

The Mom Memories: Calvin's Story

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This is Calvin's story compiled from Chapters 4, 6 and 8.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1 from Chapter 4.

Hello group. My name is Calvin. I hope my story doesn't drag on too much. It isn't as exciting as some of yours. I'm not very good at writing so I'll just get right to it.

My Mom is tall and slim, with black hair that she wears long, either just the way it is or pulled together with a scrunchie at the back of her neck. I was aware my Mom was attractive. Lot's of men looked at her, and so did other women. You know how much women look at other women, checking each other out. I knew my Mom was seen as challenging competition by other women just the way they looked at her when she couldn't see them; but I could.

But I never saw my Mom in a sexual way. Never. That is, until Mom decided to work at home, cutting hair to earn some extra money that she could spend herself. She thought it would work as a business since we lived on the edge of downtown and it would be convenient for people -- men that is, because she didn't feel she was skilled enough to cut a woman's hair. Dad was against it, and wouldn't help. So she wanted to practice on me.

After dinner, Mom kept me behind, sitting me on a kitchen chair she used as a barber's chair. I pleaded with her not to wreck my hair, to embarrass me at school. She promised to just trim it a little and started in.

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I don't know exactly when, but at some point I became aware of Mom. The softness of her thigh or hip as she bumped into me while working on my hair, the press of her belly against my sides, the feel of her soft hands as she caressed my neck, snipping here and there. She probably wouldn't have been so familiar with real customers but I was her only son, after all, and she probably didn't think anything of bumping against me.

As Mom snipped away, I found myself not wanting to leave. I was enjoying the little brushes of her body and the feel of her fingers on my neck and head as she tilted it this way and that. And then she did it. She stood directly in front of me, between my outstretched legs, and leaned far over, intently eyeing my brow as she carefully trimmed above my eyes.

But my eyes found something else. A glimpse of two little treasures hanging down, just perceptible through the gap between Mother's neck and her blouse as it hung away from her body. I had a perfect view down my mother's shirt. Guiltily, I pulled my eyes away, afraid of being caught. But Mother was still intent on my brow, carefully snipping away. Despite the fact she was looking right at my forehead, I let my eyes stray down again, drinking in the fantastic sight of her dangling breasts, exposed more than I'd ever seen, even when she wore a bikini, the lacy bra covering only the very tips.

I stared and stared. I forgot all about the potential of getting caught until I was startled out of my reverie by Mom's voice, "There," she stood up and stepped back, "That looks good." She turned to pick up a hand mirror from the table. "What do you think?" she asked holding the mirror up for my inspection. I was surprised, she hadn't noticeably cut anything, but it did look better.

"That's great, Mom. You could really be a barber."

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"Whoa, there," Mom laughed, "I think it will take a little more practice before I can do that," she countered. As I stood up and Mom collected her scissors and stuff, she asked me, "Do you think you could let me practice some more next week, Calvin?"

I hesitated, not because I was reluctant, not after the display I'd been privy to for the last few minutes. I was just caught off guard. But Mom seemed to think I was reluctant.

"I need more practice," she added.

The thought of her leaning over in front of me again prompted a quick reaction. "No problem, Mom," I finally answered. That night I rubbed my cock until I fell asleep, thinking about Mom's breasts, conjuring up vivid, enhanced images of her dangling breasts encased in a lacy bra that somehow now allowed me to see her nipples.

All through the week at school, I kept daydreaming in class about my Mom's breasts. I was chided several times in different classes for not paying attention. I couldn't think of anything else at school or at home for that matter. When we finished dinner each night the following week, Mom stayed behind to clean up, but shooed me out of the kitchen whenever I tried to stay and help her. When Mom finished in the kitchen, she would join Dad and I in the living room to watch TV. My hopes for another haircut were dwindling. At the end of the second sitcom almost a week later, Mom looked over at Dad.

"Are you going to let me practice on your hair tonight, dear?" My hopes diminished rapidly, dying.

"What?" my father asked, a little incredulously. Without even turning to look at her, he responded energetically, "No bloody way! Do Calvin again."

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"I don't think he wants to, honey," Mom whined, "Be a sport, it's your turn."

Ignoring her, father barked, "Go help your mother, Calvin." And that was that.

I followed Mom into the kitchen, dragging a chair out while she got her scissors and brushes out and laid them on the table. "I'm sorry, Calvin, but it's a big help to me, you know."

"That's OK, Mom," I replied, "I don't mind, really." She had no idea how little I minded.

"I'll make it up to you, sweetie, I promise," she went on, "I really do appreciate it."

"No problem, Mom." I sat down, settling in to wait for her to get to the good part.

Mom started in. I was far more sensitive this time to every bump and brush, every stroke of her fingers and guidance by her hand. I could feel myself hardening, interpreting every touch as unnecessary yet intentional. After all, the lady that cut my hair never touched me so much, not so I noticed anyway.

When Mom put her scissors down without trimming my front. I was very disappointed. Afraid she wasn't going to get to the good part, the front, I asked if she had forgot to do it. My voice was a little shaky as I wasn't able to cover my concern completely.

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"Oh, yes," she replied, her own voice sounding a little funny, "I just need to rest my eyes for a moment because it takes so much concentration to do the front," she added. As she stood there, facing partly away from me with her near hand resting on her hip, I could see her other hand crooked up to her chest. "I do appreciate you doing this for me, Calvin," she misinterpreted the concern in my voice, "I know its taking a long time."

"I don't mind, Mom. Really," I replied. "Take all the time you want. I like helping you."

"Really?" she asked. "You're such a sweet boy, son." She picked up her scissors and turned back to face me. "Let's get started on the front then, shall we?"

Before she leaned over, I noticed something that made my cock leap against my jeans. While turned away, Mom had loosened two of the buttons on her blouse. As she stood in front of me, holding the scissors out to her side, her blouse pulled apart in the front, exposing the swell of her breasts. Her shirt parted all the way to below her solar plexus. I had never seen Mom wear a blouse unbuttoned that far down.

"It's OK if I take my time then?" she asked, smiling sweetly at me.

"Oh, yes," I assured her, "I want you to be really careful. Take all the time you need, Mom."

She leaned over toward me, slowly. As her hair fell from her back to her sides, over her ears, her blouse began to drop away from her chest. I never looked at her eyes. I was focused on her chest. Lower, lower, lower. She was bent almost horizontal. The gap between her collar bones and her blouse was much greater than the week before. And there they were, what I'd waited all week to see, dangling before my eyes, her two breasts. But this time I could see a lot more since her blouse was far looser and something else, she was wearing a different bra. This bra

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was made of some silky material that let her nipples show through and it was also smaller, a half cup push up type, I guess, that showed a lot more of her tits.

I was in awe! Mom spent a lot of time bent over in front of me, much longer than the week before. I couldn't help getting really, really hard. If Mom hadn't been concentrating so hard, she could easily have seen the lump in my pants. I don't know how she couldn't have noticed me admiring her breasts. She just had to know, and she didn't give any indication that she minded. She must have been letting me see on purpose, otherwise why would she have loosened her blouse before starting on the front? This thought made me even harder.

Eventually, Mom did finish. She stood and held a mirror up for me to inspect her handiwork. I gushed my enthusiasm for her skill, the euphoria of spending nearly half an hour ogling her tits spilling over. I put the chair away and left the kitchen but returned a few seconds later to ask her if she wanted to practice again next week, or even earlier. When I re-entered the kitchen, Mom was buttoning up her blouse. She blushed when she saw me but answered that yes, she would like to practice some more on a regular basis, twice a week if I didn't mind. Blushing myself, I assured Mom that I would love to help her out, as often as she needed me. Feeling a little awkward, I left.

Several days later, Mom again asked me if I'd help her practice cutting hair again. She didn't ask Dad, probably knowing his answer and not wanting to disturb him while the game was on. We went to the kitchen and Mom made short work of trimming the top, sides and back of my hair. Then she stopped again. I could hear her fidgeting around behind me for a little longer than a few days ago. My cock began swelling in anticipation as I now understood that she was probably undoing a couple of buttons on her blouse to provide me with my reward. I hoped she would fuss around with the front for as long, or even longer since she had shortened the time she spent on the rest.

Mom finally came into view in front of me. "Are you ready for me to do the front?" she asked.

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I simply nodded, afraid to trust my voice, I was so pent up. I was extremely pleased to see that the buttons were indeed undone on her blouse. There was something different, but I couldn't put my finger on what it was. Mom had an odd little smile on her face, but I didn't think that was it. Anyway, I just wanted to start looking at her tits again, so I was impatient for her to lean over and start the show. But she stood there for a moment longer, smiling that odd smile, before finally bending over.

I couldn't stop myself from craning my neck a little as she bent over, quite slowly this time. I guess that made it a little obvious what I was doing but she didn't seem to take any notice. Finally, she was bent over horizontal and her shirt dropped from her chest leaving the same substantial gap I had enjoyed so much days earlier. Ah, there they were, the tops of her breasts, if anything, showing more than the last week. Could she have found an even smaller bra, my mind asked as my eyes fixed on her lovely globes.

It took a moment for the truth to penetrate my breast-numbed mind. They were bare. She wasn't wearing a bra! My mother wasn't wearing a bra. I was stunned. I could see her nipples, clutching onto the swell of her breasts as they dangled there.

"Stay still, Calvin."

I must have been moving my head in time to the sway of my mother's tits. I held my face rigidly still, following her swinging globes with my eyes as her hand movements stimulated erotic movement below her chest. My cock was hardening by the second, I could feel it busting against my jeans. It was faster than my mind.

Mom fussed with my hair for a long time, focusing exclusively on the front. I had an unrestricted view of her gorgeous, swaying tits. Her nipples, soft when I first saw them, slowly stiffened, hardening into a substantial length. My observation period was so long that I noticed a fine detail. As her nipples stiffened, they didn't harden

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straight down in line with her hanging tits. No, they stiffened toward me. I imagine that, had she stood up, they would point upwards from her tits at almost a 45 degree angle. And outward a bit.

Mom straightened up sharply when she heard Dad rustling in the living room, getting out of his chair. She turned away from the kitchen doorway, facing partly away from me as well but with her back squarely away from the kitchen doorway. I could see that she was quickly doing up her buttons. So she was definitely giving me a show on purpose! My cock turned to steel.

"You two just about done?" Dad asked, pausing in the doorway.

"Almost," Mom replied, walking to the sink, her back to Dad.

"Mom's just going to practice trimming my mustache," I blurted out.

Mom added, "That's right, dear. We'll be a little longer, honey."

"Well, I'm going to bed. Try to be quiet when you come up. And keep the TV down, Calvin," he glared at me.

After Dad left there was no motion in the kitchen for a moment or two. I took advantage of the fact that Mom wasn't right in front of me to slip my fingers under my jeans and pull my poor bent tool straight. Mom eventually came up behind me and placed her hand on my shoulder, moving it along my neck, stroking softly back and forth.

"Can I really trim your mustache, Calvin?"

"Yeah, Mom. You'll have to know how to do mustaches."

"Oh, sweetie, you try so hard to help me and your Dad won't even let me practice on him once. This is really important to me. I won't forget it." She sounded serious, intense, and really ticked at Dad, the way her voice tightened when she mentioned him.

I could hear her rustling behind me before she came around to stand once more in front of me. Her buttons were undone again! My cock starting to grow again, quickly regaining the ground it had lost with the sudden appearance of my father, but now that it was straightened, its head poked above the waistband of my jeans. Thankfully, I had pulled my shirt out to cover the fact that I was simply providing some relief to my poor bent cock.

Mom was smiling very sweetly at me. "It is very warm tonight, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I'm almost too hot in my shirt," I replied, "I had to pull it out," indicating my shirttail covering the front of my jeans.

"You can take your shirt off if you like," Mom offered.

"No, no, I'm fine," I blustered. God, I'd be in for it if I took off my shirt and she saw the top of my cock sticking out.

She was holding a fine-toothed comb in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other.

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"Hold these for a minute," she said.

I took the instruments from her. Still smiling sweetly, she unbuttoned another button on her blouse. "Do you mind if I get a little more comfortable, Cal?"

"No, no, Mom. Go ahead," I was surprised at her calling me Cal. Everyone at school called me Cal, but my mom never shortened my name.

"Thanks." She raised her hands to her blouse and threaded yet another button through its slot. Her blouse was now unbuttoned so far that I could just see her sexy navel dipping in from the gentle swell of her tanned tummy. Full staff, I was up to full staff. "I really do appreciate your letting me practice, honey." Mom reserved 'honey' for Dad. I was always 'sweetie' or 'sweetheart'. Past full staff.

"I'll help anytime, for as long as you like, Mom."

Her eyes softened. She reached out and patted my cheek. "Thank you," she whispered so softly I could hardly hear, interpreting her words more from the shape of her mouth, which now caught my attention. Her lips seemed full and sexy, something I hadn't noticed before.

Taking her tools back, Mom bent over in front of me again. Down, down, down until her bare tits swayed once more in front of me. Her nipples were still hard and I realized why she had kept her back to Dad.

"It really is hot," I said, for no apparent reason other than reacting to feeling like I was burning up inside.

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"Don't talk," Mom replied, turning her head toward the stairs to listen.

I enjoyed the show Mom proceeded to give me even more, excited beyond words by the knowledge that she was purposely giving me a show she knew she had to hide from Dad. Although I hadn't covered my tracks well before, I made no attempt at all to do so now. I brazenly stared down her blouse. In fact, at one point, when her blouse obscured my view, I reached up to push it aside with my fingers.

Misinterpreting my action again, Mom whispered, "Listen for your Dad, honey, if you're going to do that."

Do what? Did she think I was going to touch her? Was she saying she was OK with it?

My hand was frozen in mid air where I'd left it, holding her blouse out to ensure a clear view of her tits. Slowly, I willed it to move toward her tit. Was I sure? What if I was wrong? Like pushing a wet noodle, my wavering hand slowly made its way to her tit until I finally grasped the dangling pear in my upturned hand, her nipple resting in my palm.

"Don't make any sudden moves, honey," Mom whispered, "I do have scissors near your eyes."

There was no recrimination, no anger in her voice. I reached up to grasp her other tit. Carefully, afraid to move suddenly, I massaged her tits. She continued trimming my mustache. After a few minutes, her nipples growing in my palms, my palms bending them around in small circles, she whispered to me again.

"I'm just going to sit down to steady myself, honey," she said quietly, then adding in a whisper, "on your lap."

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She moved forward, her legs widening to straddle my thighs, and sat down on me. My cock, the whole head of which was poking out above my jeans, was smothered in a soft, warm pillow as her panties encased it. Her skirt fell to the side, covering my legs as well as hers. The tip of my cock pulsed up against the very warm pussy pressing down on it, separated only by Mom's panties. My hands still gripped her bare tits under her blouse, although they had swung around so that her nipples were now accented by my thumbs and fingers that squeezed them between. I had been right, her nipples did stand up. They jutted up toward my face, which was now only two inches in front of them.

Mom dropped her hands down onto my shoulders, not trimming my hair at all, or making any pretense to. I squeezed her tits, forcing her nipples out further still. Her arm came up behind my head, tilting it forward and to the side, toward her right breast. My lips pressed against it. I was too shocked to open my mouth. She pressed harder, forcing my lips open, shoving her nipple into my mouth. She started to rock my head on her tit.

"Suck it," she whispered, "suck me, Cal."

Numbly, I started sucking my mother's tit.

"That's it," she cooed, "that's it. Suck me, suck my tits."

It felt like her nipple was growing longer and longer in my mouth. I noticed that her hips were gently rocking on my cock, back and forth, in time with my sucks on her tit. I could feel her nipple reaching almost to the back of my mouth as she forced her tit further in. She began rocking her pussy more rapidly on my cock as her breath grew increasingly ragged.

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"Oh yeah, yeah, oh yeah," she kept repeating, over and over.

I couldn't move much but I tried to force my cock up against her pussy, where it was soft and damp and hot. As her words merged into one long, guttural 'yeeaaaah' and her hips reached a frantic pace, I felt my load surge up my shaft and explode onto my stomach under my shirt.

Mom's paced slowed and then stopped except for an occasional twitch. Her breathing slowly returned to a soft pant as she regained her breath. She laid her head by my shoulder and whispered, "I guess we got a little carried away, huh, sweetie?"

I nodded, my face rubbing against her cheek which was damp with sweat. She went on, "Did you like it?"

I nodded again, still unable to speak. She pulled her head back and took my face in her hands, "I'm glad" she said. She kissed me several times on my face, then briefly on my mouth, right on my lips. "Now you know how much I appreciate your support." She rocked her hips as if to emphasize her point, and smiled.

"Do you want to keep helping me?"

I nodded again. "That's great," she said. She lowered her face to mine once more, pressing her lips against mine for another kiss. After a minute, her tongue slipped between my lips into my mouth. We necked, sitting there in the kitchen, french kissing for several more minutes. Her pussy pressed on my cock and my hands began massaging her tits again. But a moment later, she stood up. "I won't be able to sleep if you do keep doing that. Wait until our next practice, honey."

Before she could turn away I blurted out, my eagerness obvious, "When?"

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Mom laughed, a low laugh. "We'll see. We'll have to wait at least a few days." She paused briefly, looking pensive, then said "I can't do more than this, you know." Looking down into my lap, she smiled and added, "But don't wear jeans next time." She turned in the doorway to give me a big smile.

Three days came and went, each one seeming longer. Mom didn't give any sign that things were different between us which was frustrating. Then, on the evening of the fourth day, I noticed Mom flashing me sympathetic smiles. Whenever Dad stuck his nose in his newspaper during commercials, she would tease me, crossing and uncrossing her legs while smiling pointedly at me, absently fiddling with the buttons on her blouse and then flashing her eyes up at me. I grew hard in my jeans.

I waited impatiently for Dad to go to bed. Finally, at long last, he got up and said to Mom, "You coming?" he asked Mom.

"No, dear. Calvin's going to help me practice again."

"You're going to go through with this then, are you?" Dad asked in a disgruntled tone.

"Yes. You know I want to," she insisted, getting her back up. Her anger made her look even more sexy to me. I tried not to let my erection show, covering my lap with a sudden interest in the TV guide.

"Alright, alright. I was just asking." Dad started up the upstairs.

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"I want to wash your hair with a special shampoo before I cut it this time, Calvin," Mom said, a little louder than normal as she was ensuring that Dad could hear. "You may want to change out of your jeans in case it spills," she suggested, smiling that funny little smile again.

"Uh, sure, Mom" I answered, heading upstairs behind Dad.

"Don't be too long," she instructed, "It's getting late."

I ran up the stairs and into my room, frantically kicking off my jeans and rummaging through my drawers for a pair of pajamas with an open fly in front. Whipping downstairs, I slowed down and entered the kitchen in a casual manner. Mom was waiting beside the chair. I took my seat, expecting her to start right away, not bothered by the coming wait for the frontal work since I knew what was coming.

But she didn't start. She stepped around and stood in front of me right away. She looked down approvingly at my pajamas, or at least my lack of jeans.

"Did your father go to bed?" she asked.

"I think so," I replied, "His door was shut and the light was out."

"Are you sure?" she asked, looking out the kitchen door toward the stairs. "You need to be sure," she cautioned, turning back to look at me seriously, her eyes steady. She was tense. Why, I wondered. Was she more afraid of getting caught because she knew what we were going to do? I nodded a definite yes.

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She nodded, then, slowly, she moved her hands to the top of her blouse and began to undo the buttons. My cock instantly started growing. It was one thing to see with her with a few buttons undone on her blouse but an order of magnitude better to watch her undo them in front of me. I watched eagerly, my appreciation obvious as Mom slowly bared her chest to me. She kept her eyes on me, watching me watch her, her funny smile never leaving her face.

This time, she undid all her buttons, then pulled her blouse out from under her skirt. Then, with a raise of her eyebrow, and a crook to her smile, she pulled the blouse shirt wide, baring her tits topped by stiff nipples to my adoring gaze. Seemingly pleased at my sharp intake of breath, she thrust her chest forward and from side to side, presenting her breasts in a wondrous display. She leaned forward, teasing me with the closeness of her nipples, waving them across my face, only inches away.

She laughed. "You really do appreciate your mom, don't you?"

I simply nodded, my throat too dry for speech. Mom pulled one arm out of the blouse, then the other. She stood there in front of me, naked to the waist, wearing only a pleated skirt, no nylons and barefoot. No wonder she wanted to know if Dad had gone to bed. She wouldn't be able to cover herself in time if he came downstairs. She was really on the edge.

She arched her back, twisting again in front of me, proudly displaying her tits, her nipples standing up, no jutting up, stiffly, on top of her tits. She was so fucking hot!

She leaned in and started playing around with my hair with just her bare hands. She didn't have any scissors or a comb. They were still laying on the table. She tousled my hair, leaned down and kissed me on the lips. Pulling back a bit, she pushed her tongue out and dragged it across my mouth before pushing it in. We kissed furiously. I

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reached up to grasp her tits, kneading them, a little roughly in my eagerness, I must admit. But she didn't seem to mind. When the kiss ended, we were both breathing hard.

She moved closer to me. "Suck them," she commanded. I dutifully complied, taking a tit into my mouth and sucking hard the way I now knew she liked. I mauled her other tit. After a few minutes, I swapped tits. Then she pulled away. She looked down at my lap.

"Look, your little man is trying to come out," she said, looking at my cock straining against my pajamas. "He's straining so hard." She laughed, a hoarse, throaty laugh. She moved closer to me, straddling my legs. Reaching down, she grasped the hem of her skirt and pulled it up a little. Bending her knees, she lowered herself, slowly, slowly, until I felt her warm pussy pressing my cock once again, bending it against my stomach. She wiggled until her pussy lips fit around my shaft, enveloping it, grasping my rod as she sunk more weight on me. She put her arms around me and kissed me, forcing her tongue deep into my mouth. A moment later, she her hips started moving, slowly rocking her pussy along the length of my cock. She felt much hotter than she had a few days before. I could feel her damp heat as her soft meat enveloped my shaft.

She whispered in my ear, "Do you like it, honey?" I nodded vigorously. "We'll skip the haircut tonight. Tonight is just for you. Would you like that?" Her whispers were excited and throaty in my ear.

"Yes, Mom, yes," I hissed back, pressing up as she rubbed herself on me.

Her throaty laugh echoed in my ear again. "Cal, you nasty boy. You want to fuck me, don't you?"

I didn't answer. Please don't stop, I screamed to myself.

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"You know I can't do that, don't you?" It was a statement, not a question.

I nodded, but I couldn't stop my cock from pressing up even harder against her.

She growled softly in my ear, "It's OK, Cal. You can want to, you just can't do it." She kissed my ear, dipping her tongue inside, circling it around and then nibbling the lobe. Once more the throaty whisper penetrated my ear, "You do, don't you. You want to fuck your own mother. With your father right upstairs!"

I nodded this time, thrusting my cock up hard against her. She laughed, increasing the intensity of her fucking motions, pushing down hard, forcing my cock between her soaking pussy lips as she dragged them along its pajama clad length. On one forward shove, the gods aligned on my side, for as she pulled back, scraping along my rod, my cock popped through the fly hole in my pajamas.

On the next push forward her pussy lips split over my bare cock. She groaned as she dragged back along its length, as did I, realizing my cock was sliding through the wet canyon of her bare pussy lips. She returned and withdrew more quickly and I pushed up even harder, lifting myself and her from the chair. Our movements quickly became more frantic. We lunged at each other for the next few minutes, gasping erratically, until she came again, slumping and draping herself over me as my cock began spurting all over me and her, jerking against her pussy until I had nothing left.

I kissed her, a gentle, tender and long kiss, without putting my tongue in her mouth.

"We really got carried away this time, didn't we," she stated after I pulled my mouth off hers.

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I hugged her. "I guess so," I answered, "but I liked it and I want to practice even more."

"No," she replied, "I think we've gone too far. We need to stop."

I was taken aback. "No. Mom please. I don't want to stop." My face twisted with disappointment.

"Sweetie, you have to realize this is wrong. I can't go any further, I can't even keep doing this."

"OK, Mom. We won't go so far. But we can still do some. Please, Mom."

"Well," she stood up, her skirt falling into place, "maybe, but not much. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

She smiled down at me, searching for common ground, for agreement. My eyes focused on her tits swaying before me, her nipples still quite stiff. She laughed, "Oh god. It's no use talking to you right now. I'll tell you what. Tomorrow morning, as soon as Dad's gone, bring some coffee up and we'll talk about it."

"OK," I agreed, a little sullen.

"But don't wake me if I'm sleeping," she went on.

"I won't," I said, still sullen.

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Mom turned and went out.

Well friends, I won't tell you more unless you ask. I know this happened over just a few short weeks, but that's the way it was.

Maybe in another letter. Please keep sending me yours.

Part 2 from later in Chapter 4.

Hi group. I know I was going to tell you more about me and mom next time but I just had to open the letter before I mailed it to add this postscript. I couldn't wait.

Remember Mom asked me to bring her coffee up the next morning right after Dad left so we could talk about our situation? Well, I did. I was up early, and was coming downstairs just when Dad finished his breakfast. He was pleased to see me up.

"Well, that's a change," he grumped. "So you're going to make an effort to look for a summer job before you go to school?"

"Uh, yeah, Dad," I replied, "Like you said, the early bird gets the worm, right?"

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"That's right, son." He slapped me on the back as he headed out the door, "Good luck."

I rushed to make coffee. The stupid coffee maker was so slow I thought it was broken. Eventually, I made my way upstairs carrying a mug of coffee for Mom, thinking hard about how I could convince her to let me keep looking at, touching and sucking her tits, even if she didn't rub herself on me anymore. I was careful to go in her room very quietly and though I set the mug down gently on the bedside table on Dad's side, next to an open box of rubbers, I still disturbed her. She turned over onto her tummy, clutching her pillow lengthways to her body as she rolled on top of it. As I stood watching her, waiting for her breathing to deepen, indicating sleep, before sitting on her bed, she mumbled to herself and kicked at her covers as she tried to get comfortable.

My attention was riveted on Mom's back as the sheet was dragged down by her restless feet. Down from her shoulders, to her waist and on the next kick, over her rump to the backs of her thighs. Another rustle and the sheet was only up to her mid thigh, the hem of her nightie stretched across the halfway mark of her cheeks. Half her ass was bare!

Now seeing and sucking Mom's tits was great, don't get me wrong. But you can't believe how hard my boner got when the bottom of her ass came into view. Mom was making quiet little sounds. As far as I could make out, she was dreaming. She moved her feet around again, kicking the sheet lower still. It was now across her knees and stayed there, held down by her left foot as she bent her other knee and lifted that foot higher in the bed to her side.

Now I had a clear view of her entire ass and pussy. I knelt down at the foot of the bed to improve my view. Her pussy lips, I could see from this vantage point, were parted. This I could tell even through the thick pubic covering her puffy lips, a glistening pink line clearly discernible running from the point her ass gave way to her pussy, and out of sight as it pressed against the mattress.

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As I watched, Mom shifted yet again. The sheet was kicked right off her feet. She hunched her bottom up and opened her legs even wider as she bent her left knee as well. Mom was now lying on her tummy, her ass slightly lifted from the mattress, legs bent and opened wide. Her pussy was now clearly parted, marked by a wet pink slash.

I couldn't take any more. I stood, pushed my pajamas down my legs and off my feet. Grasping my engorged cock, I began to stroke myself. What would I do if she awoke and saw me? I didn't care. She looked so hot, like she was inviting me to fuck her. That thought rolled around in my head like a cannonball. What if she was asking me to have her? What if she wanted to be taken? She was the one that insisted I come up to her bedroom even if she was sleeping. And only after Dad left. She let me touch her tits, checking to make sure Dad wasn't near, and she rubbed her pussy on me, and told me not to wear jeans next time. Maybe she wanted to but couldn't cope with it. If I took her while she was 'sleeping', she could pretend we hadn't. God, I hoped I was right because if I was wrong and she told Dad ...

Gingerly, I placed my knee on the bed. Carefully I let it take my weight and then lifted my other knee onto the bed. Slowly, I moved ahead. I froze when she stirred, mumbling something unintelligible. Her legs moved apart even wider and her ass lifted higher. God, my cock was so hard! I was careful not to touch her legs, which wasn't hard, they were so wide apart.

Suddenly, her ass dropped to the mattress and her legs closed together on my knees. She was moaning into her pillow. Frantic, I lifted my knees one by one and placed them on the outside of hers as she moved to close the gap between her legs once mine were out of the way. I stayed still, panicked that she would turn and see me kneeling above her, naked, with my cock jutting out over her thighs. When she didn't move, or give any other indication that she was waking up, I walked my knees up outside her thighs and stopped.

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My errant cock wobbled within an inch of her ass. It felt as if it was already touching, the feeling of being so close to her bare pussy was so intense it was almost unbearable. I lowered myself, bracing with one arm while I used the other hand to push my cock into the heart shaped juncture of her thighs under her ass.

I pushed, shoving the head of my tool between her legs, into her warm and moist flesh. My cock pushed deeper, searching for the hot slippery lips I had found the night before. Mother never made a sound. Bracing myself now with both hands at her sides, I pushed my hips down, shoving my cock deeper between her tight thighs. Her ass tilted up against my intrusion, making it easier for me to push forward.

The tip of my cock felt suddenly wet, and very hot. Ecstasy! I pushed harder and my prick slipped further ahead, wetting my shaft. Shove. Shove. Shove. I was in her, my cock was inside my Mom!

I pulled out, slowly, relishing the exquisite feel of her cunt gripping my cock. Slowly, I pushed back in, my hips and back bending to the task. Out again, then back in, still slow but faster than before. Several more times, then several more again. I was fucking her. Her ass lifted even higher giving me better and deeper access. I hunched my buttocks, digging my cock in her. Then she spoke, shocking the hell out of me.

"Take me ... take me ... unnnngghhhhh!"

I began fucking wildly. There was no rhythm to my movement, I was just banging her frantically, driven by her moans and my grunts. I slammed repeatedly into the mattress, over and over, until at last I came, pushing her whole body flat to the mattress as I dug my bone into her as deep as I could, gasping and yelling, "Mommmmm!"

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After a few minutes, I got up, pulled on my pajamas and covered Mom with the sheet. I went to the bathroom to clean up. When I returned, Mom 'woke up' and, turning to see me, smiled and said good morning. I fetched the mug of coffee from Dad's table and handed it to her.

"Oh, you remembered to bring me coffee. How sweet." Mom gave me a huge smile. There was no mention of what we'd just done. It was as if it never happened. "Are you going to let me practice on your hair again on Monday?" she asked as she plumped her pillow and Dad's, leaning back into them while holding her coffee.

"Yeah, Mom. Sure."

"You're so generous, Cal. Come sit beside me while I drink my coffee. ... No, no ... under the covers. That's it," she cooed as I slipped in next to her. "You deserve a little reward, I think." Mom looked down at her chest, then at me. "Do you think you can play with them without spilling my coffee?"

"Oh, yeah. I'll be careful," I assured her.

"Good," she said, "Hold this." She handed me her coffee and then pulled her nightie over her head and tossed it to the floor. She was naked in bed beside me. "Go ahead, play with them if you like."

Several minutes after I started fondling her tits, she whispered, "You can kiss them, too, honey."

As I really got into sucking them, I slipped my right arm under her back and let my left hand stray down between her legs. I cupped her pussy mound, slipping my fingers along her crevice and was about to slip my fingers inside when she stopped me with her hand.

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"I can't let you in there, Cal. I can feel your little man against my leg, but I can't let you go that far, honey. I'm sorry."

I stopped sucking her tit.

"All boys want to fuck their mother. It's OK for us to play a little, even talk about like I did last night, but we can't actually do it. Understand?"

I nodded.

"Keep sucking me, honey," she pulled my mouth back to her tit, her breath sucking in as my mouth enveloped her nipple once more. As I sucked her nipple I let my fingers move, ever so slightly, on her pussy. I sucked and sucked, all the while barely moving my fingers on her quim, alternating between lightly stroking up and down and gently tugging her lips apart. She never objected, even though a few minutes earlier she had stopped me and held my hand still. Her hand had now fallen away from mine. Only her breathing had changed, becoming raspier, and the quick intakes and soft little gasps more frequent.

It wasn't due to my tit sucking. I had become negligent in this regard, simply licking her nipple, concentrating heavily on her cunt. As I pulled her lips wider, starting to dip the tips of my fingers in between, she moved her hand back to grasp mine once more. She spoke in a harsh, hoarse whisper, "Maybe its OK if you just touch me there."

Her grip loosened, and her hand fell away. I pushed my fingers inside and up into her wet cunt, wet with her juice and my spunk. Mom spilled her coffee, what was left of it, but she just let the mug roll off her onto the floor. I used

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my right arm across the small of her back to push her pelvis out as I dug my fingers into her. Her hips began to rock of their own accord as I fucked my fingers into her. I let my right hand slip down to her ass, my long finger nestling into the crack, pressing on her little hole, but not in. She was gasping unabashedly now, her legs opening wide, her knees bent so her heels could dig into the mattress, helping her fuck my hand in earnest. Only a moment later, her hips were bucking wildly and she was yelling, "Finger me, Cal. Finger your mother!"

Afterward, when she was still gasping for breath, she looked at me, her face flushed. "You're good at letting me get carried away, aren't you?" She smiled that crooked little smile. She looked very satisfied, still propped up on the pillows, her arms hanging limply at her sides.

"I guess so, Mom," I answered, getting up to my knees, swinging the left over her to straddle her tummy. "But you need to let me carried away, now."

I pulled my pajamas down, letting my cock spring out toward her face. To my relief, she didn't yell, didn't even look angry. She just smiled that smile, let a twinkle sparkle through her eyes, and opened her mouth wide. Her arms remained limp at her sides. I grasped my cock and pushed my hips forward moving unerringly into her gaping jaws. She clamped her mouth down, sealing her lips around my shaft, swirling her tongue around my cock's head, and then sucked hard, her cheeks caving in. She released me, quickly pulled out and then pushed back in quick succession several times, then clamped down and repeated the same action.

"Oh, god, Mom," I cried.

Her eyes sparkled. She pulled her mouth off me again. "Like that?" she asked with a big smile.

To my grateful nod, she responded, "OK, I guess you can fuck me that way, if you want. Do you, Cal?" she smiled, opening her mouth, adding, "Do you want to fuck my mouth? Come on, fuck your mother's mouth."

Several times over the next two minutes, when I pulled out, she repeated these words, "Fuck my mouth, come on, fuck your Mom's mouth."

That's all the time I lasted. I blasted what was left of my come into her throat, convulsing against her face. She laughed when I pulled out. "Did you jack off over me last night? I wouldn't have thought I could swallow it all, a young man like you. You did, didn't you? You've already blown your load this morning, haven't you?" She laughed again.

Was she kidding? Did she really not know I had just emptied myself in her cunt? No. She had to know. She was just letting me know she knew, without admitting it, while at the same time acting like she didn't know.

As I was leaving to allow her to get up and dressed, she spoke again but this time her voice was soft and sweet. "Cal, honey. I like to have a nap in the afternoon. Would you be a dear and bring me some tea after?"

"Yeah, Mom. I'll bring you some tea."

"Thanks, honey. But come in quietly, like you did this morning, and don't wake me if I'm sleeping." I nodded, and she blew me a kiss. I grinned as I skipped down the stairs. She was in for a long shag this afternoon, and a giant sperm attack.

Well group, I hope you think it was worth waiting for this postscript. I know I just couldn't wait to tell you. Mom has asked me to bring morning coffee and afternoon tea to her two or three days a week since then. One day, morning coffee lasted well over an hour and on another Mom I brought her 'tea' within ten minutes of her going

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up for her nap and left just minutes before Dad got home. My cock is so sore and chafed, I'm thinking about getting a skin graft.

I can kiss Mom, feel and suck her tits, finger her and even push my cock into her mouth as long as Dad isn't close enough to catch us. I just can't fuck her. At least so she has to admit it. I guess she can't engage in incest, or admit it to herself at least. I dying to have her when she's 'awake'. Just so you know, I'm working on that. By the way. Dad is happy because Mom dropped the barber thing. She told she just didn't have time for it, what with all the other things she had to do in a day. Bye for now.

Part 3 from Chapter 6.

Though Mom had made Dad happy by abandoning notions of a home barber shop, I asked Mom to continue cutting my hair because she did such a great job. So once again I was in the kitchen after dinner getting my hair cut while Dad watched a game in the living room. I had waited until later before asking Mom to cut my hair, hoping Dad would be hitting the sack soon after. But the game turned into a long battle with several periods of overtime.

By that time, I had been fondling Mom's tits for quite some time. Her nipples, fully engorged, were sticking out proudly from her tits. We were both wearing robes, she with just panties underneath and I with just my boxer shorts. I pulled her closer to me, forcing her to straddle my knees, so I could run my hands up and down her sides through her still belted robe, over her ass and down her flanks. She kept whispering for me to stop it but she never backed away.

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Eventually, I slipped my hand to her inner thighs and started stroking up and down from her knee to her panties, gradually shortening my strokes until I was just rubbing the softest skin within four inches of her pussy. Without warning, I suddenly cupped my right hand and pressed it against her pussy, holding it there. Mom stopped dead still, her hands falling to grip my shoulders. She didn't move.

Encouraged, I squeezed my hand, scrunching her pussy several times. I slipped my thumb up to rest it against the top of her mound and began sliding it lightly side to side as I milked her pussy with my palm. As her pussy became damp, I pressed my fingers into her panties, dipping the material between her lips, spreading them under the material. I started to move my fingers back and forth in a small oval, rubbing her increasingly wet pussy.

I could tell she was looking down, watching me rub her. Knowing this, I reached down with my left hand to fish my hard pole out of my boxers.

"Calvin," she whispered, her breathing ragged, "I can't rub you with it sticking up like that."

"Yes you can," I disagreed, reaching up with my now free left hand to pull at her panties. She wriggled her pelvis to block my attempts to pull her panties down, rewarding my thrusting fingers with welcome pussy action. She seemed to momentarily forget her efforts to block me as her thighs clenched around my shoving hand. During the foray, I managed to pull her panties off her ass to rest below her cheeks. With my thumb, I dragged the front waistband of her panties down, pulling it off her pussy.

Just then, we heard Dad yell, "What a game! I need a beer."

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Mom suddenly sat on my legs, leaning forward to let her robed body cover my partially open robe and my fully extended cock just as Dad burst through the kitchen doorway heading for the fridge. He glanced our way, "What an incredible game."

As he opened the fridge in search of a beer he continued with a description of what was going on. When he pulled his head out, twisting the cap off his prize and tossing it at the sink, Mom rebuked me, "Stay still, Calvin. I don't want to poke your eye out!" She pushed my head to the side with one hand as she clipped at my eyebrows with the scissors which had remained in her hand the whole time.

Dad continued with his description, watching Mom work on me as she sat on my legs. "Stay still!" she repeated.

I don't know if her command was to convince Dad that we were in this compromising position because we were in the middle of a potentially dangerous hair operation, or if she was referring to the lunging efforts of my bare, hard cock which was, hidden by her robe and mine, pressed to her bare pussy lips, and trying valiantly to push inside. I moved my head, causing Mom to pull back with the scissors, facilitating the interpretation that we were in the midst of a delicate situation, which we were, but I did it more to cover some little hip movements in aid of my cock's endeavors.

Mom couldn't close her legs to keep my eager member away. Nor could she stand up with her panties below her cheeks and pulled down from her pussy in case her belted but loosened robe fell open revealing this inexplicable predicament. She had to stay the way she was until Dad left. But he'd just fetched his beer and the overtime interlude had just started. How long were they? Ten minutes? Twenty?

"Bob," Mom spoke sharply, "I'm trying to concentrate here. Go watch your game."

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Interrupted, Dad nevertheless responded apologetically, "Oh, I'm sorry," and began to move away, but I stopped him.

"No wait, Dad. Tell me about the game," I pleaded. Dad leaned back into the counter, pleased, took a swig and began talking excitedly about the game again. Mom's eyes shot daggers at me. And I, I used the opportunity to slip my left hand through the hole in my robe pocket to push my erect cock forward toward my Mom, pressing it firmly against her open, bare and wet pussy. Looking out the corner of my eye, I could see Dad wasn't really watching us anymore, he was too excited about relating the actions of the game. I allowed my hips to rock up and down the barest amount -- hardly discernible without direct scrutiny, or so I hoped -- rubbing my cock through my mother's soaking pussy lips.

After a couple minutes of this action from which Mom couldn't retreat, she gave up trying. She didn't rock her hips back at me, but she quit trying to pull away, allowing me to freely rub my cock up and down her soaking trench. As the sounds of the game started anew, Dad moved past us to stand in the doorway. With his back to us, I quickly pulled my hips back drawing my cock away from Mom, pressed my hard, hard cock painfully forward and shoved it back toward her, embedding it a full inch in her open pussy.

Mom groaned just after Dad disappeared into the living room to once again watch the game, and I shoved my cock home, slowly sliding in to the hilt. Sliding my right hand around her waist, I used my left to pull her belt undone and part her robe. Pressing my hand on her belly, I pushed until she fell back, hooking her feet around the rear legs of my chair to brace herself and allowing her head and hair to dangle toward the floor. As the sounds of the game increased in intensity, I shoved my cock vigorously into my mother's cunt. Squish, squish, squish. God she was wet, and I was unbelievably hard. Suddenly I was gushing in her, my hips grinding, squirt, squirt, ... squirt.

We were still. My cock was fully embedded and still pulsing in Mom's pussy. Her throat was fully extended as her head reached back to lightly rest on the floor, her hair in disarray on the tiles. I couldn't see her face. Her belly was heaving in reaction to her rapid and heavy breaths. My cock still hard, I started moving again, slowly fucking her.

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She shook her head. "No, no," her hands waving in a negative signal. But I kept thrusting, slow but relentless. Her protestations stopped. Her pussy squeezed and clenched my cock as it bulged into her.

I lifted my weight from the chair and pushed it back, gently holding her until her hips rested on the floor. Holding her legs up, I placed one ankle on each side of my head and lowered myself on her, pressing her legs high toward her shoulders, jackknifing her body against the floor. Straddling her haunches with my cock fully shoved up her cunt, I started banging her hard. Not fast, but hard shoves, slamming into her, thrusting as hard as I could. Bam ... bam ... bam. The expression on her face, which I could now see, was intense. I grasped a tit in each hand and squeezed tightly, not gently. Bam ... bam ... bam. The loudness of the TV surely covered our illicit sounds.

Mom lifted her hands to my shoulders. "Uhhh ... uhhh ... unnnghhh," she moaned as I fucked her across the floor. I could already picture the look on her face as her head reached the bottom of the cupboards, anticipating with relish her blocked retreat from my hammering cock. If I could only reach it before I came again. I could feel another load of sperm ready to blast again into her cum soaked pussy. Where were those cupboards?

"What the hell? ... What the FUCK! ... WHAT THE FUCK!!!"

That sound, that anger penetrated my head. Mom was oblivious, her eyes screwed tightly shut as if to keep the intensity of her orgasm inside. Groggily, the spunk already rushing out my shaft, I looked toward the source of the sound, finding my father's outraged face, realizing that I'd banged my mother across the kitchen floor, through the doorway and into the living room just as I gushed another load into my mother's cheating cunt.

Part 4 from Chapter 8.

Hello everyone. I know my last letter ended on a traumatic note with my father screaming at me as my Mom and I, oblivious to the world in our ecstasy, fucked our way into the living room while he was watching a game on TV. I can easily see how you might think that my subsequent silence indicated that I had been kicked out of the house, and indeed, I expected at least that. But after his initial reaction, my father simply withdrew into himself. He kept drinking beer and watching games on TV as usual but ignored Mom and I completely.

Nevertheless, the haircuts were over, and everything associated with them, ended. My Mom's doing. But other than that, Mom and I lived like we always had before the sex started. This went on for months. Various times I tried to renew my relationship with Mom when Dad wasn't home but was always rebuffed. I even tried when Dad was home but in other rooms thinking maybe she got off on the fear of discovery, but was rejected again.

One evening we were sitting in the living room, Dad watching a game, and Mom and I reading. We happened to be sitting on the couch flipping pages in a magazine when my attention was caught by Mom's bare legs still shining from whatever she put on after she shaved her legs. Her loose skirt had just ridden up her left thigh after she changed to a more comfortable position. Try as I might, I couldn't keep my attention away from Mom's legs. All the memories of her body and our intimate encounters kept flooding my mind. I tried to get her to go to the kitchen on several excuses -- snacks, drinks, making sandwiches for lunch the next day, anything I could think of -- without success.

Mom had twigged to my interest by the second suggestion and, noticing her skirt, pushed it back down. A moment later, I pushed it back up her leg with my stocking feet whereupon she again smoothed it back in place. This to and fro was repeated several more times until she gave up, looking very annoyed with me but I guess not wishing to attract Dad's attention. Removing my socks, I placed my bare foot behind her knee and began flicking the back of her thigh with my toes. I think the only reason Mom didn't get up and leave is that she didn't want deal with me alone if I followed her.

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Despite her dagger-eyed, recriminating glances, I kept scratching at her leg with my toes. And, despite her anger, I could tell it was triggering memories of our good times for her as well. The longer I stroked her thigh with my toes, the more agitated she became.

Finally, feigning interest in what she was reading, I slid over and sat next to her. She pulled her legs down to the floor but I slipped my arm behind her back and around her waist to keep her from moving. I don't think that was necessary because she didn't seem eager to leave Dad's circle of protection. I tried to hold her book to look at it but she pulled it away. Dad pointedly paid no attention to us.

"Come on, Mom," I badgered, "let me see. I won't keep it." I tried to grab her book again.

"No," she countered, holding the book away from me, "go read your own and leave me alone."

After a few minutes of this, I realized that Dad wasn't going to interfere, so I became bolder. Dropping my hand to Mom's lap, I rubbed her lower belly through her skirt and then slid my hand along the crease between her legs to the hem of her skirt. Returning my hand, I tried to tug her skirt higher up her legs, with some success. I kept badgering her to let me see her book to cover my actions because I knew I was skirting disaster if Dad looked over and saw what I was doing. I couldn't help myself, the danger made my hold body tingle. But Dad never even glanced our way, not even a flicker of his eyes, which were firmly fixed on the TV.

I let my hand stray above the waist of Mom's skirt, sliding up her blouse to pat her tummy below her breasts. I held her firmly around the waist with my right arm as I brushed her breast on the side away from Dad with the back of my hand. Mom went rigid, but there was still no reaction from Dad. As the game went into commercials, I backed off but when he didn't change his demeanor, watching the commercials just as intently as the game, I let my hand furtively return to cup the bottom swell of her breast. Mom was like a deer caught in headlights, sitting

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like a statue. Throughout the commercials, I gently squeezed and even rubbed her tit through her blouse and bra. Even so heavily ensconced, I could feel her flesh tightening.

When the game returned, I discreetly started undoing Mom's blouse. The commentators yakked on as I carefully revealed Mom's bra for the first time in months. After a short pause to relish the moment, I twisted the bra undone and slipped my hand inside to grasp her bare tit. Her whole body went even more rigid and my cock stiffened when I felt her hard nipple poke into my palm. I tried to kiss her neck but she twisted away. Amazingly, she didn't make any attempt to stop me from caressing her breast.

Keeping my hand on her tit, I pulled my other arm from behind her back and slid that hand under her legs. Grasping the hem of her skirt, I pulled until I had dragged it up behind her, tugging it all the way to her waist. Quickly, I slid my hand back underneath, pushing along the outside her panties, until my fingers were reaching between her legs from behind. I danced my fingertips around, massaging her pussy through her panties to the next set of commercials and beyond. Dad continued to ignore us.

When the game started again, I pulled Mom's hip up and cocked her ass sideways toward me, pulling my hand away from her tit to join its brother under her thighs. Prying her flesh apart, I slipped my fingers inside the panty leg and dipped into her pussy. She was wet and slick.

No longer concerned about what Dad was doing, I concentrated on pushing my fingers in and out of Mom's pussy using the other hand to open her wide. Soon she was slightly rocking and clutching at my invading fingers and a faint squishy sound matched her movements.

Suddenly, I guess Mom could take no more and she jumped up from the couch. Unsteadily, she walked across the room, her skirt noticeably disheveled as she headed up the stairs. I leapt up to follow, too far gone to be concerned about Dad's reaction but no booming voice or angry footsteps followed me. Mom was just entering her

room as I topped the stairs and the door was almost closed by the time I reached it. She halfheartedly tried to push it closed but quickly gave up at the first sign of resistance and stumbled toward the bed. I followed, catching up to her before she could lay down.

I pulled her skirt up over her hips and shoved my jeans down over mine. Freeing my cock from my shorts, I yanked her panties down to her knees. Without any finesse, I pushed on her back until she leaned forward onto the bed. Lining myself up, I entered her and starting thrusting into her right away. Through the thunderous ocean-like sound rocking around in my head, I could distinctly hear her rasping breath and grunting against the backdrop of baseball sounds drifting in the open door as I lunged into her again and again, my calves and thighs straining with the effort.

When I came, I collapsed, gasping, onto her back. Catching my breath moments later, the realization of what we'd done crashed down on me. Stunned that I was still alive, yet alone unmolested, my cock began to harden again. Moving my hands up to grip her tits, I slowly began to work my still starved cock into my Mom. Months of nothing but my hand had taken its toll. I needed to have her again, right away.

Mom lay there, letting me have my way with her, lifting her ass up to help me only at the end. After finishing, I retreated to my room. Mom and I didn't say a single word to each other. I later learned that she showered, changed into her pajamas, and simply read a book, waiting for Dad to join her. I heard him come to bed after the game ended, expecting him to pay me an unpleasant visit, but he didn't. Less than an hour later, I welcomed Mom to my bed. We made love for two hours, slowly and tenderly, whispering about how we'd missed each other and vowing to never be apart again.

Mom and I continue to have sex. Dad never pays attention. We don't flaunt ourselves but it does excite Mom more if I initiate things when Dad is close by. If I don't, she'll often lift the back of her skirt while sitting on the couch, flashing her backside at me, covered by panties or not. She gives me a much wilder fuck if I first play this game with her in Dad's presence.

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Once, we went too far with our foreplay and I actually slowly fucked Mom on the couch under a blanket while he watched a game. Dad hasn't had sexual relations with Mom since that fateful night when I banged her through the kitchen doorway. It's weird, but that's how things have turned out, and I'm not complaining. So this is my last letter, friends. I'm enjoying my new life, fucking my Mom every day.