

Comforting Mom

Thomas pauses at his mother's door and hears her crying. He silently curses his father. He must have hurt her. Again. His hopes that things might have improved between his parents over the last few months since his absence seem to have come to nothing.

After knocking softly on the door he waits. She answers after a moment, and despite the tears staining her pretty face, she looks happy to see him.

"Hi hon."

"Hi, Mom, are you OK?"

"Hmm, not really actually. Your dad left me."

"Again, well he will be back. He always comes back."

Ellen looks at her young son. She has been keeping the truth from him for the past few months. Thomas had left for school, Michigan State, at the end of the summer shortly after which Frank had up and left her. This time for good.

He was eighteen and a freshman away from home for the first time. She simply had not wanted to burden him with her marital problems as he tried to get settled in his new environment.

"Look honey, come downstairs with me and I will tell you the truth."

Ten minutes later they are sitting next to each other in front of the fire on this cold December night. The den is dark and silent except for the crackle and pop of the glowing fire. They are both sipping on a full glasses of red wine she just poured them.

He stares at his mother as she sips on her glass of wine. As always he is smitten by her beauty. Ellen was your typical Filipino beauty who, at the age of 42, had a mature graceful appearance that only seemed to get better with time. She had a nice slim figure - not too tall, 5' 2" while weighing 106 pounds. Her hair was raven black and beguiling falling just past her shoulders matching nicely her dark flawless complexion.

Ellen won a couple of local beauty contests when she was younger a fact which surprised her young son not in the least. Best of all, she was a true coquette, loving to flirt and always smiling.

As a mother she was blessed with a gentle disposition, kindness, patience, and a wonderfully big heart full of undying love for her only child. To her husband she was caring, faithful, romantic, and loyal to a fault. Sadly none of this was appreciated much by Frank who was a faithless womanizer who basically took advantage of his wife's loyal nature.

And now she was drinking a fact which secretly thrilled Thomas as his mother tended to become quite warm and friendly after a glass or two of wine. The thrill of watching her drink is somewhat offset by the disappointment in what she is wearing.

On some occasions, especially when they were alone, Ellen could be quite the show off in the way she dressed around her young son. But apparently she was not in a show off mood tonight for she was wearing a thick fuzzy white robe that completely covered that sweet little petite figure of hers.

He reaches out and touches her arm lightly as they sit side by side on the sofa across from the fire. "So what is it, Mom? Why are you crying? He left you before and you never cried. Not that I remember."

"This time it's for good honey. That is what I have been avoiding telling you for the past few months. He left for good this time, shortly after you went off to college. I didn't want you to worry so I said nothing."

"Yeah but how do you know it's for good? He left before and always returned."

"Tommy . . ." She takes his hand into hers and squeezed it gently. "The divorce papers have already been signed by the both of us. Its final . . . and well he is already living with his new girlfriend."

"Seriously, Jesus no wonder he has been avoiding my calls. And Christ you should have said something, Mom. I would have come home."

"And that is exactly why I didn't . . . just because I knew you would have wanted to drop everything to rush home and comfort your mommy."

"I guess you know me that well?"

"I do." She looks at him and smiles. The wine, her fragile mood, the warm intimacy of the cozy den and its glowing romantic fire is all combining to create a warm glow deep inside her heart.

But most especially, after being away from her beloved Tommy for so long, three and half months, that is 107 days to be exact, now him being home - and their being alone together on his first night home - something seems magical about this evening.

Now the smile, by careful design, turns into a frown. Always attuned to his mother's moods he notices the frown.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing . . . everything. I just missed you. I want to talk but . . ."

"But?"

"But it's warm in here. The fire you know."

"We can talk somewhere else. The kitchen maybe. The living room."

"The kitchen. Hmm no . . . it's not comfortable and as for the living room no way. Too many bad memories . . . of your dad sitting there stupid drunk in his easy chair barking orders at me. Here in the den is actually the perfect place to talk. This was my place. Our place actually as remember he never came in here."

"Yeah right, mother I remember. We used to cuddle in front of the fire on cold winter's evenings."

"Yes, that was nice. Real nice in fact."

"Are you saying you maybe you want to cuddle like before, Mom?"

"Do you? God knows I could use a little cuddling. I'm not feeling very good about myself."

"Well I would be happy to cuddle with my Mommy. You know, relive old memories, but then with my arms around you you would be really too warm . . . and you are already complaining about it being too hot in here. I guess I could put the fire out."

"Then it will be too cold," she whines knowing she is hard to please while at the same time knowing full well Thomas will do anything to appease her no matter how difficult she is being. It works, of course.

"First too hot, then too cold . . . Jesus, Mom!!"

"I know, I know . . . I am hard to please. I don't want you to put out the fire anyways. It's soothing to watch the flames dance about."

"But if it makes you uncomfortable."

"Well maybe if we don't move so close to the fire. We could just stay here on the couch I will be alright."

"Yeah we could that. You could also maybe take off your stupid old lady robe, Mom."

She smiles at him as this is the opening she has been waiting for. "What you don't like your mom's thick fuzzy robe son."

"Not really. It's well not to be mean, but it's not exactly appealing."

"Yeah, well, the problem is . . . what I am wearing underneath my ugly robe hon."

"Pajamas would be my guess."

"Guess again."

"Tee shirt and shorts maybe."

"Hmm, no."

"Ahh, nothing."

"Yeah you wish," she laughs reaching out and ruffling his full head of golden brown hair.

He flushes red at her wisecrack a fact that doesn't go unnoticed by her. Ellen has always suspected her son is a bit more attracted to his mother than maybe normally a son should be, but instead of being repelled by this fact, the truth is she finds it to be quite flattering.

"You wanna hear the God's honest truth hon. Can you handle it?"

"Of course," he fires back still smarting from her wisecrack.

"I am wearing a bra and panties."

"So big deal, Mom, I have seen you in your underwear before."

"Yeah, true, but not since you were young and most especially what I am wearing now is not the bra and panties you remember from years ago."

"Really, well what is so special about them?"

"First tell me something. You say you remember me from before in my underwear?"

"Yes."

"And what do you remember?"

He shifts uncomfortably on the couch. He doesn't want his mother to think he is some kind of pervert from him remembering how she looked in her underwear.

He takes a large swallow of his wine hoping it will allow him to relax a bit. He is not much of a wine drinker and the large swallow has the desired effect.

She senses his uneasiness. "I asked hon, so tell me. Don't worry I won't think anything bad."

"OK, well, since you asked. I remember you always seemed to prefer white and . . ."

"And? Tell me, be honest."

"There is nothing to tell. I guess white mainly."

"I will say it for you. White and boring."

"Yeah . . . maybe."

"Well hon, the underwear I am wearing tonight is quite the opposite. Colorful and exciting I guess you could call it."

"Really?"

She can see he is curious- which is exactly what she wants him to be.

"Here is the story. I bought what I am wearing maybe two years ago . . . along with a bunch of other sexy stuff. You know lingerie type things. I had hoped of . . . like . . . sparking an interest in your father toward me."

"Did it work?"

"He got mad when he seen the charges on the credit card and made me take everything back. I did . . . almost that is. I saved what I am wearing now in secret."

"Geez, what an asshole." Thomas polishes off the rest of the wine in three large angry sips. Just thinking of what a prick his father truly was makes him emotional.

"Yeah, well, that was your dad. Anyways tonight I was feeling down and depressed and really not very good about myself. I was rearranging my closet to take my mind off of things when I stumbled across the only sexy stuff I saved. I decided on a whim to try it on. To see if it still fit . . . and then you knocked on the door. I threw the robe on over it of course."

"But you were crying. Why?"

"Yeah, I guess because wearing my sexy stuff reminded me I have no one to be sexy for especially now that I am old and alone." She finishes her nearly half full glass of wine in one large swallow as the anger swells inside of her.

He carefully gathers her hands into his. She looks to be on the verge of tears again. "Mom, first of all, you are not old. You still look fantastic and . . . I am here so you are not alone."

"I bet if you seen me in my stupid sexy underwear you would not say that. Yeah, nothing worse than an old woman trying to regain her lost sex appeal."

"Mom!! Stop it!! I bet I wouldn't think that at all."

They both stared at each other for a long moment . . . before he said it. He didn't mean to really, but it just sorta of slipped out.

"Why don't you show me?"

"Take my robe off? No way! You will laugh."

He might have let it drop at that if it was not for the mischievous smile she let slip out. He knew his mom well and that little smile said his idea appealed to her . . . even if maybe she would not say so out loud.

He decides to pursue the matter. "I won't. Promise. C'mon Mom, don't be like that. You got me all curious and shit and now I wanna see."

Thomas, maybe feeling brave from just finishing off his glass of red wine, reaches out and tries to undo the large knot of his mother's robe.

She laughs while trying to swat his hands away.

"God, you are such a tease, Mom," he says pushing her hands away and attacking the knot once again.

"Honey . . . stop." She tries to rebuff him once more, but he responds by playfully pushing her back onto the couch.

He reaches his hands out slowly toward her while whispering, "I could overpower you and take the robe off . . . if I want to. You know considering the three glasses of wine and you are drunk."

"Yeah, you probably could, but you are kidding of course?"

"Of course," he replies sheepishly as he settles back on the love seat.

"Well too bad because I was going to let you take off my robe and see."

"You were?"

"Yeah, I mean . . . I guess I am really curious as to what you might think."

"So show me and satisfy both our curiosities."

"Fine, since you asked . . . but let me . . . Maybe I need one more glass of wine to fortify my nerves." She stands up and weaves her way across the den to the small mini bar stuck in one corner opposite of the fireplace.

He watches wondering if she is just joking about showing him. She pours herself another full glass of the delicious red wine and takes a small sip from it before turning back to him.

Saying nothing she leans back against the bar and slowly, seductively even, begins to undo the large knot that holds her robe shut.

Thomas swallows hard as his cock jerks inside his jeans. What his mother is wearing looks fantastic on her. Colorful and exciting indeed would be an apt way of describing the dark purple bra she is wearing.

The panties, adorned with rainbow colored side straps, are equally sexy and exciting. But what really has his fucking cock jerking to new heights of hardness is the way she is looking at him so . . . seductively.

Thomas has never seen his mother looking so hot and sexy as she does right at this moment. A moment that is growing in intensity as she slowly smiles at him while he stares dumbly at her spellbound by her beauty.

They say nothing until she breaks the silence. "Join me at the bar for another glass of wine hon."

He moves across the den hoping the bulge in his jeans is not too obvious. As he draws nearer his eyes become helplessly trapped on her pretty purple bra. Her small tits are crowned with a pair of deliciously erect nipples that are on full display.

At the bar they sit sipping on their respective wines and enjoy a moment or two of silence. The sexual tension in the air between mother and son is thick with anticipation.

Ellen notices how her son's eyes keep flickering down to her chest. Normally, she would ignore such a thing, but being a bit tipsy and feeling playful she decides to tease him a bit.

"So . . . you are not running out of the room in horror at seeing your mother in her sexy underwear."

"Mom . . . Jeez you look fantastic. I can't believe what an idiot dad is for leaving you."

"He found better."

"No way. Better than you? How so?"

"Younger, prettier and ahh nicer . . . you know, bigger tits."

"Mom . . ."

She cuts him off deciding on a bold course of action. "Save it hon. I am getting cold now."

"So, maybe you ought to . . . you know, put your robe on."

"Do you really want me to do that?" Her voice is soft and sweet . . . teasing even.

He considers his answer carefully. She is drunk and obviously feeling highly emotional. If he says yes it may hurt her feelings, like maybe he really wants her to cover up because she doesn't look so good. On the other hand, if he says no maybe she thinks he is a bit of a pervert wanting to see his mother in her sexy underwear.

He quickly decides on taking the risk of seeming perverted. He looks at her seriously and quietly says, "No."

"Good. Then let's move over to the sofa so we can cuddle, if you want that is?"

"Of course."

Cuddling close together on the couch they again enjoy a few minutes of reflective silence before Ellen breaks it.

"This is nice and comfortable being in your arms hon. I could just sink off to sleep you know."

"Really . . . you wanna sleep here tonight next to me, Mom?"

"You wouldn't mind?"

"No," he replies secretly delighted at the thought of spending the entire night cuddling with his mother.

"But it's a bit unfair you know." Ellen unwinds herself from his arms as she stands up.

"What is?"

She gets to her feet pulling him with her. "Oh, just that you are still fully dressed."

"Yeah, so?" he says nervously knowing that he is more than a little firm down there.

"Do you normally sleep fully dressed, Tommy?"

"C'mon, Mom, you know I sleep in my boxers."

She smiles at him brightly trying to put him at ease before her next teasing comment. "Well then what are you waiting for. Come on . . ." She boldly reaches out and starts to undo his belt. "Don't be such a shy little boy around your mother. Get undressed and join me under the throw."

She lets his belt, undone now, slip from her hands as she plops back down on the sofa pulling the dark burgundy throw blanket from the back of the sofa around her shoulders while turning her back on him.

Ellen hears him pull off his tee shirt as she picks up her wine glass. When she hears his jeans hit the floor her heart begins to race as she polishes off the balance of her wine.

Settled quietly under the blanket, wrapped inside the warm cocoon of each other arms, Ellen sighs as Thomas wraps his arms around her.

"Hey hon, how about you give your mom a nice little shoulder and neck massage," she says after a minute. He readily agrees slipping off the sofa onto his knees.

Thomas gently kneads his mom's shoulders and neck and Ellen relaxes enjoying the attentions of her son. Soon, feeling both totally relaxed and comfortable from her son's sweet massage, she dozes off.

Thomas notices she is not stirring even as his hands slip down along her back. He likes the feel of his mom's bare skin and is actually starting to get shamefully very hard down there.

It quickly degenerates into the classic case of the angel on one shoulder and the devil on the other for the young man. The devil is whispering in his ear, "Go ahead, she is drunk and passed out . . . have some fun . . . do some exploring."

The voice is hard to resist. Maybe if he was not drunk himself he could ignore such a tempting thought. His hands slip down across her back and under the throw right to the very edge of her panties. They were just ready to slip down and explore his mother's nice ass when the angel on the other shoulder chimes in, "Tsk, tsk, tsk."

His hands obey and back off sliding away and up only to pause in the middle of her back. They delicately explore the strap of her bra. "Go ahead undo it Tommy. Be brave, be bold, she will never know."

The angel starts in again. "No, no, no that would not be proper."

"Shut the hell up," Thomas mutters quietly as his fingers skate along the back of her strap, searching for the clasp, preparing to follow the devilish advice, but just then his mother sighs deeply. She stretches her arms as Thomas quickly jerks his hands up from under the blanket.

She slowly flips over on her back and gives him a warm smile. "I guess your massage was so nice that I dozed off for a minute."

"Yes, I guess so," he replies nervously hoping she did not notice his roaming hands.

"I think maybe you should finish your massage, but first maybe you should give me a nice little good night kiss . . . in case, you know, I pass out again."

"Sure," he mutters relaxing as apparently he did not do anything too forward to prevent her from wanting him to continue the massage.

Raising up fully on his knees he looks down at her. She waiting for her kiss looking utterly beautiful. He kisses her lightly on the top of the forehead and then starts to pull away, but she quickly reaches up and snakes a hand around the back of his head.

"Honey, are you afraid to give me a kiss on the lips?"

It has been years since they kissed on the lips. Sadly. The kiss is like a taste of heaven. Sweet, soft, and delicate, their lips come together again and again.

Grudgingly he starts to pull away afraid of wearing out his welcome, but again she pulls him back down this time to whisper in his ear words that he shall never forget.

"Honey, by the way, your mother's bra unhooks in the front."

A brief pause while his heart nearly explodes. Jesus, she knew what he was doing . . . and doesn't seem to mind!!

She lets him go. Pulling back he stares down at her as their eyes met. Something unspoken passes between them as she takes his hands and guides them to the middle of her chest. Pushing them onto her bra she sighs, "See."

His fingers find the clasp in the middle . . . waiting to be breached it seems as she settles deeper into the comfortable confines of the sofa, closing her eyes while sighing deeply with just the smallest of smiles on her face.

She relaxes her arms at her side offering no resistance as his hands kneads her breasts through the soft material of her gorgeous bra. She allows it saying nothing, doing nothing as her breathing becomes slow and steady.

He wonders if she could actually be preparing to pass out again as he is fondling her fucking breasts! His fingers begin to fiddle with the clasp. Still she offers no resistance.

He twists and tugs at the clasp. He is inexperienced at such things and it is showing. Still she seems utterly unconcerned that he is attempting to undo her bra. Finally, he manages to undo her bra and then heaven is revealed to his eyes as he pulls her bra open.

"Do you like them baby?" she murmurs in a barely audible voice.

"Oh God, yes mother, they are beautiful." In the faint light cast by the dying fire her tits glow with such pristine beauty that he becomes instantly rock hard.

His mom's tits are small and delicate, much like her, full of both beauty and grace. Her nipples are fully erect and just waiting to be plundered by his eager young hands.

His fingertips dance over her nipples making her sigh deeply. He takes his sweet time exploring his mother's tits fully with a tender loving touch while she moans quietly and sinks deeper into the plush sofa.

He is moving closer unable to fight the maternal calling of his mom's tits to his mouth. He begins with several delicate kisses just above her tits before moving his mouth down carefully onto the gentle slope of her breasts.

He closes his eyes and opens his mouth, preparing to fulfill the deepest fantasy that a mother and her 18 year old son might share. His tongue slides out lathering first one nipple, and then the other with dozens of tender licks.

Ellen lets out a loud moan as his tongue works its magic on her distended nipples. He pulls back to look at his handy work before he can no longer resist.

He sucks on her tits with a gentle fondness that has poor Ellen squirming all over the sofa. His hands slip down inside her panties as she spreads her legs willingly. Lowering his mouth to her breasts once more, he is eager to show his mother the absolute yearning he holds for her small tits knows no bounds.

Thomas simply wants to show his mother she has the most desirable tits in the world. Not because they are big or small, but simply because they are hers.

Oh God, Mommy your tits are so lovely, so beautiful . . . I could suck on them all night." He breathlessly exclaims in between several long suckling sessions.

Ellen is growing hotter by the moment. Frank was never one for warming her up before doing the deed but Jesus, Tommy has me warmed up and then some. Still she needs more before they commit to the ultimate act of love.

"Take them off honey. I want you to kiss me . . . down there."

Her panties end up on the floor next to his jeans as he climbs up onto the sofa and positions himself in between her legs. He licks at the tender moist folds her wet pussy with a loving tenderness that sets her heart on fire. Thomas, inexperienced as he might be, just somehow seems to know what she wants and goes nice and slow.

His tongue flickers out again and again. The soft licks and gentle lapping of his tongue finally find her swollen clit. She jerks as he attacks it fondly with an eager tongue and lips.

"Jesus, I need you inside of me," she cries pulling him up and into her arms. They exchange several long kisses before she suggests it will be better if she is on top.

Their eyes met, souls touching as she carefully lowers herself onto his throbbing six inches of virgin manhood. She starts slow bouncing up and down at a leisurely pace. He concentrates fully on not coming too quickly.

Fortunately for him he had one of his daily masturbation sessions that night in bed before waking up and finding her crying. It helps some, but as his eyes focus on her lovely petite tits jiggling up and down he starts to lose control.

Thomas uses his hands to grip her small waist as he forcefully drives upwards causing her to let out a small grunt. Driving his hips upwards with robust force he drives his cock deep inside of her.

His mother's constant whimpers of pleasure turns him on immensely as Ellen easily falls into the new frenzied rhythm with a passion that equals his.

Rocking back up and down he comes hard inside of her while mere moments later she lets out a long piercing scream of unbridled passion her whole body shaking with an intense forbidden climax.

Falling into his arms, she clings to him tightly unwilling to consider the moral implications of how she just took his virginity, but instead focusing on the intense love they share for each other. Instead of feeling guilty she only feels one thing- anticipation for the next time.

THE END