

Mommy file #29

Mom's Thong

By Klrxo

“Hey, mom, can I ask you something?”

“What, honey?” Julie inquired hurriedly prepared her children's lunches for school.

“Well, it's um...kinda personal. Are you sure you don't mind?”

“Robbie, just ask it. Trust me, if I don't feel comfortable answering, I'll let you know,” the brunette mother insisted.

“What style panties are you wearing today?”

His mom burst out laughing. “You're right, that IS an odd question to be asking your mother,” she stated.

“The reason I asked is because I just read that on this week, back in 1939, the thong panty was invented,” Robbie shared. “I just wondered if you wear that type?”

“Hm, that's an interesting fact, and yes, I have a lot of thongs.”

“Are you wearing one today?” Robbie persisted.

His mother smiled teasingly. “Well, if you really must know, then, yes, I am wearing one today,” she replied.

“What color is it?” the boy inquired.

“Pink,” she replied, flashing him a sheepish grin.

The teen's eyes drifted down to his mom's rounded buttocks curving outward from beneath her knee-length dress. “Could I see it?”

“Robbie, no!” she chuckled. “Now you're crossing the line.”

“Sorry, I've just...never really seen a woman in a thong before,” he confessed.

“Then Google ‘thong panties’ on the internet, then you’ll get to see plenty of women in them, I’m sure.”

“No, I’ve seen them online,” Robbie clarified. “I mean a ‘real woman’ wearing them, in person.”

“Well, maybe that’ll all change once you get a girlfriend,” his mom assured him.

“Which will probably be no time soon,” the boy sighed.

“Why do you think that?” Julie asked. Her dainty bare feet with their ruby red toenails padded over to the refrigerator to fetch some bottled water for the lunches. As she bent over to retrieve the items from the bottom shelf, Robbie could faintly make out the pink thong of her panties tucked between her thrusting buns, through the light fabric of her dress.

“Well, there’s no one even on the radar right now,” he admitted.

“Well,” his mother replied as she stood back up and smiled back at him, “that doesn’t mean that you’re not on someone else’s radar.”

Julie’s husband and two younger children entered the kitchen. After snatching their lunches and sharing a hug goodbye with her, they hurried out the door. The mother glanced over at Robbie awkwardly, as their earlier conversation still lingered. “You better get your backpack and get going, honey. Any more tardiness this semester will result in detention, remember?”

“Yeah, I know. Do you think I could take a pair of your thongs with me, just to look at?” he boldly asked.

“Oh my God, Robbie, will you please just get going,” she giggled.

“Fine!” the boy huffed, then went down to his bedroom to fetch his backpack.

Julie felt a little bad. She could tell that he was genuinely curious. She knew that even though her panties were sort of a personal subject matter she wasn’t being a very good mom by just dismissing his natural inquisitiveness.

When Robbie entered the living room to leave he saw her sitting over on the couch. “See you after school,” he mumbled.

“Honey, hold on...come over and sit next to me a minute,” she replied.

“I can't be late, Mom, remember?”

“I'll give you a ride to school, Robbie, just come over here and sit down next to me for a second,” Julie insisted.

The boy rounded the sofa and sat next to his beautiful mother. She reached over, took his hand and rested it on her lap. “Look, I know you're just curious. Being curious about women and what they wear is perfectly natural for boys your age. If you really wanna see what a thong looks like on a woman, in person, then I'll show you,” she offered.

“You will?” Robbie asked as his eyes lit up.

“Yes, but not a word to anyone about me doing this, understood?” she asked with a stern glare.

“Understood!” he nodded.

Julie let her boy's hand go, then stood up, gazing down at him over the swell of her large breasts.

Robbie's heart raced with excitement as he watched his pretty mom pull her dress up to her waist, exposing the front of her pink thong panties. “Well...here they are,” she said, sweetly smiling down at him.

The triangular-shaped panel was molded to the outline of her tumescent crotch. Through the pink sheer lace embroidery, Robbie could clearly make out the details of her mons. Her plump outer lips merged in the middle to form a deep cuntal cleavage. Peeking from the slit was the thick fleshy prepuce that shrouded her clitoris. Crowning his mother's pudenda was a small, neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair, matching the hair on her head in color. “The front is really sexy,” the teen remarked, staring lustfully.

“There's different types of thongs,” Julie said. “This one's called a G-string. It's made of sheer floral lace and has a cotton gusset.”

“Gusset?” Robbie asked.

“The gusset is the small piece of fabric that's designed to keep a woman's...lady garden dry and ventilated,” the mother explained with a smile. “You'll be able to see it better from the back.”

Robbie watched his mom crawl onto the couch, resting on her hands and knees, so she could point her thick thonged ass back at him. "There...now can you see the gusset hugging my crotch?" she asked.

<https://motherless.com/091FD4E#gallery>

The boy stared for a moment speechlessly. It was easily the most arousing view he'd ever laid his eyes on. Julie peeked back over her shoulder at him.

"Honey...are you ok?" she asked with a little smile.

"Yeah, um...I see what you mean now, about the gusset," he replied. His mom's panties were so snug that he could see the shaved outer flanges of her labium bulging out the sides.

"Do you see how it narrows into a thin piece of fabric going up the middle of my buttocks?" Julie asked.

"Yes."

Julie's thong was so narrow that her son could see a portion of the pink crinkled rim of her asshole.

"That's what makes thongs different from other styles of panties. They're a lot more comfortable and eliminate any sort of panty line, when a woman wants to wear something snug and sexy," the mother explained.

"I see," the boy muttered, trying to think of a question, so he could stare as long as possible. "Do you think I could, um...look closer at them?"

His mom smiled back at him patiently. "Go ahead," she answered.

"Are you sure?"

"It's fine. You're curious. Just...take your time, honey. Let me know if you have any questions," she replied.

Robbie leaned forward, bringing his face right down to her bulging crotch, studying it's every cock-hardening detail. His body shuddered at the thought of her completely bare down there, with her labial lips splayed open, so he could see her creamy coral-colored fuck-hole. He inched his nose closer, wanting to capture her scent. His nasal senses were greeted with the wonderful aroma of warm pungent mommy-pussy.

Julie smiled as she heard her son let out a sharp gasp. She could feel his breath against her vulvar lips and knew that he was smelling her down there. "Are you ok, honey?" she asked without looking back.

"Yes," he responded with heavy breath. His cock was so hard it felt like it might rip right through his shorts.

The mother reached down between her legs and ran her fingers along the fringe of her panty-gusset. "This cotton portion is kind of boring to look at, but at least it's still trimmed in delicate lace," she pointed out.

"True," Robbie replied, mesmerized by the sight of her fingers grazing across the bulge of her outer lips almost teasingly. He asked a question that he already knew the answer to from snooping in her drawers. "What other colors do you have in those?"

"Thongs? Oh, geez...all sorts of colors, honey. Black, red, yellow, white, hot pink," she answered. "I just bought a pretty pair of aqua-colored ones from Victoria's Secret just the other day."

"Wow...I bet those all look super-good on you too," he expressed, then watched in disappointment as his mom stood up off the couch and straightened her dress.

"There," she blurted, "do you feel like your curiosity has been satisfied some?"

"Yes, thanks."

The mother stared down at him and smiled proudly. "Did you still wanna take a pair thongs with you today, just to look at?" she asked.

"Sure!" he happily replied, then watched in disbelief as his mom reached under her dress and peeled the dainty pink thong down her lovely legs.

"Here," she whispered, extending them out for him to take. "You can keep these today, just make sure they get into my laundry hamper by tonight, ok?"

"Dang! Thanks, mom!" he beamed, flabbergasted by what she had just offered him.

"If you get caught with them at school though they belong to some girl you dated, not your mother, understand?" she warned.

“Got it!”

“Good. Now get your backpack, while I throw another thong on. We need to get your butt to school. No more detentions!” she scolded, while giving him a flirty look as she walked away.

After what he'd just seen, Robbie wanted to pull on his cock, while sucking on the crotch of his mother's warm panties so bad it was killing him. “Hey, mom?”

“Yeah, honey?” she replied as she stopped and looked back at him.

“Do you think I could just be...a little late for school today? You could call in, so I don't get detention,” he suggested in a pleading tone.

Julie's eyes darted down to the bulge in her son's pants. She knew a mother's panties must be the most magical to a boy when their crotch was warm, moist and fragrant. “Alright, honey. I'll call the school. Just um...come out when you're all finished and we'll get going.”

“Awesome, thanks!” he smiled, then hurried to his room.