my feet for a long time.

She became very wet. Her right hand clutched the arm of the couch while her left lay in her lap covering the top of her skirt. She stared intently at the TV even though only commercials were showing. Suddenly, she gripped my toe tightly, her thighs clamped my foot, and she convulsed her hips against my instep, soaking them both through a minute long series of intense, but necessarily muted vibrations. She tried to get up, but

I held her in place with my feet. When I was ready, I got up, kissed my Mom on her cheek, and said goodnight to her and Dad. I went up to bed and locked my door.

She came that night, but not until very late, long after she and Dad had gone to bed. She knocked gently on my door and whispered my name. I didn't open it.

The next day was floor waxing day. I thought she wouldn't do it, but she came down, doffed her housecoat, and started to wax the floor. She was wearing the same slip she wore the first time. I kept studying as she worked her way toward me. I didn't stop when she neared, and ignored her when she joined me on the couch to rest. Eventually, she got up with an angry flourish and polished the floor. I left the house to go for a walk.

I didn't return until Dad was home. She gave me the cold treatment, but I ignored her. By dinner, she was softening, asking me if dinner was ok (she usually asked Dad this), asking me if she could pass me this or that. It was odd. I thought my Dad would notice, but he didn't. When dinner was over, and Dad left for the TV, Mom lingered behind instead of joining him. I didn't say anything. She just sat, appearing to be a little nervous. When she seemed about to speak, I said, "Why don't you start the dishes, Mom."

She looked startled, but busied herself loading the dishwasher. I just sat and watched her. When she finished, I said, "Wash the big stuff in the sink." She went to the sink and started to fill it. I got up and sauntered over, stopping directly behind her. I leaned in, not touching, and whispered in her ear. "Do you have panties on?"

"Yes." No hesitation, despite my shocking unsonlike question.

"Take them off and throw them in the garbage."

She reached up under her skirt, dragged her panties down her leg and over her feet, and tossed them unceremoniously into the garbage.

"Wash the pots," I said. After a minute, I whispered to her again, "Do you want me to touch you between your legs?"

"Yes," she replied meekly.

I slid my hand up under her skirt between her legs, caressing the inside of her thighs. I cupped her ass cheeks with my hand, then slid it down and forward, letting my fingers slide into the crevice between her pussy lips. She was already wet. I pressed my thumb between her cheeks against her little hole. "Come and see me tonight."

"I did last night, but you locked the door," she confessed.

"Come again tonight. When you're finished the dishes, go sit on the couch near Dad, and curl your sexy legs up beside you so I can see them."

I left. When I came downstairs, Mom was sitting on the couch with her legs curled up beside her. I joined her on the couch, my back against the opposite arm, and started to read a magazine. I reached my foot out, and

pressed her feet out toward the front of the couch until they lay parallel to it. I waited until she looked over at me, then moved my eyes down to her skirt and back up to her face. She lifted herself and turned her hips toward the arm of the couch, lifting her left leg off the couch. She reached down with her left hand and slowly pulled her skirt up near the top of her thigh, baring her pantyless backside to my gaze. She turned back to the TV, her face flushed.

I watched her ass, legs and pussy through the next set of commercials. Then I extended my foot and slowly worked my toe up and into her pussy. I wiggled it there until the next commercial. When the movie resumed, I slid my left foot down and slid it in, moving my right toe back along her crack up to her little hole. I pressed it gently there while I wriggled the left about in her cunt. She started to seriously moisturize my walking instruments. I pulled back and stood up.

"I'm off to bed," I said, to my father's nod and Mom's distinctively miffed surprise. As I left the room, I turned and said, "Oh, Mom, I forgot. You wanted me to show you how to use the photo program tonight. Can you come up now? I don't want to be up too late."

"It's too late to get started on that now, Doug," Mom replied. Then, rethinking in response to my 'look', she said, "Well, maybe you can get me started on the basics."

Mom followed me up the stairs. I was waiting a few feet down the hallway when she reached the top. She paused when she saw me, turned to look back at Dad, and then back at me. I gestured for her to raise her skirt. She lifted the front, slowly, until her pussy was in view. She smiled and started walking slowly, seductively, toward me. I held my hand low in front of me, turned up and toward her in a cup formation. She walked

right up to me, raised herself a little, and slid her pussy onto my hand. I ground my palm around on her mound.

"Is that for me?" I asked.

"Yes."

I whispered, "Fuck my hand with MY pussy." She began to hunch her pelvis against me on my hand, her juice basting my palm. I grasped her hair with my left hand and gently turned her face to the side. I whispered in her ear, "Say fuck, Mom. Say it."

"Fuck," she said, then again, "fuck fuck fuck," in quick succession.

I dragged her back and into my room, both of us careful not to let her pussy slide off my hand. I swiveled her around, pushing the door closed with my shoulder. "Do you like it when I touch your cunt?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"No."

"Say it."

"No."

"Say, touch my cunt."

"Touch my cunt," she said and started vigorously rubbing it against my hand. "Touch my cunt, Dougie."

I walked her back to my bed, pausing to insert several fingers up into her. I started frigging her. She was gasping in rasping breaths. I pushed her back on the bed, lifting her hips up high, her loose skirt falling to the sides, and her legs splaying lewdly back over her head. I pried her pussy apart and slipped all the fingers of my right hand into her hole, working them in deeply before twisting slowly back and forth. I set the thumb of my left hand onto her anus, then lowered my head and flicked my tongue back and forth over it as I worked her cunt. She came hard, clenching at my hand. When I pulled them away, her ass was actually quivering, and her pelvis was making involuntary fuck movements.

I walked around to the far side of the bed, dropped my jeans and pulled her to me until her head lay just over the edge. I knelt down against the edge of the bed and pushed my cock into her mouth. I started to fuck her face. God if my father walked in now! I really worked her mouth. She was making slurpy, gurgling noises, coating my steel hard prick with saliva. I found I could work it deep into her, gently, and see it pulse in her throat. Fucking unreal. I came in her mouth. I didn't come on her face, I was too enthralled with her throat. Some dribbled onto her face anyway when I pulled out. I collapsed onto the bed beside her.

She lay there, exhausted, oblivious to the fact the door was unlocked and my Dad could walk in at any moment. We lay there for what seemed

forever, but was probably only ten minutes, lost in our own thoughts about what had happened tonight and earlier today. I was the first to stir. I grasped her legs at the ankles and twisted her onto her tummy, then I shuffled forward and lifted her hips, raising her ass to me. I slipped my cock down between her ass cheeks and started probing for her cunt.

She yanked away, twisting around to sit on her lovely ass. "No, Doug, you can't!"

"Yes, Mom. I'm going to fuck you." I tried to pull her legs apart.

"No. Your father's right downstairs. We can't." She drew her legs in tight. "We'll get caught."

Reason started to resurface in my head. Perhaps because of the realization that she'd said 'we' would get caught. I interpreted this as acknowledgement that we would fuck, just not now.

"I want to see you tonight, Mom. Come to my room, or go downstairs after Dad's asleep. If you don't, I'll come and get you."

"We'll see, Dougie. I need to think. I just can't handle this right now. I need to think." She sprang past me and was out the door.

She couldn't possibly think we were going to go back to that. There was no way. I was determined to fuck her, I had to have her. I had momentum. If I lost it, this might be all I ever got.

I fell asleep. At 3:am I woke up and went to my parents' bedroom door. It was closed, which was unusual. She wasn't coming. I knocked lightly on the door. "Dad?"

No response. I knocked gently again, "Dad?" I whispered, a little louder.

"Your Dad's sleeping," my Mother whispered.

"I need to talk to Dad."

"Stop it. You're going to wake him up".

"I don't care," I whispered defiantly.

"Yes, you do."

Suddenly it dawned on me that the whispers weren't coming from the other side of the door. I turned my head toward the stairs. There, at the top, stood the shadowy figure of my Mom.

Dumfounded, I stumbled after her as she gracefully turned and started down the stairs, her muscled legs stepping softly onto each step. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she was bathed in the glow of the single lamp she had left on in the living room. She was wearing a nightie I'd never seen before, its hem drawing a line just under her cheeks, and she was clearly, clearly, not wearing anything underneath. She half turned toward me, her nipples standing out as her perky tits slid around with her, "Where have you been? I've been waiting."

She turned and walked to the far end and onto the couch, kneeling and leaning forward until her head lay on the armrest, the nightie sliding up, her gorgeous ass open above her parted legs. She smiled at me, sweetly, and mimicked my demand earlier today, "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

I ran to her, almost killing myself doffing my pajamas on the way, tripping over the coffee table and crashing head first into the back of the couch. I scrambled to my knees to her soft laughter. I spread her cheeks with my hands, pressed my cock head against her, and pushed, sliding in slowly but surely until I was sunk to the hilt.

"Oh, that's it, baby. Fuck me. Ohhh. Fuck me."

I started sliding my cock in and out of her fantastic pussy. The feel of her slippery sheath made the feel of her mouth almost pale in comparison. God, I was in my mother's cunt. The thought of it made me incredibly hard. I pulled her back so her head slid off the armrest and fell to the couch, lifting her ass up higher against me. I rose up onto my feet, pulling out of her, to a disappointed "ohhh". I crouched over her, my knees on either side of her hips, and lowered my cock into her again, shoving it in very deep.

"Ohhhhhhh, ohhhhhh, unngghh, Douuuugggie."

What a rewarding sound, music to my ears. I started shoving in and out of her, pausing to grind my cock against her cunt lips, slowly increasing my tempo until I was literally pounding into her. Her gasps became muffled and I realized she had buried her face into the back of the couch

to stifle her cries. My breathing sounded like the charge of a herd of horses. I couldn't help it. I tried to shove my cock through to her throat. She was using her legs to push her ass up against me. When I came, she was bent almost double as I straddled her ass, my cock plunged into her at an awkward angle. I sat on her until my cock stopped twitching. I pulled it out and flopped my half-hard salami on her butt.

I stood and pulled her to me, lifting her, back toward me. I walked her across the floor to the chair on the side of the room near the entrance way that was seldom used. I put her down, turned her, and pushed her back into the seat. Grasping her legs, I pulled her toward me, raised her legs and pushed them back until they pressed against her shoulders, her ass and cunt lewdly exposed. I flopped my half-hard cock onto her pussy and started rubbing it along the crack between her ass and her cunt. I looked down at her flushed face. She was staring at me, her eyes wild. I hardened instantly. "Put it in me, put it in my cunt," she gasped hoarsely.

I slid it in. I fucked her like that for several minutes. Then pulled her right off the chair and down onto the floor. I raised her hips until she was braced against the floor with her shoulders, her knees hanging down by her head and her ass straight up. I ground my cock into her, deep, deep. I didn't pound on her. I just ground into her slowly, until I filled her pussy again.

I pulled her to her feet. I put my arms around her, kissing her. "I'm sorry, Mom. Did I hurt you?"

"No, sweetie. But I'm going up to bed. I think that's more than enough for one day, don't you?"

"Yes, Mom. See you tomorrow."

"Sweet dreams, honey," and she walked up the stairs, slowly, letting me drink in the sight of her.

When Mom came home after lunch the next day I was sitting on the couch in her spot watching TV, the sounds of a porn movie quietly filling the room. The coffee table was pushed away and there was a four by six foot fleece throw rug in front of me with a large pillow placed on the end farthest from me. Mom glanced at the TV, then at the rug. She simply said "Hi" as she took her coat off, hung it up, and lifted her pretty legs one at a time to slip off her shoes, leaving extra time for me to enjoy her with my eyes. Then she turned and walked slowly up the stairs, unzipping the back of her dress as she went.

When she came down a few minutes later, her hair was shaken out, draped over her shoulders, and she was sporting fresh pale pink lipstick on her pouting lips. She wore a form fitting, long yellow slip, cut low in the front, that I hadn't seen before but I could clearly see she didn't have anything else on. Mom walked directly to the fleece in front of me, turned her back to me as she kneeled on it, bent forward to place her head on the pillow, facing left, reached back to grasp the hem of her slip and drag it up and over her hips. She walked her bare, beautiful ass back to me until it hit the edge of the couch between my feet, and waited. She didn't say a word.

Without any preparation, I scrunched forward, poked my rock hard cock out of my boxers, pressed it down, and pushed it into her pussy. She uttered a series of small little moans and whimpers as I slowly worked it in, back and forth a little at a time, until I was fully encased in her wet tunnel. Then she started to move back and forth, fucking me as I held my

love stick still for her. God, she was exciting. I let her continue this until I couldn't take it anymore, pushed her ass forward and up, got up on my feet crouching over her, and started to grind my cock down in to her.

"Ohhhhhh, unnnggghhhh, ohhhh unngghh," over and over. I ran my hands down her back and sides, reaching in to pull on her great little, hard-nippled tits. I pulled my hands out and pulled her hair gently back, tugging it while I crouched over her and worked my cock deep into her pussy. She kept up her soft fuck sounds which I think she did partly to work me up even more. I didn't care, I loved it! I pressed my left my thumb against her rosebud, slowly working it into her just a little. She started to grunt, "ugh, uggh, ugghhh," as did I. When I came, gushing my spunk into her, I stayed deep inside her, crouching over her for a couple of minutes, wiggling my cock until the last grunt was out of me. My thumb was still in her ass.

I fell back on the couch, my thumb releasing her ass with a little pop. She moved her ass back to press against the couch again, staying bent right over. I rested for a few minutes. On the TV, a young man was pushing his cock up against a MILF's rosebud. He kept bouncing the head of his big dick against it but couldn't overcome its resistance. I reached out and picked up the tube I had laid on the side table and leaned forward toward Mom. She had twisted her head up to watch as the TV cock kept bumping against the TV ass, cheeks spread wide by a pair of TV thumbs. Poke, poke, poke. The TV anus was slowly widening, yielding to the persistent onslaught.

I held the tube above my Mom's ass and squirted a generous helping of its contents just above her little hole. I quickly moved my thumb back into place and worked it fully into her ass. She lay her head down again, ignoring the TV, "Ohhhhhhh, Doug. Ohhh Dougggg." I worked by thumb

around in her, twisting it around, pulling it in and out. I squirted some of the tube stuff onto my eager cock. It was so hard, it felt like it was going to break. I pushed the head up against her ass and pushed, slowly, piercing the tight ring and moving inexorably further. When I was completely inside I rested, basking in the feel of sheer joy of being sunk deep in my mother's ass.

I was brought back to earth by her hoarse cry, "Move, move".

I slowly pumped my cock in and out and she started to make little moaning sounds in response to my shoves. I pushed her forward again so I could crouch over her and started to fuck her ass with definite purpose. Her moans grew longer. Afraid of hurting her, I didn't work up to the cunt slamming performance of our last fuck. I grasped her hair, pulling her around to face the couch, knelt down behind her, and started to fuck up into her ass as she lay on the cushion where I had been sitting. I banged up into her with long, confident strokes. Her long moans turned into short grunts at the end of each stroke. I pulled her back and stretched her out full length on the fleece carpet, flat on the floor. I straddled her hips and forced my cock back into her gaping little hole. I fucked into her for several shoves, then pulled out completely to look at her open hole, as they did in the fuck movies. It was quite a turn on. I lay on her, full length, my cock buried in her bum, placed my hands on either side of her head and pulled it up so I could whisper in her ear as I ground into her ass. Grind, grind, grind. She began emitting a constant, undulating grunt. That's the only way I can describe it. "Do you love my cock in your ass? Do you, Mom, do you?"

"Oh, god, yess, yesss," she gasped. I increased my tempo, thrusting intensely while holding her head up between my hands, whispering in her ear each time I pulsed my cock when I reached maximum depth. She

came, her ass gripping my cock, triggering my own orgasm. I thrust in one final time and held myself deep inside her, my whole body vibrating, shivering in the most intense feeling I have ever experienced. She continued to moan softly, ever quieting, until we lay, one on top of the other, in silence except for the ticking clock.

"Wowww," she rasped into the stillness, "wow."

I pulsed into her bum in reaction and in a guttural voice replied, "Yessss."

I couldn't move from her for quite a while, and didn't want to when we finally did part. I didn't want to end this incredible, searing fuck. For the rest of the time until Dad came home, she walked around naked so I could look at her ass, affectionately cupping her cheeks every now and then. She knew how much I loved her perky little tits and sculptured legs, but her ass had become my temple, and she didn't tire of my finger sliding between her cheeks. I asked her how soon I could have her there again.

"Days," she replied.

I didn't think I could wait and she didn't make me. As it turned out, Mom loved the feel of my bone in her ass. It was something that she had only ever done with me. Sex between her and Dad was conservative: missionary and sometimes from behind, but not often; and no blow jobs. When she was with me, she let me fuck her mouth and spunk her face. I liked fucking her from behind or pounding her pussy while she held her knees wide apart and way back, but our favorite, the way that was special for us, was shoving it into her ass.

If we were alone, Mom knew she couldn't do the dishes or lean over anywhere without my cock finding her ass. We had tubes of lube hidden all over the house. She knew that even if Dad was home but in a different room, I'd try to bugger her. But she didn't mind, my beautiful Mom didn't mind at all, and we had a lot of close calls.

THE END